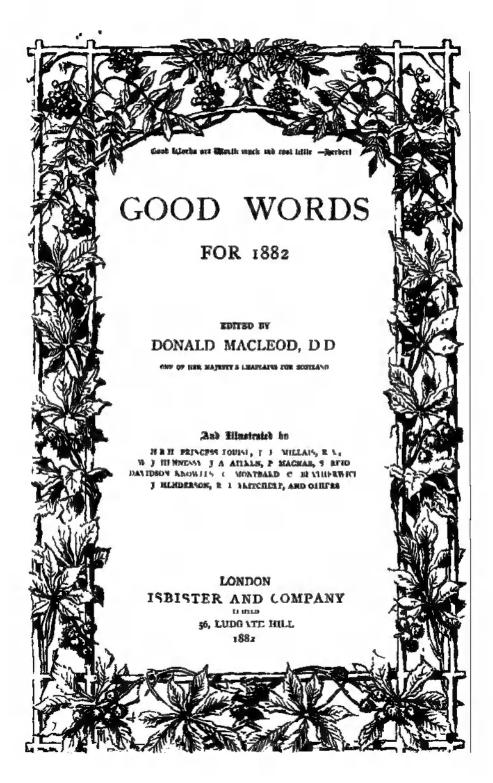
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SOME HINTS FOR A LIFE OF DEAN STANLEY.

BY HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERSONY.

many notices of him have been pub-We have had a charming account of his early home life and training, and two able reviews of his last book. From across the French narrative of pastor E. Fontanes has sought to place the Dean of Westminster before us, and leave each reader to form his own judgment on the remarkable picture.

If in some quarters there has been manifested a desire to appropriate Dean Stanley as the representative of the opinions of the writers who have undertaken his eulogy, this is scarcely to be wondered at: though probably no man was ever more difficult to refer

to any particular school.

We are sure somer or later to have a full biography of this remarkable man; and, if worthy of its subject, a most important work it will be. But a long time may clapse before its ample materials can be arranged and elaborated. His oldest friends may wellbe gone before that time. Meanwhile, a' friendship of more than five-and-forty years they excuse this attempt to add the following imperiocs electch to what has already been published, in the hope that it will teach some important lessons to those who seek to be led by Stanley's example,

He ought not, if he is viewed aright, to be looked upon as the founder or leader of any exact school of thought. He lad, like every earnest Christian man, two west aims ever

CINCE Arthur Penrhyn Stanley's death before him, from which his whole writing and action floweds-he desired intensely, first of all to live a blameless life; secondly, to do to other as much good as possible in his generation, by using for God's glory, and in Christ's cause, Atlantic there had earne a most eloquent those gifts of intellect which had been be-tribute of affection and regard, and the simple stowed on him. His place as a guide of others is to be found in the degree in which he fulfilled these two purposes of his being, according to his own peculiar character. Perhaps no true believer in Christianity proposing to himself these noble purposes was ever more abhorrent of all dogmatism. Absorbed as he was in the great objects of his life, it was not the habit of his intellect to formulate opinions; hence he was liable to be misunderstood. and his reticence on matters of doctrine puzzled at times even his best friends. Of course, it is natural to classify him as a Broad Churchman; the before any one undertakes to write his life, it is most desirable to form a cleas course him to off maley's position with reference to all school, and also distinctly to the table of the course of the cou t that school, as it exists in.

> England, is. If it is taken to a who are neither Calvinists, Encardotalists, and if the sole lon amongst its members is a common protest against these extremes, it will, of course, consist of such heterogeneous elements that it can have no consistency, and very many of those who belong to it will have no standing place in a Church which upholds certain positive statements of doctrine. The school of thought now repre-

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of political intrigue, was an earnest believer true simple faith of his antagonists and their in the great fundamental Christian doctrines, and was famous for his powerful inculcation of them in the addresses, to hear which, tradition says, the people of Salisbury flocked to his private chapel. His love and admiration for Leighton (whom he classed in the same school with himself) makes a marked distinction between Burnet, as a member of the early latitudinarian school, and the professors of a mere cold, undoctrinal latitudinarianism. This achool in its origin certainly never substituted outward obedience to the rules of Christian morality for an appreciation of the fundamental Christian doctrines which embody the principles upon

which Christian practice rests. If a union in a professed adhesion to the practical precepts of Christianity took the place of a deep conviction of Christian doctrine in many of our eighteenth-century divines, this arose from the general coldness in matters of religious feeling which had at that time overspread all schools of Christian thought. The true Broad Churchman in the Church of England is not a man who depreciates Christian doctrine, but one who insists ! that the doctrine to which he adheres shall be really Christian, i.e. such as was really taught by Christ and His apostles, not the aftergrowth of a later and deteriorating age. Hence his standard of doctrine is found in Holy Scripture, and the earliest creeds reflecting Scripture, not in the metaphysical distinctions and argumentative subtleties and dogmatic judgments of Fathers or of Church Assemblies, based upon no certain warrant of Scripture. He holds that the Cospel is very simple; that it can be gathered in its essential features by the least instructed from the plain statements of Holy Writ; that there the great central truths on which the soul lives are written as with a sunbeam: and he looks with sorrow on the contentions about names rather than things which make up so large a portion of so-called theological controversy. Hence he is very tolerast of diversities of opinion in all who have not so salulsage, and anathemas arising therefrom, he is not and her heart comforted.

sented by the true Broad Church party of all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sinthe Church of England carries us back to cerity; he seeks not to be intolerant of any, Chillingworth and the Cambridge Platon- though they may be intolerant of him, and ists, and Burnet, who, with all his faults he discriminates as far as he can between the unauthorised additions. He believes, too, that in the formularies of the Church of England, reasonably interpreted, he finds a closer adherence to the primitive Gospel than

in those of any other Church.

Now, it is generally said that Arthur Stanley was the leader of the Broad Churchmen of this age. He certainly was far the most eminent of those who professed what are commonly called Broad Church opinions in the Church of England. But the question may fairly be raised how far his want of sympathy with distinct doctrinal statements made his position unlike that of the early Latitudinarian divines. In order to answer this question it is necessary to look carefully to certain peculiarities of his mind, and of the position in which, as years went on, he felt

himself placed,

Of his deep sympathy with Dr. Arnold's teaching there can be no doubt. To him, through the biography, is owing the won-derful influence which Arnold's views of Christianity have exercised over the world, both in Great Britain and in America, and no one can fairly study the character of Dr. Arnold in his own writings and in the biography without acknowledging that he clung, as for his life, to the fundamental Christian doctrines; that his belief in them leavened all his actions, and supplied the major premise of all his reasonings on religious and moral questions. To the fact of Stanley's sympathy with the teaching of his master must be added the delight which he took in simple hymns of a Scriptural character. The walls of his wife's bedroom when sickness forbade her to leave it, and she was not capable from weakness of holding a book in her hands, were covered with those simple Scottish hymns and fragments of pealms which she had learnt from her childhood, and which his love placed within her sight that she might at all moments of weakness enjoy their consolation. It was only a few days ago that a lady whom I had not supposed to have any acquaintance with him, told me with emotion terated the simple Gospel of Christ, as to look how, when her own mind had been troubled upon those who do not accept their peculiar some years ago with doubts respecting the shibboleths as thereby debarred from partici- central Gospel truth of the Resurrection, she pation in the blessings secure which Christ had recours to him as a stranger, and had died. Against limitations of the Gospel mes- her doubts removed, her faith strengthened,

tolerant; but he strives membrace as brethren How was it, then, that this feature of his

character was so little understood? In loving him, I his Catholicity was in excess, on what are commonly called "religious ex-periences." From hereditary connection he was brough up in an atmosphere uncongenial to any exhibition of religious feeling. He never had charge of a parish, and, therefore, had little practical knowledge of the impossihility of winning access to the uninstructed conscience without direct appeals to religious feeling, though no man was more tender-hearted than he.

Again, the historical element in his intellectual character was so predominant that the delineation of the outward-exhibition of man's life, and of the scenes in which it was lived, left comparatively little room for any deep probing of the secret motives of religious feeling on which the whole outward mani-

festation of life based.

Again, he was almost morbidly alive to the uncharitableness of many who make much of religious feeling and strict dogmatic statements, and are deficient in the long-suffering tolerance of Christian charity. Hence he became almost bigoted against bigotry and intolerant of intolerance. When he saw any one whom he thought to be a good man harshly treated on account of a supposed want of religious feeling or strict orthodoxy. he threw himself with a chivalrous disdain of consequences, and at times even an overlooking of facts, into the defence of the weak. It was like Frederick Maurice losing his character by the defence of Kingsley, and living to be himself defended by the friend whom he had rescued. If he did not extend this intolerance to sacerdotalists when they were evil-spoken of, it was because he had persuaded himself that no degree of tolerance for them would ever make them tolerant of others, and perhaps he occasionally failed to separate his estimate of the man from his horror of the intolerant doctrine which the man maintained. There sprang up in him, especially in his latter years, a forced determination to treat all unorthodox people as if they agreed in the main, and really unconsciously maintained orthodox opinions, Notable examples of this weakness are to be found, especially in his lately published volume of essays, in which Renan and Matthew Arnold find themselves strangely side by side with Pusey and Keble. He was indeed in this respect so regardless of the opinions of ordinary men, that it is no wonderhe incurred a great amount of obloquy, and was looked upon with much suspicion.

the first place, he was naturally reticent it was based upon the Christian love which springs from a charitable spirit. He certainly embraced within the limits of his Church sympathies every one whom he believed to be following in the steps of the Lord Jesus Christ. I is impossible for any one to maintain that he ought to be classed with freethinkers, who knows how many doubting souls he has comforted and supported in the time of their greatest trial, by that sure evidence of the pervading historical truth of the narratives both of the Old and New Testament, which his Lectures on the Jewish Church and his Essays on the Apostolical Age, rightly understood, impart me every intelligent reader.

It certainly must be allowed that his position amongst Anglican divines a entirely unique. The Church of England suffered gricvous loss when he disappeared from amongst its chiefs. No clergyman, perhaps, who ever lived exercised over the public at large, and especially the liberary and thoughtful portion of it, so fascinating an influence. The charm was a personal one, whether diffusing its power through his writings, or his preaching, or his conversation, or his kindly acts of friendship to rich and poor. His was the charm of a loving Christian nature, endowed with unrivalled intellectual energy of a very peculiar kind; a masterabove all other men-in that vivid historic power, both of speech and writing, which, more perhaps than any other gift, irresistibly attracts both the nalearned and the refined.

I proceed to note some further reminiscences which may help us better understand and profit by this simple, yet complicated character. Arthur Stanley certainly showed all through his life a marked respect for those who were older than himself, or whose position entitled them to be treated with respect. In this he was very unlike theself-confident assertors of independence so common in the nineteenth century. By nature he was truly modest, and all through his life as far from self-assertion as any man who ever lived. When I first remember him taking his place in society, he spoke little, and seemed much more ready to listen to others than to be heard himself. till as years advanced, and he found himself carried by the force of his ability into a position of commanding influence wherever he went, that he gave vent to that lively and instructive flow of anecdote which made his conversation, perhaps, the most instructive, No one ever knew him personally without and certainly the most interesting, of any of his

contemporaries. I well remember Stanley's first to the enchantment of every old historical coming to Balliol to reside, after he and James Lonsdale had won the two scholarships of the year—he from Rugby, Lonadale from Eton. The reputation he brought with him, and the proofs he gave of a knowledge far beyond his years, soon convinced me, when I became tutor in his second or third year, that except in the philosophy of Aristotle, there was not much that he had to learn from me. Christian Church," had been elected a Fellow of Balliol with me. When Stanley first arrived Ward was a devoted disciple of Dr. Arnold, ready to push every one of his theories with remorseless logic to any conclusion, however startling, and it soon appeared that he startled himself, and like many others since, was ready to make a sudden bound from limitless speculation to the narrowest bonds of ecclesiastical authority. Fortunately he did not convince Stanley, who was thrown greatly into his intimacy, either of the accuracy of his aceptical inferences or of the propriety of applying the antidote by which he sought to neutralise their effect. It used to be said that Ward's logic was irresistible if he only had a fact as the foundation on which to construct his argument. This habit of mind led him, through exaggeration of the force of isolated statements, and a total neglect of other statements by which they had to be balanced, to hurry to conclusions which became altogether false from having been based only on a half truth. He had fallen, about this time, under the marvellous fascination of John Henry Newman's preaching and personal intercourse, and the new the terror of that period of his life was that liberalism of which he considered Arnold as for nothing but ruin to the political, social, vigorous and somewhat eccentric spirit.

that is picturesque, as well as his susceptibility brought into aharp antagonism, instead of

scene reproduced, have yielded the prevailing spell. was a time when Newman reigned supreme in the ministry, and captivated the most promising of its youth by the freshness of his persuasive fancies, clothed in the purest and most forcible style of writing and of speech. The very appearance of the man had in it something attract and subjugate, and seemed
carry his admirers W. G. Ward, the author of "The Ideal of a back to the ages which his spirit lived, and which he sought to reproduce in a modern world. Very few escaped the fascination of that powerful personality, which, for good or for evil, certainly altered the character and history of the English Church for many years. Dr. Jeune, the late Bishop of Peterborough, a man as little likely as any one to be influenced by it, used me say that no ruan was safe from Newmanism, as it was then called, till he had had it; and when questioned as to how he himself had not been subjugated by the prevailing epidemic, he alleged that he had only escaped by baving been absent in America during those

dangerous years.

It is remarkable that these powerful influences altogether failed to attract Stanley. Indeed in later years the remembrance of them, and of what he had gone through in connection with them, seemed to have left some bitterness of feeling, which made him scarcely just in his estimate of the great man who was the centre and mainspring of this movement. His own early training in a Whig household, in which liberalism was the very breath of the whole family; his connection from his boyhood with all that was eminent spostle soon displaced the old. Newman in in the liberal camp in politics; the far deeper hls "Apologia" has certainly intimated that influence of the great religious liberal chief to whom he owed his intellectual training; something also in his own nature abhorrent the personification, and from which he looked from the then fashionable "doctrine of reserve" which draws an unfair distinction and religious life of the nation. Ward was a between esoteric and exoteric teaching-all man of too honest, vigotous, and enlarged a these combined to secure him. Like all good mind to give himself up entirely to the new Oxford men, he loved Oxford intensely, and as bondage in which for a time he had found years went on he looked back with much refuge, and, unless I am much mistaken, his sorrow to the days of Newman's influence, subsequent career in the Roman Catholic | before he joined the Church of Rome. He Church, to which before many years he con-formed, has not been without its troubles to death had frustrated the hopes which sprang those who naturally sought to restrain his up on Lord Melbourne's selection of him for the Professorship of History, and that not might naturally have been expected Arnold's but Newman's influence had domithat Stanley, subjected to an influence so nated amongst the Oxford residents. He felt potent as Ward's, would, from the vein of that thus the prevailing religion of the place poetry in his nature, from his love for all and the reforming spirit of the age had been

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ascendancy of a Liberal Christian school of or even tolerate no form of Christianity but thought. He felt that the religious party in power cared little at that time for the practical improvements for which the most eminent sons of the University had long sighed. He felt therefore that henceforward University reform was sure I drift, as it has drifted, more into the secular channel; he knew indeed that nothing could be more alien to the theories and wishes of his great master, and therefore, though he more or less cast in his lot with the tendency which had become inevitable, he could not, I think, altogether repress that soreness, which the thought of the far better things that might under happier auspices have been achieved, brought ever present to him.

Yet was not till later in his life that this feeling developed. I remember well that when he returned from his first great tour and found the University in a ferment from the Protest of the Four Tutors against the publication of Tract XC., he could scarcely forgive me for having taken part in this measure, which by calling attention to the insidious progress of the new or revived old opinions, and the lengths to which they were being carried, seemed to him to restrain that liberty of thought, which it was, if I may venture to say so, his weakness to reverence with a love almost greater than his love of truth itself. But this kindly feeling towards the profes-sors of ultra sacerdotal opinions within the Church of England did not last long. seems to have been based chiefly on personal friendship far Ward, and was in after years rudely dispersed, if not at an earlier period, at last by the efforts, so long successful, of Dr. Pusey and his friends to withhold from Mr. Jowett, on account of his theological opinions, the salary which was reckoned due to his professorship of Greek. The imprestion, rightly or wrongly, deepened gradually in Stanley's mind, that the system of the Oxford school, as it was then called contained within it the elements of a persecuting spirit,

being united as they might have been by the and that if predominant | would recognise its own.

> ■ had been of the very essence of Arnold's system to foster a wide-extending bond of Christian union embracing the whole nation. His well-known repugnance III the admission of the Jews into Parliament was accounted for by has strong feelings in this direction; and when long after his death | seemed a simple matter of the highest expediency, if not of justice, to admit to civil privileges the harmless professors of the faith of the Old Testament on account of their great stake in the country and their known tendency to range themselves on the side of morality, law, and order, - those who followed Arnold still did not abandon the theory that the institutions of the country ought to be stamped by the profession of Christianity, if England was to continue a Christian nation. Hence they all desired that a Christian character should be impressed on the whole national life, and they looked with great suspicion on every sectanan theory, under whatever name it might disguise itself, which taught that a sharp distinction could be drawn between the Church of Christ and the State, and that the State, either in promoting education or the discharge of any of its other important functions, could safely be allowed to drift into mere secularism, while the Church representing Christianity complacently contracted its operations and was content to abandon its national character.

> I carnestly desire that these peculiarities of feeling and sentiment to which I have so imperfectly drawn attention should be estimated in every judgment of my friend and in every attempt to set forth the lessons of his life. He must live in the annals of the English Church amongst its brightest ornaments. His character, though so marvellous in its simplicity, is, like his position amongst his contemporaries, not easy understand. those who read them aright they will teach ever fresh lessons of fur-reaching influence.

MAN AND THE GOSPEL

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD RISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

"And when he came to hisraelf, he said, New many hind revents of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I pouch with imager? "—Sr. Luan, 22, 27.

which it is our duty, we put to every one who of God?" and, secondly, "What have you

'HERE are two tests to which we have the claims to come to us as a teacher from God. right to submit every religion. There And these two questions are, first, "What are two questions which we have the right, and have you to tell us concerning the nature

tell us concerning the pature of man?" of the relations between God and man. Every religion, therefore, properly so called, aims at giving us some information concerning these relations, and concerning the duties which arise out of them. It follows from this that every religion necessarily and primarily bases itself on certain facts, or alleged facts, in the nature | God and in the nature of man, which must create and condition these accept it—yet on the other hand, I it seem relations and duties. What God is or may be us, and what we are or may be to Him, necessarily arise out of what God is in Himself, and what we are in ourselves. Every religion, therefore, must necessarily have idea or theory concerning God, and its idea or theory concerning man. And we have a right to ask every religious teacher for these theories before we hear him speak of the relations and duties arising out of them; and by the truth or falsehood of these theories all the rest that he has to say must be judged, so far, at least, as this, that if he tell us anything concerning God, or concerning man, which is demonstrably false, which our reason or our conscience rejects, we must reject him. It is not that we may do so, or that we ought to do so, but that we are so constituted -happily so constituted—that we simply cannot accept his teaching. We have the right, then, as I have stated, as say to every teacher of religion: "What have you to tell us of these two great questions? Rehearse for us the articles of your belief concerning God and concerning man." And of these two tests it is quite clear which | the simpler and the surer one. Obviously the second. We know the nature of man, or think we do. Of the Divine nature we are necessarily and naturally in comparative ignorance. We do know something of human life and of its conditions, and therefore he who tells us that concerning man's nature which we know to be untrue has lost fronts Himself with this fact, as every teacher his claim upon our attention when he goes on to tell us something concerning God. If he has told us earthly things which we simply cannot believe, how can we believe when he goes on to tell us of heavenly things? Convicted of falsehood, or of absurdity, mregards the visible, he can have no trustworthy measage for us concerning the invisible.

submit that religion in which we Christians profess to believe. Let us consider in the light of this test—as regards its theory of but the hired vervants in the house, and he

humanity—the religion of the Bible. There We have the right, and it is our duty, to put is a theory concerning man's nature and conthese questions, because religion is the science dition on which the whole of this book, and all it professes to teach us, is based. We ask you to consider whether this theory approves itself to you as true; and we propose further to contrast it with certain other theories that we are asked to accept instead of it. And we do so with this desire and hope, that-although on the one hand, if the theory be demonstrably false, we cannot true our nature; if there be in its necount of us that which commends itself to our very innermost being; if, when the teacher speaks, the very flesh and heart within us cry out, "I know that to be true;" if this revelation, or this professed revelation, thus find us me depths of our nature, to which none other can reach, then we may be the more willing to listen to the teacher as he tells us of things that we have not seen-of the Divine nature that we cannot of ourselves comprehend, of the relations between it and us, of the duties, hopes, fears, promises, and holps of the future—the vast and infinite future that lies, in all its varied relations, between humanity and God. To all these things we shall be the more prepared to give fleed, because of the revealing and verifying light that his teaching will have shed upon a nature that we do know, and that to some degree we do understand.

Let us then define, in the first place, what is the test to which we propose to submit the Bible theory of humanity. propose to bring it to the test of one admitted and notorious fact in the nature and condition of man, and to see how it explains that fact, and how proposes to deal with it. And the fact is that described in the words I have prefixed this paper - namely, the admitted and notorious one of the exceptional unhappiness of man. Our Lord in this parable of the Prodigal Son conof a gospel, or good news, must do if he is win the attention of mankind. The hero of this story, the prodigal son, is, m you see, a sufferer, but he is more than that—he is an emeptional sufferer. All the other creatures described in the parable—the lower servants of the Father's house-" have bread and to spare : " he alone suffers hunder. Now it is ■ this test that I propose to And, more than this, he ■ a strangely exceptional sufferer, for he who suffers is infinitely superior to those who are happy. They are

ness, the littleness of life force themselves upon the knowledge of all. Men may laugh the happiness of existence that we see and pel for humanity. envy in the little child, and which the bttle one loses as it grows up to boyhood and strangest part of the mystery of human to manhood-how strongly marked it is in unhappiness. The strangest thing conthe animal creation! Their lives are un-nected with the unhappiness of man is this: vexed by care, untroubled by annety, that he differs from all other creatures that unhaunted by the fear of death. "They we know of in this respect, that he is often see a happy youth, and their old age is unhappy directly in proportion to the debeautiful and free." In the whole of their gree and extent to which he obeys his own joyous existence they have perhaps but the justure. Consider this for a moment. All one single pang of terror or of pain that animals that we know of, save man, seem ends it. But man is an exception to all to be subject to this twofold law. Each these. How comes it, that as you ascend creature has, on the one hand, its instincts, its from one rank to another through all the desnes, its appetites; and, on the other hand, orders of animal existence, by slow and in the climate or element in which it exists regular and uniform progression—how is it there are corresponding objects of gratificathat when you come to man, the outcome tion for these. Given the concurrence of these of the ages-man, the perfection of **11** these two; given the appetite that craves, and the existences, each rejoicing in its progress, object which satisfies that appetite, and the each in its turn as it grew up and passed animal is perfectly happy in itself, and needs away contributing something to the scale no more. It has "the portion of goods that of creation, and so passing on into some-falleth to it," and it desires nothing further. thing higher—how
that when you Now, rise from the animal to the man reach the crown and glory of all creation pass, as we are told nature has passed, by you come to something infinitely more slight and imperceptible gradations, from the

the son-taised above them all in nearness unhappy than all the rest? Man seems to m the Father and Ruler of the great house- pay the price of his rank and standing in the hold—he alone perishing with hunger, great household of the universe by this, that Is this a true description then of humanity? he is capable of an infinity of a onies. He it true that man unhappy, and that yields for all his greatness a tax of misery is exceptionally so? That man is un- that all the others are exempt from. This, happy we do know; that at least is a too, is an admitted fact. And yet this is fact in all human experience. All our not all. We might be told, and fairly told, own knowledge, all that we know of the ex- that this, after all, is but the working out of that perience of others, all human literature are great law which governs all creation—that full even to triteness of the commonplace of the susceptibility to pleasure must always be human unhappiness. The poet, the philo- purchased by a corresponding susceptibility sopher, the moralist, the satirist treat it in to pain, that you cannot have the high sensidifferent ways, but they all acknowledge it. bility which gives delight without at the same The sadness, the sorrowfulness, the wear- time being liable to the exquisite suffering that arises from the disturbance of this. And so it may be said that if man is at times the most unat this sad life of ours as they do in one mood, happy, he is at times the most happy creature or weep over it as they do in another mood; in creation, and that a happy man is, at any they may madden over it as they pore upon rate, infinitely happier than a happy brute, the mystery of human misery, but the con- This is true; and yet what a strange, what a fession of all alike, at some time or other of sad out-look this gives us for that progress of their life, is one and the same: "Man that is our race of which we hear so much in our born of woman hath but a short time to live, day! Is it then true that man's infinite progress and is full of misery." This, at least, is an to perfection must still be infinite progress accepted and notorious fact in our nature towards pain? Is it true that in the distant and history, but there is more in it than ages, as man advances still further and further this. Man is not only unhappy, but he is to the very glory and perfectness of his unquestionably the most unhappy creature being, he must advance still more and in creation. By contrast with him all other more to keener agonies of martyrdom? Is creatures may be said to be happy. Not, the crown of completeness that science has are they not actually so? Is not the life to offer to humanity so largely and so neof the lower animals one of almost pure cessarily a crown of thorns? This is not a physical enjoyment? The mere joy of life, happy prospect; this is not altogether a gos-

But this is not all; this is not the

Now, rise from the animal to the man;

a creature who is often eminently unhappy just because he has obeyed the strongest impulses, enjoyed the gratification of the most powerful instincts of his being. He suffers from two different causes, which are mighty factors in the pain of suffering humanity. One the pain of satiety, and the other the pain of remorse. Give the man all the portion of goods that can fall m him, or that in his wildest dreams of covetousness and ambition he can desire for himself; give him health, wealth, strength, keen intellect, vivid imagination, gratified ambition; give him all these and heap them on him in an overflowing abundance of wealth, until he revel in the fulness of his enjoyment of them; and if human history and human experience tell us anything they tell us this: that when he has enjoyed these to the very full, and just because he has so enjoyed them, there begins to be felt a famine in his pleasures, there comes the weariness of satiety into his heart and soul. The eye is not satisfied with all its seeing, nor the ear with all its hearing; and worn, blased, exhausted by the pursuit of pleasure, which still something in him compels him to pursue, the man wearies at last of his very life. He finds that, somehow or other, there seems to be still some end of his being beyond possession and enjoyment which he cannot attain unto; that, somehow or other, his life does not consist in the abundance of the things that he possesses. How is this? Why is this? How is it that you find an animal-when you come to man-that the more its instincts are gratified, the more it often becomes unhappy?

nature he is not, like other animals, there- I am in the minority just now, and so has fore happy, but therefore miserable? How ever been the type of the new creature, in it that when he does this, he does not, as the first exercise of in new and nascent we are told all other animals before him did, strength. What is there in me that you can rise a step in the scale of creation, but that point out to me, and say by virtue of this he sinks and knows he has sunk and fallen fact in my nature that I am doing what back towards the brute? What is the reason is unnatural and wrong? You might as that when a man has yielded himself to well blame the balance because it inclines some one or other of the strong inherent to the heaviest weight, or the chain beinstincts or passions of his nature, there so cause it snaps its weakest point." Such

lowest in the highest stage of animal exist- and remorse? Why in that he in ence-to the human, in which there is but a baunted by the furies of an accusing conslight anatomical difference of structure be- science? I is a strange fact, when you tween the anthropoid creature and the man- consider I in the dry light of science, that and then you come to the strange fact that when an animal, because he is an animal, this law I altogether reversed. You come does that which I natural, III becomes unhappy. Test this by a single instance. Take a case in which you see some stronger human animal dealing with a weaker one, Take the case in which you see some strong and savage man, who has just savagely stamped out the life from the weaker creature whom he once vowed to cherish and protect. The strong animal stands beside the weaker, a triumphant illustration of the law of the survival of the fittest. The human herd has just been weeded of one of its weaker elements, as happens in herds of other animals, by a useful violence. Why it that such deed of violence fills you with indignation, and that you proceed to rebuke that man, and to charge him with having broken law? "What law?" he may ask you; "the law of society, the law that you have made for your convenience and your protection against my strength,—what other law?"
"The law of your nature," you will tell him. "What law, and what nature? My nature! Why what I have done is natural, or else I could not have done it. It was because my nature moved me to do this that I have done it; why do you tell me then that it is unnatural? You appeal to my conscience. My conscience has proved itself feebler than the passion which has overmastered it. In the name of science, then, in the name of purely materialistic science, which knows of nothing but force, I maintain and plead that this force in me which you call conscience, has not the right to rule, has not the scien-tific right to command. It has proved itself the weaker element in my nature by the very fact that it has given way. Why, then, am I to mutilate one part of my being at the bid-Mark now the other source of human ding of another? How do you know that I pain and sorrow. It is remove. How am not the new type of future humanity, does it come to pass, that when man obeys stronger and hercer than yourself, and therethe strongest impulses and instincts of his foreall the more likely to survive you? True, often wakes up in him a feeling of shame is the unanswerable ples of the natural man

that within him which answering him all the while, fitfully and intermittently, it may be, proportion the strength of those instincts and passions to which he naturally gives way, but never, perhaps, cutirely silenced. There a voice within him which pleading weakly at some times, powerfully at others, tells him that what he is doing is evil, unnatural, deadly even bis own nature; the voice of conscience will sting him with remorse, and haunt him with the shame of memory; will plead as some discrowned and dethroned monarch pleads In vain, for his legitimate rule against his revolted subjects. And the man will feel this, and he will know too that it is no use to feel it, that he cannot bring all parts of his nature into subjection to that which claims rule the rest. He will tell you, "I am unhappy because of this very disturbance and contest in my nature between the law which claims to be supreme and fails to prove its supremacy, and the appetites that are ever proving their right to rule by the very fact that they dethrone my better nature and rule me. Oh, wretched man that I am, who will deliver me from the law in my members' that has subdued and conquered the better law in my mind, and that is bringing me into captivity to what I feel and know to be the law of sin and death?" This is the misery of man, this is the strange, exceptional misery of man.

And now with this fact we confront the teachers of the new gospel for humanity, the gospel of materialism, the gospel which weighs, and measures, and calculates the forces of matter, and tells us that these are all, We confront them—those who maintain that we are merely the orderly and the necessary product of laws that rule all matter-we confront them with these facts; we say, explain to us, if you can, the strange difference between this human animal and all other animals with which you are acquainted. Tell us what wrong with this machine, which should be the very perfection of all machines; tell us why movements are so incalculable, so erratic, so violent at times, and so self-destructive. Can you explain to us this strange disorder and contest between its constituent elements and forces; can you lay your hand on this or that part of it, and say, here is the evil, and not there? Or can me carry all these away into the far country you, at least, however ignorantly, try to of selfish possession and enjoyment without amend it : can you put to rights your machine, God. The Bible reveals to us that all man's

who beying his nature; and yet although keep temperate time and measure, and do that plea is scientifically unanswerable, there that work in the world which you believe, but which you have no scientific reason for believing, that it was meant and designed do? If you cannot do this and at any rate you have never yet attempted to do itif you cannot do this, then stand aside for a moment or two, while we tell you something about it. Hear what we have to say, we believers in the supernatural, we obsolete theologians: listen for a moment or two to our theory, on which we try to account for these facts: listen 🔳 ns while we tell you what we least try do with this machine. The Bible theory concerning man is not one of continued and uninterrupted progress, though it is a theory of progress. It is a theory of interrupted progress. The Bible history of man is this, that he is not his true self, that he I a creature not in his proper and true element. What the Bible tells us concerning man is this, that he differs from all other creatures in the universe, not in fine and imperceptible degrees, but in kind: not in anatomical differences of structure merely, but in this essential difference, that the God who made himwhether it were by an instant act of creation, or by an infinitely protracted creative act of evolution—in the hour when He produced him on the earth, fishioned him in His image, and gave him as he did so that mystery of mysteries, a spiritual nature, with a free and self-determining will. It tells us further that the nature of that spiritual part of man is such that only in communion with and obedience to the Spirit which made it, can it find its true happiness; that the only place where man can be happy, if he can find it, if he can attain to it, is the Father's home. It tells us more. It tells us that the curse and the disorganization of this nature of man have been, that in the exercise of this strange and mysterious spiritual power of free will with which he was gifted, he has wandered away from the Father's home, and claimed selfish and solitary possession of the goods the Father lavished upon him; it tells us that the origin of all human sin and sorrow has been this, that man has said, "Give me the portion of goods that falleth to me," -give me the wealth of the imagination. the treasures of the affection, the strength of the intellect,-give me all that distinguishes and glorifies me as a man, and let if you cannot explain it? Can you make it misery is the result of this vain effort on the

of satiety that makes man from time to time, and now more than ever, ask-"Is life worth the living?" is but the sublime discontent of the soul that was made mest in less than God: the soul that was made to sustenance in the infinite, and cannot satisfy itself in the finite. This I the Bible exof man whenever the lower part of his nature conquers the higher.

And one thing more that revelation tells him. It assures him of that of which no scientific or anatomical analysis of his nature, no merely human psychology, can ever assure him, that the voice within him which claims a sovereignty over all his being is the voice of a rightful sovereign; that the warning of conscience is nothing less than the echo of the law ... God; that the claim of this discrowned and dethroned monarch to rule is a rightful claim; although it lost the power to enforce it when the spirit of man revolted against its Maker, and lost thereby its command over its own lower vassals, the appetites which rise in perpetual rebellion and strife against it; but that this is still the rightful monarch, and that the misery of his soul comes from the revolt of his nature; that he is not a true man when he is miserable; that it is because he is not living in his true element that he is unhappy. It reveals to him more than this. It tells him, what revelation alone can tell him, that there is a remedy for his unhappiness. "Rise up and go to thy Father!" The far country in which thou art dwelling must ever be swept again and again by periodic famine, as the soul in thee, the immortal soul, fails to find its life, its sustenance, there. The swine-husks of sensual pleasure were made for lower animals in creation, they were not made for thee. Come thyself; return thy better and saner self, to thy Father, and there find the rest, there find the peace, there find the harmony and the reunion of all thy being; there gain the power make thyself a true and perfect man; there become in very deed what thou wast made be, the very crown and pershalt have regained the lost likeness of the perfect Creator.

We are not ashamed to say—we unhesitatingly | those who suffer from physical disease and

part of man to do, in this world of God, do say-that ours includes all the facts of the without the God who made him; that in the case, and gives at least a consistent account immense ennui of life, all that wretchedness and hypothesis for those facts; and that the other does not. But I that all we have to say? Are these but theories against theories? Are we but opposing a dream with a dream when we set the idea of the scientist God and cannot find its rest in anything against the idea of the religionist? Not so. Ours an historical religion. find its peace and enjoyrecut, its life and bases itself upon one life in the past, it is ever renewing and revealing itself in many lives ever since that life was lived on planation of the satiety and of the remorse earth. It bases itself on the life of One who all through His existence, as far as we can know it—and the story of His life, if we accept it as true at all, reveals in us the very innermost workings and thoughts of His soul and heart - was a perfect man whose nature was unstained by impurity, unvexed by sensual or evil impulse; a life that was passed in entire and complete obedience to the will of the Father. His was a soul that never knew the hunger of the exiled and rebellious son, because it was ever "meat and drink to Him to do His Father's will;" He who gives us this picture of human unhappiness, as consisting in the wandering from the Father's home, was Himself the perfectly obedient Son. But that is not all. That life which He lived, that life of perfect obedience,-to which all its sorrow came from without, and only came from the fact that all around Him were not as He, perfectly obedient to his Father's will that life, He tells us, He can supernaturally ive to us. "I am come that ye might have,"-not merely knowledge of your lost condition, which any moralist may give you; not merely statements respecting your nature, which any philosopher may try to give you,

but "life," new life. "I am come that ye might have life, and have it more abundantly." And He who promises us this restored, this undying life, and who promises it to us as a supernatural gift, what attesta-tion does He give us of His claim bestow it? He gives us not merely the miracle of His own existence, which might be a solitary and exceptional one, but the miracles of His healing and restoring within the domain of the natural life of men. He tells us, "You who might otherwise believe that you are the slaves of physical law, and fection of all created beings, because thou who vainly struggle to free yourselves from the overmastering tyranny of your own natures, contemplate what I have done in the Now, we are not afraid to contrast these two region of the natural, and learn to trust me, philosophies, theory for theory, idea for idea. as you behold how, when men bring me

sin and misery,—there come us the litany to reach the Father's home.

agony, I heal them with a touch. Look at of the penitent, the joyful hymns of the reme, those of you who are vexed with storms conciled. We hear and we see-thank God in your own souls, and see how, with a word, that we can see—how drunkards suddenly I have stilled the storms of external nature. become sober, outcasts chaste, profligates Look at me, you who feel the utter helpless-ness of your resistance against all evil, you that this is attributed by each, and all, to the who feel yourselves as in some hideous death fact, that they had heard a voice that bid in life, swathed in the terrible habits that them rise and go to the Father, that they bind you, the very grave-clothes of corrup- had obeyed it and had been healed. Yes, tion and of sin. Look at me, as you see men may mock at I this; they may tell us my meeting with that young man carried to that the "Father's house" is all a dream, the grave, before his mother-mourning as that the Father has no existence; but the mothers have mourned over young men dead robe and the ring with which the returning in trespasses and sins,—listen in me as I say, prodigals are clothed and adorned are facts 'Young man, arise,' and as you listen to that they cannot deny. The comely robe of voice, and we you know that it it the voice righteomsness that we seen to cover some that has stilled the storm and waked the dead, sinful soul, the jewelled gifts of grace that learn to trust in one who tells you, I have are suddenly seen adorning it, these are power to still the storm in your heart, to heal facts, patent and visible, and it is not the diseases of your moral nature, to raise scientific, it is not philosophic, to ignore you from the grave of sin and death." And in the last place we have this fact repeat it then, that our theory, the gospel to allege, that all along the history of the theory,—the Bible theory of the fall, the Divine society which He came on earth restoration, the deliverance of man, -is the to found, we have instances of this restor-ing and healing power. We do not say nature, of Christian experience, and of human —it were unjust and untrue to say—that life. And if this be so, may we not respectall Christians have been moral and able to fully ask of modern science not too hastily subdue their nature. It would be equally to reject a philosophy of humanity so maniunjust and untrue to say that all materialists festly superior to any it has yet devised solely have been immoral men, and have yielded because it implies the "unscientific idea of a to their lower nature; but what we do say is God?" May we not even express, in our this, that all along the history of Christianity, turn, our doubts as to those scientific denials where the word and the name of Christ are of a God which invariably imply such inpreached, we do meet with what is no- sufficient and unacientific ideas of man? where else to be seen, the miracle of re- May we not, in spite of these denials, still generation and conversion. We do find that dare to trust the best instincts of our nature, men rise up suddenly and go to the house the deepest longings of our hearts, as they of their Father, and that they declare that echo within us the invitation of the gospel they have there received a strength and a to try the great experiment as to the being of blessing which they never knew before. All a God which every man may make for himdown the ages,—ringing clear and distinct self who will arise and in to his Father? above all the cries of human strife and None ever made that experiment and failed

BALLOCHMYLE.

By ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

SWEET love-song, whose early touch-Ere yet the master-hand grew strong To strike the chords that felt at such The wondrous magic of his song-Was with me, speaking soft and sweet From leaf-clad tree, and from the smile Of half-hid flowers among my feet, That summer night in Ballochroyle.

GOOD WORDS.

The Ayr was hush'd from bank to bank;
Its murmur, coming through the trees,
Was as of fairies when they prank
Their moonlight revels o'er the leas.
It mingled with the tender tone
Of lover's earnest plea and wile,
As I stood listening all alone,
That summer night in Ballochmyle,

There was no breath of wind stir.
The grass that grew beside my feet,
But silent as a worshipper,
When thought and silence are most sweet,
I stood: I felt my heart grow warm
With that soft dew of unshed tears
That comes, when, beneath a charm,
We slip back into vanish'd years.

The spot was fair, but fairer still
In that high light which falls from song—
So fair that, bending to its will,
I only did this gentle wrong—
I pluck'd some grass, a token meet,
To take with me. No idle toil!
Since it perchance had kiss'd the feet
Of her, the "lass o' Ballochmyle."

The night came on, and in the sky,
A little space of which was seen
Between the trees, upon the eye
One star shone out with wondrous sheen.
It wore the tender look of love,
As if some link to me unknown
Had bound it to this spot, and strove
To make this haunted place its own.

Sweet dream I for here love's very soul Might dwell, and feel no taint of earth, But wander to its passionate goal, Or dream, and, dreaming, grow to birth. Here might his feet for ever stay, And here his heart for ever dream, Without one wish to roam or stray Beyond the music of the stream.

The moon rose up, and all at once
From leafy branch and trembling grass
A murmur, like a sweet response,
Came forth, and sweet to hear it was.
And with that murmur came the light,
That flung o'er all a tender smile;
And deepened still the fairy sight
That held me bound in Ballochmyle.

But is there not a softer gleam,
Which I not of the moon, that lies
On grassy bank and wood and stream,
And touching makes them sanctities—
A light that, shining far apart,
Is only for the inner eye,
That sees the glory of that art
Which speaks in burning melody?

Hush! do I wake or dream? for lo!
A spirit wanders up the glen,
And as he comes a deeper glow
Bathes all that lies within his ken.
He moves as in some mood of thought,
And in the glory which he throws
Around him his dark eye has caught
That phrenzy which the poet knows.

He leans against a tree, he turns
His eye upon the shining stream,
And in its burning depths there yearns
The first sunrise of passion's dream.
Where have I seen that swarthy face
Which now is radiant with the light
Of that high look that wears no trace
Of earth or death to mortal sight?

Lo! yet another spirit comes
With lighter foot and fairer face,
Each leaf in marmurous music hums
As on she moves with pensive pace.
The Ayr grows hush'd, and will not speak,
And only one sweet breath of wind
Kisses the roses on her cheek,
And sways the grass that throbs behind.

She pauses, slowly turns her eye
On him, the poet spirit, bent
In half-adoring extrasy,
As to some angel heaven sent.
Then with a low yet tender sigh
She beckons him: they both pass on,
And all the light grows dim, and I
Am left in Ballochmyle alone.

I wake up. Am I still beneath
The spell of all that early tone,
Whose music, like the spring's sweet breath,
Hath made this fairy spot its own?
The star shines through the open space,
The moonlight quivers all around,
And lays sweet hands of tender grace
Upon this consecrated ground.

Oh, early love-song hunning yet The spot where the immortal trod. And breathing, where his feet were set, The music of the singing god Oh, maid for ever young ! for who, When caught and held by magic song Can feel the years that bear from view The common lot that plods along?

Ah me! we pass. But through this wood Our swarthy singer still will roam. And muse in high poetic mood Apart from all the years to come While she, his sister spirit, strong In her unfading beauty's smile, Will move throughout the land of song, " The bonnie lass of Ballochmyle "



lost on the Mass

WINTER LIFE IN HOLLAND.

Dribn with Ben and Beneil By R T PRITCHLIT

HE Fighsh ideal of perfect winter life next day is that of a Dutchman and his family in their native land, from the end of autumn until the flowers burst in early spring, with the primroses, violets, and wood memories stretching their necks to welcome the first rays of the vernal sun, and vieing with each other in freshness and simple beauty. One November time is particularly fresh in my own memory, in Guelderland, at the I oo at a per fect little inn-kind hostess, every detail per fect in its way throughout the menage. There the following lines seemed much pleasure in store for us on the

This will be understood when the programme a known. It was nothing more or less than a day's shooting in the Royal Woods, with the certainty of getting a buck, and this in Holland is a great thing. Ima gine then the anxiety to know the state of the weather and chances for the day a grand night's rest and sound sleep, early in the eventful morning, I was called by the Dutch servant, in costume, shaking me, and repeating with great rest and thorough delight

De Bloctoca of & Clas a



Rotterdam, en the Mass.

" Mynheer, get up, get up. " De Bloomes da s'moters komes, En visomers vergaan Woot U wast die bijeenen alaan."**

was very kind of this innocent child of bucolic nature be pleased with the graceful patterns and beautiful crystals which adorned the windows with sweeping lines and delicate curves, surpassing ferns in elegance of grouping and variety of formation. To me all this joy and novelty was perfect rum; and, hardly awake, the first thought burst upon me, "There's no buck." "Ehen fugaces !" This might have been said of the bucks had they been missed, but then the provoking thing was there exists a law in Holland (and a very fair one too) that no one, not even the king himself, may shoot a buck when the snow is on the ground; and this day snow was on the ground. "De Bloemen of de Glazen." So no buck was killed, but the " jacht" postponed; and the only consolation to be mentioned now is, that in this winter paper we can speak with confidence and practical knowledge of the winter time retired life, even of the palace. in Holland.

that Holland is not a chronic state of frost, ing. No ; first and foremost rapid locomotion

Really the winters are not so much more severe than our own good average skating seasons; although there is much in Dutch life that has conduced to impress the outside world with the idea that the Hollander is always on the ice. First and foremost, canals are everywhere; and with so much waterway, directly the means of communication become are, the only thing for the inhabitants to do is to skate or sleigh, and this as a necessity apast from the pleasantness thereof. Again, Dutch painters have worked hard, and as delineators of home life they naturally selected subjects that were so characteristic. Even Wouverman managed to bring his favourite and ever-present white house in a winter scene of sledges on the ice. In this way the hard winters have been kept fresh in the memory, until at last becomes an accepted idea that all winters are severe in Holland. One swallow does not make a summer; and because the crown | sometimes seen on a royal head, on public occasions, it is not always worn in the private

Two kinds Let us now take the skates. Skates and sledges and ice paraphernalia of skates are used, each of distinctive characfirst demand our notice. Before entering into ter, but both intended for running-straightdetails we would impress upon our readers ahead travelling-no nonsense of fancy figur-

WINTER LIFE IN HOLLAND.

the nearest way from one place to another is a straight line drawn between those two points. The Friesland skate is very light indeed, and its iron very thin and narrow, not much thicker than the back of the blade of a carving-knife; the wood is low on the blade and close to the ice, and carried up high in front on the prow of the blade, which terminates in a little brass acorn; the blade touches the ice all along the length of the foot. The way in which Dutch skates are fixed on to the boots is likely to take the English skater by surprise, particularly when it is impressed upon him that | tie them on as loosely as possible II the greatest desideratum in the country. Small line or rope, or stout string generally used, and not straps; these would be too firm, and 1 think our friends in



Free Stand Shate.



South Holland Skate.

Beverland might be inclined to look upon them as "foppish." This, then, is the Fries-Now let us take the Southland skate. form, but is more especially adapted for what fastening is rather firmer, but the same in action as the other.

In England it is delightful to stay at some country house, and, rising early, find a bright scope for variety of gear, harness, and trapand if so, what a treat it will be; how we body, the driver perched at the back, as on the

on the principle inculcated by Euclid, that With what glee do we pass the hours in this sequestered spot! In Holland the fun of winter life takes other forms; and winter facilitates locomotion, as the highways of summer available for trek-schuits become the best thoroughfares for those who skate, In this way, directly the ice bears, visits are made and distances travelled which cannot be done in summer; and, instead of going round and round as we do here on a small confined space, the Dutch make up a party and pay a visit to some neighbouring town or village, A bright winter's morning is always exhilarating, especially to those whose red particles are doing their work satisfactorily; how much more so when cheerful company, free exercise, variety of character, and constant change of scene all tend to mark the day as a red-letter one; and to crown all, comes the pleasant sensation of feeling deservedly tired, with a night's rest well carned. Should the frost be sufficiently severe, a river is most interesting, being on a large scale and partaking more of the character of a fair, which is the case, for instance, on the Man, at Rotterdam. This is very well pictured in some of the old Dutch engravings; one particularly gives an admirable idea of the whole thing, showing dedges, icc-boats, stalls, booths. Now, the freezing of the Maas is most uncertain; whilst other waters are frozen hard, the Rotterdamers still remain land-bound. The Mass runs very strongly, and the difficulty is for the first coating of ice to form. When a severe frost catches the still high water during the night, then "once begun, soon done," and the crews, who turn into their berths at night, wake in the morning to find themselves frozen in. The canals naturally soon freeze over, and the Holland form. This is not so much a running trek-schult traffic is supplanted by baggagesledges, large and small. Near dwellingis called the Dutch roll. In this South Hol- bouses are seen the little box-aledges for the land form the iron is slightly curved, like an children. These are precisely the same as the English skate, immediately under the foot; seventeenth-century contrivances; the childits principal characteristic is the very long sits with just room for its feet, and, with a sweep of the iron forward in front. The stick in each hand, pushes astern and propels itself ahead. The adult sledges are in some cases simply gorgeous, as the opportunity affords great latitude for form, great winter morning. As we look out over the long pings. They are generally rather of the sloping lawn, we hope that the lake will bear; swan outline, the "sleighers" sitting in the shall enjoy a good long day! With what tail, the sweeping-irons following the curve of zest does one welcome the first turn over the the swan's neck; over these run the reins. clear, block ice, transparent as plate-glass. One horse generally constitutes the team, but bending down in a long sweep, to notice the in an old engraving three horses is single file green weeds temporarily encased below! are shown drawing a sledge de luxe. We



d W 15

rave already contrasted the small sur som of melancholy, for it is a said one to company. We soon start off for little time event ha occurred

is taken to the on the skites, and are haidly under way and settled down to our work before we meet penple coming in from the country Every one seems be on the ice Even the ' Annspruker,' --- a functionary combin ing "Undertaker and Kegistrar of births, deaths, and mar buckles, shoes and buckles, and cockedhat, has taken to his "runners' No tice the streamer from his hat, that is a general signal that he mannounc ing the arrival of some dear "little stranger" If there be no streamer then his mission registers on his face an expres

face skitting in England with the opportunities afforded in Holland for skating ex- "Mynheer's compliments, and he indeed" cursions Let us follow one of these latter I his announcement m generally made to in good weather, good spirits—with a good some dozen houses on either side of that breakfist as a basis of operation, and good whence the message is sent and where the

Irwelling at gool speed one gets over much pround or rather ice such changes of scene now i delightful view of some old mill or picturesque groupnow some bright combination of co lour Sometimes there is the variety of coming upon a potient angler What weather for such sport or rather what sport for such weather! We must look at him, he has cut a hole in the ice, arranged a scat with straw, and round the back raised a forti fication to keep the The bate How one of Lord Elchos shooting screens would have comforted him! Then he has a "vuur



The Ausgrahus

stoot and 'komfootte,' and a brazer by the side with a kettle on Would Lane Wilten have enjoyed this kind of sport? Hirdly to enjoy winter weather, good wholesome excreme and strong enculation of the blood are both require ! As our friend the 'piscator glacialis perseveres with his mission-I lorget to incution that he had not caught any thing-we continue our exemption, and soon get out into the open Ereion is announced a 'Sail ahead! Look out and down she bears on us. Let us pull un awhile It is in ice boat, and one of the features of see life, not only now but m olden days. They must have been very picturesque and quaint with their carvings and gult and on amented sterns
—gay and bedeeled is the stern of an old sucht which now mused as a stockers store on a can last the Haguer hown in some of the petmes of Dutch Vinitity yields. Note now how she gli les with a hight lace a Dutch acc-boats ne real boats with runners out port and embout | rulel to the last the steem is performed by means of a nonly over the stein. When the expt in a he to ease the bont off or them her of into the word he prosser this as descripted the section of high or kenned and it comessound. Your fix ry tilely notice in the ill isbation pres 13) that the int thems over us of she felt the wind and as a bout does in the water, this is in tended and rose led term the following was



Maket ak ting un the Mais



the most posses through a hole in the thunt of the lost and a stepped in the bottom of the bout. The hole in the thunt is one that he entire the most, and whi here way the unid blows the nat kan over as the additional holes had been to the in technique in a tute of botto have for any intage in and a botto he to the rests and however in the most be seen found of and however the most be seen found of and to make the set of the

Another haunt of the life. Crossing a lingue expanse a soliting broth is such inght in the trule as we approach it we

find it is a kind of imprompting exhibited on refreshment booth, with a notice in limit ters—

BLIT MELK ON KOVD JENINET

This is if a fix outite bevering on these occusions, and on our arms if we find a little clasteroutside, some is alm, themselves of the multition very readily, some resting and some listening to the strains of a fildle and cutar which are playing inside-to ders customers, we margine, a thin the many chiefe, where the 'heete melk en Lord senerci will catch the officially organs of the passer by At a station like this much information can be oftained as to the state of the ice—whether there we my dangerous places or large cracks Snould there be a ball crick unin trke lit is expected that the first person sceing it will inducte it in some way

From Rolled im there is one favourite run. The city of Gouda, so famed for the old stained alass in the cathed it and more

GOOD WORDS

generally associated with the manufacture of Dutch pipes about fifteen miles from Rotterdam Amongst the vuicty of pipes made there - one called the wedding pipe, it is three feet three mehes long in the stem the bowl is ornunented with costs of aims. The Dutch make festivals of the copper wedding the silver wedding the golden wedding and the the copper wedding the stem of the pape is om unented with copper leaves twining all the way up the stem, and at each successive festival the leaves are renewed according to the date of the commemoration. which seldom prases the golden In Am sterd im I once saw a diamond kaved pipe which had been prepared for a seventy fifth wedding | Three score years and ten of happy married life is a marvel indee it and falls to the lot of very ten and this is more noticiable in a city so pungent in bad smells as Amsterdam un loubte lly is especially about the month of August when the canals are what the citizens themselves describe as ' verschnkkelijk krachtig' or "termbly strong this description of thes wedding pipes and remembering their length-thirty mine



The Nati W 1



HKwyline stale

thes in stem the realer can ama me that it requires good solid skat no to carry one of these trade things from Coult to k tterdam-slating. One of the cor sect things to do at Kottardim is to skate to Gouda and being back a wedding pape unbroken and if circumstances admit of it tale it as an offering to your firm c Lifteen miles and lack m of course, no great distance when we think of what first Lating implies The fastest skating done in this country is about one mile and a half in five minutes and five accords, good ice but I un assured by very competent judges that a Dieslander outrons this, but not with a wedding pipe in his hand

We have now one more character to miroduce in this winter sketch. It is the "clapperman," or natchman, with his ample weapon of plarm, a sort of thin, to frighten bads rather than burglins He calls the hour of the night and the weather. Aske'l how long he has been clapperman he answers, I hirty years And have you caught many thieves?" "Caught thickes! -my duty m only to And this he seems to frighten them have done effectually As he walks off he says good night and intewell, and so must I as this is my list article on 'Holland at present

CONCERNING TROUBLES TO COME.

A Consolutory Coons.

day a good while ago. "It was a very heavy ing's blow, though it was a jarring and weighty blow; and it was of such a kind that it blow, which frightened my dear friend: occurred to me that it was a specimen of a was the prospect of others like it. It is good many which are likely to come to me commonly the Out-look that breaks us down. at this age which I have reached. will come at intervals, very knock-down us into the very dust, God knows : very quiet blows, till | last I shall not be able to get and self-possessed people, of whom you up again, but must down finally." As would not think it, have burst out (though Milverton said these words, he smiled. But not in the hearing of human ears), "I canit was a smile which I do not like to see. In not bear this: it will kill me!" You do not these latter days one knows the signs of a knowwhat your composed acquaintances have very sore heart. A great man once said in my hearing, concerning one much tried, "He used to look wistfully at me, as if he wished to say something; till I could not bear it." We, who are growing old, know the peculiar look. Probably such as look us in the face have seen it, sometimes.

It was a heavy blow which had come to that wise and good man. It was not a physical blow on the head, but a moral one. Not upon the literal skull, but upon that in us which we commonly call the Heart, the stroke had fallen. You know the experience, my reader in middle age: some younger readers know it too. At first, you are stunned. You can only hear, and look about you blankly. Then consciousness grows vivid: and you though it would not go. are aware that all the nature within you is jarred, and that all things outside you are somehow wrong, This may last a good while. One has known folk very fractions and hasty-tempered under the experience. One has known folk very patient, subdued, and kind. Gradually the stricken mortal picks himself up, and tries to get away from his trouble into some sort of Retreat; commonly that afforded by hard work. Milverton had his special fashion of getting changes that are sure to come, I fear away. He was a charming writer: the unknown friend and helper of many whom he where we had heard the lines quoted (as had never seen. This blow on the head should be a subject to write about. He site sense. I have no doubt that next day, would describe his trouble: describe it in a veiled manner which did not tell too much: man had utterly forgotten that he ever said play with it: try mamile at it; turn it round such a thing; but in the caprice of memory and round till he got it in a point of view it remained with me. The fear was needwhere it did not look so ugly or so black. Thus he reached the hearts of very many, in sore, nor that sagacious head perplexed. He like manner tried; thus he soothed and was taken away before the first shadow had cheered them, some little.

"I GOT a heavy blowon the head this morn- The thing which impressed me, upon that ing," my triend Milverton said to me one departed day, was this: It was not that morn-They Not but that the day has been which beat gone through; what they have felt and said. Still let it be repeated, under all troubles short of the very bitterest, it is the Out-look that beats us. It is not the Present, but the Future, that breaks us down. But I suppose that though we were told I long ago to "take no thought for the morrow," and that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof:" we poor creatures, from the nervous schoolboy up to the anxious statesman, are likely to endure, by anticipation, the cumulative evil of many coming days. The Race is changing, in lesser things, in the process of the ages; there can be no doubt of that at all. But at the core of humanity, there abides the capacity of fear for the future: and it appears as

You know with what strange vividness there come back to us, sometimes, the little ways and the brief sayings of those who are gone. There comes me, in this instant, a street of shabby dwellings, an ugly and uninteresting street, leading from the centre of a great town towards one of its suburbs: and I hear the voice of one who is lost to us saying, quietly and sorrowfully, with a little change, words familiar to many: "The see." We were returning from church: the author wrote them) in exactly the oppoin the urgency of a very busy life, the good less. That brave heart need not have been fallen upon him of that which is feared. The But that is not the point, just at present. changes will come, sure enough. They are

not in the least degree what you are imagin". ing, my acute reader; and you could not guess them. But come when they may, he will not see them. So much is sure.

I believe that many people plod heavily though their daily work and worry: rise in the morning, go out to out-door occupation, ait down at their writing-table at home, look at the faces of their children, and even at the steadily-wearing belongings among which they live; fearing the changes which must come. And assuredly when you have topped the summit and have begun to go downhill, this is many times so. Strength and spurit for work cannot last: the step cannot always be light and active as it would need to be if the day's task is to be done in the day; and the right hand which has served you so faithfully through all these years, must stiffen, to say the least. I often remember how the wife of one who did with his might what his hand found to do if ever mortal did so, told me of the awful day on which he pointed to that hard-wrought right hand and said, "It's powerless," He was but sixty. He said few words more: and before sunset of that bright autumn day he I could easily frighten you. was gone. reader with grey hair and with much depending on you: for I know the things of which I am often afraid myself. But I am sure we are wrong in being so much afiaid as we are: and what I desire in these pages is that we may cheer and help one another. And this is not to be done by bidding a man who dreads that a ghost is following him to whistle and look another way. Just the opposite of that. We shall not be cowed by undefined feats. We are not going to walk onward, hearing heavy footsteps behind us, and atraid in look round and see what is there. We do not pretend to be very brave. For that matter, all I know are arrant motal cowards. But we shall pluck up courage enough to look in the face the things we fear; to scan them from head to foot; we must know the truth. The truth, at the very worst, is never so bad as the vague terror of what is coming, which embitters the entire life of many anxious men and women.

are all afiaid of: we who are growing old, who have grown old?

I have a strong conviction that if we go right up to some very threatening Shapes, they may even melt into mist, and prove to certain Troubles which seem sure to come, coming of bad news. There is just the one

and which have weight and dimension, may be abated by taking their measure, and composedly reckoning them up. This a world in which to actually count what appears a large number always greatly diminishes it : and in which me get a heavy mass into the scales and resolutely weigh it, does, if the weight be what is called Moral, almost invariably bring down tons to pounds. There are few things in this life which are properly to be called Intolerable. I never forget that there are some few which are all that. But, please God, such will not come us commonplace folk, living our quiet life. I cannot in any way understand or imagine how a Martyr bore the fires. Yet, in sober fact, where the supreme endurances have been appointed to poor human creatures, a strength and patience that were thousands of miles above mere humanity came from Somewhere. And the reward was unutterable. The Noble Army of Sufferers stand aport, this would not worthy of them: the Best of the Church and the Race.

What are we afraid of? What are the Troubles to Come, which we fear to see?

I shall begin with a comprehensive trouble, including innumerable troubles, the anticipation of which I know for certain fact to lie heavy on many aging men. But before naming that grave and large trouble, I wish to say that I put aside from this chapter the little fears which are merely morbid: which you rise quite above when you get into good bodily health, and which you sink into when you are physically run down. I put these aside: though I know that they have their place in the mind of more than you would believe; always latently present to consciousness like the pain of a tooth threatening to ache; and sometimes (as through a sleepless night) coming down upon a poor soul very jarringly and heavily. To be maimed in a railway accident with its awful forces; to have your precious manuscripts and other possessions burnt; even to be bitten by a mad dog; of such things there are human beings, still same, who walk in continual fear. And there I one ghastly terror, which I will not even name, which I know I want to know, What exactly it is that we to be present oftentimes in what may be called the second plane of many people's thoughts. One of the greatest authors of this century lived under it, with little cease. You know, too, that very many, old and young, are in a tremour of apprehension have been nothing at all. Likewise, that daily when post-time In near, fearing the

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way of successfully treating these painful alarms. Keep yourself in good health of body and mind. Then they will go, and you will smile at them, and wonder that you were so foolish. They are on the borderland of proper unsoundness of mind, and they must be dealt with accordingly. Not that it is any special confort to classify them thus; in though one were putting them where we ourselves could not by possibility have anything to do with them. For even as a competent authority will tell you there is not in this world a perfectly sound bonse, so sure is it that there is not in this world a perfectly saue mind.

But the grave and much-including Trouble to Come, of which, as the years pass over, we tend to walk in fear, is that which may be called Breaking-Down. The cloud hangs over many. Here is a change which is indeed sure to come; and the coming change casts its shadow before it. To young tolk, it seems so far away, that it need not be taken into account at all. But the day comes, when trying possibilities loom near, and cannot be put out of sight. There are those, still vigorously doing their work, who anticipate many times the season when strength and heart must fail: anticipate it vividly, and with sorrowful minuteness of detail. They realise, too clearly, how things will be. The work will be there: it ought to be done: it used to be done, very thoroughly: but it cannot be done now: if done at all, very lamely and imperfectly. There is a profession, well known to me, in which I have often seen, with a very sore heart, how aging men, not now equal to their duty, still struggle to get through it. I have beheld their little ways, not without a tear: yes, even in days when it was not a sympathetic tear, for not unagination itself could picture one's young self as placed so. And there are walks in life, wherein divers mortifications come to finelystrung souls that feel them keenly, when nerve and strength are failing. For they are sometimes placed among coarse mortals, wholly without sympathy, who would always explain the most devoted labours by saying "The man was paid for it;" and who were quite ready to tell an old man that he was sair tailed." There are trangressions of which one is not ashamed; let me confess one. On a certain day, I was in the chamber called a Vestry, with a clergyman of fourscore who had just come from the pulpit, having preached. He had been a great

But the grand voice 🛍 past years was gone, and the old energy of manner. It was a very pale copy of what had used to be. Yet the venerable preacher was well-pleased with himself: and two younger ones thanked him warmly for his good counsels, and spoke kindly of his energetic tones. There was an official by, who listened impatiently; and then added, "Oh no: ye shouldna try to preach noo; ye see ye're uncoly tailed." He probably would have said more: but that one who was present strongly took him by the shoulder, turned him round, and said in his car with inexpressible bitterness, "You're a heartless foot!" The mortal gized blankly, but be was stricken dumb: and the individual who thus frankly addressed him lived a hundred miles off, and did not care whether he was aggrieved or not. I am not supposing the sorrowful case in which food and raunent are provided only while the old man can earn them: though such cases are. And I have known brutish persons who would press the fact home to the quick of a nearly-broken

There are those, not quite old, who have received a Warning. They know that in the machinery of physical life there is a screw loose which cannot be tightened; there is a jarring crank which you cannot get at to set right. There is something which cannot always go on. The trouble, which must prevail at length, is growing. They see the way before them, very plainly; the way or pain, of depression, of incapacity for work, of lack of sympathy and patience in people round, who will wish one out of the field, to make room for another. It is a little thing yet, you often think; but you know you are fighting a losing battle. It will grow stronger: you will get weaker. And it a curious fact. and not quite a pleasant one, that even kind good men will laugh at an aged pilgran in high place who has lived long under sentence, and who some day announces prematurely how that which he has long dreaded, has tallen upon him: will tell it as an amusing story even after the dreaded stroke has come lown at last. I am not speaking now of fancital presentiments, but of assured certainties of trouble coming. I know that sometimes, as the unexpected occurs, so the expected stays away. In the expenenced mind, aware of this, a contradictory mood arises. The man's mental stand-point is this: Such a trouble seems likely to come: I may say I expect it. And yet I don't expect it, because preacher in his day: and even in their ashes I do: for I know that the expected does not there abode something of the ancient fires. happen, and that it is unlikely that the

poor Irishman's declaration concerning his customed task would be a sufficient time :pig: "It did not weigh as much as I ex- would be a long time. pected; and I never thought it would." It a perfectly familiar spiritual experience.

I do not think any reader can say that I have put this "Trouble to Come" before you alightly. I should like to say a great deal us, fairly. No doubt, I see at this moment a going to Tackle the threatening Spectre.

in checiful talk amid a very loving household. That evening, speaking of an old friend whose faculties had wholly failed but who still regetated, he said he would wish to sec added to a sublimely-good collection of brief prayers, in which already Christian people ask to be delivered from Sudden Death, one petition more: From lingering illness. Good Lord, detrier us. At midnight he said a cheerful farewell (it was farewell): and next morning they found him tranquilly seated in his easy chain: spared a lingering illness, honourably released from the anxieties of his great office: having worked faithfully to the last. I do not say that any of us should ask for such a removal. It has come, assuredly, to the best I have ever known. and the dearest. And if it come to any of us, it will doubtless be the right thing for us.

likely will occur. Only those lacking in thing to those whom we shall leave behind, depth of insight will discern a bull in the a very few days of withdrawal from the ac-

Then, even if we live to be older than we are likely to do, we may be enabled to do our work respectably to the very end. One has known very responsible work done, and well done, after four-score. We must take good care of ourselves: obey the laws of health: more about Breaking Down; and I will do practise strict temperance; I would even so some day. But I think I have spoken say, be practically what is called a total keenly about it: and made it just as bad as abstainer, though you need take no pleilge, the fact. I do not mind contessing that to work the machine carefully: and it is won-me, who have served for many years in a derful how cheerful you may be to the last, laborious place in life, it has been thoroughly and how calmly happy. Very much will and how calmly happy. painful and distressing to say what has been depend, doubtless, on how your children said. The great threatening Spectre is before turn out. And they will all turn out well: they will be good, and kind, and patient great deal more than I have said : a great deal with you, as you were with those gone. It more than I dare to say. But so do you, my is a great thing too, the sense that the work reader in middle-age. You have your own of life has been decently done; and that thoughts and anticipations. And now we are there cannot be much more to do. 130 not fancy that when strength fails, and you know For one thing, we may quite reasonably it has failed, cheerfulness must needs go. pray daily, and humbly hope, to be fairly The day came on which good Dean Hook, equal to our work as long as we live. Very who unconsciously thought aloud, was heard, many hard-wrought mortals are allowed to as he addressed himself to ascend his pulpit work up to the very last. The time in which in Chichester Cathedral, to say " I shall never men and women are definitively laid aside get up; I am sure I shall never get up;" from the duties they did in the latter years of and by and-bye, "Well, I have got up after their life, is many times very short. Some all." It was a sad falling-off for the strong all." It was a said falling-off for the strong times it is not at all. There was one, in high and fiery Vicar of Leeds. Yet the old man worldly station, who on a certain day field a was quite pleased and happy. The disability great day's work; and then spent the evening had come; but it had come so gradually that it was hardly felt: and love and honour had gathered round him, as they will round you if you descree them. He was more than resigned; the grand, warm-hearted, hastyspoken, lion-like old dignitary: who never had got his deserts. You remember how Montaigne, in age, said "I am ready to jump out of my skin with joy, as for an uncommon favour, when nothing alis me." You will, by imperceptible degrees, be brought to a level where you will be thankful for a little thing, and conscious of a tranquil, pervading satisfaction. Do not fancy, young folk, because you are sorry for aging people, that they are in the least degree sorry for themselves.

And should the exceptional trial be appointed to you, to be quite laid aside (which is the trouble we most fear); it will not be And it is not at the last that we are to pre- so bad when it comes. 🔳 🗑 wonderful how pare for what is beyond. Nor do we, in one is helped to be resigned. I knew well one fact, best prepare when we know that the of the greatest of preachers, ordered under very End is upon us. But should it be better pain of death to preach no more : how placid for us Know, and to be able to say some and content he was, though the work was

me much less than I should have expected. I was chiefly distressed in anticipating how more, I think, the shock be be sustained by the charming description in Copperfield of the who yet could say, old man, paralysed and asthmatic, perfectly happy in his chair which the little elephant his pretty grandchild pushed about: radiant with satisfaction though limbs and breath ! had failed, "such a good old fellow to make the best of a thing." had, which may make us ill like Mr. Omer. at least in this. There is a moral work of and that must be on another day.

done which he did so supremely well. When httpful usefulness which may be done, even Lord Campbell was it ihe Bat, there was a from a wheeled chair. There is such a thing time when he thought he was dying. He attainable, as a strong faith that we are being wrote afterwards to his brother, "The disap- led by the Right Way: though we should pointment of all my ambitious projects cost not have chosen it for ourselves. 'The place may be reached, even by you and me, in which the daily utterance from our heart the news would be received by you, and still may be the Feat Valuntus Tua. There was one who completely broke down, was quite our poor father." You ought memember laid aside, and had to live in total eclipse.

Against He counts hand or mill; not habe a jot Of he act or hope; but stell here up and start Right council ¹⁷

This is only the first of the Troubles to There is Help to be Come. There are three more, specially to be thought of. But I have reached my limit:

A. K. H. B.

MY FIRST SALMON RUN.

Br b. F.

of rain clouds not long departed -squish, prize money was to be made, in the old squash, through the peaty mise we trudged, palmy days of Britain's supremacy, had raked a piscatorial Pylades and Onestes, so ha as a together a respectable competence and then love of the art which we practised in com- came back to finish his retirement in his mon went, though I was a gentleman born native village. Trout fishing was free everyand my companion was Jock Coulter, the where in those days, but salmon fishing was village cobbler, one of the best and keenest almost as jealously regarded as it is now, brothers of the angle I have ever met. Poor though, perhaps, less scrupulous methods of Jock | he has long since gone in his long rest killing the fish were adopted. But the rivers beneath the old yew-tree in "the old kirk-were not blocked up with nets then as they yard," beside the Whannik-burn, which in are now, and there were enough and to spare like he loved to wander by so well. From for all. So when I boldly walked up to the first thread and pin of the infant angler the Laird of Tillyvrackie as he was riding Jack had trained my early clions up to the though the main street of our village, and capture of the noble burn trout of two ounces, preferred my request for a day's salmon fishand many a dozen, many a score of dozens, ing on his water, having entirely failed in of much larger burn trout had Jock and I inducing my father to make the application deluded by various means in company; for me, who would not have asked a favour and last year the sea trout came up the of mortal man on any consideration, my Whanunle, and many a fine and lively two delight knew no bounds when the kindly old and three-pounder had I succeeded in bug-gentleman said "Ay," smiling at the thanks ging under Jock's able guidance. But to-day I could hardly get out in my eagerness, but there was more important game afoot; to-day adding, with a touch of characteristic caution, I came of age in an angling point of view, "If ye catch anc, Geordie, it's to be a yere I came of age in an angling point of view, "If ye catch ane, Geordie, it's to be a' yere for I bore upon my shoulder a hand new ain, my man, but gin ye catch mair joost salmon rod presented to me by a wealthy bring them up to the hoose, ken, and I'll uncle lately returned from shaking the pagoda be glad to see ye, for ye're a braw angler, tree in Kastern climes. was a lovely little I'm tauld," and tapping my check with his Forest rod, sixteen feet of tough hickory glittening in its new varnish and brazen fittings, off hot foot to my friend Jock Coulter big

VER the brown moor under a sullen time. My father was a retired navy captain sky, which had a damp, misty look as who, having served on good stations where and I was burning to exercise it for the first | with the tremendous news I bore him. Then what a mustering of lines and books and the sense that Jock awaited me below! How feathers ensued! "She'll be joost the right I dressed that morning I never remember, Doughty River, of which the Whammle-burn was a tributary, "and we'll try Whammle-foot There's aye a fusahe hides there a wee after rain, and a brown turkey or a gledwing the verra thing for it. Clar't pig's woo' wi a ginger tail and a black streaket heckle should tackle him," and he rummaged the materials out of an old hag of odds and ends, and proceeded - construct that lusus nature, a salmon-fly, according to the rules

of art then in vogue. What the salmon take such a monstrosity for III a question which no man has yet satisfactorily answered; and what the Pophams, Silver doctors, Durham rangers, and Jock Scotts of more modern day may be supposed to represent, with their golden toppings, gorgeous ruffs, and gold and silver tinsels, is still more marvellous and uncertified. It is, as Hamlet says, a "bait of falsehood that takes the carp of truth;" if it takes the salmon of truth, what the salmon takes it for does not perhaps so much signify. However, half-adozen flies of varying size and suitable to the occasion were put together by Jock before I allowed him to quench a thirst which was one of his characteristics, and which he always averred was distinctly traccable to the leather which he wrought with, I am bound to say, as seldom as he conveniently could. A lapstone, slopes, he argued, was in itself a dry detail, and tapping one all day and drawing a wax-end through leather a thirsty occupation. Albeit, I have seen him reduced to quite as painful straits by the action of drawing trout out of But Jock, though he "took a the water. glass," never got "fou," save on very rare occasions; a brilliant twinkle of the ee and a strong tendency to tell astonishing yarns was the outside of his offence in this respect. "Tee-tottleism," as Jock called it, he held in "A mon that couldna. mortal antipathy. always be a mon an tak' tent o' himsell was nue mon at a'."

"To sleep, perchance to dream," again says Hamlet, is "the rub." Hamlet was not a fisherman that I am aware of, though he knew Polonius for a fishmonger. But to sleep without dreaming that night was "the rub " with me. What terrific single combats I fought with monster salmon, perfect krakens, and how I woke, so speak, with my line broken and salmon gone, again and of gravel at my window-pane awoke me to put up with the stones or go five miles

height in the morn," said Jock-"she" in the but everything went on the wrong way and vernacular always menning "the river"--the had to be reversed, and, like Ebenezer Scrooge, I made "a Laocoun-of myself with my stockings." Never mind; they were properly applied at last, and down I went, and snatching a hasty cup of milk in one hand and a pile of buttered out-cake in the other, I made the briefest breakfast which I Then seizing the rod and reel ever did. from the corner where I had placed them, I sallied out to join Jock. How well I remember everything that morning! I with the rod, Jock wielding the deadly gaff as his in-

signia of office, as we left the gate.

The morning was misty from showers overnight. The sun had made no way in the heavens as yet, and the laverock, which usually sprang aloft from the meadows at this hour to meet him, was silent. The rowans and the birthes were weeping for his absence as we broke away from the cultivated land out on to the broad brown moor, for the glory of the heather was not yet. can see the glistening pools of black peat water and the grey boulders scattered creatically about, with snags of silver-barked birch, thousands of years old, and impenetrable to age apparently, which made startling contrast where the labours of the peat cutter had thrown them aside. Ben Vrackie, enveloped in mist, was only visible as to its lower

There was nothing moving on the moor save a far-off shepherd and his colley looking for a stray sheep, and they marched with heads bent down, as though the morning had damped even their seasoned natures. As yet the pipe of curlew and the whistle of

plover was silent.

"It'll be a braw morning for the fushing!" said Jock. "She'll be in graun ply, and I'd no wunner but ye got a fusshe, or even twa." Another hundred yards or so and a dull rushing noise met our car, "Mon, ye're in luck, she's ower the stepping-stones I'm thinking, and if she ye're sure of sport." In a few more minutes we came upon the river, a moderate-sized salmon stream, spread out and shallow just here, with a range of big stepping-stones, which ran across the ford, but of which little could seen now, as the water was rushing over them tumultuously. Nasty, dangerous stones they were, too, at times, and more than one person had been drowned in trying to pass them in flood, but again, till about six o'clock, when a handful we couldn't afford a bridge then, and had to



" Walting for clouds."

round. While I put the rod together Jock rigged up the cast and looped it on, and then we proceeded a few hundred yards beyond the flat to Whammle-foot, a fine swirly salmon cast, where Whammle fell into the clean awa frae him. Had ye let it bide in Doughty. Taking my stand on a convenient the watter he'd have had a taste o' it, for strand I recled off a dezen yards of line and certain; mind, now, it's agowden rule when ye

commenced casting. For some yards nothing came of it; at length, as I cast towards a point where a big stone could just be seen under water-

"Canny, Geordie, canny!" said my com-panion, "if there's a fusshe in a' the river it is there;" and just as my fly swept over the stone a great boil and swirl rose immediately under it, and a "There he is!" from Jock, as I struck upwards sharply and instantaneously.

see a saumon rise, count three before ye was bent into that delightful arch which is

then ye needna strike at a"."

Very good advice possibly, but utterly futile to his watery fastness; and yet to-day, because I chanced to be after salmon, I looked on him as inferior ware, while he who had so cautiously looked into moderate offers and reasonable four or five per cent, bargains, with bait and all for a scrape, like a rash speculator, thinking he could realise ten or fifteen per cent. with limited liability, risked his all in one mad rush, and lost it. Verily the world of fishes may be likened unto that of humanity in many respects.

outside edge of this, where the water was him nearer and nearer. There was a short, stroke, thinking was possibly a small trout, guspicious occasion. and the next moment my reel was whirling and screaming like a circular saw, for a didna happen a quatter o' an hour since, or salmon had taken the fly deep under water,

and made no break on the surface.

strike, an' if ye dinna feel a rog o' him by the most beautiful of all curves to the

angler's eye.

" Move up, move up, or he'll droon the to a keen youngster on his first saknon. We line in the eddy," said Jock, taking me by rested the fish for a few minutes, and tried him the arm like a policeman, and urging me up again, but III was sulky at having his break- the stream, and I should have been in a fast offered to him, and then pulled away difficulty but just then the fish came up to again, and would have nothing more to say the surface just above the eddy and made a to us. I fished on down to the end of the tremendous leap in the air, and so helped me cast and got a dashing rise, but I found it to get the line straight again. What a glowas only a big yellow trout, of three pounds, rious sight it was to see that noble fish, a which I very soon disposed of, with a certain good twelve-pounder, springing out of his amount of contempt; and yet when trout native element to seek refuge in another, and dehing I had tried that trout most carefully coming down with a splash that made my with a variety of lures over and over again, blood tingle and my heart beat! Then he for I knew him well, and many a time my took a violent rush down stream on the heart had been in my mouth me he came up farther side of the eddy, and once more cautiously and critically inspected my fly or the reel discoursed delicious music. "Ye'll minnow, and then with a wave of his tail, hae him full surely," said Jock, "for it's a expressive of his contempt for it, retreated fine deep watter, and there's mae obstructions." For several minutes the fine fellow made frantic rushes up and down, but as I wound him in after each they grew shorter and shorter, and I felt I was becoming rapidly his master. My excitement was where he had a fair chance of getting off asthetic, intense-and to all languid, placid natures, if you want to feel too, too utterly utter, I say hook your first salmon, and if you want me penetrate the depths of despair, lose him.

"Lead him in to that strand, Master Geordie," said Jock, as the fish rolled over After this we went on up the river till we on his side and gave a heavy but futile came to a very fine stream, called the Spin- plunge. I did so, and Jock, standing kneening-wheel, from a big deep eddy, which in deep with extended gaff, waited till I drew high water was always visible beside it. The the fish within reach. Slowly and with extended, if they took at all, usually took on the treme caution, supine on his side, I drew thinner than in the middle of it, and you had quick stroke, and Salmo salar, in all his apparently to cast up stream instead of down, silver armour, was dragged, flapping vio-in consequence of the eddy. All this had lently, up over the yellow sands, dyeing been explained to me by my Mentor as we them with his life blood as we made the came up to it, and I made my casts as well rocks echo with a lusty cheer, whereat sud-as I could, though perhaps not with all the dealy Ben Vrackie came out of the mist, as skill of a master, for once or twice the line, if to see what was the matter. For at that got into the eddy, which partly drowned the moment the sun, which had long been dy; and this, as it happened, did me no disservice, for as I pulled the fly out of it once I felt a pluck, and I gave an answering in a golden light, as if celebrate the

"A'm gey and giad," said Jock, "that we'd no hae gruppet this fine fellow;" and he knocked him on the head with a stone "Mon, ye're in him, and ye'll see a ploy promptly, after taking out the fly, which was the noo," shouted Jock, in great excitement. firmly fixed in his upper lip. Then we re-Down into the deep eddy plunged the heavy treated to a ferny bank to contemplate my 5sh, taking out line rapidly, while my rod prize, and I produced a flask-one of my

father's—filled. I am constrained to admit, scold us vigorously and noisily for invading surreptitiously with the old gentleman's own their domains. Up the river two black-head Glenlivat, at sight whereof Jock's eyes glisgulls come sweeping and tacking to and fro, tened, and he drank the death of my first "fusshe" with much appreciation and all the honours. Then for an hour we sat down and gazed the beauty in varied postures and settings, and was lovely and unrivalled in all. One may in after years retain but a hazy recollection of his first sweetheart. There is a doubt possibly whether the hair was golden or dark, whether the eyes were blue or black, but one never forgets one's "first salmon." You can remember him to the colour of a fin and the complexion of a scale; and so we sat and gazed, for the sun remained unquenched, and was uscless, as jock said, at this time of year, "to vex the watter" in such weather. If we got a cloud or two byand-by we might get a pull on "Tangle-Brecks," the queer name given a rough stream about a half mile up; and that was our best chance of another fish, and as we returned in the evening we could give the fish at Whammle-foot, if he were there still, another invitation; but the water was falling, and with this sun, even if a cloud came up, we'd do well to change the fly for a smaller one, as the water was thinner on Tangle-Breeks. Luxuriously reclining among heather and boulders-a species of upholstery not to be despised -we maundered and looked Wheel-stream the river was shallower, and was dotted with opposing rocks of all sorts of fantastic shapes. The sun had awakened nature to active life once more. The birchtrees soon ceased to weep, and dried up their tears, shook out their tresses in rippling masses, and waved them gracefully in the soft, light air. The restiess water-ousel dipped and flitted from stone to stone with incessant motion, now picking up some unfortunate beetle after a smart chase under water, now rapidly shooting away up stream, "peep, peeping" as he flies. A couple of pretty dottrels are busy in the higher ground behind, no doubt in anxious domestic cares for the young family in the shallow nest beneath those stones. A solitary greenshank leaves the sandy spit and wails its melancholy note as it flies rapidly away to its more congenial home near the tideway. From the sides of Ben Vrackie come the musical and moor; and above the rush and roar of the river, which I ceaseless, and like the drone of was departed, but Jock knew better, for a huge bagpipe, the angry peewits scream and there was com in Egypt yet, and another

quartering the shallow water from side to side, like setters on a moor in search of provand, and unlucky I the miterable part or wee troutie who cannot ensconce himself under some sheltering stone. For with a dash fate descends upon him from the black-head's bill, and he is borne to that bourne whence, no wee troutie is ever known to return. Sec. yonder, on a stone, too, that sly old waterrat, who has just been carrying straw i furnish his nest hard by - an industrious housekeeper and much maligned member of society-and who is preening his whiskers now, like the buck he is, to make his appearance pleasant at home; and having completed his toilet, possibly by the aid of the glassy mirror at his feet, or more possibly without it, he drops off the stone with a "plop," and is away to join his mate in that forty-shilling freehold of his under the bank, Inanimate nature is gorgeous under the sun-The rocks around are vivid with lichens and mosses, which might almost defy the artist's craft, and the wealth of vegetation that crops up between the loose stones is a sight to see. Even the very midges are wide awake and on the look out for prey, though sorely incommoded by that midge-disperser. Jock's pipe, a short black clay, a shiny reabout us. It was a lovely scene! Above the liet of extreme antiquity, which Jock smokes with placed and Grand Turk-like contentment, though it is terribly strong tobacco, of the sort called twist, black and deatlly in its nature at any rate to all midges and other objectionable insects; and thus we pass a pleasant bour, chatting over the recent struggle and waiting for clouds.

At length, taking a stout piece of cord from his pocket, Jock fastens the fish, head and tail, in a bow, and we rise to make our way to Tangle-Breeks, for a cloud I in the sky which promises toon to serve our putpose anon, when we reach the cast. It is a fine rough stream, and the sun is by this properly obscured. At the very third cast a big head and a large dorsal fin rolled up in the foam, and I was fast in a large fish, but I did not get the point of the rod up quick enough, and the fish with one rush got on the far side of a big rock and cut me. Not an unknown thing on this stream by any plaintive pipe of the curiew, and the whistle means. My lamentations were loud, but of the plover sounds shrilly over the adjacent Jock's were deep. I was a novice, he a philosopher. I thought the glory of the day

cast and fly being rigged up, about two- flies to tie, or an old gun-lock in rectify, fish, and after a desperate give and take there Jock was, and he was good com-combat, which need not be described, Jock pany, and had taught me all I knew about gasted a nice ten-pounder. Then we had sporting. lunch: for the careful housekeeper, knowing packet of ham and out-cake into my jacketpockets over-night, and it proved remarkably serviceable. After lunch the weather got bright again, and we sauntered slowly back, stopping now and then to admire a view or notice some natural curiosity, for Jock was something of a naturalist, and had a rough knowledge of plants, in his way, and a walk with him was not quite unprofitable, for Jock, though not by any means a faultiess specimen of humanity, was of a type common in Scotland formerly. He had great natural intelligence, and had contrived to pick up scraps of knowledge which were surprising in a man of his station. As a disputant upon political or denominational topics he was a tough antagonist, as stiff as a stone dyke and immovable as a hill-top. He had plenty of mother wit crack with an old crony, though tacitum ing-rod or a reel to mend, or a dozen run," if I live to be a hundred.

thirds down the stream I stuck in another and he wrought at it con amore. Anyhow,

Towards the end of the afternoon we the carelessness of youngsters as to creature reached our starting-point Whammle-foot comforts, had taken the precantion to put a once more. "She's doon some inches since the morn," said Jock, "and a smaller flee yet will fit her. Sit doon and rest till the sun gaes behind you peak, and then we'll try and tox the cunning rascal that was too many for us in the morning." I followed his advice, and with most successful results, for the good fish ruse at the first cast without hesitation, and fastened nobly, and after a most prolonged and stubborn resistance we got him out, the best fish of the day, full sixteen pounds, and marched home with flying colours, I with one fish and Jock with two, and I don't know which was the proudest, The laird was so delighted with his share of the spoils, that he then and there gave me a general permission to fish upon the same conditions; and he had no cause to regret it. as a hill-top. He had plenty of mother wit for if (as often happened) I only got one fish and a dry, caustic humour; was fond of a I always seat it to "the house," and the old gentleman was fond of salmon and asked no with strangers, and, as I have said, he was a questions, being a wise man in land genera"diouthle" subject, and much preferred
tion. I have killed all sorts of the since
doing any one else's work to his own. He
lived, as he said, like the minister, by mending soles, but I am afraid his carnings on
forget Whammie-foot nor the Spinning wheel, this account were scanty. Give him a fish- where I got my first rise and "my first salmon

A TIME OF PEACE.

OLDEN leaves, and a golden day; (Lights are warm when the year is old:) Rushes whisper, and branches sway, Gossamer shines and drifts away, And the empty fort is still and grey; (The river flows like a tide of gold.)

Long ago from that dim hill-crest (The year was young, and lights were pale:) Brake the thunder that scared the rest Out of the rich vale's languid breast, Till day died faint in the clouded west: (But only the river talls the tale.)

Golden rays are about your face, (Mellow lights are the old year's crown:) Come to the old war-haunted place; Come with your spell of peace and grace To the heart where strife has scarred its trace; (The river sings as the sun goes down.)

Golden ways are before our feet; (While the year wanes the rich light glows:) Life is stored with the garnered wheat, All the hitter has turned to sweet, After the battle the rest II meet ; (The song goes on as the river flows.) SARAH DOUDNEY.



THE GOLDEN SHAFT.

By CHARLES GIBBON, AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACE OF GOLD," ETC.

CHAPTER I .- THE QUEST OF THE LAMP.

I ERRY sunbeams shot through the Gothic windows and arches of the old abbey, and kissed the flashing wavelets of the Firth : they laughingly cast the kisses back and rippled purringly on to the sea-Criffel lifted his grey head to a calm sky, and a shade on his weather-heaten face suggested that even he was blinking at the sunlight. The tower of the abbey threw one long black shadow across the ground, which sloped gently down to the shore; tiny pools dotted the green and grey surface, glinting like the bright eyes of elves through the long grass. The shadow was divided from the sunlight by a straight line.

A man stood within the shadow, light then.' playing at intervals on his face as he bent towards the girl who sat on a large mosscovered stone, her whole figure radiant in the sunshine. Their thoughts were pleusant, for both were smiling. The man was speak-

"And they gaed on, and gaed on, and gaed on till they cam' to a light. It was a wee light, but it was bonny and bright to them in the dark wood. It was a long way off though, and the bairs were weary: but they joined hands and toddled on together, making for the light. The nearer they got, the bigger it grew, and the laddie began to think that it was the dawn-that it must surely be the oun itself rising!"

The man spoke softly, and seemed to be only repeating a fable to amuse his companion; but there was an undercurrent of

carnestness in his tone.

"The lassic wanted to get hame, and she was a wee feared, for the winter afternoon was dark. The laddie had found her astray the wood, and promised to guide her to her folk, but III seemed to be taking her farther and farther away from them. Are we near them now?' she would whiles speir. not come to a good end, you would think?" 'We'll get there sometime,' was all he could! say, for he was not very sure of the road himself. At last they got to her father's ahould not give much for his prospects. You house, and she was safe; but the laddie lost see the lassie he had fixed his mind on was a ---himself."

The girl lifted her smiling face, and the lamp." sunshine seemed brighter II the man. Hers were big, quiet eyes: grey-granite, and yet

full of a tender warmth.

"But what became of the light?" she inquired, as if, being told a child's fable, she were resolved to display a child's curiosity about detail.

"Ah! I is still before him. He has not

reached it yet."

"Surely he cannot be wandering in the wood all this time," she said, laughing; "for you said it was winter when he saw the light,

and we are now in autumn."

"Yes, it was in winter, a long time ago. The laddie is now a man, and has had some hard tuesies with the world; but III is still seeking that light. He lost sight of it altogether once; and then, after a while of darkness, it shone on him again,"

"It must have been a will-o'-the-wisp,

"I believe it was, and so did he, sometimes, for he was a fanciful loon, and given to seeing parables in everything that happened. This you will understand when you hear the rest. The day after his adventure he found a pebble which he thought was shaped like a heart, and he thought at the same time that it would be a pretty keepsake for the wee lassie he had found in the wood. But he had to leave his home without having a chance of presenting his treasure to her. So a fantastic notion took possession of

"What was that?"

"He had beard the legend of Devorgilla, and how she had caused the heart of her guidman to be buried with her in the abbey. One moonlight night, when i believed nobody would see him, he howket a big hole here and buried his pebble, calling II his heart; and he dreamed about becoming a great man, and of some day bringing the wee lassie to his secret place to raise his treasure that he might offer her the real heart with it. What would you say about such a sentimental young fool, Miss Musgrave? He could "Did be?"

"I cannot tell; but judging by his folly I princess, and he was Aladdin without the

"You ought complete the legend: let him discover the lamp and win the princess. There would be some satisfaction in that."

"I have no doubt he would think so. But you see I do not know the end. Remember he is still seeking the treasure, and does not like to approach the lady until he has found it. Meanwhile she may be given away to some neighbouring prince, and Aladdin's success may come too late."

"Then they would both die of broken hearts! That would be cruel; only it is not likely to occur if they are sensible folk."

"And if they are sensible folk what will happen?" he inquired, amused by the playful

scriousness of her manner.

"She would net to work and do her duty; Aladdin would never find the lamp and yet be content."

"That would not be remantic."

"Contented people are never romantic;

but they are the happiest."

"I am not so sure of that. Discontent is the genius of discovery, and our Aladdin is more useful, and therefore happy, in pursuing his phantom, than he could be if he were to settle down satisfied that his quest was hope-less."

"Perhaps you knew him?"

The man hesitated; then, bending forward and the light shining in his face :

"Ay, or some one like him, and he dreaming still about the princess.

" Has he not seen her again?"

gi," Oh, yes, he returned and saw her-more beautiful than ever in his eyes, and as far away from him. She was happy and contented in the midst of friends, and likely soon to become the chosen one of somebody. She know nothing about the lamp or the toiler She did not even remember that After it. she had been lost in the wood, and that she had been rescued by a strange laddie."

"She must have been very young when it happened, then. I could never have for-

gotten such an incident."

"She was very young, and she had so many pleasing things to occupy her mind as she grew up, that it is no wonder she forgot that unpleasant winter afternoon; for it was unpleasant in her although so beautiful to him. Now for a great surprise : her name is Devorgilla, but she always called Ellie."

"Why, that is my name !"

"Yes, you are the lassie, I the laddie, and the heart is lying there under your feet. Shall

I dig it up?"

He stooped, seized a wisp of the long grass, and remained watching her face, as if waiting for her command to unearth the treasure.

After a brief pause, during which her ex-

his revelation, she rose, saying, with a light,

blithe laugh-

"You promised to tell me something which should amuse me as much as the minister's lecture on archaeology, and you have kept your word. What fun it would be, Mr. Armour, if what you have been telling me were true 1"

"That would depend upon how you regarded it," he answered quietly. His face was in the shadow again, and he recognised how utterly unconscious she was that he had been speaking in earnest. "Supposing " had been true, would you only laugh at as

a joke}"

"You know I could not do that,"

"Then what would your answer be?" She blushed slightly, and was for a moment a little awkward; but she looked frankly in

his questioning eyes. "I do not know.

seemed to him as I some mysterious breath added the word "yet" to her decisive sentence. Perhaps his wish formed it out of the sound of the light wind passing through the rains. At any rate, it was a pleasing fancy to cherish, and he was obliged to be content with it in the meantime; for a number of the friends with whom they had journeyed to the abbey, and who had been examining the interior, now came out and ioined them.

"Truents !" exclaimed a nimble little gentleman dressed in black: his long white hair curled under his soft felt hat, his fresh face, active movements, and agrocable, although shrill, voice proclaimed him the liveliest, if not, as he declared himself to be, the youngest of the party. The clatter of his tongue might have been heard by the truants long before

he appeared.
"You have missed the whole accomthe founding of the abbey, and you 📖 go away as ignorant of its architectural details as when you came."

"The general effect 📕 fine," observed

Armour gravely.

"Not a doubt of it, sir-not a doubt of it;

but you did not hear me !"

There was a simple faith in the importance of the implied loss which at once elevated the minister above suspicion of vanity; and if some did laugh, there was no note of ridicule in the tone, but hearty appreciation of the man and his ways. Patrick Moffat, the minister of Thorniehowe, had been one of the most misanthropical of men until he had passed his forty-fifth year; then, without any pression indicated that she was puzzled by visible change of circumstances to account



THE GOLDAN SHAFT

was perpetually romping with the muses or playing at shuttlecock with the sciences. He dabbled in all the arts and philosophics, and was as happy sitting on a dykeside discoursing his wisdom to a ploughman as he was in

the drawing-rooms of greater folk.

At present he was the leading spirit of a skippishing party of the British Association. Everybody was happy under his leadership, and enjoyed the pleasures of a picnic spiced. with the sense that they were in some mysterious way contributing to the advancement of science and higher education. And so they were. Some of the young ladies were surprised discover that archeology was by no means the dry and uninteresting subject they

had formerly imagined it to be.

Of course they were fortunate in their weather and scenery. The eyes of youth and health will make any landscape beautiful; but here were sights to gladden even the jaundiced. As the party drove along, hills and dales were radiant in the sunlight; the rips grain was swaying under the soft wind; the air was full of sounds of life and mirthbirds and burns were blithe; and the sharp whetting of scythes mingled with cheery voices in the harvest fields. The merry clatter of the horses' hoofs on the dry road was like a running accompaniment to the other sounds.

"It's just a day for every mortal to rejoice and sing," exclaimed Mr. Moffat enthusias-

tically.

John Armour thought so too; and so did Ellie Musgrave, who had a vague, pleasing sense that some new joy was entering her life.

CHAPTER IL-THORNISHOUS.

Although Thorniebowe was a small place, it was large in its own estimation; and although it was distant only a few miles from the county town, it was the centre of a considerable district. was governed by a baillie, who was by local courtesy always called provest, and two councillors. Formerly it had been a thriving weaving village, the busy shuttle making joyful music in every cottage. Now there were only a few handlooms at work, and the inhabitants were mostly employed in agriculture and in the large paper-mill down by the riverside.

The mill was the pride as well as the main support of the place, although it had been looked upon with suspicion and disfavour when it commenced operations. I had

for it, mapidly developed into one of the known many vicinitades, and had changed liveliest of boys at three-score and-ten. He hands so frequently that folk said there was something uncanny about the place, and looked upon every new tenant on his arrival with kindly but pitying eyes, as one who was "just temptin' Providence wi' a paper-mill."

John Armour changed all that. The mili had been vacant for some time and was in a dilapidated condition when he took it, so that his temerity obtained for him even a larger share than his predecessors of the kindly pity of the villagers. The wonder-ment, too, in his case was greater than in that of the other unfortunate speculators, for he was identified as a laddie wio had been partly educated at the parish school, and who, after a long absence from the place, had returned to set up as a manufacturer. The wonderment, indeed, was not unmingled with something like dissatisfaction in the minds of some honest bodies when his identity became established.

"Whaur can be hae gotten the siller, in what I say," observed Tawtie Pate, stirring his fourth tumbler | toddy, looking round as if he had expressed the wisdom which he knew was expected from him by his cronies.

Pate was a contraction of Paterson, and Tawtie was the cognomen or "to-name," derived from his chief article of trade, potatoes, Tawtie Pate was acknowledged to be a man of vast experience in the world, owing in his travelling so much about the country in the course of his business, and to his having been at least once in London on the occasion of a cheap exermion. So, when he propounded that remarkable question, it was echoed gravely, as if a somehow answered itself.

"Here's me." he continued. "auld enough to be his father, an' I wouldna' start the mill though they were to gie it in me rent

free."

" Nor me aither," said the souter, virtnously repudiating the offer as if some one had been

pressing it upon him.

"Look at them that's tried to mak' | pay, and every ane o' them has lost by it. Maxwell was the last ane, an' ye'll no depy that he had plenty o' backin', an' fie said the deil 'muel' couldna' gar it pay. Ame can John Armour expect to do it, that we him that I mind a wee cellent at the schola.

"Ay, an' I mind him, the, wi'nactably but his aud grannic to feed and claim him,"

added Tawtic Pate.

"He was aye a cliver chiel, though," said the grocer, "an' I was hearin' that he got a hantle o' siller oot o' that American war."

"He might easy has found a buter use for

whole question. "It would need a fortune to keep the place gaun for twelve months."

The mill, however, was not only kept ridge onyway." going, but was soon extended. New machinery was added to or replaced old; a new block was added to the building, and the number of workers, male and female, rapidly doubled and then quadrupled. Armour was recognised as one of fortune's favourites; where every one else had failed, he succeeded, and he was as popular amongst those who remembered him in his boyhood at the parish achool as he was amongst those who only knew him as the successful man.

He was about thirty-five years old, rather shove the average height, and muscular; he had dark hair and short whiskers, large brown eyes, smooth regular features, and that square brow which generally accompanies firmness of character. Thus with youth on his side, a fair fortune before him, and now the probability of winning for his wife the woman he had long loved, he appeared to possess all the main requisites of happiness. he often thought—as he had reason to be.

He could not say that he had worked hard right moment and to do them. So it was in the matter of the American greenbacks which keeping her own counsel. laid the foundation of his fortune; he hapand the result amply justified him, although of ridicule about his mania for greenbacks. So again with the paper-mill; he happened to want to return to Thornsehowe; the mill was to let on very advantageous terms, and he accepted them. At the same time he happened to discover a slight improvement in the method of preparing pulp which enabled him to produce it more cheaply than others; and so the ball rolled on at his foot, apparently seldom requiring the least kick from him.

He was as much surprised himself by his success as any one could be, and he had far less faith than others in its continuance.

"Some day somebody will stick a pin into the windbag and I shall collapse," he

would say jestingly to grannie.

"Aweel, Johnnie, my laddie," Dame Armour would answer, addressing her grandson as usual as if he were still a boy at self in preserving his secret, grannie was school; "just let the windbag burst and flee | aware that something else besides the works

it," was the summing up of Tawtie Pate on the "awa"; sae lang as you keep a stout heart and walk straight you needna fash about onything else. You can aye mak' saut w your por-

"Ay, grannic; but where I the portidge to come from? Salt alone would scarcely

help the stomach."

"We'll manage some way, never you doubt, laddie. I haena come my years without

kenning how to fend for myself."

Dame Armour was a Mil, strongly-made woman, in her seventy-first year. She had been very handsome, and she was stone blind. She was cheerful of heart, as active about domestic affairs and as sensitive to dust as the most energetic young housekeeper could be. Mr. Mostat used m declare in his merry way that there were only two really young people in the parish-namely, himself and granny Armour. They had in truth entered their second childhood, and he was proud of his new birth.

From his babyhood she had had the care of her grandson. She had worked for him, and watched over him with a devotion which And he was happy—more than most people, grew with the consciousness of his growth. The blind woman had come with her bairn to Thorniehowe one cold January afternoon, to gain all this, for work had been his play; and taken lodgings in one of the weavers' he had not the slightest consciousness of cottages. Whence she had come, or why being in any way cleverer than his comrades; she had chosen this village for her abode, was he only happened to think of things at the never clearly known. She worked hard, knitting and sewing, paying her way and However hard the times might be no complaint was heard pened to have faith in the Northern States, from Mrs. Armour. Although evidently quite as poor as her neighbours she could on for some time he had to endure a good deal occasion contrive to spare something out of her own store for those who were in need.

> Curiosity about her previous history gradually faded away under the influence of her cheery, helpful presence; and from the first her affliction had imposed a respectful silence on the good-natured folk amongst whom she had settled. The boy grew up robust and active; clever in the school, and in time useful in the paper-mill under one of its unfortimate tenants. When he was about fifteen, Mrs. Armour and Johnnie quitted Thorniehowe to go to Glasgow, as was understood. From that time nothing definite was heard of them in the village until it became known that Johnnie Armour was the new tenant of the paper-mill. He and his grannie returned to Thornishows and quietly took up their

> abode in the cottage belonging to the works.
>
> Cumning as John Armour thought hun-

were interesting him. Every movement of wall, and indicating that the place had been his foot, every note of his voice expressed his humour to her, and she had never yet failed to interpret the signs correctly. So, on the evening after the excursion to Newabbey, she stopped knitting when he entered the room.

"You have had a pleasant day, Johnnic,"

also said, smiling.

"Ay, grannic, a capital day, and everybody enjoyed the trip. The minister was as blithe as ever."

The dame resumed her knitting, the announcement she had half expected was not coming yet.

"I suppose the other folk were blithe tae,"

she observed quietly.

"I'll give you a full report of the day's proceedings as soon as I have looked at these letters. What is it, Janet?"

The question was addressed to a servant

girl who had opened the door.

"The mistress is wanted," answered the

girl, and disappeared.

Mrs. Armour instantly rose and walked slowly out of the room. Her expression had suddenly changed, as if she understood the summons to be an unpleasant one. She found the foreman of the mill waiting at the door.

"Thorburn's no weel," he said in a low voice, "and he wants to speak wi' you without the maister kennin'."

"What's wrang wi' him, Andrew?"
"I'm no sure. He says he's deein' an' he is terrible ill. He's had a dram of coorse, but I think there's something else the matter wi' him."

"Whour is he?"

"In the hoose, sittin' aside the fire an' shiverin' as though it was the deid o' winter." " Wait a minute, and I'll gang wi' you."

She procured a shawl and accompanied the foreman to a small cottage which stood by the roadside a little way beyond the mill, At the door she stopped: there were low sounds as of some one mouning in pain

"Wait here for me, Andrew. I am feard he is bad this time."

CHAPTER III .- HECKLE-PINS.

DISPOSED as grannie was to be patient to a degree with any one in pain, there were symptoms that she was not in her customary mood, as she lifted the latch in this moment.

She entered a long, low-roofed apartment, the window of which was like a broad stripe, stretching nearly the whole length of the ---to feel that all this torture III going on and XXIII—3

formerly occupied as a weaver's shop. There was no loom now. The plain mahogany furniture was ample; a carpet, a piano, and various other articles not usually found even in the best room of a workman's cottage, betokened that the occupant had some apparently incongruous tastes, The room would have been comfortable if the things had been tidily arranged; but disorder was master of the situation. And it was a kind of disorder which might be called methodical, being evidently the habitual state of things,

The dust was "just inch deep," as grannie declared when her finger touched the little round table, on which stood unwashed duhes and the remains of several meals. On the dusty floor were scattered sheets of mawapaper, books, and parts of dress, as if they had been dropped from the hand anywhere as soon as they were no longer wanted. The doors of the box-bed were opened, and the confused state of the bedding showed that it had not been made that day at any rate,

Warm as the day had been there was a fire. In front of it, scated in a large highbacked arm-chair, was a man so swathed in blankets that only his head of short curly white hair and his white face were visible, The face was accustomed to be clean-shaven, and the absence of the razor rendered its appearance stubbly and dirty. The features were well formed and, in spite of their present sickly complexion, suggestive of the possession of pleasing qualities in other days.

The man lay back on the chair, eyes closed and lips cleached. He was unconscious of grannie's entrance. She, with the dest guidance of her staff, approached him quickly and touched his face with her hand. He started and, opening bloodshot eyes, stated at her without expression.

"It's you, grannic," he said huskily, but the voice was not unpleasant. "I thought you would never come—it seems hours since

I asked for you.

"I came the minute Andrew let me ken you werena weel, and I'm sure he wouldno

put aff time on the road."

"No, he would not put off time: I did that. I knew you would not care me be fashed so soon again, and I did not want to fash you. You don't know how long I put off sending—but on, Lord, it's terrible to be so lonely ! Not a creature to speak a word to; not a dog or a cat that one might cry to -nothing to do but to lie here and crave for the release that is so slow in coming. Worse me. It's horrible."

He spoke with the hitterness of one who

has a long score to settle with fate.

"Weel, weel, I'm here noo," responded grannie in a conciliatory tone, as she arranged his blankets more comfortably and punched the pillows at his back so that they might yield his body better support. "Was there onything particular you wanted wi' me?"

"Yes, there was, but I can't get hold of it now. That's what stings me; I can't keep a thing in my head for five minutes together. Suppose I'll remember it after you go. I

cannot get it."

"Never heed I then; it canno be of much account or you would have minded it. Just bide quiet or it comes back. What's like the

matter wi' you?"

"The old complaint. I'm down again. The pain won't give me a minute's peace once it starts. But I think it's the end of the tether this time. I hope it is-I shall be glad if it is."

"Hoots, man, folk that are aye desin' live

That's a pity; for folk that are like me are of no use to others, and they are a curse

to themselves."

"You might be o' this use-when you canna thole yoursel', you might has some consideration for us and gie us nac mare to thole wi' you than you can help. You have sma' need to complain."

A short laugh from the man, that was all the more bitter because it was so feeble.

"You say that! You don't know what it is to have to complain about that most cursed of all things, self. Tell me how to get rid of that, and I shall say you are right-I have nothing to grumble or grown about. May be this is what you would call remorsenothing of the sort; it's only regret that I have been such a fool. If I had only taken the other turning instead of the one which pleased me; if I had only walked straight on instead of halting and swaying from side side; if I had thought only of self at the right moment, everything would have been different. But the if can't help me now. A false step, totter, clutching wildly at the air and—here I am, a poor worthless cacature as you have said, and as I know."

Grannie was used I similar outbursts of lamentation and self-reproach, which sprang as she was aware not from remorse for whatever evil he had done, but from regret for the good things is had missed by his folly. At other times she had learned that was

there is not a soul to care a button about best to let him rail away at himself until 🔤 tired; but to-night his appearance caused her more anxiety than usual, and she spoke pityingly-

> "I never said you were worthless-I wouldna say that about ony livin' creature, but you are an ungratefu' creature no' to be thankful for the mercies you hae gotten."

> "That's true," immuttered, now staring at the fire, and as if he saw something there a dreamy expression of interest slowly kindled in his eyes. That's true, and it's another reason why I'm glad that you will not be fashed with me much longer --- Will you sit down?"

He spoke very quietly now and abstractedly, as if absorbed in the visions in the fire.

"I want to get you some tea and a bit o' something, for Andrew tells me you hae had naething a' day, and that's no' the way to get

weel, ye ken.

She moved about the place as II famillar with it, briskly preparing a nourishing meal for the invalid. At one moment she moved towards the door as if about to call Andrew, but altered her mind and proceeded with her arrangements unsided. The man seemed

to have forgotten her presence.

There, was something eerie in the stillness of the place as in the deep gloaming the tall blind woman moved noiselessly about, and the man lay quite motionless under his pile of wraps staring at the fire. The crackling of the coals, the ticking of a little clock with a big voice, the occasional sound of passing wheels and of people speaking in the road rendered the stillness the more marked. Now and then she paused behind his chair, listened, and went on with her work.

"Here, man, tak' this; it'll maybe warm you," she said at last, holding a bowl before him. It was not tea she had made, but

gruel

He put the bowl aside gently, and as if he did not wish to offend her.

"It's kind of you, grannie. But it's no

use; I cannot swallow.

"You maun try. This is baith meat and drink; and it's easy swallowed. Come, now, try and tak' I to please me."

She was coaxing him as if he were a child, and a twitch of pain disturbed his features for a second as **M** looked **m** her calm, patient face turned so earnestly upon him. He took the gruck

"I wish I could see as well a you," was

his thought.

"That's wise-like," she said, finding the bowl empty; and the next thing you'll hac

"No, don't call anybody in yet. I remember what it was I wanted to tell you. It all passed before me whilst I was watching the fire; and will stay with me now, it was that knowledge away with me, and will be all so clear. There it goes again, like a a bit of constort to me in whatever hole I panorama, or a wreith! Did you ever see may find to hide myself." a wraith, grannie?"

"I am thankful to hoe been spared a' that that makes sic a difference to you?" kind o' nonsense; and would be a heap better for you if you would get it out o' your some day want marry?"

head."

"But III is not nonsense, and I am not havering, grannie, so you need not be frightened on my account. I know quite well it is only memory taking visible shape to the mind's eye; but it is wonderfully real. I am thinking about how I wandered into Thornichowe without a friend or a home, and how I found both where I had least right to expect them. I am thinking of all that has happened since then, and I see it acted over again by those figures in the fire. I see you trying to help me, and myself trying to do as you wished, and I see that it is useless. As long I stay here, you cannot have any ease of mind; and I can have none, knowing that. If I live through this night I shall My good-bye ■ you to-morrow."

She took a chair beside him, and held one of his hands in her own. She looked grave, but there was not the faintest symptom of impatience or of fear regarding his con-

ultion remaining in her expression.

"Folk here ca' you cracket Jock Thorburn, and I ken that you are wrang in the head whiles; but I never ken'd you say sic daft things as you are saying the night, and yet speak sae like a sober, sensible body. What would you gang, suppose you gaed awa' frae are the morn? Clever as you are, there are no' mony would put up wi' half the fash you hae gi'en Johnnie Armour."

"I have no notion where I might go to, and it would not matter. Back to America if I could manage it; anywhere, provided it was away from Thorniehowe. You would be glad to see the back seams of my socks, at

any rate, would you not?"

"I'm no saying that I wouldna, if I ken'd you were able to tak' care o' yoursel'; but I canna be sure o' that. There is noe reason that I can make out why you shouldna gang on your way here, as usual."

"There is a reason," said Thorburn, with a sudden gleam of excitement in his eyes; "I am afraid of doing him harm, and I can-learned to-day that this Musgrave is the

to do is let me cry Andrew in to help you not stand it. So long as I seemed to be of into your bed. A guid sleep will set you on any use to him, it was well enough; but after your feet again."

what I have learned to-day I must on. I have served him faithfully-that is something; I have helped him when he did not know it—that something. I want to carry

"And what I it you have been hearing

"Have you never thought that he would

"Mony a time; and I would be real glad to see him settled, for in the course of nature I canna hope to be muckle langer wi' him, What about that? It's the natural counc o' things; and the only wonder me me hat he hasna thought about it lang syne."

"He has thought about it now, and the lass is Musgrave, the fiscal's, daughter !"

Mrs. Armour was amused. As if she had not known all about it long ago |---watched it growing, and comprehended the strength of her Johnnie's affection better than anyone but himself-as yet! What gowks men are, she was thinking, to fancy that because her eyes were closed she could not detect a lover. Her laddie himself was quite satisfied that she had no suspicion of his love, and all the time she had found the unmistakable signs in his voice and manner whenever anything relating to the Musgraves occurred. She knew it by the lightness of his foot whenever Ellie was near, or he was about to see her; and she divined the depth of it from her knowledge of his carnest, passionate nature.

And here was Thorburn, too, speaking as if it were possible that she had not even reflected upon the probability of her grand-

son's marriage !

"Weel, she's a fine lass and a great friend o' mine, and I'm sure she will make a guid

wife. What ails you at her?"

"Nothing, nothing," answered Thorburn hastily, but he seemed to shiver as he spoke; "if he has set his heart upon her ahould have her, and--- It ought not to be through me that he should run the risk of losing her."

He spoke the last words so huskily that they would have been too industinct for any

ordinary listener.

"I dinna see what you have to do wi' it," said grammie soothingly. "You're no weel the night, and you're makin' bogues to skear

"I wish that was all," he said; "but I

know now why I must go away."

Grannie's face became pale, and she sat quite still, like one listening breathlessly for the sound of some inevitable calamity—as if a huge rock were poised over them, and with the next breath of wind it must fall and crush them. Motion was impossible; there was nothing to do but await the doom.

"I wish you would speak," muttered the man; and even his restless accents were a relief to the spell-bound woman. "I am cold, and it's dark; the gloaming is short already- Ay, very short," he added, as if applying the gloaming to his own

She rose, drew the blankets more tightly around him, then lit the lamp, which stood ready on the mantel-piece, made up the fire, and returned to her seat. Her cheeks had resumed their ordinary hue; all her movements had been performed in a quiet, methodical way, as if the ordinary avocations of the occasion were going on mechanically, and the machinery was unconscious of any check.

The man was relieved by her attentions, but her silence and atrange calmness at an announcement which had disturbed him so much, instead of soothing, appeared to stir some petulant irritation in him.

"Well, are you not in a hurry to get me out of the way? Will you not be glad when I am gone altogether?—for good, as the saying is? And it must be for good in this

Case.

She did not answer him yet, but passed har hand gently over his face and through his white hair. His red eyes became wet; he took the hand, clasping it as if he were saying good-bye on the eve of a long

" Puir body, puir body," he muttered, going back, in his agitation, to the vernacular of his youth, the memory of which lingers in the Scotch accent, no matter what time and custom may do to modify its expression. And the old pet words return the more broadly the tongue the deeper the heart is stirred. "Puir body, ye hae been sair tried, and will be a guid day for you and everybody when the earth has me. . . . I think I'll 📰 now."

He made a movement, as if to rise from the chair. But it was a feeble movement, and her hand easily pressed him down again. His head sank back on the chair, and he breathed heavily.

"Be quiet, man, you can do nac guid

same who was Graham's friend. . . . You trying to rise afore ye're able," she said, as if a sick child had been breaking rules.

"You want to get me awa', grannic, and

I want to go,"

"I didna say I wanted ye awa'; and as for deein'-that'll be when the Lord wills, What we hae to do is to make the best of things just as they come into our hands, and when that's done there I has mair for us to worry about. I'm no sure that I hae aye dune the best. It's no aye easy to tell what is the best, or you wouldna hae been here sae long without Johnnie Armour at any rate kennin' the ins and outs o' the matter. But that's an account I had to settle for mysel'. What we hae 📰 consider enow is, how we are to get you weel; and it's clear that you canna move frae this spot until that's done."

"But I am well enough to rise and go at once; and I must do it. The account you have to settle is for hiding me-for helping me to try my weak hand at mending the harm done. You shall not have another day of that worry on your mind even if Musgrave

should not recognise me."

"Content ye, man-content ye, there's time enough! Or bide a minute or I get Andrew, so that he may be here to kep you frae fallin', and you'll see what havers you are talking about gaen awa'."

Whilst she spoke Thorburn made another effort to rise, and again sank back helpless,

groaning.

"What am I to do?"

"Bide whar you are, I say, and be thankful. You see how weak you are, and you'll just hae to be guided. What you has tel't me oo pleasant, though in ac way I'm kind o' glad o't-l'm glad it was that upset you and no a'thegither drink. The fiscal has seen you mony a time since you came here, and never jaloused wha you were. there's nac need for doing onything particular in a hurry. We can take time.

The man in his weakness clutched eagerly at the straw of hope she held out | him.

"Even if he did suspect, I could easily tell him that he was mistaken; that-

"Na, Jock, na," she interrupted so quietly that both the sadness and the rebuke might have passed unnoticed in their simplicity. "We may haud our tongues and let folk judge us accordin' as they find us; but we'll tell nae lees about what we had been. You'll be able to tak' n' that in better the morn. I mann see and get you settled for the night."

"And to-morrow?"

"The morn we'll see how you are."

kind of resignation which betokens a settled conviction of the utter inutility of anything

could do.

He did not offer any interference with her arrangements. She called Andrew, and bade him first send his wife her, and then on to the doctor's for a good strong dose of "the mixture for Thorburn." Mistress Lawson arrived immediately, as Andrew's cottage was the next one to Thorburn's. She was an active little woman, with much shrewd sense in every particular except one : she was totally unacquainted with silence. When she was not speaking she was singing; and when she was not doing either she was snoring-at least so malignant gossip had it.

"I would hae been here a while syne," she explained on her entrance; "but wi' a' that wee anes it's no easy gettin' awa', there's aye something a dae amang them. I was here no lang afore you cam' in though; but he was in ane o' his tentrums this afternoon and wouldna' let onything be dune for him. That's hoo you see the place this way.

Epple Lawson felt bound to make this statement as she had undertaken to keep Thorburn's place in order. Talking all the time as freely as if the invalid had been deaf or insensible she quickly made the bed, washed the dishes and swept the floor. By that time Andrew had returned from the doctor's with the mixture, which was simply a sleeping draught. Then, still acting under grannie's influence, Thorburn was assisted into bed.

"Ay, grantie, ay," he muttered with a bitter smile, as he felt how absolutely necesanry Andrew's assistance was in him, "you are right, it is no use thinking of moving

"I hae seen you waur nor this, sae you needna' lose heart. What I'm maist concerned about enow is wha I'm get to bide wi' you a' night, for I canna leave you here

your lane."

Amongst his other eccentricities Thorburn had always inhabited the cottage alone. Eppie Lawson coming in whenever she could find time to serve him. This she did chiefly out of her desire to please Mrs. Armour, and partly because the man's curious ways interested her. "He I sic a lonely body," she would say to the neighbours, "and sic a droll cratur' wi' his piany, that I couldna' help ha'in' pity on him, and we're neeboxs forbye, you ken, and Andrew's real taken up wi him." She solved the present difficulty.

"Babbie Howison's at hame. I'm certain she'd be willin' to come, an' you couldna'

"As you will," mid Thurburn, with that hae onybody better nor her for keepin' her con open. It's my opinion she never sleeps, and she's a capital nurse forbye, you ken.'

That was settled, and Eppie herself brought the nurse. When these necessary provisions for the invalid's comfort during the night had been made, Mrs. Armour prepared to leave.

"Guid nicht! and I hope the draught will mak' you aleep. I'll come early in the

mornin'."

He held her hand a long time, gazing vacantly at her face.

"Good night!" was all he said, and he closed his eyes as the tall figure of the blind

woman passed out at the door.

Would he ever see her again? It was quite true, as she had said, that he had been as bad as this and had recovered. He had been as weary of life before, as indifferent to all its possible pleasures and as thoroughly satisfied as at this moment that he would never regain strength to lift his head, and yet he had survived and been able to take some part in the world's affairs. But it seemed him that he had never before known anything like this terrible coldness of brain and body. It seemed to him he had never before experienced the horrible sensation that he was not a man-however weak and sickly-lying there, but a tombstone. The grotesqueness of the nightmare - thought brought a grim smile to his face as he read the cruel legend which he bore :---

" A WASTED LIFE."

CHAPTER IV.—ON HIS OWN ACCOUNT.

GRANKIE took up the stocking and resumed knitting as if she had been only a few minutes absent from the parlour in which she had left Armour. He had been busy, and he was too much accustomed to her ways of coming and going without speech to mke special note of the time which had elapsed. They would often be for hours together without exchanging a word; she plying her wires, he busy with books, papers, or chemical apparatus. She would absent herself for hours, as on the present occasion, return find him apparently just as she had left him, and drop into her place as if there had been, no interval.

The room was fitted up as a combination workshop, library, laboratory, office, and parlour, and, in spite of-perhaps in consequence of heterogeneous furnishing, was a comfortable place. At night, when the lamps were lit and the curtains damps, it was quiet and cosy; during the day it was always cheery, as it seemed to catch the first (

the sun's rising and the last of his setting. The large window opened to the garden, at the foot of which was a broad strip of meadow; then the river, sweeping round a bend of the bank with a long, rapid, noiseless motion which made it appear almost still; on the other side the ground at some parts rose abruptly, and pleasant terraces led up to substantial-looking villas; beyond was a billowy landscape, its green and yellow fields and brown moors, veined with grey

dykes and roads and black hedges.

Armour's garden, full of old-fashioned roses, berry-bushes, and fruit trees, filled the room with gracious perfumes. It had always a somewhat unkempt appearance, and weeds were not unknown even on the paths, for there was no regular gardener; but it was pleasant to walk in and quiet. There was banished, and the noisy mirth, as of a fair, reigned instead. This was when Armour opened the gate at the foot of the garden and admitted from the meadow a band of bairns to run rampant amongst the grosels, rasps, black and white currents, apples, and pears. The place temporarily represented a commune at the first distribution of property, and the fun did not last long enough for the sense of possession to provoke much misunderstanding amongst the little communists. The wildest and menuest of the boys was the minister; and standing beneath a huge apple tree, watching that none of the urchins fell, he would make his complaint that he was not allowed to climb trees; first, because of the difficulty of getting up; secondly, because of the difficulty of getting down; and, thirdly, because of the danger of tearing his breeks. The thirdly always movoked a shout of triumphant laughter; the communists felt there was something in which they were greater than the minister-they had no fear of tearing their breeks. He never "improved the occasion," and yet these bairms, boys and girls, went away with a lesson in their hearts which was never rubbed out,

"I wish there had been an Armour's garden in my day," observed Mr. Moffat at the close of the first of these frolics.

"It was the remembrance of a wish of that kind which made me think of bringing the bairns here," replied Armour. "I must have been a very wee chap at the time, for it is like one of my first memories-standing out there looking at the trees loaded with apples, and so hungering for one that I was just at the greetin', because I was not big Noo tell me about the news you expect:

enough we climb the wall and take my fill. I feel the water in my mouth now. What a pity apples lose their flavour as we grow older 1

"What's that, Methusclah," said the minister with mock gravity, "about the soo

an' the draff?"

Armour's house was a square, squat, homely-looking building, turning a grimygrey face towards the village, whilst the back was almost covered with roses. The construction of the interior suggested a rabbitwarren, there were so many odd little rooms and bits of lobbies leading nowhere; but on the ground-floor there were three large a partments—the kitchen, the drawing-room, and Armour's retreat. Servants found it a lonely dwelling, and the odd sounds which the wind always creates in such a house had often were occasions, however, on which peace filled the minds of strapping lasses with imaginative terrors. But there was no loneliness in John Armour's busy life.

> " Have you been out, grannie?" he asked as he rose to put away some papers.

> "I was doon seeing Thorburn. He is in a bad way again, and he talks about leavin'

> "Leaving us! What has put that into his head? Is he hurt because I found fault

with him last week?"

"He never named it. He says he wants to gang awa', and I am doubtful there will be nae haudin' him back as soon as he gets strong enough to flit."

"That's nonsense. I'll go over and see

him."

"You had better no gang the night. He's got a potion, and you would maybe just prevent him sleepin'."

"Very well, it will be all right in the morning; and some time to-morrow I expect to

have a bit of news for you."

She knew that he was smiling and looking at her with his bright, earnest eyes to see the effect produced by his mysterious announcement. She felt the hope throbbing in his voice, and its nature was no mystery to her. She had intended to speak to him about Thorburn, but she did not wish to disturb his pleasant thoughts if she could help it. Besides, the explanation she had to make was a painful one, and there could be no harm in delaying it a little longer 🔳 🖿 could not be dispensed with altogether. So she drew a long breath, relieved herself by the reprieve,

"I dare may will be a' right the morn.

it's guid, I suppose, or you wouldna hae of the measure. The poem Love had grown mentioned it."

He walked up and down, halting before her chair occasionally a examine her plackl face, then, smiling, pass on. At length-

bad. I am going m have an important interview with Mr. Musgrave to-morrow. You used to be good at guessing. Can you guess what it I about?"

" Easy; it's about his daughter," was the quiet reply, without the slightest suggestion

of surprise.

"Why, how did you know?" exclaimed Armour, his eyes full of pleased amazement

at her extraordinary perspicuity.

"I couldna tell exactly how I ken'd it, but I has been expecting to hear this for a lang while; and there are mair than me looking for it. Eh, Johnnie, Johnnie, you are just a bairn yet to think that you could keep sic a thing secret."

Amused by his simplicity, she shook her head at him as she deltly twisted the worsted round her little finger, dropped the loop over the wire, and vigorously began a new round

of the sock.

Armour was pleased enough that she should have divined his secret, as it saved him some awkwardness in revealing it to her; but he was decidedly taken aback at learning that others knew it.

"I can fancy it possible for you to have discovered it; but how could other folk

suspect it?"

Other folk are sye pairin' their neebors, and though they whiles mix the wrang couples, that dinna count among the right You has been often enough at Torthorl in the six months past—to say neething o' your being sae sib wi' the fiscal himsel'-for onybody to see what you were

after. What does the lassic say to you?"
"Not much—yet." His memory still dwelt on that phantom word which he had heard at the Abbey. "Very likely it will

all come to nothing."

"Then it will be your ain fault, for she's a braw lass and a guid lass, and the marrow o' ony man I ever saw."

"That's just it, grannie. She is-

And being started in the song of her praise, he did not tite of singing. He had a sympathetic listener, and sympathy loosens the tongue more than wine. He was like a young puct who has long in secret gloated over his verses and now for the first time repeats them another, finding new charms in every thought, fresh cadence in every turn

so beautiful that the poet marvelled at it, and scarcely dared to think that he might

call it his own.

On all subjects it had been his custom to "It good news, I expect, but it may be make grannic his confident; and in the evenings together it was his custom to describe to her his speculations and plans for the future; taking her homely counsel always with respect, and giving it grave consideration. On this particular subject, however, he had hitherto remained silent-shy of ap-

proaching it even with her.

Now, his lips being unclosed, he told her the whole story of his great hope, and how his gossip with Ellie Newabbey had made him resolve that to-morrow he should put his fate to the touch. His excitement was too great for him to remark how quietly grannie listened to him. Whenever he had anything in which he was much interested to communicate to her she would usually drop the knitting on her lap and allow her hands to rest idly on it, whilst her face was turned to his with an expression of serious attention. Instead of that, she continued to knit steadily, her head bowed over the work as if she were watching the formation of the loops as well as counting them. The only encouragement she gave him to proceed was an occasional "Ay, ay," or "An do you tell me sae?"

"You see, grannie, as I know that Mrs. Musgrave always talks a great deal about family connections, and as I come from nowhere and belong to nobody but you, I think it is necessary to tell the father and mother at once, so that they may have the chance of objecting in time, if they should fancy that I am not good enough for their daughter."

At that grannie lifted her head and spoke. "You are right to be particular at the beginning, John; for it's little use being wise ahint-hand. They're no' likely to put muckle weight on my opinion in the matter, or I would tell them that, bonnie and guid as their daughter may be, they'll travel a long day's journey afore they find a better man for her than the ane that's seeking her."

"Prejudice, grannie-all your prejudice," said Armour, laughing. "However, I have no doubt the fiscal will let me pass, but I expect the mother to be curious about things with which, according to my notions, she has

no business.

"And what will you say?"

The question was asked in what was a very hesitating way for grannie. Her words, springing from a clear vision of right and wrong, were usually prompt and decisive. At

were fatigued.

"Say I-why, simply this: that I am John Armour, master of the paper-mill, Thorniehowe, and that I am in this business especially acting entirely on my own account. She can have unexceptionable references as to character, means, and so on; and if that is not satisfactory, I am afraid it will not be in my power mgive her further information. She must accept me for what I am myself, and not for what my people are or may have been. What else is there for me say?"

The old woman's white face flushed for a moment as with pride whilst she listened to the honest ring of his voice, and realised the frank bravery with which he took his place

as the equal of Ellie Musgrave.

"There should be nac need for onything else. But—" she paused a moment, then continued slowly; "the thought is forced upon me mair the night than it has ever been before that I ought to let you ken---"

He interrupted her, placing his hand

gently on her mouth,

"There, you are not to worry about that. You told me long ago that it was best I should know nothing about the past, and I am content. Those who care to have anything to do with me must also be content to take me as they find me. Now, good night."

CHAPTER V.-URGENT PRIVATE AFFAIRS.

Every time she thought of it, a dreamy wondering smile lit Ellie's face-it would be droll if Armour's legend should be true! The drollness, however, would not arise from there being anything ridiculous in his suit; but from the fact that he was so totally unlike any of the vague shadows which had risen to her mind's eye whenever she had associated the idea of love with herself. For of course she had thought of love and had had lovers; but hitherto the thought had been of that indefinite kind which is born of the constant suggestions of it made by the ordinary events of life; the lovers had assumed that position without her sanction.

There was for instance Wattie Dunlop, the provost's son, who, when she was about eleven used a cast slicep's eyes at her in the kirk: and she, a very prim little maiden at that time, proudly affected entire unconsciousness of his admiration. Then, when she was two or three years older, there were Armour himself. half-a-dozen lads who sent her valentines, and she, whilst secretly gratified by these and thought I might find an opportunity of symbols of triumph, used to blush so dread-doing so without wasting your time by coming

present she appeared to be in doubt as to fully when her father teased her about them ! what she ought to say, and spoke as if she And then there was young Houston, the doctor's son, who for a whole year contrived mysteriously to turn up at every house she visited, and to meet her wherever she walked. True, he only looked at her, stammered his hope that she was quite well, and gawkily walked on as if the meeting had been quite accidental; or, if the meeting were in a room, would retire to a corner and continue to stare at her, very palpably trying to look "as he were na' lookin' at her." His attentions were so assiduous that they became unpleasant and ultimately frightened her so that she went about like one haunted. He went away and she was glad; but for a long time afterwards the ghost of this gomeril lover troubled her. It was with a sad, kindly smile that she recalled this bogie now; he could never follow her steps again.

But in all her experiences there had been no realisation of love in herself; it was still a thing far apart—a thing that she might speculate about and dream about; but she did not feel it near herself. Had it found her now unawares? She was not conscious of anything extraordinary having happened; but there was a kind of tremulous expectancy of something strange about to happen. She had always liked John Armour, and there was a sensation of pleasing pride inspired by the idea that he preferred her before all other womankind. But everything around her remained before: there had been no grand transformation in animate or inanimate nature as she had vaguely imagined there would be, or ought to be, when one fell in love. If some outward manifestation were a requisite sign of having attained the happy state, then she was not yet in love. All the same it was pleasant to recall John Armour's earnest face as yesterday he told his version of the story of Aladdin.

was pleasant, too, on this bright morning to see him striding across the field which formed a short cut between Thorniehowe and Torthod House, the gleaming blades of dew-steeped grass shining like silver around

"What brings Armour so early?" said her father, with whom she was making the round of the garden as was their habit when the fiscal Bad a little time at his command after breakfast.

The question was speedily answered by

"I want to speak to you, Mr. Musgrave,

over and walking into the town with you. I

hope you are to walk to-day."

"I am that, and I am glad to think it is nothing serious you have to speak about since we can chat it over on the road. When I saw you coming in such haste and so early I concluded there had been a robbery at the mill at least."

"Well, the matter is important," answered Armour, a little awkwardly, but langhing; "and may be you will think there a kind

of rabbery in it."

"On such a fine morning this I shall give the supposed thief the full benefit of the doubt," said the fiscal good-humouredly, as he stood swinging his hig umbrella like a pendulum from his clasped hands behind him.

"But you are joking, Mr. Armour," was Ellie's dubious observation; "there has been

no robbery?"

This was more awkward still, but Armour was able to see the comical side of the position, and he felt himself kin to the Irishman who, having stolen the priest's bacon, relieved his conscience by confessing the theft

to the pricet.

"I believe not—that is, not yet," he replied with a curious twinkle in his eyes; "but I cannot say more until I have your father's opinion as to whether or not I am at liberty to do so. I expect you will hear of the matter soon."

"Oh, it is of no consequence since there is nothing to be alarmed about. When you spoke of a robbery I was for the moment afraid that your house had been broken into and grannie hurt, perhaps. How is she?"

"Quite well, thank you, and although she is aware of what has happened she is not

easily scared,"

"I'll answer for her," was Mr. Musgrave's decisive' comment. "When Mrs. Armour has an encounter with burglars—well, it is not Mrs. Armour who will run for it."

"That is just why I should be afraid of harm coming to her," Ellic said, as they all laughed at the fiscal's expression of faith in

grannie's courage.

"Come along, Armour, and as you want to have a talk with me, we can keep inside the planting and get out by the toll. Take care of yourself, Ellie, and by the way you had better remind your mother that young Fenwick II to take his kail with us to-day. You might come too, Armour—there will be nobody else except the minister."

"That would depend upon some arrange-

ments I have to make to-day."

"So be it; you'll come if you can. There will be a plate for you."

So, swinging his big umbrella lightly, Mr.

Musgrave strode away,

"I hope I shall see you to-night," said Armour, as he was shaking hands with Ellie.

The hope she funcied was expressed with more emphasis than the occasion appeared to require, even with the remembrance of what had passed on the previous day. She had no clue to the meaning he attached to their meeting again in Torthorl House that evening. She could only politely echo his hope and say, "Good morning."

He hastened after his friend, who was apparently so much interested in the progress of a belt of young trees which is had recently planted as to forget why he had a companion

on his townward journey.

Richard Musgrave, the procurator-fiscal, was in public one of the most detested of men, and in private one of the most admired. The detestation was given to his office; the liking to the man. He was a shrewd lawyer; a practical, kindly-disposed man; a giant in stature—over six feet in his stockings—and all bone and muscle. His large strong features, clean shaven, had a severe and somewhat coarse expression, and his glittering grey eyes were the terror of evil-doers. But when he laughed, as he did most heartily on the slightest provocation when off duty, there was a thorough geniality in his voice and look which smoothed away all the hardness of his face. His hair was straight, short, bluish grey, and plastered close to his head. As regarded the head, it was one of the few boasts he permitted himself, that for size it would have satisfied George Combe, or any other phrenologist.

He had studied law in Edinburgh; after he had been well established in practice he married the seventh daughter of a poor Lord of Session. Her downy consisted of a little money, many airs, and a few influential connections: the latter he appraised at their due value, and made the most of as opportunity offered. He had mithered "some bawbees," more he had inherited, and he had a comfortable little income from his office as procurator

fiscal,

"Well, Armour," is said, having concluded a useful disquisition on the merits of larch and fir which was thrown away upon his companion, "you are not minding a word I am saying. Of course you are thinking about your own affairs, as I am of mine, forgetting yours, and that number one is the dominant figure, no matter how hig the s"

to consult me about ?"

It was true that Armour had been thinking about his own affairs; he had been anticipating this question, and trying to shape the simplest and most direct answer. As usual cases of much importance when words have been carefully selected and phrases formed for use at a given moment, he said something quite different from what he had intended. But it was entirely to the purpose. He took a breath and gulped out-

" I want 📖 marry your daughter."

The fiscal halted, wheeled round, and looked hard at John Armour, with the air of a man who has been peremptorily told to "stand and deliver," and who is prepared to make a fight for it. But the frank, houest face submitted calmly to his inspection, and a healtating smile played about the mouth.

"You evidently believe in hitting straight from the shoulder," said Mr. Musgrave, at length recovering from his astonishment, and now inclined to be amused by the singularly

"Have you any objection?" quietly persisted the other; for having plunged into deep water at one bound he was now cool, and resolved to strike out steadily for the shore.

"You might give me time to draw breath. man, and to get the thing clear in my head. I dare say this would have been an easy enough business for my worthy father-in-lawhe was used to it. But it's my opinion that even he would have louped if a blunderbuss had been fired in his lug like that. I have only one daughter, and I am not used to be told that somebody wants her for a wife."

"And I am not used to asking for one; so you must excuse my awkward way of broaching the subject," rejoined Armour, at comparative case now, seeing the goodhumoured way in which Musgrave was taking

the affair.

and penned the most elegant epistle that I very serious reflections indeed. ever wrote. I began by asking his lordship, in the most respectful terms, to appoint a day and hour when he could see me on most important business. Then I stated what the man," he proceeded family, " but my circummost important business was; and next I stances will enable me offer your daughter gave him a pricis—as concise as was com- a suitable home, and most people would conpatible with perfect perspicuity—a sweet of sider my prospects good."

may look. What is this business you wished my present circumstances and prospects, with a few particulars as to habits and unexceptionable references to character. That was how I set about it, in a calm, a dignified, sensible manner, and no just ram-stam, as though I were a Fenian trying to ding down a town-hall."

"I wish you had kept a copy of that epistle, Mr. Musgrave. I would have asked you to let me see it so that I might use it as a model

for one to yourself."

Musgrave grinned, and began to walk

slowly, his head slightly bowed.

"Ay, man, you're willing 🔲 learn, and that's a good sign. I keep copies of every letter of importance I write, and as that was one of more than ordinary importance I have the copy yet. But it would be no use to you now, as you have taken your own way, and we must consider the case as it stands. Now that I have got breath answer you me-has she any objection?"

"I do not know."

"Have you asked her?"

"Not exactly; but I believe she underabrupt mode in which this important com- stands something of my — intentions, I munication had been made. suppose, is a better word than feelings."

"It will do very well at any rate. So you have not definitely put the question to her?" "No; before doing that I wished to make sure that you would not altogether dislike it."

"Humph — that was as well, Armour, There is some sense in your way of goin/Rabout the business after all." (This abatra/ctedly as he walked on, his chin a little closer on his breast.)

Armour continued with subdued impet#0sity as he saw his friend wavering as to wheat

answer he should give-

"You know something of my position, Mr. Musgrave. I know that there is something disagreeable in my parents' history. I do not know what it is, I do not mean to inquire, and I do not think you, knowing me as you do, can consider it necessary to inquire further either."

The fiscal did not speak; his steps became "Awkward! It's scarcely decent! Man, heavy; his hands were again clasped behind when I set about the same business I him on his umbrella, and his brows were congot the finest sheet of letter-paper that tracted. Any one acquainted with his ways was to be had; I shut myself up in my room | would have known that he was occupied with

Armour became anxious and somewhat

impatient

"I cannot, of course, pretend to be a rich

"It's no' that, Armour, it's no' that," muttered Mr. Musgrave, as if speaking to

"Then if your objection on the score of other matters, I say you have no right to

make it!"

Mr. Musgrave lifted his head and eyed the speaker gravely: there was sadness as well as

some rebuke in his expression.

"You judge too quickly; I raised no objection. I begin to think it would have been best if you had followed my oldfashioned ceremonious plan and written me a letter, so that I might have been able to give my answer full consideration in private."

"If you know anything which, in your opinion, renders me an undesirable husband for your daughter, tell me. It is surely just that you should give me an opportunity of

removing it if it be in my power.

Armour was struck by Mr. Musgrave's peculiar manner; it impressed him with the itlea that there was something in his mind which he hesitated to reveal. This impres-

sion was deepened by another long pause. Presently, Musgrave—
"I do not remember ever having been so much puzzled how to act. You know that I like you, Armour, and if Ellie likes you, there is nothing that would make me object the match. But, you know, the guidwife has particular notions about forebears, and we might have some difficulty in settling matters to her satisfaction."

"Is that your only ground of objection,

sir?"

"I don't call it an objection precisely." "Well, then, is it the only cause of your hesitation?"

In referring the guidwife's idiosyncracy, Musgrave had partly resumed the Thomiehowe.

air of mock-meekness with which he sometimes referred to her, and which contrasted comically with his huge form and known firmness of character; but Armour's persistence his expression again became grave, This time it was only for an instant, however; and whether it was that his doubt was removed, or that he simply put it aside, he spoke with his usual freedom.

"Man, there are surely a dozen reasons why I should hesitate to hand my daughter over to you or any man. Albeit you seek to be mother and father and everything else to her, you must allow that our feelings ought to have a little consideration. There's my hand; you have my free consent to win

Ellie, if you can."

Armour gripped the hand gratefully, and although he did not utter the words, he was

saying to himself, "I will win her."

"You'll observe, if you please," continued the fiscal dryly, "that I said my free consent, You'll have to do the best you can for yourself with her mother. I'll put in a good word for you whenever I can venture to do it; but that is all I can promise."
"With your good word and Ellie's—if I

can win it-I have no fear of the result," re-

joined Armour.

"Very well; if you're pleased, I'm con-And now that matter's settled I suppose we'll see you this evening."

" I shall be there."

"Ay, I thought so. That reminds meyoung Fenwick will be there too, and there's no harm in me giving you a hint that he has found much favour in my wife's eyes. For my sake never let on that I told you!"

They parted at the toll, the fiscal proceeding to his office, Armour speeding back to

EVERY-DAY BUSINESS A DIVINE CALLING.

By R. W. DALE, M.A. (BIRMINGHAM).

trade, profession, or official employment, tion " was literature. as his "calling." But I think that the word, not very successful as a manufacturer, that he coursess, does not surprise us. It does not

T used to be common to speak of a man's has missed his way, and that his fone "voca-

It is only when we are speaking of the most in this sense, has almost dropped out of use, sacred or most heroic kinds of service, that perhaps because it seems inappropriate and we have the courage to recognise a divine unmeaning. Its Latin equivalent has been "call" as giving a man authority to undernather more fortunate, and is still occasionally take them. That a great religious reformer used to describe the higher forms of intellec- should think of himself as divinely " called " tual activity. It is sometimes said, for in- to deliver the Church from gross errors and stance, of a thoughtful, scholarly man who is superstitions, and lead it to a nobler rightsurprise us that a great patriot should believe himself "called", of God to redress the wrongs of his country. And among those who are still impressed by the glorious and awful issues of the ministry of the Church, it is still common to insist on the necessity of a divine

"call" to the ministry.

must add immeasurably the dignity of a man's life, it must give him a sense of great security, if he seriously believes that his work has been given him by divine appoint-ment—that I is really his "calling." Take a conspicuous case—the case of the Apostle Paul. He described himself as an "apostle through the will of God," as "called to be an apostle." This meant that he had not taken up the great work of his life at his own impulse; it had been laid upon him by an authority which he could not resist. He had, therefore, no occasion for restless and anxious thought about 🟬 fitness for it_ There was no reason for him to ask whether his knowledge of the gospel of Christ was sufficiently large and deep for so great a task. whether his moral and religious earnestness was sufficiently intense. He was vividly conscious of his weakness and imperfections, and it was a perpetual source of surprise to him that to such a man as himself the grace should have been given "to preach unto the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ." But God knew him better than he knew himself, and he was "called to be an apostle," he was an apostle "through the will of God."

This relieved him from inquiries which would have diminished the force and vehemence with which he gave himself to his work. It was a motive for doing his best; for a work to which a man knows that God has appointed him, is likely to be done with courage, persistency, and vigour. It also enabled him to rely with perfect confidence on God's support. He was sure that all

divine forces were on his side.

Paul knew that his work, his "calling" in the old-fashioned sense of the word, came to him from God. But no Christian man can live a satisfactory life without a conviction of the same kind. This would be a dreary and an ignoble world if only an apostle could say that "was doing his work "through the will of God," or if only a minister or a missionary could say it. Mechanics, merchants, tradesmen, manufacturers, clerks, doctors, lawyers, artists,—if we are to live a really Christian life, we must all be sure that whatevet work we are doing, in is God's will that we should do it.

Do you ask how it is possible for what a called secular work to be done in this way? Let me ask another question—How is it possible, if you are a Christian man, that you can do your secular work at all, unless you believe that is God's will that you should do it? What right has any man to do anything unless he has a clear and serious conviction that God wants to have if done, and done by him?

It is convenient, no doubt, to distinguish what is commonly described as "secular" from what is commonly described as "religious." We all know what the distinction means. But the distinction must not be understood to imply that in religious work we are doing God's will, and that in secular

work we are not doing it.

God himself has done, and always doing a great deal of work that we must call becalar; and this throws considerable light on the laws which should govern our own secular calling. He is the Creator of all things. He made the earth, and He made it broad enough for us to grow corn and grass or /t, to build cities on it, with town halls, con to of justice, houses of parliament, schools, unlversities, literary institutes and galleries of art. It is impossible to use it all for churches and chapels, or for any other "consecrated" purpose. God made a great part of the world for common uses; but since the world. every acre, every square yard of it, belon to Him, since He is the only Freeholder, we have no right to build anything on it that He-does not want to have built.

He kindled the fires of the sun, and the sun gives us light, not only on Sundays, when we go to church, but on common days, and we have no right to use the sunlight for any purpose for which God does not give it. God made the trees; but he made too many for the timber to be used only for buildings intended for religious worship. What did He make the rest for? It is His timber. He never parts with His property in it. When we buy it we do not buy it from God; we may him no money for it. All that we do in to pay money to our fellow-men that we may have the right to use in God's service.

It is as secular a work to create a walnuttree, and to provide soil and rain and warmth, for its growth, is in to make a walnut-wood table for a drawing-room out of it. It is as secular a work to create a cotton plant as to spin the cotton and is weave it. It is as secular a work to create iron, as to make the iron into railway-girders, into plates for steam-ships, into ploughs and harrows, nai's, usiness.

God made our bodies, and they are 'curiously and wonderfully made." Whether hey came suddenly into existence in obedience loes not affect the fact that "it was He who nade us, and not we ourselves." When God orders it that a rose-tree should be fed by the earth and the air, by the rain and the vith a lovely flower—the flower being will of God." radually evolved from the structure of the plant—that is to me quite as wonderful as if, ly a word, He suddenly called a flower out of nothing. It is only the vulgar incapacity to recognise the mystery of familiar things which makes it less surprising and less divine. These bodies, I say, God made. The archiisgues of the muscles, the distribution of the d so as to feed every fibre, the quicken-

wer of the lungs, the authority of the which command motion, the sensitiveness of the nerves which are the instruments of perception, the structure of the eye and he faculty of vision, the structure of the ear and the faculty of hearing, the taste, the incll, the touch, the complex arrangements or articulate speech, are noble triumphs of

God's creative power.

But our bodies will perish unless they are ied. Does God mean them to perish? He and therefore He means them to have food. And a man may therefore say, "I am a farmer through the will of God, for I grow the Theat by which the body which God made the seed, God has given wonderful qualities God has arranged the order of the seasons; ne to do the rest. I am the servant of His army of the servants of God, out of materials

rews, and bedateads. It is as secular a infinite bounty. The ministers of the Church rork ■ create the sun to give light in the teach men to pray, 'Give us this day our laytime, as ■ make a lamp, or to build gas-daily bread,' through me God answers the 70rks, or to manufacture gas so give light at prayer. I am a farmer through the will of sight. In that our secular work is just of God." Another man takes up the work where the farmer leaves it; grinds the corn into flour, and so prepares it for the uses for nd see how it affects every kind of secular which God created it. He may say, "I, too, am doing work which God wants to have done, I am a miller through the will of God." A third man takes up the work where the miller leaves it, makes the flour into breada divine command, or whether they were into just such bread as he thinks God means he last result of a long process of evolution, to give His children in answer to their prayer; he puts nothing unwholesome into it; he bakes it carefully; when he sells it he gives full weight. And he may say, as he puts his dough into his oven or draws | out, lew, and should be caressed by the sunlight | "I, too, am doing work which God wants and the south wind, till at last it crowns itself to have done; I am a baker through the

The body must be clothed as well as fed, so that another man may say I am a cottonspinner; and another, I am a cotton-weaver; and another, I am a cloth-weaver; and another, I am a tailor; and another, I am a dressmaker; and another, I am a bootmaker, "through the will of God." In this ecture of the skeleton, the weaving of the climate the body will perish if it is not sheltered from rain and snow and cold; so that a man may say, I am a brick-maker, a quarryman, a bricklayer, a stone-mason, a carpenter, a builder, "through the will of God." The products of remote countries must be brought to us across the sen, and men may therefore claim to be ship-builders, sailors, merchants, "through the will of God." The products of remote parts of our own country must travel by road or canal, and the men who build locomotives, who make railways, the engine-drivers, the guards, the railway clerks, and all the railway officials, turely means them to be strong and healthy, the men that build barges and the bargemen, the men that construct canals and that watch the locks, the carriers, and all the people they employ, may say that they are doing their work "through the will of God." s to be mpt from starvation; God has made And when all these have done their appointed service, it - necessary that the goods they to the soil, God has provided the rain and have carried should be placed within reach he heat which are necessary for a harvest, of all the parts of every large town, and that persons should be engaged in distributing but all that God has done will come to no- them; drapers, ironmongers, and retail hing unless I plough the ground and clean tradesmen of every kind, may therefore justly it, and sow the seed, and send my respers claim to be the agents and ministers of the nto the fields when the harvest is ripe. God divine bounty; from their hands men receive akes me into partnership with Himself. He the finished articles of use and beauty which has done a great part of the work. He leaves have been produced by a great organized

which were originally created by God's own intentions to do the will of God; but some

great numbers of men are drawn together they are, civil and criminal legislation becomes necessecured, justice administered, liberty protected. And every minister and representajudges and the Lord Chancellor, from the soldier in the ranks to the Commander-in-Chief, may say that he is in his place and discharging the duties of his office "through the will of God." Town councillors, members of parliament, ministers of the Crown, solicitors, barristers, may say the same.

God made the intellect of man as well as his body, and the intellect is wasted if it is not quickened and developed by literature, science, and art. And so one man is a schoolmaster "through the will of God," and another a university tutor, and another a lecturer on chemistry, and another an architect, and another a painter, and another a

poet,*

of the Church, is the noblest and divinest, God forbid that I should ever give any man engaged in any legitimate occupation the impression that his work is not also noble and divine. We are all serving God together.

It may be said that no farmer, builder, grocer, merchant, lawyer ever received a supernatural call to his especial occupation, such as Paul received in his apostleship; and that in secular life no man can be sure that he doing the precise work which God meant him to do. But I suppose that the paths which were open to the great majority of men in their youth were few; they had a narrow choice. They used their best judgment, and took the line of life which seemed to promise best. Perhaps in their deliberation and ultimate choice they had no thought of the will of God. But now that they are committed a particular trade or profession -if their occupation a lawful one, if the work they are doing must be done by somebody-they may fairly assume that they ought go on with it. The time has passed by for making a change. They made choice of their occupation by what they may call accident, and certainly without any conscious

work they must do if they are to serve God. Further, it | clear that God did not in- and now there is no other work within their tend us live alone. Human nature never reach. So that, whatever may have been reaches the height of its strength and perpossible to them years ago, it clear that it fection except in cities and nations. When is God's will that they should remain where

The principle which should guide those sary; the peace must be kept, property young men and women to whom a choice still open is very simple, though the application of it may often be very perplexing. tive of the law, from the policeman to the Among the legitimate occupations which are judges and the Lord Chancellor, from the accessible to them they ought to ask—in which of them they can use most effectively the power which God has given them. Just now, indeed, a young man or a young woman may be grateful for any occupation offering the opportunity of serving others and getting an honest living. But when there a choice the first question should be, not "Where can I carn most money with the least labour?" not trained in schools and universities, if it is but "Where can I use my strength and faculty in the best way for the honour of God and the welfare of mankind?" The difference between those two questions involves the whole difference between serving God and serving Mammon—between etpon info and eternal death. eternal death.

Take a strong case. A young in finds If I think that my own work, as a minister that he has a rare gift for scientific observe tion and discovery; his education has in generous, and he has the opportunional living a life of research; but he is teronged to engage in business pursuits which offer him the certain prospect of a great fortune. If he yields me the temptation it is clear that he makes the ignobler choice—a choice in flagrant antagonism to the laws of Christ. He was meant to be a prophet and a seer; he was divinely called to make more fully known to men the ways and thoughts of God as revealed in the material universe. Had he accepted his true mission he would have angmented the knowledge of the race, and augmented its power. He has taken a bribe from the devil to quench the divine light which God had kindled; he has chosen to serve himself zather than melorify God and to bless mankind,

But that question about the choice of a business or profession is a large one, too large to be adequately discussed in a few paragraphs. I pass on to consider how the Christian conception of a man's secular calling will affect conduct.

You, my reader, are a manufacturer, lawyer, doctor, merchant, schoolmaster, clerk, carpenter, engineer "through the will of God;" then, of course, there will industry and

To illustrate the diversity and noldeness of the special work of women would require a reputate paper.

integrity in the discharge of the duties of sea-captains have stood on the deck in a your calling. Your work has come to you rough sea, while the flames were making by divine appointment; you have to fill your terrible headway, and have seen the women place in a divine scheme. Everything will and children into the boats first, then the be done as in the eye of God; for the work rest of the passengers, then the crew, and which God has assigned you, an account have saved themselves last of all, or, as has must, sooner or later, be given to Him. These generalities are sufficiently clear: look burning ship. That is required by the land

at what may be less obvious.

You are an employer of other men. The labour of ten, twenty, a hundred, perhaps five hundred families, weed and organized under your leadership. Their fortunes are largely in your hands. As long as you carry on your business successfully their strength and skill will have sufficient occupation and they will live in comfort. You are what Mr. Carlyle used m call "a captain of industry. You are that "through the "ill of God." "mits, of You have charge, within a the well-being of your peop. I as of your own; and for this true. nust

The old and vulgar distinction between what are called the professions and ordinary trades was that in a profession a man has to place his duties to others first and his own interests second, and that in a trade he has a right to care only for his own interests and may leave other men to look after themselves. That was one reason why professions were regarded as honourable and trad s as sordid and mean. And if the distinction were accepted the scorn with which people in trade were once regarded would be deserved; for their life would be utterly base and ignoble. No intelligent Christian tradesman or manufacturer who has grasped the true idea of the law of Christ as it affects the secular order will consent that his life should be governed by so intolerable and unchristian a conception. The professional theory is the Christian theory.

A physician has no right think of the peril to himself from going into a house where there is infection; the code of medical honour requires that at all risks he should use his skill, in the service of those who send for him. A captain in the army has no right m think of his own life first; his men are in his charge, and the code of military honour requires that, at whatever risk to himself, he should hold them together and provide for their safety. The captain of a ship accepts the same lofty obligations. If when his vessel on fire it jumps into a advantage is a clear violation of the laws of boat and pulls off, he incurs, and justly incurs, Christ, "Love thy neighbour as thyseli;" universal execuation. There are immmer- "Seek ye first God's kingdom and his able stories of the cool gallantry with which righteousness; " " Whosoever would save his

often happened, have gone down with the

of professional honour.

This high temper, shown in other forms, will inspire a Christian man who believes that he is an employer of labour "through the will of God." He, too, as I have said, is a "captain,"-a "captain of industry." He will think of the safety of his people before his own. He will acknowledge the universal law, that authority II given for service, that honour is conferred that we may defend and bless other men. He will remember that he is a master for the sake of his men. If he trades recklessly, if he consumes in luxurious expenditure the capital on which his people depend for employment, if he sinks it in wild speculations which promise immense returns but may very probably turn out disastrously; if he gambles, that is, with the money which political economists call "the wages fund," and which he holds in trust for men who look to their wages for bread; or he neglects his business and works it hadly so that it slips out of his hands, and if as the result of his carelessness the business breaks down, it is not he alone that suffers; the men he employs are thrown out, and anxiety, perhaps destitution, finds its way into all their homes. Moral evils are likely to follow closely on want of work and poverty. In our complex social life the responsibility of caring for others, not in the way of common charity and almsgiving, but in ways far more difficult, rises as we rise in the social hierarchy. All government is a form of service.

Those who are employed, if they are Christian men, and rightly understand the laws of the kingdom of heaven to which they belong, will show a corresponding spirit. use the same language to men and to masters. You are a workman "through the will of God;" a servant " through the will of God." Your employer ought to care for your interests whether you care for his or not; you ought to care for his interests, whether he cares for yours or not. A passionate, reckless pursuit on either side of immediate personal

life for My sake shall find it."

If these laws were universally obeyed, how greatly life would be sweetened! We should really look on all other men as brothren, and of them as comrades in a great army, fighting mutual respect which would bind together without ceasing.

life shall lose it, and whosoever shall lose his in golden chains all ranks and orders in the State. It would bring on the glorious years for which saints have prayed and toiled, and for which Christ died on the cross. It would be the fulfilment of the prayer, " Thy will be not merely call them so. We should think done on earth as it is done in heaven." So far as any man accepts these laws and obeys side by side under the high command of God them, his secular calling becomes as truly against want, ignorance, disorder, and sin, a perpetual service of God as the life of This would create a mutual kindliness and a the angels who wombip Him day and night

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

3 Siegraphical Bludy.

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gestleman,"

A S a rule a man's life ought never to be written till he is dark newhere until he has been dead some years. For though in one sense none can know him so well as he knows himself, and of external facts are hable to continual misrepresentation, still a certain amount of distance is essential the breadth and truthfulness of the viewof any view-especially of that most mysterious picture, a human existence.

-in short, whether we make our own destiny or have it made for us-who shall solve this eternal problem? Yet anything which elucidates it a little-which nerves us under the grinding hand of fate to counteract it apparently by our own power of Will-that strange quality of which we know neither what is nor why it is put into us, into some of us and not into others—anything which does this must be wholesome and good.

Therefore, when asked to write this biography, or rather a biographical study of a life seemed to ray out, with especial clearness, because that its subject a blind manpossess, unless, or until, he tries to use it.

hopeless, and faith and strength to those who not like it; he has even remonstrated against have done with hope-is the aim of the it, as giving the impression of egotism, the present article, written at the request of its last quality of which one could ever accuse

"subject," though not in the way he intended written till he is dead-perhaps not it. He came to me saying that in consequence of the foolish, tulsome, and altogether incorrect biographies that were made about him, he had been urged to write his own autoknowledge gnined concerning him the simplest; biography, but had invariably declined. Still, as it was considered that his personal history would advantage his life's one work—the amelioration of the condition of the order amelioration of the condition of the point-he would consent to a biography bei veidone of him. "But," he added, "I want you couly Why some men are what they are, the in- to do it. I believe you will do it simply and fluences which made them so, and how far naturally, without exaggeration of any kind, those influences were voluntary or accidental, remembering that it is my work, not myself, which I wish to have brought before the public. You shall have the materials; use them as you think advisable. I know you will do your best."

I hope I shall do my best to justify the trust of so honest a man. But my way of doing it is not his way, and in launess to him I premise by saying so. He wished an article almost wholly upon his work. I felt that the portraiture of the man who has been at the heart of the work was the thing necessary. That conceded, he wanted me to write not nearly done, I consented, because it the biography in my own words; but when I came to go over the mass of materials sent, that "light in darkness" so needed in this I found that heterogeneous and fragmentary often gloomy world. All the more so, as they were, dictated at odd times and amidst the ceaseless pressure of business, there blind from childhood, and endowed with no was in the reminiscences a freshness, a simplispecial genius except that marvellous quality city, a power of natural graphic colour, which just referred to, Will, the most mysterious no recolouring by my hand could ever attain power that any man can possess, and which to. Therefore instead of retranslating his no man can absolutely say he does not Linguage into my own, I merely condense it; instead of painting my sitter, I shall make To encourage this-to give hope to the him unconsciously paint himself. He does

his own words are better than mine, and have alive to everything around him, putting out conscientiously persisted in my mode of work, feeless as it were on every side, so as we take of which I take the sole responsibility.

The "hero" of this biographical study is none such in the ordinary sense. He has never himself. His surroundings confirmed it. His fought a battle nor ruled the destinies of a little blind family-for it was like a familynation; the only destiny he has ruled is his seemed so very happy. They laughed and own; the only battle he has fought is that chattered, worked and played—at all manner which we all must fight; but he has had of school studies and ordinary school plays,

head and originaturof the Royal Normal College for the Blind, Norwood, London.

My first acquaintance with him was on this wise :-Some years ago a friend, Menella Smedley-I give her name, not an unknown one, though her awest, noble, beneficent life aurpassed her books, and both are now ended for over - Menella said to me, "I wish you would COME see blind



From a photo by?

PRANCE JOSEPH CAYPERIA.

(A. 2 milkage de Co

school newly started in Paxton Terrace, about pity them and even to guide and help them which I am going to write an article, I am sure you would interested."

I went, and I was interested, both by the children, their happy looks and their evidently excellent education, but especially by their principal teacher, the head of the school, Mr. Campbell-a little man of unimpressive appearance, whose chief characteristic seemed to be a quiet decision of speech, and an energetic way of moving about as if not blind at all. A person eminently "all there " XXIII--4

him. But I keep from my principle, that -neither self-occupied nor preoccupied, but in all that was passing, and make use of it.

Such was the impression made by the man m fight it in darkness not daylight, for just like other children-but seemed more Francis Joseph Campbell B a blind man, gay and contented than most children. And

their principal, Mr. Campbell. appeared be the busiest and cheerfulest

man alive. It was a u m m er time, for I remember we soon after invited them all to a atrawberry feast in our hay-field, and Were still more struck by the guiety, the absolute happiness of these blind children. who ran about the field and tumbled in the hay with shricks of en joyment, so that to

seemed wholly unnecessary.

After that day, year by year I watched the school grow into a college. The three little houses in Paxton Terrace were vacated for a large establishment close by, which had for its patrons the great of the land. Instead of tea-parties in our innocent hay-field, the pupils were invited to noble mansions, and even the Quan herself received them at Windsor, heard ta, a sing and spoke to them in her own kind and . wanty way. In abort,

within a very abort space—I believe less than ten years—the Royal Normal College has grown to be one of the most notable establishments for education of the blind in this or any other country. And one man has been in the heart of it all.

Does in not deserve a biography? Or rather does not the world require to see—not only the work which is patent to all, but the man who has done it? who—living still this simple unobtrusive life, and being so absorbed in what he does that what he is never seems to occur to him—ought even in his life-time in be thus presented, almost against his will, to a world which has so few like him, struggling manfully against evil until he has almost converted it into good.

But let him speak for himself:-

"I was born in Franklin County, Tennesson, October 9, 1834. When about three and a half years old, while playing in a yard, a sharp thong of an acacia-tree was run into my ope. Indianamation ensuad, which, by had management of the doctors, was allowed to continue till the sight of both syes was nuturly gone. This calamity produced a great effect upon my purents. It became a law of the family that I was to do exactly what I pleased, and as I pleased. So, naughty and perverse as I may have been—must have been—I only remember two punchammins, and, strange to any, both were unjust. The first was once when my two brothers and myself were playing in the barn they both begun fighting; I begged them III stop, and my voice beength my father to the spot. He was an impulsive me— not rashed forward to punish comebody. It being may he counting the countries of the first was only six years old, but the little indicates the countries of the stop of the standy were in tears, my father quite incompliance to the sum only six years old, but the little indicate, which I remember distinctly, did more than amplifung to prevent my becoming should have the my holding remained to us but a natural firm the rail and the was a linearly and late. I was an extendidran had to work early and late. I was an extendid have allowed nothing to work with, for fars I should have my another let me have some wood to cut up and an axe. When my father returned he was amaned to

"About this time my father-had-heavy losses; nothing remained to as but a match form is the mountains, where father, mother, and sill the children had to work early and late. I was an embeption—no one expected me to do anything—indeed, I was allowed nothing to work with, for fear I should have myself. But one day, my father being from home, my mother let me have some wood to cut up and an axe. When my father returned he was amound to find six couls of wood all cut and carefully packed away. He praised my brothers, and they told him it was I. Next day he went to the village and returned with a beautiful new, light axe for me. Ever after he took the greatest pains to teach me all norts of farm work. But there were times when all the other children went to school. Oh! the anguish of those drany, idle, lonely days. 'Long before evening I would wander off on the road to the school, and skt listening for the far-off voices of those beptyl boys and gots coming back from their lessons."

No words can add to the pathos of this simple picture. The little blind boy, the compulsorily idle boy, listening for the voices of the busy children—what a warning to make the blind self-dependent from the first, and to

teach them from the first as much as possible. But hope was dawning for little Joseph.

"In 1844 a bilind school was opened at Nashville, and we heard that on April 1st ten blind children would be received there. Day by day my father; went to the village, five miles, to make arvangements for me, and came back mying, 'Melhida, I camed do it.' My mother, a brave, noble-hearted woman, would answer, 'James, we must do it—it is the one thing we have been praying for; we shall lose our chance, the school may be soon full, and then——' "So she and the neighbours persuaded him, he

"So she and the neighbours persuaded him, he purchased the things; a "sewing-hee" was held two naske may clothes, and in "twenty-four hours I was ready to start. A kind old gentleman volunteered to take me in his buggy to Nashville. My father went with us part of the way, riding my own pet house. When he said in a choked voice, 'Good-lye, Joseph, any son,' for the first time my courage failed. Earnestly I hoped the school might be full. When arrived there, my conductor called from the carriage, 'It this the Blind School, and is it full yet?' The reply, 'No,' though given in a wonderfully kind voice, sounded to me like a knell. We were made welcome; the one pupil—his name was James—was called, and I was taken to the school-room, and the New Testament, in emboused letters, was put into my hand; I was electrified, and so eager to bugin that the touches sat down healds me, and in three quarters of an hour I had learnt the whole alphabet."

So here was struck the key-note of that intense craving to learn, that marvellous persistency in learning which has characterized the life of this blind man. He ? ? Jues :—

"Those were halcon days; the school, or 'rather family, consisted of the earnest teacher, Mr. Churchman, a blind gentleman, his affectionate and kindly wife, and two papils. We took all our leasons in their private roum; but some more popils came, and regular school/gent, had to begin, especially music. I shall never fright my first singing leason. I had succeeded upon no filed. He sounded A. I opened my mooth, but the result must have been very tunny, to judge by the effect, produced on my listeners. I was asked to 'sing a time' in vain. Then the teacher hummed one has me to imitate—also in vain. It was discovered that I could not tell one time from another."

(A very curious discovery, when I repeat a remark which Mr. Campbell cursorily made after the last annual concert of the Normal College, about a cantata which I praised. "Yes, but we had little time to practise; I first read the score between the Crystal Palace and London a fortnight before we sang it." Also another remark which I then heard from a noted tenor singer: "That blind man, Mr. Campbell, teaches music better than any sighted teacher I know.")

"Well, I was considered kopeless; was told I could never loars music, but must take to basket and brushmaking, &c. Pleno lessons were regarded as a waster of my time, and forbidden. The other boys laughed at ms. I was left out in the cold. But, determined not to be beaten, I hired one of the boys to give me secretly beatens in music, and I practised whenever I could. Three mounts often, the music-master, also blind, acci-

dentaily entering the room, said, "Who is that playing the new lesson so well?" "I, sir." "You, Josie! you cannot play. Come here. What have you learnt?" "All that you taught the other hops, sir." He laughed. "Well, then, at down and play the instruction-hook through from beginning to end." I did it. Fifteen months after I gained the prize for visuosofret playing, a medal with the mosts. Marica did it. Fifteen months after I gained the paise for pianoforte playing, a medal with the motte, Afterior fear in tensorie (which motte is now above our musichall at the college). Our school being very poor, we could only afford one plane, on which there were an my to play that I had to rise early and practice from four till seven a.M. This winter of 1845-6 was inferencely cold at Nashville. Our river was mosen over. We could get no coal for a whole month; we had to manage with a single fire. Very few leasons were done, but I practised from five to six hours daily, working for half an hour, and then running into the play-ground and runhing round it ten times, which play-ground and rushing round it ten tim made a mile, and back to my pizno again."

Such a hoy was sure to make a remarkable man. By this time his right must have been quite gone, but not without leaving some faint remembrance of the visible world.

"I am often asked if I can remember how things looked. According to my philosophy, no two posses ever see a thing in the same way. Each sees it differently. They tells, each giving a separate idea, and I catch the idea of all. In this manner I have seen Ningura, the White Mountains, and even the Alpa. But many becutiful things seen before I became entirely blind are indelibly impressed on my memory, such as our grand old orchard, with its peach, apple, cherry, and plum-trees; and the diover-field of twenty acres, an expunse of brilliant red and white stretching out behind it. To this day I often go to my piane in the quiet evening and see it all again, the flowery land of my buth.

"Then the stars. I wonder if other children love the stars as I did? As my sight faded, my mother took me out every night before putting me to bed and made me look up at them from the plasms. Little by little the curtain was drawn. One night I could see nothing. 'Why is it so dark? Why does not God light up the stars for your little buy?' I remomber to this day the tears which fell on my face as

she carried me up to bed.

"One vivid recollection but before I became quite blind influenced my whole life. Wheat threshing was going on. I sat playing in the straw. Our old coloured nurse, Aunt Maria, somehow got into disgrace. I heard the stern order, 'Bring the cow hole!' I saw and shall never fore, 'Bring the cow hole!' I saw and shall never fore, 't the instrument of torture, and poor Aunt Maria kneeling before it, begging for increy. I have been an abolitionist ever since, thank G. ...

firmly settled my convictions. When I was a school-boy I had a very sovere illness, a fever. After the critis I remember waking up as if out of a long sleep. It was the middle of the night; a fire was burning. It heard sobbing in a corner of the room, and asked who was there. It was Aunt Milly, one of the hired servents of our colloge, and the mother of ten children, nine of whom had already been sold and scattered the nine of whom had already been sold and scattered she knew not where. Mary, her last, was still a thild. Her master had promised to heep her, and in biring Milly to our Principal it had been arranged she should come back home and see the child regularly. The cause of her sobbing, which I insisted upon her tall-ing me, she explained thus:— Massa Joe, I went last Saturday home to see Mary. She not at the gate.

Milly "finid she very sick. No Mary in kitchen. Cook says, "Go and ask Massa." Milly rushed ill to old Massa. "Where's my Mary?" "If you mean the little sigger, she's on her way to Muscaippi," said he, and told me not to fret, and he'd give me a new gown at Christmas. But I falls on my knees before him. "No, you wen't be good," says he, "then I'll just give you the cow hide," and Milly got it." Boy as I was said Southern born, after this story I was an aboliticist for over."

And in one instance which will be told later on, Mr. Campbell suffered deverely for his principles. But throughout his life, his one aim, after the instruction of the blind. has been the enfranchisement of the slave.

He has given me varied "jottings of child-life," and "jottings of school-life," from which I have taken these extracts, of course condensed, for a practised literary hand can usually put into six words exactly the same thing which others express in twelve, but it has been mere condensation, not alteration, and I call my readers' attention to it, and have been glad to use it thus instead of rewriting it, just to show in what a strangely picturesque and graceful manner a blind man can put things, to say nothing of the deep pathos of his exceeding simplicity. details of boy-life, given with great minuteness, show that little Francis Joseph must have been, and have tried hard to make himself, very much the same as other boys.

"I was very find of hunting and fishing, in company with my brothers. I could ascend the most inacces-sible mountain cliffs; I became an exact almoher. Once for from home we decided to quit me path, and decord the stars from of the mountain agree comdescend the steep face of the mountain, swinging ourselves from tree to tree. I could climb any tree that I could cleap with my arms. In my boy-life among the mountains my chief enemies were the makes, rattleanalies, copper-bands, notion-mouths, and vipers.
Often I stepped unconsciously over them, sometimes on them. Once, working in the sometimes, I took up a large smake in an armful of corn. It struggled to free itself; I felt it, and threw it violently from me, which probably saved my late; the snake was killed, and I resumed work. I wonder if I have the moul courage to face equal dangers and difficulties still! "To all our farm animals I was devoted, especially

"To all our farm animals I was devoted, especially for me, the farm houses. My father kept one especially for me, She was a fiery, wide-awake little cob, but if she had been a farman being she could not have understood any blundacas better. She would come to me any-where—wait patiently for me to mount, which I could do without saddle or bridle—and though on her metal with others, with me also always carefully picked her way. Even in the mountains I could trust her im-plicitly, giving her the rein in difficult places, sur-that she would carry me safely over.

"My father's farm was heavily mortgaged; he could not afford me a university education, so I determined to sure the money and educate myself. Music leasons was the only way. So I got two populs, daughters of a Mr. Alica. One of these young ladies seated herself at the piano. I sat beside her. 'What shall I do?' she said. Now, I could play brilliant pleases as a blind boy-pleaset I had been petted and praised: ladies had sent their carriages for me. I hought myself a wonderful musician; but it was all by ear—by rote. I had never learnt the art of teaching. What did I really know? How was the number of the sent the se written? How, above all, was I to teach a nighted person? And I must teach—it was my only way of

getting education.

"I said to Miss Allen and her sister that they must just play to me to-day, next week we would make a regular heginning. Then I walked off founds and health and health are best to the cemetery; the man was just locking up, but he let me in. I went to the monument of General Carrol, and sat down on its lowest step. What was I to do? Even to live I must earn money—to edu-cate myself well, considerable money. And my music, which I had depended on, had crumbled away at the first touch. Our teacher at the Blind School did not know his business. This I now thoroughly realised. He could not help mp—what must I do? The chil-liness of night came on. The city bells seemed to ring with a mournful sound. Suddenly I thought of General Carrol, on whose temb I sat. He once was a poor boy like me, yet for twelve years he was the idolized Governor of Tennesace. Isprang to my feet,

my mind was made up.

my mind was made up.

"That night I went to find a Mr. Taylor, as Englishman, pupil of Moscheler and Mendelmohn, probably the best pinnist in America. But he had had an unhappy life, and was considered a sort of bear. Not saking me to sit down, he inquired, 'What do you want?' I stammered out, 'Mr. Taylor, I am a fool!' 'Well, Joseph my boy, I know that; I have always known it, but it is less your fault than that of your teachers.' Then I told him my story, and implored him to let one begin music again, under his guidance, from the very beginning. 'De you know what you ask, boy? Your teacher is my friend; he is a good violin player, but he cannot teach the plano. Get his consent and I will teach you.' The clock struck ten as he spoke, but I went off direct to a good friend of mine, Mrs. but I went off direct to a good friend of mine, Mrs. Bell, who was one of the great inducates in our Blind School, and knew everybody. I told her everything. She arranged the matter. The following Thursday at seven r.M. I was seated by Mr. Taylor at his plano, and did not leave it till eleven. Next day the two Muss. Allem had their first lesson from me. A year later, when I was just sixteen, I was appointed teacher of music in the very Institution where I had first been told I could never learn music,"

These facts involve a curious and much disputed theory. Most musicians will agree that to attempt to teach the beloved art to any one not a born artist, or with at least a tolerable car, is worse than useless -impossible. Some say even culpable, as it wastes time which might be better employed upon other things. Yet I have heard it asserted, and by an accomplished musician and music teacher, that every human being has an ear and a voice, if properly cultivated. And Mr. Campbell's own experience with his pupils is, that few of them when they first came to him showed

special genius for music,

Therefore in his case, as in many others, we must fall back upon the theory that work II genius. Also, that the quiet darkness in which the blind live peculiarly favourable to the development of any gift connected with the two senses which they have in compensating proportion to the lost sense, viz. hearing and touch. Moreover, music and the making of it is such an exceeding happiness, a mixture of toil and pleasure, ill which the pleasure far surpasses the toil, that the deduction drawn is obvious. In all systems for the education of the blind with a view to lifting them to the ordinary level of self-dependent, self-supporting human beings, music ought to hold the primary place, for in this, so far from being more beavily weighted in the race than their brethren, the chances are that they will run lighter, being disencumbered of some hindrances which sighted people have to contend against. For the same reason many planoforte tuners allege that when a blind tuner is properly taught his business, he surpasses all others, from his excessive delicacy and exacticude of ear. (To be concluded next month,)

NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

By J. ALLANSON PICTON, M.A.

forth," and we readily incline to the prognos- an unknown river every fresh turn is a crisis

IN New-Year's Day we turn over a new tication of unexpected good rather the of leaf, if not in our conduct, at least in unauticipated evil. Why not? God is good; our calendar; and to so hopeful a race as and the world is not half so bad as some mankind this almost always a happy change, weeping philosophers would make it. Perhaps, The possibilities that lie hidden in the turns however, the sigh of relief with which most and chances of life have a strange fascination of us abandon the old year, and the eager for us, as shown in the passion for gaming, expectation with which we turn in the new, a taste for which, however chastened and have not so pious an origin. By a curious repressed, lunks even in the most prudent illusion the 1st of January seems pre-eminently mortals. Thus I is that, somehow, we find to open up to us an untried region of life; and a gleam of promise in the solemn words, where all things are possible we test our luck "Thou canst not tell what a day may bring with revived interest. Thus sailing down

in the voyage, and we watch with re-awakened curiosity the opening of the next reach, thinking perhaps it may reveal scenes more lovely or impressive than any we have passed.

Whenever chance and change are concerned, men have weakly supposed that they could increase their knowledge by observing omens, and improve their prospects by the use of charms. So we find still in existence many New-Year's observances which originally were supposed-perhaps are still in some places—to have some influence on the future. The superstition of the "first foot " a case in point. The first to come into the house the New Year must be a dark-haired man, or ill-luck awaits the family. A woman, whether dark or light, cannot bring good luck, a belief which sets in marked contrast the ideas of past and present times. "One man among a thousand have I found," says the preacher, "but a woman among all those have I not found." In days when such was the estimate formed of the sex, we cannot wonder that a woman should be unwelcome as a first visitor on New-Year's Day. Why in our country, coming as we de mainly from a light-complexioned stock, a dark-haired man should be a good omen, is a question difficult to answer. It is said that the real object of fear is red hair, because of a constant tradition that Judas the traitor was red-haired. If so we can understand that all light shades might be suspected of a tendency to sandiness, or be so reckoned by association. At any rate a black-haired man was on the safe side. But the custom is not quite universally the In an early number of Notes and Querius a correspondent reported that in his neighbourhood a light complexion brought a good omen and a dark one the reverse. Perhaps this may be a relic of stubborn Saxon prejudice in favour of Saxon locks.

But New-Year's Day, like a birthday anniversary, has an aspect towards the past as well as towards the future. The gifts, the congratulations, the rejoicings, that hail the natal day of any honoured member of a family, derive most of their meaning and value from associations with the family history. The young, of course, think more of the future than of the past; but as life is prolonged, more and more of the interest of our anniversaries made up of recollection—less and less of anticipation. So it with the festivities that appeal to the social custom of letting in Yule E a similar manner, sympathies of a community or a nation. The 4th of July is naturally, amongst Ameri- with the Christian feast of Christmas, and

prophecy concerning the future. But as the nation grows older the antiquarian interest diffuses itself gradually over patriotic orations. Old family names, villages, or towns celebrated in the revolution, but now of comparatively little import, are dwelt upon with grateful remembrance; and perhaps observances are springing up here and there such as can only be explained by town or family customs of a hundred years ago,

Such observations apply with special force to festivals common to many races, and having their origin far back in the forgotten infancy of mankind. Sharing in such customs, we have no thought of the future at all. Use and wont, association and habit, are the only forces that bind us | the ancient observances. To minds of an antiquarian turn it becomes a matter of absorbing interest to know, if possible, how it came we pass that a particular day was so set apart from all others, and why it is observed with special ceremonies or with particular meats and drinks and adornments. Amongst these widespread, ancient festivals New-Year's Day may fairly be reckoned, because, as I shall endeavour to show, it has to some extent appropriated observances belonging to a very general and ancient festival, common, at least, to the whole northern races of man-When Burns's "Auld Farmer" addressed his New-Year's morning salutation to his "auld mare Maggie"-

"A guid new-year I wish thee, Maggie !
Hoe, there's a ripp to thy said baggie,"

he does not seem to have been in the least aware that he was observing a custom that had come down to him from heathen ancestors in their celebration of yule. Dr. Janileson, in his Scotch dictionary, tells us that was a custom to keep the last handful of corn gathered from the previous harvest, and on the morning of Christmas Day divide it amongst the horses and cows of the farm as a sort of hansel of coming plenty at the next harvest. It impossible to doubt that this is a custom dating back to the ancient observances of Yule-tide, transferred to New-Year's Day, with much else of an analogous character, at the "godly and thorough reformation " in Scotland. The well-spread table also, which used to be, and perhaps still is, in many parts set opposite the house-door to let in the New Year with suitable hospitality, is in all probability connected with the older

This connection of New-Year's rejoicings cans, an opportunity for much elequent through I with the pre-Christian Yule and of January, even when the new year has been formally and legally reckoned to begin at a different time. Down to 1751 the legal New-Year's Day in England was March the 25th, though Scotland was before the southern kingdom in abandoning this ecclesiastical mode of reckoning. But to popular feeling the New Year, even in England, began on January the 1st; and 80 far as it was customary to observe the opening of the New Year at all it was this latter day, and not March 15th, that was celebrated. But then, as now, much more was made of the New-Year's festival in Scotland than in England, and the reason is obvious. The Scotch people were animated by a much more thorough determination than were their southern neighbours to throw off every vestige of Romish ceremonial, and they looked upon the Christmas feast as an intolerable remnant of the old leaven. Hence the ancient festivities were suppressed, not merely by authority, but by the almost unanimous resolve of the people. Still, the old Adam is strong in his propensity to junketing and carousing. The ancient fathers of the Church were compelled to make a compromise with him by christening the heathen festivals, and devoting them to ecclesiastical memories. The Puritan democracy of Scotland did not take that course; but, by a happy thought, transferred to the rut of January a considerable number of the merry customs formerly belonging to Christmas Day.

A very remarkable instance of the transfer of Christmas or Yule observances to New-Year's Day is given by Dr. Jamieson. It used to be the custom on Christmas morning to skim the surface of the household well at the earliest moment after midnight. Special blessings were supposed to attend the member of the house who succeeded first in getting, as the phrase was, the "skim or ream" (cream) of the well. It was also customary take a handful from the store of corn, and to gather kail the same time. Part, at any rate, of these observances was transferred to New-Year's Day. In describing the customs of New-Year's Eve Nicoll has the following lines:—

"Twall struck—twa neighbour himben raim, An' litin', g ard a ead gate, The flower o' the well to gut home gate, An' I'll the bonnett had get."

That this superstition had a heathen origin, and one of very remote antiquity, there can be no doubt. In a well-known passage of the Rneid, quoted also by Dr. Jamieson, Rneas

Saturnalia, explains the constancy with which is described as drawing water from the toppopular observances have stuck to the 1st most surface of a fountain while he fills the of Innuary, even when the new year has been air with loud invocations of the gods.

But Scotland B not the only place in which these observances, originally belonging to the almost universal festival falling at the end of December, have been specially devoted to the consecration, as were, of the New Year. A contributor to Notes and Queries M December, 1865, extracts from a book of French superstitions connected with the Christmas holidays, a description of the special honour paid to wells and fountains on New-Year's Day. To go as early as possible to the well or formtain upon the New-Year's Day, and to offer it an apple or a nosegay, was supposed to have a happy and wholesome influence upon the water, and likewise upon the welfare of those who drank it. In South Wales, also, as stated in the Atheneum for February 5th, 1848, the children were in the habit of drawing a jugful of water on New-Year's morning from the village well, and carrying it about with them from house to bouse, while they sang the following thymes:--

"Here we bring new water
From the well to clear,
for wearship God nith
this happy New Year.
Sing leves low, high loves low,
I he welt wand the wine;
I he evel to gift gold wron,
A ed the bugies they do thins.

"Sing reign of Fair Maid
With gold spon her was the low in Jorn you the west door;
And lot the Old Year go.
Sing reign of Fair Maid
With gold spon he was foor;
And lot the Old Year go.
Open you the east door.
And the hogies they do thins.

The phrase "levex dew" in these verses is curious. It seems to have been taken for the French leves, as though referring to the elevation of the Host. It may have come down from Norman times, but how it should have got into Wales I am not sufficiently an ecclesiastical antiquarian to explain. More probably the phrase "Welsh-"llev Duw," call on God. At any rate the words associate the time with religious observances, and though the Fair Maid may very well be the Virgin Mary, it strikes me that the rhymes are a distant echo of pre-Christian observances in honour of heathen divinities.

This association of New-Year customs with Christmas observances helps suggest the reason why the New Year has been very generally dated by the northern races from the beginning of January. Various other days have been assigned for the commencement of the year, both by Heathen, Jews, and Christians. But the suffrages of the vast majority from very early times have been in favour of our present custom. The truth is, that long before mankind were very exact about their chronology, or had made up anything like an accurate calendar, they had very naturally fixed upon the winter solstice

as the proper occasion for a great holiday. Without giving our approval to the fanaticism which finds in every epic, and every fairy tale, and every ancient ceremonial a solar myth, we may fairly allow that the waxing and woning of solar light and heat were so supremely important to our primitive forefathers that they were likely to observe the phenomena with the closest attention. In ages more remote than we care to reckon they noticed that the bright divinity, after travelling farther and farther away from his votaries, came to a pause in his journey, and then began to mount triumphantly once more towards the height of his heavenly throne. This standing still of the sun, therefore, was the natural occasion of hope and rejoicing. "When things come to the worst," as the common proverb says, "they must needs begin to mend;" and when winter had reached its depth men began book with expectation towards sunny days once more. Hence we find that everywhere—at least among Indo-European races, and the same ming is true of the Greenlanders-the time of the winter solstice was a sacred festival. Amongst the Romans it was the Saturnalia, when, for a period varying from three to seven days, the whole population surrendered themselves to feasting and merriment. On one day masters and slaves changed places, the latter sitting at meat and the former attending upon them. The Lord of Misrule was anticipated by the election of the king of the feast, who directed the revelries according to his own caprice and the rule of "follow my leader." With a curious analogy to the practice described in the late Dr. Norman Macleod's chapter on "New-Year's Day in a Highland Parish," the mummers used to dress themselves up in the skins of various beasts. But the connection of the Saturnalia with sun worship is too obvious and too well established to need enlargement.

Not perhaps so obvious, and yet equally certain, the relation of the Teutonic festival of Yule to the same inveterate idolatry. The question of the origin of the this word has indeed driven philologers mad. This I surely not too strong an expression when we call mind the desperate suggestion of one learned and venerable person—that their national feast was named by the Goths Jul in honour of Julius Caesar, or of another that | was derived from the Hebrew Jubal, Jubilee, by the omission of the radical b. I shall not risk any such fate by adding conjectures of my own. I will syllables appear to be a broken-down form

reason in the suggestion, that the name directly or indirectly connected with the "fagra huile" (fair wheel) of the sun. Perhaps, however, the connection of the ancient festival with sun worship is best established by the period of the year devoted iii, and by the obvious association of all analogous festivals with the commencement of the sun's return towards the north,

A verbal relic of the Teutonic Yule is almost certainly to be found in the term "hogmanay" applied in Scotland, and formerly in the east of England, to New-Year's Eve. The use of this term in England is, or was till lately, pre-served in the following rhymes, sung by street toysterers in Yorkshire on New-Year's Eve:—

To-night it is the Now-Year's night, to-morrow is the day; and we are come for our right and for our ray, do we mad to due so old King Racry's day; being follows, sing lang-man-ba!

"If you go to the binch ark, bring me ten mark;
The mark, see pound, throw it down upon the ground,
That me and my morry men may have some;
Imag follows, ang hag-man-ha !"

The refrain, "hag-man-ha," a evidently the term "hogmanay," drawn out 'n being sung to the last emphatic notes. Many conjectures have been offered as to the derivation of this word. An attempt has been made III connect it with the French phrase "au gui Can newf," or with au gul mener," lead to the mistletoe. This, however, is very forced, and cannot be considered philologically sound. The earliest authority for the French custom seems to be a Bishop of Angers, who in 1598 obtained the passage of a law to put down disorders incident to the celcuration of the holiday. He says the cry "au gui mencs" was derived from the Druids, who went out to get the gui, or mistletoe, shouting and hallooing all the way. Of course the Draids did not speak French, and the word gui is of Latin origin. According to this theory cording to this theory, therefore, the cry must have changed with the language. Such a change is, however, unlikely. Old customs kept up for custom's sake usually preserve obsolcte words and phrases from dead languages, as well as ceremonies that have lost their meaning. There is no evidence that the cry an gwi menez," or " an gwi l'an neuf," ever had anything to do with the mistletoe. In every shape the words are much more likely to be a desperate effort to give a French form to the Teutonic phrase represented by hogmanay, and formerly diffused everywhere amongst northern nations. "Hilg," as is well known, means "high," and the two following only say that there appears to be a ray of of the Teutonic "monat," anciently manoth

SALAR JUNG LIBRARY 10236 1234 or manath. 🖿 not very widely dissimilar forms these words for "high" and "month" are found both in High and Low German, and in Norse as well. One point in favour of this derivation is that it accounts for the initial A, which was not so capriciously inserted by our forefathers as it is by the vulgar amongst

their delcendants.

If it can be shown that hog-manoth would in old times have an appropriate meaning, this derivation may be regarded as fairly established. Now, in "High Mass" we have an instance in which the adjective is taken to express peculiar sacredness, and "hog title" (" high time") means a featival. In the time of Charlemagne, December was called "heilig monat," which, if "high" may sometimes be used for "holy," was nearly, if not quite, synonymous with "hog manoth" (high or sacred month). We may suppose it, then, month specially sanctified by the festival of Afterwards it was more definitely appropriated to a particular day or days, and finally attached itself to New-Year's Eve. The phrase, as carried by the Franks into! France, and when, through the influence of Roman traditions, they began to magnify the New Year, an effort, not very successful, was made to turn the Teutonic words into French. Norse invaders carried the phrase to Britain, where it seems to have survived longest in the Eastern Counties and in Scotland, both being specially exposed M Norse invasion. Thus, while kingdoms have risen and fallen, while languages have been born and died, while the face of the whole world has been changed by new religions and new knowledge, two little words in the mouths of children of to-day bind us by an obvious connection to the pre-historic days when our fathers worshipped the sun and moon and all the host of heaven.

Another connection of modern New-Year customs with heathenism | to be found in the notion that the period is specially favourable for practising the arts of divination. When men supposed the winter solstice to represent a great crisis of nature, and the emancipation of the sun from adverse powers that were leading him away captive, was natural enough that they should be specially observant of the omens then occurring, and should have imagined that in these they read their fortunes for the coming year. As a last lingering relic of such a comparatively healthy superstition, we have the practice of divination by opening the Bible at haphasard, meet the eye. Not many years ago a lady passing a cottage door somewhere in the Midland Counties on New-Year's morning, fell into convenation with the good woman of the house, who in her solitude was not aware of the day. The lady happening to wish her a happy New Year, the cottager was much taken aback I find that she was out in her reckoning. "New-Year's Day!" she exclaimed, "and I have not dipped!" The dipping to which she referred was no baptismal rite, but the insertion of the finger into the leaves of the Bible, and divination by the words that happened to be touched. The favourable moment had passed away, and the good woman was obliged to go through that year without the doubtful light which might have been cast upon it by her traditional magic.

The New-Year's presents which brighten to have been a term applied generally to the the season especially to the young, and burden it to those whose business II II rather to give than to receive, is a relic most probably of the interchange of gifts at sacrificial feasts. The French word for New-Year's offerings, stranes, is, of course, the Latin strend; but the origin of this term is obscure, perhaps impenenable. However, it certainly meant gifts supposed in be of good omen, because presented on occasions | sacred festivity.

> The following lines quoted in Brand's "Popular Antiquities" from a "A Lecture to the People," dated 1644, are interesting not only because they point to the true origin of New-Year's gifts, but also because they illustrate the temper of the time when they were written :---

"Ye used in the forage days to fall Prostrate before your landlerd in his hall, Whon, with low legs, and is an humble gulse, Ye offered up a capus-sectific." Unite his worship at a Now-Yanz's tida."

Thus in our holiday observances, our festive phrases, our children's plays, we find hints of the long, slow movement and endless complexity of human evolution. When we wish each other a happy New Year, it may perhaps impart some touch of sadness to remember how hundreds of generations have watched the turning of the sun with the joyful hope that now at last the golden year of consummation was at hand. And yet faith may triumph over sadness when we bear in mind that, though no New Year has brought everything its votaries desired and prayed for, yet every year has sustained the continuity of progress, and produced at least some results confirming men's pathetic expecand taking as prophetic the first words that tation of the glory of the latter day.



CHAPTER 1-HER TARINTS

very sensible HE Duchess was a

This was her character, universally acknow ledged. She might not perhaps be so splendid a person as a duchess ought to be She had never been beautiful, nor was she clever in the ordinary sense of the word, but she woman. She had, there is no doubt, abun dant need for this faculty in her progress upon the advantages of humble position through the world. Hers had not been a Duchess or no duchess, however, this lady

holiday existence, notwithstanding her high position at the head of one of the proudest houses and noblest families in England It as sort of compensation to us for the grandeur of the great w believe that, after all, their wealth and their high position do

The seel symple they little know his war a chappy taker take it as less just than a ghow we have a mean it as to be great

But after all at So we all like to believe is highly doubtful whether there is more content, as the moralists of the eighteenth cen tury imagined, in a cottage than in a palace, and the palace has the best of it in so many other ways The Duchess had met with many vexations in her life, but no more than we all meet with, nor of a severer kind, and she had her coronet, and her finery, and her beautiful duc'd houses, and the devotion of all that surrounded her me the good So while was in the full sense of the word a sensible we have no occasion to menvious, we have none, on the other hand, to plume ourselves

had sense, a precious gift. And the had on the part of his agents and lawyers induced

For the Duke, on his side, did not possess that most valuable quality. He was far more proud than a duke has any occasion to be. On that pinnacle of rank, if on any height imaginable, a man may permit himself to think simply of his position, and to form no over-estimate of his own grandeur. But the Duke of Billingsgate was very proud, and believed devoutly that he himself and his family tree, and the atrawborry-leaves which grew on the top of it, overshadowed the world. He thought it made an appreciable difference to the very sunshine; and as for the county under his shadow, he felt towards it as the old gods might have felt towards the special lands of which they were the patrons intelary. He expected inceuse upon all the altars, and a sort of perpetual adotation. It would have pleased him to have men swear by him and dedicate churches in his honour, had such things been in accordance with modern manners: he would have felt it to be only natural. He liked people to come into his presence with diffidence and awe, and though he was frank of accost, and of elaborate affability, as an English gentleman is obliged to be in these days, talking I the commonalty almost as II he forgot they were his inferiors, he never did forget the fact, and it offended him deeply if they appeared to forget it in word or deed. He was very gracious to the little county Indies who would come to dine at the Castle when he was in the country, but he half wondered that they should have the courage to place a little trembling hand upon his ducal tremble and were overcome by the honour. He had spent enormously in his youth, keep-

need to have it, as the following normative will him against his will to cut off one source of expense, he had a great tendency to burst out into another on an unforeseen occasion and a different side—a tendency which made him very difficult to manage and a great trouble to all connected with him. This was indeed the chief cross in the life of the Duchess; but even that she took with great sense, not dwelling upon it more than she could help, and comforting herself with the thought that Hungerford, who was her eldest son, had great capabilities in the opposite direction, and was exactly the sort of man to rebuild the substantial fortunes of the family. He had already done a great deal in that way by resolutely marrying a great heiress in spite of his father's absurd oppositions. The Duke had thought his heir good enough for a princess, and had something as near hysterica an it would be becoming for a duke to indulge in when he ascertained that obstinate young man's determination to marry a lady whose money had been made in the City; but Hungerford was thirty, and his father had no control over him. There was, however, something left which he had entirely in his own hands, his daughter—Lady Jane. She had all the qualities which the Duke most esteemed in his race. She resembled in features that famous duchess who had the good fortune to please Charles IL, but with a proud, and reserved, and stately air, which had not distinguished that famous beauty. The repose of her manners was such as can be seen only on the highest levels of society. Her face would wear an unchanged expresarm, and III liked those all the better who did sion for days together, and for almost as long a period the echoes around her would be undisturbed by anything like the vulgurity of ing up the state and splendour which he speech. She was a child after her father's thought were necessary to his rank, and which own heart. Though it is a derogation to a he still thought necessary though his means family to descend through the simale line, his were now straitened. And it cannot be Grace could almost have put up with this, denied that he was angry with the world had it been possible to transfer the succesbecause his means were straitened, and felt | sion from Hungerford and his plebeian wife = it a disgrace to the country that one of its that still, and fair, and stately maiden. Jane, earliest dukedoms should be humilisted to the Duchess of Bilingsgate (in her own right). necessity of discharging superfluous footmen. He liked the thought. He felt that there and lessening the number of horses in the would be a certain propriety even in stables. He thought this came, like so many permitting the race to die out in such a other evils, of the radicalism of the times. Last crowning flower of dignity and honour. Dukes did not need to retrench when But no day-dream, as he knew, could have things were as they ought to be, and a been more futile; for the City lady had brought strong paramount government held the reins three hoys already to perpetuate the race, and of State. The Duke, however, retrenched as there was no telling how many more were little as was possible. He did it always coming. Hungerford declared loudly that * under protest. When strong representations he meant to put them into trade when they

grew up, and that his grandfather's business was to be Bobby's inheritance. Bobby! He had been called after that grandfather. Such a name had never been heard before among the Altamonts. The Duke took very little notice of any of the children, and none whatever of that City brat, But, alas! what could he do? There was no shutting them out from a single honour. Bobby would be Lord Robert in spite of him, even at the head of

his City grandfather's firm.

But the marriage of Lady Jane was a matter still to be concluded, and in that her father was determined in have his own way. There had not been the violent competition for her beautiful hand which might have been expected. Dukes are scant at all times. and there did not happen at that time to be one marriageable duke with a hand to offer: and smaller people were alarmed by the grandeur of her surroundings, by the character of her pane, and by her own stateliness of manner. There were a few who moved about the outskirts of the magnificent circle in which alone Lady Jane was permitted to appear, and cast wistful glances at her, but dld not venture further. The Marquis of Wodensville made her a proposal, but he was sixty, and the Duke did not think the inducement sufficient to interpose his parental authority; and Mr. Roundel, of Bishop's Roundel, made serious overtures. If family alone could have carried the day the claim of this gentleman would have been supreme, and his Grace did not lightly reject that great commoner, a man who would not have accepted a title had the Queen herself gone on her knees to him. But he showed signs of a desire to play this ing fish, to prograstinate and keep him in suspense, and that was a treatment which a Roundel was not likely to submit to. Other proposals of less importance never even reached Lady Jane's ears; and the subject gave him no concern. It is true that once or twice Lady Hungerford had made a laughing remark on the subject of Jane's marriage, which was like her underbred impertmence. But the Dake never did more than turn his large light grey eyes solemnly upon her when she was guilty of any such the same thing when the Duchess with a sigh mean," he said.

"It is not hard to understand. I don't expect to be immortal, and I confess I should like to see Jane settled."

"Settled!" his Grace said-the very word

was derogatory to his daughter,

"Well, the term does not matter. She is very affectionate and clinging, though people do not think so. I should like to make sure that she has some one to take care of her when I die."

"You may be assured," said the Duke, "that Jane will want no one to take care of her as you say. I object to hear such a word as chinging applied to my daughter. I am quite capable, I hope, of taking care of her,"

"But, dear Gus, you are no more immortal than I am," said his wife. He disliked to be called by his Christian name in any circumstances, but Gus had always driven him frantic, as, indeed, it is to be feared the Duchess was aware. She was annoyed too, or she would not have addressed him so.

The Duke looked at her once more, but made no reply. He could not say anything against this assertion: had there been anything better than immortality he would have put in a claim for that, but as it is certainly an article of belief that all men are mortal, he was wise enough to say nothing. Such incidents as these, however, disturbed him slightly. The sole effect of his wife's interference was to make him look at Lady Jane with more critical eyes. The first time he did so there seemed to him no cause whatever for concern. She had come in from a walk, and was recounting to her mother what she had seen and heard. She had a soft flush on her cheek, and was if anything too animated and youthful in her appearance. She had met the great Lady Germaine, who had brought a party to see the Dell in the neighbourhood of Billings Castle. The Duke did not care for intruders upon his property, but it had been impossible in refuse permission to such a leader of fashion as Lady Germaine. "There were all the Germaines, of course, and May Plantagenet, and -Mr. Winton," said Lady Jane. She made a scarcely perceptible pause before the last name. The Duke took no notice of this, nor did he even remark what she said. "No assault upon the superior race. He never longer young!" he said to himself, "she is condescended to reply. He did very much too young," and dismissed Lady Hungerford's jibes and the Duchess's sigh with indigonce made a similar remark. He turned his nation. He did not even think of again head and fixed his eyes upon her; but the until next season, when Jane came to break-Duchess was used to him and was not over-first late one morning after a great ball, awed. "I cannot conceive-what you can and made a languid remark in answer to her mother's question. "There was

something between a yawn and a sigh: half London had been there; but still it was not what his daughter said that attracted his attention. He saw as he looked at her a slight, the very slightest, indentation in the delicate oval of Lady Jane's cheek. The perfection of the curve was just broken. I might only have been a dimple, but she was not in the mood which reveals dimples. There went a little chili to the Duke's heart at the sight. Passet Impossible; years and years must go before that word could be applied in his daughter; but still he felt sure Lady Hungerford must have remarked it: no, it was not a hollow; but no doubt with her vulgar long sight she must have remarked it, and would say everywhere that dear Jane was certainly going off. The Duke never took any notice apparently of these sallies of his daughter-in-law, but in reality there was nothing of which he stood in so much dread.

The Duchess on her side was well acquainted with that hollow. It was a hollow, very slight, sometimes disappearing altogether; but there it was. She had awakened to a consciousness of its existence one day suddenly, though it had gvidently taken some time to come withat point. And since then it had seldom been out of the Duchess's mind. She had no doubt that other people had discovered it before now, and made malicious remarks upon it: for if she observed it who was so anxious to make the best of her child, what would they do whose object was the reverse? But what did it matter what any one said? There it was, which was the great matter. It spoke with a voice which nobody could silence, of Jane's youth passing away, of her freshness wearing out, of her bloom fading. Was she to set there and grow old while her father wove his fictions about her? It had given the Duchess many a thought. She knew very well what all this princely expenditure would lead to. Hungerford would not be much the worse; he had his wife's fortune to fall back upon, and perhaps he would not feel himself called upon to take on himself the burden of his father's debts after he was gone. But for the Duke himself, if he lived, and his family, the Duchess, looking calmly on ahead, knew what must happen. Things would come to a crash sooner or later, and everything that could be sacrificed would have to be sacrificed. Rank would not save them. It might put off bankruptcy to the last possible moment, but it would not avert altogether; and the moment would come know.

scarcely any one there," ahe said with when everything must change, and a sort of noble exile, or at least seclusion in the country, if nothing worse, would be their fate. And Jane? If she were be left me her father's disposal, what would be the end . Jane? She would have to descend from her pedestal, and learn what it was to be poor—that is, as duker daughters can be poor. The grandeur and largeness of her life would fall away from her, and no new chapter in existence would come in modify the old, and make its changes an advantage rather than a drawback. The Duchess said to herself that to go against her husband was a thing she never had done; but there was a limit to a wife's duty. She could not let Jane be sacrificed while she stood aside and looked on. This was the question which the Duchess had to solve. She was brought wit gradually, her eyes being opened by degrees to other things not quite so evident as that change in the oval of Jane's perfect cheek. She found out why it was that her daughter had yawned or sighed, and said, "There was nobody there," of the ball to which half London struggled to get admittance. On the very next evening Lady Jane paid a humdrum visit to an old lady who was nobody in particular, and came home with a pretty glow, and no hollow visible, declaring that there had been a delightful little party, and that she had never enjoyed herself so much. The Duchess felt that here was a mystery. It was partly the Morning Post that helped her to find it out, and partly the unconscious revelations of Jane herself in her exhibitation. The Morning Post made it evident that a certain name was not in the list of the fine people who had figured at my Lady Germaine's ball, and Lady Jane betrayed by a hundred unconscious little references that the bearer of that name had been present at the other little reunion. The Duchess put this and that together. She, too, no doubt would have liked to see her daughter a duchess like herself; but, failing that, she preferred that Jane should be happy in her own way. But the question was, had Jane courage enough to take her own way? She had been supposed to have everything the wanted all her life, and had been surrounded by every observance; but, m a matter of fact, Jane had got chiefly what other people wanted, and had been secretly satisfied that it should be so. Would she once

her life, against her father and the world, be moved watend up for herself? but this was what the Duchess did not

CHAPTER IL-HERSELF.

A PRINCESS royal always on interesting personage. The very title a charming there is about it a supreme heiress-ship, if not of practical dominion, at least of the more delicate part of the inheritance. She has the feminine rule, the kingdom of hearts, the homage of sentiment and imagination. Even when she grows old the title retains a sweet and penetrating influence, and in youth the very crown of visionary greatness, an elevation without any vulger elements. Lady Jane was the Princess Royal of her father's house. There had been just so much poetry in his pride as to make him feel this beautifying characteristic of feminine rank to be an addition (if any addition were possible) to his dukedom. And she had been brought up in the belief that she was not as other girls were, nor even as the little Lady Marys and Lady Augustas who in the eyes of the world stood upon a similar eminence. She stood alone—the blood of the Altamonts had reached its cream of awcotness, its fine quintessence in her veina. Hungerford was very well in his way. He would be Duke when his time came. The property, and lands, and titles would be vested in him; but he had no such visionary altitude as his sister. He himself was quite aware of the fact; he laughed, and was very well content to be rid of this visionary representativeship, but he fully recognized that Jane was not to be considered as an ordinary mortal, that she was the flower and crown of so many generations, the last perfection to which the race could attain. And with infinite modesty and humility of mind Lady Jane too perceived her mission. She became aware of it very early, when other girls were still busy with their skipping-ropes. It was a great honour to fall upon so young a head. When she walked about the noble woods at Billings and dreamed as girls do of the world before her, this sense of rank was never absent from her mind: impossible to foresee what were the scenes through which it might lead her. She heard a great deal of the evil state of public affairs—the decadence England, the advance of democracy, the approaching ruin in which everything that was great and nuble must soon be engulied; and Lady Jane took it all seriously, and felt it very possible that her fate might be

romance, who cast a pathetic glory upon the end of the old rigins in France, and died for crimes of which they were no way guilty, paying the long arrears of oppression which they had done all they could to modify. Jane took, as was natural, the political jeremiads of her father and his friends with the matterof fact faith of youth, and she did not think that even the guillotine was impossible. If it came to her lot, as according all she heard seemed likely, to maintain the cause of nobility to the last, she was ready to walk to the scaffold like Marie Antoinette, holding her head high, and smiling upon her assassins; or if it were possible to save the country by another kind of self-devotion, she was prepared, though with trembling, to inspire a nation or lead an army. These were the kind of dreams she entertained at fifteen, which is the time when a girl is most alive to the claims of patriotism, and can feel II possible that she too may be a heroine. Older, she began III be less certain. Facts came in and confused fancy. She saw no indications such as those which her books said had been seen in France; everything was very peaceable, everybody very respectful wherever she went. The common people looked at her admiringly when by chance she drove with her mamma through the crowded streets. They seemed all quite willing to acknowledge her position. She was greeted with smiles instead of groans, and heroism seemed unnecessary.

Then there came a time when Lady Jane felt that it would probably be her mission to be, if not a martyr, a benefactress to the world. It would be right for her to move half royally, half angelically, through all the haunts of wretchedness, and leave comfort and abundance behind. She imagined to herself scenes like the great plague, times of famine and fever, in which her sudden appearance, with succour of every kind about her, would bring an immediate change of affairs and turn darkness into light. She did not know-how should she?---what squalor and wretchedness were like, and this great and successful mission never in her thoughts much as soiled her dress, and had nothing diaguating or repulsive in it. But by-and-by, gradually there came a change also upon this phase of mind. A princess royal has always the confidence that in her own ministrations there must be a secret charm; but still she could not that of a virgin martyr to the cruel forces of shut her eyes to the fact that in her mother's revolution. For one time of her life her charities all was not plain sailing. And it tayourite literature was the memoirs of those became apparent to her also, with a congreat and noble ladies, full of charity and siderable shock, that there were many things

her whole horizon, and arresting her imagina-She then paused, with considerable bewilderment, not quite perceiving where the give her distinct duties, and a sphere above the common quiescence of life—but what? Lady Jane was perplexed, and no longer saw her way. Vulgar contact with the world was impossible to her; she shrank from the public organization of charity. Something else surely, something of a more magnanimous kind, was to be hers to do. But in the meantime she did not know what, and stood as it were upon the battlements of the castle wall looking out, somewhat confused, but full of noble sentiment and desire to perform the finest functions for the advantage of the world.

This was the aspect which pride of birth took in the pure and high-toned spirit of the Duke's daughter. She accepted undoubtingly moved from the crowd, elevated above the ordinary level of humanity. The Duchess had little of this inborn conviction, but yet a duchess is a duchess, and unless she is of a quite remarkable order of intelligence, it is very unlikely that she should be able to separate herself from the prejudices of her rank. As a matter of fact, the members of a duke's household are not ordinary mortals. Limits which are natural to us have nothing to do with them. It must require a distinct independence and great force of mind to realise that they are just of the same flesh and blood as the scullery-maid and the shoe boy; nay-for these are extravagant instances out of their range of vision-even meant. There is no such beautiful scope for pure humility of spirit as in the mind of a occurred to her that it was her own excelnor one who accepted reproof more sweetly, was proposed to her to marry the Marquis of nor sought with more anxious grace to gain Wodensville. "Oh no, papa, thank you," approbation. was difficult to rouse her she said.

which the Duchess wished but had not means to the exercise of her own judgment ill all. to do; which had a painful effect upon Lady "Do you think so?" she would say to the Jane's dreams, and cut them short, confusing humblest person about her, with a sincere desire to please that person by accepting his or her view rather than her own. people thought she had no opinion of her mission of her rank would lead her. I must own at all, but that was a mistake—though the pain it gave her to cross, or vex, or contradict (in fact; in words she never was guilty of such a breach of charity) any one, made her act upon her own opinion only in the very direct necessity. But when her gentle foot struck against the limits of the sphere which she thought boundless, Lady Jane remained for a long time perplexed, confused, not knowing what the object might be which was to fill her life. It was during this period that her cheek, though still so young, began to own the alightest possible departure from the oval. I might have been only the touch of a finger-but there it was. A slight line over Lady Jane's eyes ap-peared about the same time. She had the creed of her race, and never questioned become anxious, almost wistful, wondering the fact that she was something entirely re- and perplexed. What was she to do with her life? England (though, as they all said, going to destruction) showed no signs of immediate rain. In all likelihood the guillotine would not be set up in Lady Jane's tune, and there would be no occasion for any sacrifice on her part. She looked abroad into the world, and saw no need of her. She shrank indeed from any actual step, notwithstanding her dreams and her conviction that something great ought to come of her; and if she had attempted to take any step whatever, she knew that the Duke and the Duchess, and Hungerford and Susan, and all the connections and retainers to the hundredth degree, would have roshed with dismay to prevent her. Was it possible that by sitting calmly as the groom of the chambers and the house- upon her elevated seat, and smiling sweetly keeper, who are entirely devoted to their or frowning (as best she could) in the occaservice. To doubt this accordingly never sion required, she was doing all she was entered the mind of Lady Jane; but any- called upon to do? In that case Lady Jane thing resembling personal pride had no acknowledged to herself with a sigh, that it existence in her. She did not know what it was scarcely worth while being a princess royal at all.

The reader will think it strange that all creature thus fancifully elevated. It never this time no idea of marriage, or of the great preliminary of marriage, had entered her head. lence which gave her this place. She was Perhaps it would it rash to say that this was unfeignedly modest in every estimate of her- the case. But the had known from an self, docile, ready to be guided, deferring to early period that there were very few people Never had there been so in the world who could pretend to Lady obedient a child I nurses and government, Jane Altamont's hand. She laughed when I

before now. He has some of the best blood

England in his veina," said the Duke.
"The no, papa, thank you!" said Lady Jane. She did not ask any one's advice on this point. When there was that negotiation with Mr. Roundel, of Bishop's Roundel, she was more interested, but not enough to disturb her equilibrium when was found he had gone off in diagnet, and married his sister's governess. "I thought he could not be pure blood," the Duke said. Lady Jane smiled, and, it is to it feared, thought so too. The worst of high rank is that it destroys perspective. She could not see the gradations below her in the least, She knew the difference between her father's rank and that of a prince of the blood; and she knew exactly how countesses and marchionesses ought to go in to dinner; but of the difference between governesses and housekeepers and other attendants she knew little. The one and the other were entirely out of har sphere. Her own old governess, whose name was Strangford, she had always called Stranghy and been extremely fond of-but then she was fond of all her old attendants, and thought of them much in the same way. Then Lord Rushbrook, who was a cabinet minister, had presented himself to her. She did not wish to marry him, but she felt that here was something which was not rank (for he was only a baron), and yet was equal to rank. It was almost the first gleam of such enlightenment that came into her

About this time, however, it certainly began to enter into Lady Jane's head that in it a general thing to marry, and that this is the way in which most women solve the problem of their life. Perhaps because of the "offers" she had received: perha because she had met at Lady Germaines, quite promiscuously, on one of the many occasions on which she went there, agentleman. She had met a great many gentlemen there and elsewhere before; but on the particular occasion in question, she had gone by accident, without design, and with no expectation of meeting any one. Fate thus lies in wait for us, round a corner, tripped him over into the river, rather than contrast the Duchess's life with her own.

"We have made alliances with his family But she did not know any more than other mortals, and the train was laid by the Fates without any sort of connivance on the part of any human creature. They all fell blindly,

stupidly, accidentally into the net.

It was, perhaps, then, we say, when Lady Jane declined, either by her own will or her father's, her other matrimonial prospects, or, perhaps, when she met the aforesaid gentleman. that it first really occurred to this high and visionary maiden to take into consideration that which is the leading incident in the lives of most women, the event which decides the question whether their lives shall be lonely and in great measure objectiess, or busy and full of interest and occupation. Generally it at a very early age that girls first approach this question. But Lady Jane had been a stately little person even in her cradle. She had not chosen to be kissed and caressed as most children are. She had been gently proud and reticent through all her girlhood. She had no youthful intimates to breathe into her mind this suggestion—no girl-friend about to be married to mitiate her into the joyous fuse, the importance, the applauses and presents, the general commotion which every wedding produces. She had, indeed, bean present at a marriage, but never at one which touched her at all in her immediate circle, So that Lady Jane was nearly five-and-twenty when it occurred to her as possiblethat she too-might marry and carry out in ther own person the universal lot. At first she had bette distanted at herself, and had differ the flight part, of her mind with a delicacy, which distants but he called false, though she was not necessious of its fictitions character. But the idea came back: it caught, her at unawares, it came over her sometimes with soft, delicious suggestions. When she met a young mother with her children a sigh that was as soft as the west wind in spring would come out of Lady Jane's heart. How happy was that woman I how delightful all the cares that beset her, the calls from this one and that, the constant demand upon her! She had no time to ask what her life was worth, no leisure to speculate how she could best fulfil its duties: all that and many another question was solved for her. Lady when we think of least. The gentle- Jane watched the happy mother with an man was nobody in particular. He had interest which was almost envy. And there never been meant to meet the Duke's were other thoughts which crossed her fancy daughter. Indeed, had Lady Germaine had too, and awakened much that was dormant but the slightest prevision of what was coming, in her. Once when she was sitting by her she would have locked him into a closet, or mother it suddenly came into her mind to permitted such a thing to happen in her house. She looked at her Grace's fair and genial

presence, and watched her going over her have been better, balancing all her outcomings economist on a great scale, as became her Jane was prone to imaginations. ask herself whether the Duchess would example of fate. She laughed to herself

accounts, and settling the affans of her great and moomings screenly without any one to There were many lines on the disturb her, had she never married. The Duchess's brow She was an excellent question seemed a ludicrous one, but Lady rank, but she had the disadvantage of being jured up before herself a picture of this lady thwarted on every side by the prodigalities of in a house where no one thwarted her, her husband It was not a happy moment where there was no family to provide for, no at which to regard her, yet Ludy Jane, Susan I keep 2 watchful eye upon what she looking her mother, was suddenly moved was doing, no Jane to reflect upon her man



"Lady Jane watched the happy methor with an interest

*softly at the maposubshty of this imagina- the idea was entirely lutherous, for if she had

"What are you laughing at?" the Duchess saked, pausing with her pen in her hand and a look which was indicative of anything but an may mind

never married where would Jape berself have been? Jane laughed again very softly, and a sudden wave of colour came over her face. She thought, though her mother was not very happy, that I was better to be less happy so, "I was thinking—what if you had never than more happy alone. seemed if her married, mamma?" The Duchess turned round upon her, Grace much less interesting. Her comely opening her eyes wide with wonder. "What figure seemed shrink and fall away as Jane if I had never married? Are you taking thought, looking at it—and then her mind slid leave of your senses?" she mid. And indeed imperceptibly from that fancy to a sudden

thinking of herself all her life, what she should do, how she should occupy herself, which theory of life was the best. But the young woman whom she had met among her children had got that problem solved for her : she had no time to think of herself at all: there were so many claims upon her, soft little arms, voices like the birds, as well as bigger appeals, more articulate; the chances were that from morning to night she had no leisure in which is speculate on what was best for herself. The Duchess, though a great lady, was in the same position. Even the least selfregarding whose hands are free think more about themselves than the selfish, whose time and thoughts are taken up with other matters, can be able to do. This thought made a great impression upon Lady Jane. Perhaps even these ideas would have moved her little had it not been for that encounter at Lady Germaine's...but it was long before she brought herself so far as to acknowledge that. She considered the question in the abstract form long before also approached it in the concrete. And thus she came candidly to conclude and acknowledge that the woman who is married has a career before her which the unmarried woman can scarcely command. It was a new idea to Lady Jane, but her mind was very candid, and she received this as she received every other conclusion justified by reason. It would be good that she should marry; and then she had met 🔳 Lady Germaine's — a gentleman. But who this gentleman was must be left for another chapter.

CHAPTER III .- HER LOVER.

. It has never been fully explained how it was that a person so thoroughly experienced in the world as Lady Gennaine should have pennitted an acquaintance between Lady ane and Mr. Winton I ripen under her roof. That she should have introduced them to each other was nothing, of course; for in society every gentleman is supposed the equal of every other gentleman, though he has not a penny and his next neighbour may be a millionaire; and Lady Jane was gracious in her high-minded, maidenly way, as a princess should be, to everybody, to the clergyman, and even to the clergyman's sons, dangerous and detrimental young persons who have to be asked to country houses, a perpetual alarm to anxious parents who have daughters. No hauteur, no exclusiveness was in Lady Jane. She was as much withdrawn above the young squire as the young curate, and there was no did nothing of the sort. She had every XXIII--5

realisation of herself. After all, she had been reason why Mr. Winton, who was very personable, very well thought of, and in no sense of the word detrimental, should not pay his homage to the Duke's daughter. But there should have stopped. When she saw that there was even the remotest chance that it might go further Lady Germaine's duty was plain. She should have said firmly, " Not in my house." I was not to be supposed indeed that she could stop the course of mutual inclination, prevent Mr. Winton from making love to Lady Jane, or Lady Jane from listening. But what she could, and indeed ought to have done, was any plainly, "Meet where they will, it must not in my house," Her duty to the Duke demanded this course of action. But it must be confessed that Lady Germaine was very independent-too independent for a woman-and that what she would not recognise was, that she had any duty at all to the Duke. He might be the head of society in the county, but what did Lady Germaine care? She laughed openly at the county society, and declared that the would as soon throw her lot among the farmers of the district as among the squires, and that the Duke was an old-the pen of the historian almost refuses to record the language this daring lady used-an old humbug. She ventured to say this and lived. The Duke never knew how far she went, but he disapproved of her, and considered her an irreverent person. He would have checked his daughter's intimacy with her had he been able. But the Duchess did not see any harm in it. Her Grace's opinion was that a little enlivenment was what Jane wanted, and that even a slight exaggeration of galety would do her no harm. Lady Germaine's set was unimpeachable though it loved diversion, and diversion was above everything the thing necessary for Lady Jane. And there was this to be said for Lady Germaine, that the Duchess herself had the opportunity of stopping the Winton affair had she chosen. She must have seen what was going on. Poor Mr. Winton could not conceal the state of mind in which he was; and as for Lady Jane there was a certain tremor in her retired " and gentle demeanour, a little outborst of happiness now and then a liquid expression about the eyes, a software expansion and countenance, which no methor's eyes could have overlooked. ought to have interfered. She could have controlled her own child no doubt, or she could have made it apparent to Mr. Winton that his assiduities were disagreeable; but she

talked him apparently with pleasure, asked him his opinion, declared that he had excellent taste. After this why should Lady Germaine have been blamed? All she did was to form her society of the best materials she could collect. She was fond of nice people, and loved conversation. If men could talk pleasantly, and add to the entertainment of her household, when the time came for encountering the tedium of the country, she asked nothing about their grandfathers, nor even demanded whether they had a rent-roll, or money in the funds, or how they lived. Lively young barristers, literary men, artists, people who it was to be feared lived on their wits, not to say those younger sons who are the plague of society, came and went about her house; which made it a house alarming to mothers, it must be allowed, but extremely lively, cheerful, and full of "go," which was what Lady Germaine liked. And as she openly professed that this was the principle upon which she went, the risks were at least patent and above board which princesses royal were likely to meet with at her house.

It is now time to speak of the lover himself, who has hitherto been but hinted at. We must say, in the first place, that there was nothing objectionable about Mr. Winton. He was not poor, nor was he returier. He was a well-bred English gentleman, of perfectly good though not exalted family. On the Continent he would have been said to belong to the petite noblesse. But after all it only wants an accession of fortune to make la patite into la grande noblesse. He was as far descended as any prince (which, indeed, may be said for the most of us), and had ancestors reaching up into the darkness of the ages. At least he had the portraits of these ancestors hanging up in the hall at Winton House, and unless they had existed how could they have had their portraits taken? which is an unanswerable argument. Winton House itself was but a small place, it in true; but when his Indian uncle died, and left him all that money, it was immediately

appearance of liking the man herself. She Lady Germaine's own daughter had she been old enough, or for Earl Binny's young ladies, or for almost any girl in the county, excepting always Lady Jane. She was the one who was out of his sphere. It was perfectly well known that the Duke would not hear of any son-in-law whose rank, or least whose family, were not equal to his own, and it had long been a foregone conclusion with society that it was very unlikely Lady Jane would ever marry at all. Perhaps had Mr. Winton fully foreseen the position he would have retired too, before, as people say, his feelings were too much interested. But I is to be feared that the idea did not occur to him until, unfortunately, II was too late. Reginald Winton had been brought up in

the most approved way a public school, and at Oxford, and shaped into what was considered the best fashion of his time. It had been intended, as the old estate was insufficient to support two people, and his mother was then living, that he should go to the bar. But before he attained this end the uncle's fortune, of which he had not the least expectation, fell down upon him suddenly, as from the skies. Then of course it was not thought necessary that he should continue his studies. He was not only rich, but very rich, and at the same time had all the advantages of once having been poor. He had no expensive habits. He did not bet, nor race, nor gamble; nor did he on the other hand buy pictures or curiosities, or sumptuous furniture (at least no more than reason). He was full of intelligence, but he was not literary nor over-learned, nor too clever. He was five feet ten, and quite sufficiently good-looking for a man of his fortune. He would have been favourably received in most families of gentry, nay, even of nobility, in England: but only not in the house of the Altamonts. Here was the perversity of fate. But he did not do I on purpose, nor fly at such high game solely because it was forbidden, as some people might have done. It is certain that he did not know who Lady Jane was when his heart was caught unawares. placed in Mr. Winton's power to make his He took Lady Germaine aside and begged house into a great one had be chosen; and to be introduced to the young lady in white, for so rich a man to keep the old place intact without a suspicion of her greatness. It was loyalty, or family pride, or at the worst was at a moment when ladies wore a great eccentricity, and did by no means imply any deal of colour: when they had wreaths of shabbiness either of mind or means. To flowers acrambling over their dresses and make up for this he had a very handsome their heads, like a hedgerow in summer. house in town, and there was no doubt at all Lady Jane's dress was white silk, soft and on the question that he was a rich man, and even dull in tone. She had not a bow or able to include his fancy as he pleased. He a flower, but some pearls twisted in her would have been a perfectly good match for smooth brown hair, which was not frizzy

was seated a little apart with the children for the first time, a love-making that was as of the house, and to a man incapable of new, and fresh, and miraculous, and inperceiving that this simple garment was of comprehensible, as if no one had ever made much superior value to many of the gayer love before. And thus the flood of their own fabrics round, she had the air of being emotions carried the pair on, and if Winton economically as well as gracefully clothed. "How much better taste is that simple dress than all those furbelows," he said. His opinion was that she would turn out to be the Rector's daughter. Lady Germaine gazed at him for a moment with the contempt which a woman naturally entertains for a man's "I like your simmistake in this kind. plicity," she said with fine satire which he did not understand ;-and presented him on

the spot | Lady Jane Altamont.

How Winton opened his eyes! there was no reason why he should withdraw, and acknowledge the Duke's daughter to be out of his sphere. On the contrary, he did his best make himself agreeable. And from that time to this, when everybody could see things were coming a crisis, he had never caused in the effort. It was the first time-except by Lord Rushbrook, who had done it politically—that this noble maiden had been personally woord. The sense that she was as other women had come into her heart with a soft transport of sweetness, emancipating her all at once from those golden bonds of high sacrifice and duty in which she had believed herself to be bound. She had not rebelled against them, but when it appeared now that life might be happiness as well as duty; and that all its delights and hopes were possible to her as to others, the melting of all those icicles that had been formed around her, flooded her gentle soul with tenderness. She was not easily woord; for nothing could be less like the freedom of manners which makes it natural nowadays for a girl to advance a little on her side, and help on her lover, than the almost timid though always sweet stateliness with which Lady Jane received his devotion. It was a wonder to her, as it cannot be young ladies who flirt from their cradles. Love! She regarded it with awe, mingled with a touched and surprised gratitude. She was older than a girl usually is when that revelation is first made her, a fact which deepened every sentiment. Winton did not, could not divine what was passing in that delicate spirit. But M felt the novelty, the exquisite, modest grace of his reception. He and not been without experience in his own person, and had known what it was to be "encouraged." But here he was not en-

as nowadays, but shining like satin. She couraged. I was romance put into action had never paused to think how the Duke would receive his addresses, may with still greater certainty be assumed that Lady Jane had never considered that momentous question. They went on, unawakened to anything outside their own elysium, which, like most other elysiums of the kind, was a fool's Paradise.

It was Lady Germaine at last, as she had been the means of setting the whole affair in motion, who brought it to a climax. He had not confided in her in so many words, for, indeed, he was too much elevated and carried away by this growing passion III bring it to the common eye; but he had so far betrayed himself on a certain occasion when reference had been made to Lady Jane that his hostess and friend burst through all protences and herself dashed into the subject. "Reginald Winton," she said almost solemnly, "do you know what is before you? How are you going to ask the Duke of Billingsgate, that high and mighty personage, to give you his daughter? I wonder you are not ready to sink into the earth with terror."

"The Duke of Billingsgate?" cried the young man with a gasp of dismay.

"To be sure; but I suppose you never

thought of that," she said.

He grew paler and paler as he looked at her, "Do you know," he said, "it never occurred to me till this moment. But what do I care for the Duke of Billingsgate? I think of nothing, since you will have it, but her, Lady Germaine."

"Innocent! do you think I have not known that for the last two months? When you want m hide anything you should not

put flags up at all your windows."

" Have I put flags up?" He looked at his with colours flying and an illumination in his eyes. He was pleased I think that her exposed himself and proclaimed his charms in this way, like a knight-carant. hope I have not done anything to annoy her," he added in a panic. "Lady Germaine, you will keep my secret till I know

my fate." "Oh, as for keeping your secret--- but from whom are you to know your fate, I

may ank?" Lady Germaine said.

Reginald blushed like a girl all over his face -or rather 📰 reddened like a man, duakily, half-angrily, while his eyes grew more like illuminations than ever. He drew a long breath, making a distinct panse, as a devout Catholic would do to cross himself, before he replied, "From whom? from her; who else?" with a glow of excitement and hope.

Lady Germaine shook her head. "Oh, you innocent!" she cried; "oh, you baby! I there II any other word that expresses utter simplicity and foolishness let me call you that. Her! that is all very well, that is easy enough. But what are you to say to her father?—oh, you simpleton!—her father, that is the question."

"I presume, Lady Germaine," said the lover, assuming an air of superior knowledge and lofty sentiment, "I presume that if I am so fortunate as to persuade her to listen to me, which heaven knows I am doubtful enough of !—that in that case her father——"

"Would easy to manage, you think?" she said with scornful toleration of his folly.

The young man looked at her with that ineffable air of imbecility and vanity which no man can escape at such a crisis, and made her a little bow of acquiescence. Her tone, her air made him aware that she had no doubt of his success in the first instance, and this gave him a sudden intoxication. A father! What was a father? If she once gave him authority to speak to her father would not all be said?

"Oh, you goose?" said Lady Germaine again; "oh, you ignoramus? You are so silly that I am obliged to call you names. Do you know who the Duke of Billingsgate is? Simply the proudest man in England. He thinks there is nobody under the blood royal that is good enough for his child."

"And he is quite right! I am of the same opinion," said Winton; then he paused and gave her a look in which, notwithstanding his gravity and enthusiasm, there was something comic. "But then," he added, "the blood royal, that is not always the symbol of perfection, and then—"

symbol of perfection, and then-"
"And then-? You think, of course, that you have something to offer which a

royal duke might not possess?"

"Perhaps," said Winton, looking at her again with a sort of friendly defiance; and then his eyes softened with that in which he feit himself superior to any royal duke or potentate; the something which was worthy of Lady Jane, let all the noble fathers in the world do their worst against him. He was not alarmed by all that Lady Germaine had said. Most likely he did not realise it. His mind went away even while she was speak-

ing. She had heart enough to approve of this and to perceive that Winton felt as a true lover ought feel, but she was half provoked all the same, and anxious how it was all to turn out.

"Do be a little practical," she said; "try for a moment to leave her out of the question. What are you going to say to the Duke?

That is what I want to know."

"How can I tell you?" said Winton; "how can I speak at all on such a subject? If I am to be so happy as I have anything I all to say to the Duke: —why then—the occasion will inspire me," he added after a pause. "I cannot even think now what in such circum-

stances I should say."

Lady Germaine gave up with a sigh all attempt to guide him. "Then I must just wash my hands of you," she said, with a sort of despair; "indeed, in any case I don't know what I could have done for you. shall be blamed, of course. The Duke will turn upon me, I know; but, thank heaven, I have nothing to fear from the Duke, and I don't see what I can be said to have to do with the business. You met only in the ordinary way at my house. I never planued meetings for you, nor schemed to bring you together. Indeed, I never thought of such a thing at all. Lady Jone who has refused the first matches in the kingdom, what could have led me to suppose that she would turn her eyes upon you !"

Now though Winton said truly that he thought the Duke quite right in expecting the very best and highest of all things for his child, yet it was not in the talking of man not to be somewhat piqued when he heard himself spoken of in this tone of slight, and almost contempt. True, he would have desired for her sake to have more and finer gifts to lay at her feet, but still such as he was, was not after all so contemptible as Lady Germaine seemed to imply. He could not help a little movement of self-vindication.

"I am not aware on what ground you can be blamed," he said coldly, "since you are good enough to admit me to your society at all. Perhaps that was a mistake; and yet I don't know that I have done anything to shut

the doors of my friends against me."

"This is admirable," said Lady Germaine; "you first, and the Duke afterwards. Never mind, you will probably come we yourself in half an hour or so, and beg my pardon. I give we have beforehand. But at the same time let me advise you for your own good, to think a little what you are going to say to the Duke when you ask him for his daughter.

for being rude me, I was aware of that. Yes, yes, I forgive you. But pay attention to

what I say."

Winton thought over this conversation several times in the course of the next twentyfour hours, but his mind was very much occupied with another and much more important matter. He thought so much of Lady Jane that had little time to spare for any consideration of her father. True, he himself was only a commoner of an undistinguished family; but III had the sustaining consciousness of being very well off-and Duke's daughters had been known to marry commoners before now without any special commotion on the subject. He was a great deal more occupied with the first steps in the matter than with any subsequent ones. He had to find out where Lady Jane was going and to contrive to get invitations to the same places, for it was the height of the season, and they were all in London. The Duchess did not throw herself into the vortex. She went only to the best houses; she gave only stately entertainments, which the Duke made a point of; therefore it was more difficult to where Lady Jane was going than is usually the case with the ordinary Lady James of society. It took her lover most of his time to arrange these opportunities of seeing her, and at each successive one he made up his mind to determine his fate. But it is astonishing how many accidents intervene when such a decision has been come to. Sometimes it was an impertinent spectator who would obtrude himself or herself upon them. Sometimes it was the impossibility of finding a nook where any such serious conversation could be carried on. Sometimes the frivolity of the surrounding circumstances kept him silent; for who would, if he could help it, associate that wonderful moment of his existence with nothing better than the chatter of the ball-room? And once when every circumstance favoured him, his heart failed and M did not dare put his fortune to the touch. How could be think of the father while
the agitation of uncertainty as how his suit would be looked upon by the daughter? During this moment of hesitation the Duchess herself once asked him to dinner, and when he found himself set

It will not me so easy a matter as you seem before, and was conscious of such a chill of to think. Oh yes, of course, you are sorry doubt and alarm as made his heart sink within him. But the Duchess was markedly kind, and a glance from Lady lane's soft eyes, suffused with a sort of liquid light, sent him up again into a heaven of hope. Next morning they met by chance in the park, very early, before the world of fashion was out of doors. She was taking a walk attended by her maid, and explained, with a great deal of unnecessary embarrasament, that she missed her country exercise and had longed for a little fresh air. The consequence was that the maid was sent away to do some small commissions, and with a good deal of alarm, but some guilty happiness, Lady Jane found herself alone with her lover. It did not require a very long time or many words to make matters clear between them. Did she not know already all that he had wanted so long to say? One word made them both aware of what they had been communicating meach other for months past. But though this explanation was so soon arrived at, the details took a long time | disentangle-and there was a terrible amount of repetition and comparison of feelings and circumstances. It was nearly the hour for luncheon when he accompanied her home, with a heart so full of exultation and delight and pride, that had still no room for any thought of the Duke or fear of what he might say. Even after he had parted from his love, Winton could not withdraw his mind from its much more agreeable occupation to think of the Duke. had begged that she might tell her mother first, and that he should wait to hear from them before taking any further step. But he was to meet them that evening at one of the parties to which he had schemed to be inwited on her account. And with every vein thrilling with his morning's happy work, and the anticipation of seeing her who was now his, in the evening, how could any young lover be expected to turn from his happiness to the thought of anything less blessed? The day passed like a dream; everything in it tended towards the moment which he should see her again. It would be like a new world to see her again. When they met in the morning she was almost terrible to him, a queen who could send him into everlasting banishment. When he met her now he would see in her his wife, wonderful thought, down in the centre of the table, far from the his own! The place of meeting was in magnates who glittered at either end, and far one of the crowds of London society, from Lady Jane who was the star of the where all the world is-but Wilton saw whole entertainment, Winton felt his humility nothing except those soft eyes which were and insignificance as he had never felt them looking for him. How their hands met, in

what seemed only the ordinary greeting to never could part again! They did not say much, and she did not even venture, except by a momentary glance now and then, to meet his eye. There was scarcely even opportunity for a whisper on his part to ask what he was to do, for as he stooped for this purpose to Lady Jane's ear, the Duchess, who was looking very serious, but who had a finger upon his arm.

"Mr. Winton," she said, "I should like III other people, clasping each other as if they see you to-morrow about twelve. I have something to say to you." She had looked very grave, but at the end brightened into a smile, yet shook her head, "I don't know what to say to you," she added hurriedly; " there will be dreadful difficulties in the way.

To-morrow at twelve I he seemed to tread upon difficulties and crush them under his feet as he went home that evening; but with not refused shake hands with him, laid the morning a little thrill of apprehension

WOOING SLEEP. THE OF

BY J. MORTIMER GRANVILLE, M.D.

some business; and the time so spent is, many worn and worried folk, productive of incomparably more misery than the worst paroxysm of "temper disease," which Marshall Hall attributed the mauresis quart d'Acure before dinner. Except in very rare cases and under very special conditions. a temper irritated by hunger quickly mends when the meal is at length participated; whereas the sleep that too tardily comes to a bmin both excited and exhausted by long and thresome "trying to go to sleep," does not always compensate the toil and pain of wooing it. The subject of the present paper is not sleep; that has been discussed elsewhere. What I have now to say relates to the troubles and dangers often encountered on the way to sleep, and in the period which immediately precedes it; but it may be permitted me remark that the measure of the rest ultimately enjoyed, and the effects, of repose, experienced on awakening, very much depend on the mode of sleep induction. Sleep is not a simple condition, although it is one of the most regularly recurrent of bodily and mental states. It is a function compounded of several minor functions, to be performed by component parts of the organism, and unless these occur, or are elicited. simultaneously, true sleep is impossible.

In the natural course of events every part of the organism should be weary when the accustomed hour for sleep comes round, and, without trouble or difficulty, the consciousness ought to be suspended, and the compound physico-mental being Julled to drug, are not more likely sleep without sleep; but, unfortunately, we do not-per- this help on the eighth or fifteenth night haps it should be said cannot—live natural than they were on the first night of the adlives, and it therefore vain-in the sense of ministration, unless the habit of deferred

WAITING at the ivery gate is a weari- and wholly rational persons have m tell about the nightly endcavour to woo sleep | one of habitual difficulty and disappointment. That word habitual is generally the key to the enigma. The true and only cause of the trouble experienced is that those who suffer thus have formed a habit of trying to sleep and of failing. The failing is quite as much a part of the habit as the trying! They are not unhealthy, and no reason exists for their sleeplessness-or rather the postponement of their sleep—except the fact that the nervous centres and system have been unintentionally and unconsciously trained go through the process which so much distresses and perplexes the consciousness. In some cases, though these are few, the habit may be broken through by the recourse **A** sleeping draught, which acts-when it seems to remedy the evil-by interrupting the morbid train of events; but if this effect is not produced within a very limited number of nights, the plan of treatment is not successful, and the continued administration of the drug employed cannot fail

do harm.

It is only by breaking the habit of sleepleasness the use of stupelying drugs-which produce effects that mimic sleep-can work a cure. When the nervous centres are narcotised or stupefied they are not in a condition to learn any new habit. It is, therefore, obviously impossible to train the organism to sleep well by the aid of sleeping draughts. The brain and nervous system, which have slept regularly for a week or a formight with the aid of a stupelying being unreasonable—to expect natural experi-ences. The story which many fairly healthy terrupted. This may macertained by the

should on no account be repeated. It is uscless, and it is likely to do harm. The brain has been rendered inactive each night by the circulation through its vessels of drugpoisoned blood, and now, when this dosing is stopped, it is found that the old habit is reproduced. is accordingly evident that this habit must be so organized in the nervous system that no mere temporary suspension of brain or nerve function will suffice for its obliteration or eradication, and other means must be adopted. It is important that the multitude of persons, to whom sleep comes slowly and with difficulty, and who have recourse to sleeping pills or potions, should understand this. The practice of habitual blood-poisoning with opiates, chloral, and bromide of potassium or bromide of ammonium, is, unfortunately, widespread, but | | irrational and its effects are injurious. The only legitimate use of these drugs is to fulfil a special and passing purpose; namely, either to allay some sensation of pain by narcotising the organ that feels pain, or, as I have pointed out, to break the chain of a bad habit. If the desired result—that is the resumption of the natural habit of sleep without the aid of drugs-does not follow immediately after the brief use and prompt discontinuance of a sleep-potion it will never be gained in this way, and to continue the "remedy" is to put it to an evil purpose. A systematic possoning of the nervous centres by drugs, intended to produce or in-duce sleep, is fully as had as habitual dramdrinking, and, in the end, will as certainly injure the nervous centres which it is taken to overpower.

The only safe and successful way of curing the habit of sleeplessness, or of abnormally delayed sleep, is to train the brain and nervous system again, as they were-or ought to have been-trained in infancy, to perform the function of sleeping naturally and without the aid of drugs whose effects may counterfeit sleep, but which can no more produce than stimulation by alcohol can produce true happiness. Let us see how this re-education may be accomplished. The subjective stages of the endeavour - "go to sleep" are-1, an effort to compose the mind, and, as | erroneously supposed, to subdue the senses; z, a period of expectancy during which sleep is more or less eagerly anticipated; 3. surprise and disappointment because it does not come, which presently sets up a state of mental, sensory,

omission of the drug for a single night, when, and in the end motor, irritability, that if sleep does not occur naturally, the soporific renders sleep, or even restful quiescence, impossible. The method of re-education with useless, and it is likely to do harm. The brain a view to form a new habit of going to sleep naturally, will be evolved in the study of these the circulation through its vessels of drug-

which sleep is retarded.

What is called "composing the mind" for sleep is actually an obstructive, and in a sense a destructive, process. When the body placed in the recumbent position, the heart's action becomes less forcible and less ficquent. The pulsations of the circulating current are reduced by some eight or ten in the minute, and the flow of blood through the vessels is proportionally slower; but the head, which was previously much higher than the rest of the body, is now nearly on the same level, and, as a consequence, the force or impulse of the current through the. blood-vessels is not so much reduced as is the rate of its progress. The result of this state of matters is simply slower rather than less earnest mental activity. And this is very apt to produce a tendency to dally with the subjects of thought, and to worry the consciousness by vexatious or vain repetitions. If immediately after the change of position, i.e. lying down, which naturally produces these consequences, the consciousness sets itself to "compose the mind," the effect is more likely to be the establishment of a distressful and self-worrying condition than that tranquil and almost passive musing into which the would-be sleeper desires to bring himself. It is not wrong to compose the mind; but this should be done before retiring to rest and laying the head on the pillow. The last hour, or, under any conditions, the last half-hour of the day, should be habitually devoted to peaceful and thoughtsteadying occupations. It ought not to be spent in exciting mental exercises, whether amusing or destructive. Many well-meaning persons greatly err by making the last period of waking thought a time of self-examination and moral self-abasement. These are mind-processes at no season healthful, and positively harmful when they are undertaken immediately before the hour of rest. Then as to the subduing of the senses, the attempt = shut out external impressions, by deafening the ears, closing the eyes, and lowering the sensibilities generally, is in itself a frequently recognisable, and always possible, cause of persistent wakefulness. The effort to compose the mind and subdue the activity of the senses is made by the higher mental faculty, a part or function of the organism

which, of all others, needs to be itself restful in order that the physico-mental being may sleep. It is, therefore, obvious that an endeavour

■ go ■ sleep is a mistake. For example, when the Will makes an effort to dull the ear, the mental sense behind the sense organ 🔳 thrown into a condition of listening and tension. The power of hearing is not diminished, but, as it were, restricted in its range and in its heightened sensibility—as the vibratile capacity of a musical reed may be raised by reducing the length of the fibre along which its vibrations are propagated. Noises that would not previously have been noticed are perceived, and become sources of annoyance. This intensifying of the sensations in the attempt = to sleep, of which most persons are conscious, Il doubtless partly due to the quiet that prevails in the house and bedchamber; but there is also an increase of the susceptibility of the perceptive faculty, frequently to such an extent that the ticking of a watch or the tapping of an insect behind the wall paper will not only be heard, but be actually painful. So it is with sight; when the eyelids are closed the inner-mental sense of vision becomes increasingly acute, and the field of sight is soon crowded with grotesque and rapidly changing images. worrying effect of this phantasmagoria is a too familiar experience of the sleep-waiter. All the mental senses are in like manner stimulated, and their acuteness intensified, by the endeavour to lower the sensibility of the sense-organs. The mental sense of smell may be rendered so keen that the scarcely perceptible odour of bed-linen will prove offensive, Taste may be so stimulated that the natural moisture of the mouth becomes loathsome. General sensation may be so intensified that a rough thread in a sheet, or a little stream of cold air finding its way under the coverlet, will occasion the most irritating experience.

In short, the whole process of attempted sense-subduing unnatural and opposed to the dictates of reason. No such effort ong to be made. External quiet should be secured, if quiet me personally agreeable, and whether light or darkness be preferable must depend on the idiosyncracy. No control ought be exercised over the senses. The cyclicks should not be closed, but allowed to droop when weary. There should be no resolution to rd sounds, or suppress sensations

The surroundings being consonant with the "feel-

my kind.

of sleep, without the striving which, in truth, is the principal cause of wakefulness. This is why I often happens that persons who cannot sleep in bed by night will drop off to sleep readily in a chair by day. It is the effort to sleep that keeps off slumber, and when there is no effort sleep comes naturally. If the endeavour to sleep is made, as soon as it commences expectancy begins, and, paradoxical as I may seem, the consciousness actually kept awake to watch for sleep! This watchfulness, arising out of the eagerness of the desire for sleep and the intensity of the effort made to woo it, throws the mind into a state | tensive anticipation incompatible with somnolence. Then comes the period of restless and irritated disappointment, in which the mind is so vexed, the brain so excited, and the organism, as a whole, thrown into such a state of unitability, that the best thing to do in to rise and take a bath, or wash from head w feet, with the double purpose of allaying the excitement and inducing a more peaceful mood by physical exercise.

Re-education in the process of "going to sleep "must consist, first, in the abandonment of artificial modes and ways of wooling sleep, and the breaking up of bad and mischievous habits of thought and feeling associated with the endeavour to sleep. Second, it must consist in the recourse to simple and natural methods. As the child sleeps, the adult should aleep, because 🔳 is "sleepy," when he is weary, at regularly recutring periods and without any of the troublesome and oppressive or disquieting preparations with which grown-up people generally-and particularly bad or difficult sleepers-surround and embarrass themselves. The most ready and effective cure for the sleeplessness from which so many suffer, would be a change of circumstances and conditions entailing work during the earlier and middle portions of the day, and such a postponement of sleep as would render the mind passive concerning it, while so weary as to ready to rest when the opportunity offered. If those who are alcepless or whose sleep is delayed by the difficulty of "wooing sleep," could only bring themselves to abolish the accustomed forms and inductive processes of sleeping, and lead less self-anxious and more uniformly active lives, there would if fewer complaints of difficulty in going to eleep, and the sleep that came without being laboriously wooed and waited for, would better and more useful to body metter, disregarded, mind and and mind, because it would be the physicleft to take their chance logical rest which the organism requires.

THE GOLDEN SHAFT.

By CHARLES GIBBON, AUTHOR OF "RORDS GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," MYC.

CHAPTER VI .- "FINE WEATHER."

No! that would never do! So Armour assured himself whenever his heart, inclined to turn from the direction of the village into that of Torthorl House. No, that would never do: although he had obtained a free pass win her favour, if he could, he had not won her yet. He did not were to meet at that moment. wish to startle her by too bold an advance: the gentle, steady nature which shone in her eyes was not one to play with love. She was not one to desecrate that holy sentiment by giving its title **a**ny whim which a random touch on some spring of vanity might evoke. Love would be to her as I was to him, the

grave surrender of Self-the union with

another of all that was good in thought and

aspiration.

But how was he to inspire such a sentiment-how was he to deserve it? He was ready to give a life's devotion for it; but there was no great deed he could do give immediate proof of his sincerity and worthiness. Paper-making was a very respectable business, and, so far, he had found it a profitable one; but there was nothing in it calculated to arouse special admiration, and what he wanted was something which could not be influenced by a bank-book. If he could only find some noble work to do at once i -something that would make her pulse

was quickened by thoughts of her! "It's a fine day," said a passing carter.)

Alas, was not a soldier, a sailor, a member of parliament--not even a poet or a political fanatic-and these appeared to be the only classes of people who could procure prompt recognition of their merits. He was only a commonplace, steady-going workman; he never thought of his personal advantages How was to act? There was nothing for driving a nail home. him but to fall back, as all true lovers have done before and will do again, upon the mour as he halted. simple fact—he loved her; he wished her to love him. That was all he knew—he loved her, and had no particular reason for it; he wanted her I love him, and he was not aware of any particular reason why she should do so. Love could not be earned; but I might be in some measure deserved. XXIII—6

("A raci fine day," said a passing

farmer.)

He held straight on his course, the runlight making all things bright around him, his steps, involuntarily obeying the wish of and the glorious song of love's hope singing merrily in his ears. The day would pass: he would be calmer when they met in the evening, and not likely make such a fool of himself, as he felt sure III would do if they

"We'll hae the finest bars't we've had mony a year if this weather keeps up."

That was Tawtie Pate. Armour's eyes were clear, but they had no sight for any one, his ears no sense of any sound save that within, and he passed this friendly greeting as unconscious of wutterance as he had passed the other salutations. Tawtie Pate was so much amazed by this unusual lack of courtesy that he wheeled his clumsy body round and stared after the retiring figure, meditatively smoothing his greasy chin with his big band the while.

"Ay, what's wrang, I wonder?" he inquired of himself with as much sententions gravity as if he had been putting the matter before one of his cronies. "It canna be that he's ower prood to speak. Na, there's something wrang, I'm doubtin';-maybe he hasna got the order for Deacon Simpson's pokes!"

Deacon Simpson was the principal grocer and general merchant of Thornichowe, and throb with joy to know that in doing it he the paper pokes, or bags, in which his wares were done up represented a large item of expenditure to Pate's mind.

> Another friend, however, would not allow him to pass, and his cars were at length

penetrated by a loud shoat:

"I'm sayin'; " but the voice did not say anything more until Armour turned and same Gow, the smith, in front of his workshop, with a horse's hoof between his knees, his having any effect upon her. What then? hammer poised as if arrested in the act of

"Were you speaking, Gow?" asked Ar-

"Speakin'! I was roaring mysel' hacree. Maybe there's a fire doon your way, or a funeral,"

"I hope not; but there are otl to be in a hurry about."

"I daumay—riches, for ex

" But not shoeing horses."

"Ou, whiles. But I was sayin' there's Hugh Fenwick gane into the fire to light his seegar, and as he saw you comin' skelpin'

alang he tell't me to gie you a cry."

Although Fenwick was the son of a laird and likely one day to be the proprietor of considerable property, Gow never dreamed of putting any prefix to his name. "Mister" and "squire" were symbols only used on formal occasions, and their absence was no

mark of disrespect.

Fenwick came from the dingy depths of , the smiddy, and stood in the doorway smoking a cigar. Rusty cart-wheels and mon rods; disabled reaping machines and broken-down ploughs; harrows lacking teeth, and other invalid agricultural implements-all the signs of working life, surrounded him; but there was nothing of the worker in his appearance. He was a "neat" person; not a fop exactly, but one who evidently prided himself upon being always well-dressed, and m smart as fashion and the tallor could make him. Still, he knew when to wear gloves. He presented a combination of some of the chief outward characteristics of the young man about town who knew much more than "a thing or two" and the sporting man, with an occasional dash of the "sharp" business man.

Some women thought him good looking. A wiry, well-knit figure of average height; very blue eyes, fair skin, fair hair cut short, moustuche, beard and thin whiskers carefully trimmed. He was an agrecable acquaintance and a pleasant companion indoors as well as out. Satisfied that he possessed the capacity requisite to distinguish himself in any course if he only cared to try, he had succeeded in convincing others that he had this rare endowment, and was content to rest there. The Bar, the Church, or Parliament would have opened wide doors for his triumphal entrance, but he did not care to enter yet. A parliamentary career was vaguely held in reserve as a mobable subject of future consideration, and trade of some sort had been thought of more than once. But there was no hurry; he could not tie himself down yet. He had so many sources of interest and so many friends to visit that no one could tell where he might turn up on a given day, and he was fond of giving people little surprises.

sions, of course; he would have smiled superci-

get about. He had been of almost every notable place on the Continent; he had been at New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. He had studied Murray's guides, and he understood Bradshaw. He knew the points of a horse, and he could take the measure of a woman with pitiless accuracy—at least, 🔤 thought so; and pitiless the measure was sure to be whether accurate or not. education had been altogether of a most liberal character.

He had early displayed an acute appreciation of the comforts and blessings money could buy. He liked his friends to be rich, and he said so-not boastfully, but in frank confidence. He liked his friends to believe that his wealth and everything that was his were ten times more and better than he knew them to be. He did not say they were so: he delighted in exercising the faculty, which was undoubtedly one of his gifts, of making half-truths imply an absolute falsehood, whilst if any after-question arose no one could charge him with having spoken one word that was not true. This was "smart;" it was genius! It certainly amused him, and he believed that he sometimes found the art useful.

"I knew that you were home again," said Armour as they shook hunds, " for the fiscal has just told me that you are to be at Torthorl this evening."

"Oh, then you are to be there too. thought it was to be a quiet pot-luck affair. Is it to be one of Mrs. Musgrave's gatherings

of the county families?"

"I believe not," was the cheering reassur-

"I'm glad. I can stand a good deal, but the county family business is too much joy."

Fenwick had a pleasing voice, and usually spoke in a low tone; but as captain of the local volunteers his word of command range out more clearly than that of other officers.

"Perhaps you are wishing you had been with us yesterday," said Armour, amused by

the other's affectation.

"What, with the British Ass. people? No,

thank you."

"You would not have objected would not had seen the bonnie faces we had with us | our

studious diversions."

"I should have objected all the more. He had travelled a good deal-the slap- The aged blue-stocking is bad, but the young dash kind of travel-not with Cook's excur- and pretty one is a monstrosity if sincere, and an unpardonable humbug if she isn't. liquely, indeed, if any one had suggested that he She middles you with 'ologies, startles you should take advantage of that sensible system with 'isms, and drives you helplessly into the for enabling nervous and economical folk to general asylum for lanatics called the Matrimonial. That is the invariable course ac-

cording my experience.

"Poor chap! I shall pray to be spared your experience of womankind, and in the meanwhile you must make an exception in your sweeping condemnation of our party at least. Miss Musgrave was with us."

Fenwick sent a long wreath of smoke from his mouth, and through it his blue eyes

gazed laughingly at Armour.

"You had me there. Well, I shall make an exception so far as the humbug goes, but none as to the destiny of the man who plays at science or philosophy with such a fellowstudent."

"There, he's shod siccar enough, noo,"

said Gow, dropping the horse's hoof

"All right. I am going your way, Armour." Fenwick put his arm through the bridle, and so leading the horse walked beside his friend.

" Fine feathers mak' fine birds till you come to the eating o' them," reflected Gow as he worked the bellows-handle and, through the smiddy window, observed the two men. " I'm tauld that peacocks are pair feedin'-tough and fusionless for a' braw as they look wi'

their tails spread out."

Armour would gladly have dispensed with the society which was thrust upon him. He wanted to be alone with his glad thoughts of Ellie, and Fenwick, more than any one else could have done, interfered with them. He did not think of him as a rival, for that would have implied serious purpose, and he did not regard Fenwick as one having the capacity for serious purpose of any kind; he doubted if he could be stirred even by serious passion. Besides, it was one of Armour's whimsical notions that there could be no rivalry in love. Rivalry, or competition, was an element of trade which gave success to the trader who could supply the best article at the lowest He regarded the man who could "compete" for affection with a little pity and thorough contempt; and the woman who could put herself up for competition as a poor creature who did not understand what she was doing.

To Fenwick, what he called love-making or "spooning" was an amusement which derived its chief zest from rivalry and the satisfaction of outwitting somebody. Sometimes, he was aware, it involved consequences entailing troublesome responsibilities. These were to be avoided as long as possible, and the game to be enjoyed in the meanwhile; the longer it could ill kept up the more ment

would be due to the player.

They were working out the common problem. Is the relation of man and woman an earnest part of life or only one of its adjuncts?

Consciously silent, they walked side by side through the village, aware that they were thinking of each other; wishful to speak and yet having nothing say. Faith is required to make a silent walk agreeable. Fenwick did not feel it so much as Armour, for he was in no hurry, and he had an object in view; he wanted to know how far the paper-maker was interested in the fiscal's daughter. Armour wished to get away, and was about to say so, when his companion spoke.

"Are you very deeply burned in that

business?"

"In what business?" exclaimed Armour, puzzled more by the nature of the question

than its absorptness.

"You know—Miss Musgrave," replied Fen-wick with a significant smile. "Of course I saw the start you gave when I hinted at the destiny in store for any one who was much with her."

"I should consider the destiny you mention the happiest any man could have. Will

that answer serve you?"
"Perfectly; and I see there is a prospect of a change at the mill soon. Don't mind my chaff, old fellow, you can make fun of me on the same score when the time comes. you are not likely to have the chance of your revenge soon. I doubt if you will ever have

Armour regarded him with an expression of pretended anxiety and sympathy.

"You don't look as if you were the victim

of unrequited love,"

"Scaroely-rather say I have had too much of it and consequently happen to know the real value of the high-faluting rubbish rhymers and story-writers say about true love. It pays them to say it, and it pleases women to resa about the grand passion and devotion which they haven't got. Why, there im't a woman in a thousand worth a serious thought."

"Yes, but every man believes in the thou-

sandth and expects to get her."

"I don't believe in her at all."

"That's a bad job for you, Fenwick. It you have aircady exhausted your affections and your faith in womankind, I see little

happiness left for you here below."

"And I see a great deal, for experience has taught me how mextract the greatest amount of enjoyment out of everything and-everybody. To do that effectively you must not encumber yourself with feeling.

coming impatient of this young man's cyni-

"When I hear you talking in this fushion. I am puzzled make out whether you are deceiving yourself or only trying to deceive me. Have you been disappointed by anybody?"

"I am not conscious of such a misfortune."

"Are you out of sorts in any way?"

"Never was better in my life."

"You may never have been better, but I don't think you are well. You want work."

"Why, I have always more to do than I

can manage."

"I mean real practical work of some kind. 📕 📕 not so much idleness that upsets men as too busy speculations about principles which they are never likely to have to test the value of in practice."

Fenwick laughed heartily at this earnest

tirade.

" "My dear philosopher, you need not have the slightest fear of my being upset by too much speculation of any kind unless it be in horses or stocks. However, I mean to have a try at practical work of some kind soon, and have a notion of offering to become your partner in the mill. What do you think of that?"

"When you make the proposal seriously,

I shall consider it,"

"By Jove, here's Mis. Musgrave's carriage."

CHAPTER VII.—MRS. MUSGRAVE'S CARRIAGE.

EMPHATICALLY it was "Mrs. Musgrave's carriage." At Torthorl and elsewhere, whenever that lady required the vehicle she ordered "My " carriage as if it were a piece of distinctly personal property. The fiscal, in this as in many other things, humoured his wife, and always spoke of " Mrs. Musgrave's carriage." He never got into it himself except under severe pressure; he had his gig or his horse for rapid travelling or long distances; but he had a sturdy preference for "Shanksnaigie," whenever time would permit him to employ that trusty steed. shared her father's predilection for walking. but as she had been accustomed to "Mrs. Musgrave's carriage " from childhood, she did not feel any discomfort in regularly taking her place it beside her mother, although she would wince at times with the consciousness that people were laughing in their sleeves at the prodigious fuss which her parent made about it.

was a handsome carriage, fitted to be

Armour quickened his steps: he was be-used either open or closed; and was always polished and brushed up as if it had recently come out of the builder's hands. was Mrs. Musgrave's hobby: she had long sighed for it and she was able say now that | was her right, for it had been purchased and was maintained out of a small fortune which she had unexpectedly inherited from one of her mother's relatives. The carriage, too, was a visible proof of her condescension in having accepted the hand of Mr. Musgrave and submitted to be exiled from the capital when if she had only waited she might have been one of the leaders of fashionable society there. This reflection, however, did not disturb the placed course of her life; it rather added a particular zest to it. In her case the "might have been," was not a subject of regret, but of a pleasing sensation of mild self-esteem on account of the problematical sacrifice she had made.

Although she had married somewhat late she was still young-looking; and it was her boast that she had not a grey hair in her head; but nobody knew how diligently she weeded her locks every morning. The fiscal, who was professionally and in practice a most unfeeling wag, would start inopportune discussions on the comparative advantages of uprooting and pruning ugly looking plants. Happily no one understood him. In mannor she was stately to a degree-on unpleasant degree some folk thought-as it behoved the daughter of a Lord of Session to be. She walked with precise steps and slow; and she was an authority on all questions of precedence. Mentally she was a "giddy body;" and although they were always companions, the position of mother and daughter was in some respects inverted. The former was the gay, impulsive creature, ready to follow the dictates of any whim; the latter, the grave curb on this too exuberant nature. Like all weak people Mrs. Musgrave could be very obstinate.

When Fenwick first observed the carriage it was some distance down the road, but rapidly approaching them. As it was passing a cottage, a man, half-dressed, rushed out and attempted me cross the road. foot slipped and he fell in front of the horses. The driver was a man of cool head and strong muscles: he pulled the horses back on their haunches and made them swerve to one side, so that although, immediately afterwards, they pranced forward a few paces before being brought to a standstill, the off wheels

merely grazed the man's head.

Ellie was standing up in the carriage, pale

but quiet; Mrs. Musgrave had uttered a scream and flung herself back on the cushions covering her face with a shawl in order to shut out the spectacle of the accident which appeared be inevitable, the moment the man fell

Armour and Fenwick raised him from the ground and he glared dazedly about, his lips and whole body quivering with terror; but he was apparently unconscious of the peril from which he had escaped, and struggled with spasmodic violence to get away from the friendly hands which supported him.

" He quiet, Thorburn," said Armour in a kindly, firm voice, and giving him a slight shake to rouse him out of his confused state.

'Thorburn glanced nervously from side to side and continued his effort seget away.

A woman came running from the cottage.

Babbie Howison, the nurse.

"Oh, Maister Armour, I wasaa a minute out o' the room-and he was that quiet a' the night that I never thought he would try to win out. The fit maun hae taen him directly I turned my back."

"Is he hurt?" inquired Ellie, softly. She had got out of the carriage, and was now beside them. "Poor old man, he seems

greatly frightened."

She haid her hand on his: the touch and the voice had more effect in soothing Thorburn than the strength of his supporters. He became quiet and looked at her with an expression of bewildered inquiry, himself seeking an explanation of what had occurred.

"He is one of my men, Miss Musgrave," and Armonr, "and has been ill. I suppose thought it was time to me work. I don't them."

think he has been hurt by the fall,"

" It was lucky Bryce had the horses so well in hand," added Fenwick; " or the carriage must have gone over him. As it is he has got off without a scratch."

"Without a scratch," exclaimed Mrs. Musgrave, from beneath her shawl. "Wretched man !—he might have upset the carriage ! "

"Oh, Mama, 🖿 might have been killed!"

was Ellie's gentle reproach.

"He might have upset the carriage, I say," repeated Mrs. Musgrave, uncovering her head, and quite unaware of the petulant selfishness of her speech; "and the fiscal shall hear of it. I am surprised at you, Mr. Armour; if he is one of your men you ought to have him taken care of, for he must be insane I have run in front of the horses the way he did. It is only by a miracle that most condescending smiles, as she carefully he has escaped being killed.

Armour had no time to attend to the reprimand. The word "fiscal" had had a galvanic effect upon Thorburn. He had been yielding to Ellic's soothing influence, and was going quietly towards the house; but at that sound he started and sprang forward as if to run away from some invisible danger. He only escaped from the grasp of Armour and Fenwick for a moment, however; and when they took his arms again he was perfectly passive.
"I am ready," he said, or rather breathed,

as if resigning himself to his fate, "Is he

here?"

"Is who here—the fiscal?" asked Ellie, who was the only one quick enough III catch his words and to associate them with her mother's speech. "No, he is not here, and you need not afraid of him. He is my father."

Thorburn raised his dull eyes to her bright

face and looked me her a long time,

"Your father?" he muttered slowly. . . . "You are a bonnie lass. Let him come. I am not afraid."

He smiled feebly, as if in gratitude for her sympathy, and passed into the cottage.

"Here is Lawton: do you think you can stay quietly with him and Babble till I come

back?" said Armour.

"Quite quiet. My head is clearing again," answered Thorburn, with a wistful expression of regret at his inability to convince them that he might be trusted. "You cannot understand, but you will find that I have been quiet when you come back. I heard her and forgot again. That is all. Tell the he got out of bed when half-awake and ladies I am sorry for having frightened

Armour was satisfied, and quitted the cottage with Fenwick. The latter took his horse from the lad to whom he had thrown the bridle when he ran forward = assist Thorburn.

"What | the matter with the old boy? He seems a rum customer," Fenwick said

as they advanced to the carriage.

"A common story; some trouble; thenliquor—first a friend, and by-and-by proving itself the devil is in his rain-body and mind. The man is not hurt at all, Mrs. Musgrave, and he bids me tell you that he sorry for having frightened you. I hope the shock has not upset you very much."

" It did startle me very much indeed, Mr. Armour," she answered, with one of her re-arranged her shawl; "and, as you would say, as no bones are broken, we must be thankful."

"Will you not come into the house and

rest for a few minutes?"

"No, thank you; it is not necessary. Mr. Fenwick will accompany us part of our way and help us to regain our composure. My compliments to Mrs. Armour. Good morning."

And the carriage drove away.

CHAPTER VIII .-- TORTHORL HOUSE.

SHE was extremely polite; he wished she could have been less so; but then Mrs. Musgrave was a nervous woman and, naturally enough, much excited by what had occurred. Her manner towards him could not have been influenced by his conversation with the fiscal, for she could not yet have heard of it. That consoled him.

"Poor body-Fenwick will soon put her into good humour with some pretty words about her looks. Maybe he will tell her that she displayed great presence of mind !"

That notion tickled Armour and made him forget the twinge of envy with which he had seen Fenwick riding off beside the carriage and Ellie. He hoped he would reserve all his flattery for the mother. There were advantages in having nothing to do but what happened to be most in accord with one's own wishes. However, the evening would come and he should be happy—but he wished he could get that smart young man out of his head. Now he came to think of it Fenwick looked much more like a suitable match for Ellie than he did: the son of a laird, accustomed to the ways of society, elever in the little arts which please women and-what absurd fancles were these? No. Penwick was not a suitable match for Ellie, and if she could ever come to think him so-why, then he was terribly mistaken. He would dismiss at once the uncomfortable suggestions 'made by the picture of Fenwick beside the carriage; but it was still vivid in his mind's eye and flashed before him at intervals throughout the day with irritating insistence. Midges are not very terrible creatures, but they are troublesome.

Meanwhile he had to see Thorburn again, and went hastily into the cottage. found him in bed and singularly calm.

"I am a nuisance," muttered Thorburn, moving his head uneasily as his master approached. "Don't bother about me-I'll get better the sooner. I hate giving trouble."

"We won't take any more trouble than Grannie, moving indoors. we can help; but we want to get you on your

feet again, and you must obey orders. What made you go out?"

"I thought I was wanted. Only a delu-

sion-no one wants me."

"We want you to get well at any rate, and to do that you must keep quiet. Mrs. Howi-, son will take care of you, and if there I anything you think I can do for you, tell me."

Thorburn was silent and looked almost sulky; but gradually the gloom cleared from

his face.

"I should like to see Musgrave's daughter again if she is passing this way and want abaid to come in."

"I am to see her to-night and will tell her. She is sure to come if you very much wish it."

"You are to see her to-night," said the invalid reflectively; "you are going there, I suppose, and the fiscal will be inquiring about me."

"I dare say; but that need not disturb

you."

"No; that need not disturb me."

He closed his eyes weariedly, as 🖩 wishful to sleep, and Armour with a pitying nod of the head turned to Babble Howison and Lawson. It was arranged that one of the latter's children should remain at hand to run messages for the nurse and to give warning if assistance should be required. Then Armour hastened to his own house.

Grannie was at the door waiting for him, a grave expression on her face. reached her side she drew breath as if re-

lieved.

"I'm glad he's better noo. You was an

awfu' business."

"You know all about it, then," he exclaimed. "I believe you have a brownie in special attendance on you, Grannie, for you know everything that goes on as soon as if you had the eyes and ears of all the gossips in Thornichowe."

"I hope you werena' angry wi' him."

"Angry with him !-- just now?" "I ought to hae said, I hoped you didng! show him that you werena' pleased wi' him."

"I forgot that I had been displeased with him. And now I have good news, make for the bad. Can you guess what it is ?"

"Easy enough, even if you hadna' tell't e what you expected. You hae been to me what you expected. Torthorl and haens' had "No" for answer."

"That's it-Musgrave agrees, and I am almost as happy as if she had spoken the word hemelf."

"I'm mel glad: it makes you happy," said

She was not so elated as he had expected

Even a "pot-luck" dinner party at Torthorl was an affair of some state. At one time the fiscal had vainly endeavoured to make I otherwise; but me had long since ceased all efforts and appeals to that end, resigned himself | the inevitable, and now rather enjoyed the fun of the ceremonious

arrangements of Mrs. Musgrave.

"If the guidwife had nothing but tawties and saut to offer you," he once said to an old friend, "she would make you feel as much honoured and as uncomfortable as if you were at a grand banquet for the first time. whiles get a plain chop by conspiring with the kitchen folk; but if the mistress just gets an inkling of what's going on, up comes my poor bit of mutton smothered in frills and shrivelled up with fear at its grand name. But it pleases her, and there are folk who like it."

Notwithstanding this element of excessive formality Torthorl was acknowledged to be a most hospitable house: a good dinner and good wine make amends for the stiffestbacked chairs, and Mr. Musgrave's warmth and jocose ways made amends for Mrs. Musgrave's overwhelming dignity. However homely the invitation might profess the entertainment to be, dressing was absolutely neces-One ignorant man, who had been beguiled by the fiscal's declaration that he was only coming to share the family kail, appeared in a morning cost and gave such offence to the hostess that he never regained her favour. Mrs. Musgrave affirmed that it was absolutely impossible for any gentlemen eat his dinner without a dress coat.

"Very true, Euphemia," said her husband meekly; "and I have known gentlemen carry the principle so far as to dine on their dress coats—with the help of an uncle."

Mrs. Musgrave opened her eyes but declined to see any joke. To him she would say indignantly:

"You are a perfect sayage on this subject, Richard."

"No, not just that. I would not care to come to table quite in savage costume.

"You are too shocking, Richard," she would exclaim, and seek the refreshing aid of her scent-hottle. The mental picture of the burly fiscal in feathers and paint was almost too much for her t

To others she would speak applogetically of her husband, and yet with that gracious smile which reminded you that he was a great man, thanks to her, and that she was

to be congratulated on the fact,

" My husband i such a violent Republican. my dear, that he detests all those forms peculiar to people of rank. He only aubmits to them at all for my sake, and he we really very kind in yielding the point for me. sometimes half wish we were in America: I am sure he would be made president.

And she did believe it, for in the abstract and on serious questions she had a kind of vague respect for the fiscal; but in the copcrete and on minor matters she had a lofty contempt for his judgment and taste. He seldom interfered with her, preferring to let many reprehensible trifles pass unnoticed rather than have a fuss made about them; and the immunity thus obtained-which practically allowed her to have her own way in everything—was interpreted by her as meaning that she was a perfect wife and manager. That idea pleased her, and selfsatisfaction obtained for him the peace which he could never have secured by any other course of conduct: it also provided him with much secret amusement.

When Armour entered the drawing-room, Ellie and the minister, Mr. Moffat, were together examining some engravings contained in a large portfolio; Mr. Musgrave and Fenwick were standing on the hearthrug, the latter twirling the end of his moustache and looking blankly at the opposite wall; the former, with his hands fastened behind him as if he were still swinging his umbrella and apparently waiting for his companion II speak. Fenwick always found it difficult to converse with Mr. Musgrave, he had such a heavy, sprawling way of putting his big paw upon the thin witticisms and cheap cynicism of this accomplished young man. He was therefore relieved by the arrival of Armour, as a enabled him to escape from his host and utilise his acquaintance with the show places of the world in his comments upon the engravings which His and the minister were looking at.

Presently the door swung open, and everybody stood at attention as Mrs. Musgrave entered. There was one excellent trait in her character: she never allowed people to there had been no complimentary interrupwait for their dinner, and was therefore announced immediately after her appearance. As she was taking the minister's arm, she said with much sweetness:

"Mr. Fenwick, you will take --

But she was interrupted by her husband addressing his daughter:

"Come away, my Ba-ba lamb, and the shepherd will mind you himself. You two

laddies can look after each other."

Mrs. Musgrave had no opportunity to check this alteration of her plans, as the minister was already deep in an account of some recent archaeological discoveries; and in a few minutes they were all seated in the dining-room.

As Fenwick was placed on the left of the hostess and Ellic on her father's right, they were side by side. This satisfied Mrs. Musgrave, and enabled her to smile graciously and exclaim, "How very remarkable!" as if she had been attending to the minister all the time. Armour was of course opposite Ellie, and that was almost better than being beride her.

There could be no silence at table when Mr. Moffat was present. He was a welcome guest everywhere on account of his unflagging good spirits and ceaseless flow of talk on every subject, scientific, political, or literary. He was the good genius of awkward and absent-minded hosts, and no dinner party of which he formed one had ever been called dull. So he rattled on now; and by the time the champagne glasses had been filled a second time the pleasant hum of conversation indicated that everybody was in a complacent Under cover of this fire Ellie took occasion to ask Armour about Thorburn.

"I am glad to say he is improving as rapidly as can be expected. He m perfectly sensible, and has sent a message to you."

"To me? I did not think he would have

remembered me."

"He does, and he would like 🐚 see you again if you are not too much afraid to enter his lair."

"What could make him wish to see me?" "I don't know. He is a whimsical fellow

and very earnest lithis request."

"I do not think there is snything whimsical in desiring to see Miss Musgrave," broke in Fenwick, "I should regard the request as a proof that he is an old fellow of excellent taste. I wouldn't mind being ill myself I she would come to see me."

Ellie continued her conversation as

tion, and Fenwick finding himself unattached gave his attention impartially to whoever spoke loud enough ■ attract it. The minister and the fiscal lad the most of as Ellie and Armour spoke under their heavy fire.

"I would like to see him again, and if it will please him that I so much the better,

What is the cause of his illness?"

The doctor says his nervous system has had a severe shock, and he has been frequently off work for a day or two, but I never knew him to be so bad as | at present, He is wonderfully clever, but most eccentric and unmanageable in his ways."

"I thought he was something more than

an ordinary workman."

"And he is. He has seen better days, but he has given us very few details of his career, and I have never pressed him on the subject as any reference to the past always appeared to cause him so much pain. He has told us that he was long in America, and from incidental observations I have gathered that he has been at different times connected with newspapers and theatres, besides having hunted for fortune at the gold diggings. His life must have been a droll one if we can judge from his ways and remarks. He is an inventor too, and if he could only manage to finish something I believe he would do well. But when he has nearly completed a model for some project which would bring him a fortune if properly worked, he drops it from his hands, goes off for a walk, or sits down at his piano, and forgets all about it. Sometimes he displays an uncontrollable desire for wealth, and immediately afterwards proves that he is utterly indifferent to it."

A laugh from the other party dominated by the minister's shrill note, interfered with Mr. Moffat's subjects the conversation. were theoretically tabulated and led out in regular order with the progress of the ment; and practically came out whenever they pleased. This was his course: r. With soup and fish, conversation, antiquarian. 2. With entrées scientific. 3. With joint political. 4. With game or odd dishes-literary. With sweets—general. 6. With dessert and wine-anecdotal. He had not deliberately constructed a formulary like this himself, but his friends had noted that this was the course his conversation generally ran. At present he had arrived at the literary stage, and was commenting upon books of reminiscences.

"I repeat it," he was saying with a shrill carnesiness which would have made a stranger think he had lost his temper; " those

mostly the product of stupid adulation infixted with vanity, and the great man suffers general respect in consequence. Look what a bombastic self-conscious ass they make every man of brains appear-a creature always on show. I reminds me of one of those automaton figures which go through certain mechanical movements as soon as you have dropped a penny into the box to start the clock-work. So, according to these books, you drap your letter of introduction into the great man's box, he moves across the stage for your amusement, spouting his prepared epigrams, and more anxious to be startling than truthful. That is not true of any man worth remembering."

And the minister proceeded to give illustrations of the kind of books which had

roused his ire.

"Where did you find this strange man?" Ellie resumed as soon as opportunity offered. "It was Mr. Moffat who found him and brought him to me."

"Who is that you are talking about?" in-

quired the fiscal.

"Thorburn, who was nearly run over this morning by Mrs. Musgrave's carriage."

"I quite forgot about the man," exclaimed the hostess; "he is a most extraordinary

person."

"Iock Thorburn is a most interesting man," interposed the minister. "I was talking about men of brains just now-well, he is one of them."

"Surely, Mr. Moffat, you do not know the-Musgrave graciously, but much amased by the sudden appearance of the minister as the champion of the dreadful character who

might have upset the carriage.

"There is only one Jock Thorburn hereabout, and he is my friend. He has seen a great deal of the workl, read much, and done much, and he has only one failing, that is, he has never been able to profit by his own skill and experience. Others have done so, and found their reward, whilst he himself remains poor. I saw him for the first time sitting on the water trough at Campbell's steading. I was walking from Lockerbie and wanted a rest, so I sat down beside him. 'Fine day this,' said I. 'Ay, a fine day for those who like it.' 'Can there manybody who does not like such glorious umshine as this?"

"He looked at me as though he did not understand. Then he said very ill-humouredly: 'There are people who are hungry,

books of reminiscences of great men are poor, and friendless.1 'Well, we take care of them!' 'Oh yes-poorbouse.' 'And a very good house, too. Do you want m go there?" The man actually shivered. 'No,' he said, 'I don't want to go there. I want to get work of some kind. I don't care what it is provided I can make enough to keep body and soul together. I am only a tramp, but I should like m rest somewhere for a time." 'Then, come with me. I think I can get you work somewhere." He did not seem to care about the proposal at first, but presently is took to and asked me with a smile whether or not the dress he had on would serve for the company. 'It might be better, but you can mend that afterwards. Wait here a minute.' I left him and went up to the farm, where I got some bread and cheese and misk and brought them down to the water-trough. The man was actually starving, but he ate and drank as quietly as if he had been only taking a slight lunch and did not want to spoil his appetite for dinner. When he had finished he thanked me, and said respectfully: 'I thought you were only curious, sir, but I see you are in earnest. If you will allow me I will walk with you whichever way you are going and tell you as much of my circumstances as may interest you.' 'I thought you had already agreed ■ go with me.' 'Yes, but I had not agreed ■ tell you what I am.

"So, as we walked to Thorniehowe together, he told me of his misfortunes, his successes and failures, and that he had now returned to his native land with no other person we are speaking about," said Mrs." wish than that he might see his old home and perhaps some of his relatives before he died. The upshot of it was that Armour gave nim employment in the mill, and instead of continuing his journey, as I understood he intended to do, he has remained Thornichowe. He has good reason for that, however, for Armour and Mrs. Armour have been kind to him, and he has told me that the friends he particularly wished to see are no longer in the place where he had left them. Besides, he says he is happier here than he could hope to be anywhere else."

"He wants I go now, though," said Armour, "and I shall be sorry to lose him."

"He will change his mind when he gets well and we have a chat with him," observed the minister confidently.

To his jerky, rapid sketch of how Thorburn had come = settle in the place, Ellie had listened with interest, Fenwick with indifference, and Mrs. Musgrave had the gift of appearing to pay attention to a speaker

When the subject had been first started, the fiscal had looked steadily at Amnour and had accrutinised his face with aerious eyes several times as the narrative proceeded.

"And has It no relatives near him?" in-

quired Ellic.

"No, and he seems to have made up his mind that there is no likelihood of finding them now,"rejoined Mr. Moffat. "He leads a curious life: 🔛 is very much liked by the folk hereabout, but except when he is at work in the mill he spends most of his time in solitude, and he will not allow any one to live in the cottage with him. His piano and one or two books he has got are his real companions. He says they are faithful friends, and cannot, if they would, deceive or desert him. There are periods when he seeks the companionship of any one who will share a glass with him, and he is then a jovial fellow indeed, until, as sometimes happens I am sorry to say, he gets a glass too much. He is in short that most miserable of all human beings-a clever, disappointed man who has given up all hope of bettering himself in this world and in indifferent about his chances in the next."

At this point Mrs. Musgrave rose to leave the room, and Ellie was reluctantly obliged to accompany her. The fiscal was evidently well-pleased that this interruption changed

the subject of conversation.

CHAPTER IX.-THE TRACEDY OF A LIE.

"SLEEPING?-I hope I have not disturbed him. Here are some beef tes and jelly, and the doctor says you can give him a little whenever you can get him to take it. You may say that I shall come in again to-morrow and see how he is."

"Very weel, I'll do your biddin', but it's no easy gettin' him | take onything except what he fancies himsel'. Mrs. Armour is the only ane that can gar him due onything wise-

like."

" I am not sleeping, Miss Musgrave," said Thorburn, opening his eyes, " and I will take the things you have brought. Thank you for them, and thank you more for coming

"I am afraid I have wakened you, Mr. Thorburn, and am very sorry," asid Kilie

regretfully.

whilst she was really thinking of other No sleep could have done me so much good as seeing you here. . . . You think this strange? Pardon my absurdity, but you are very like one I parted from long ago, and the fancy is strong upon me that your coming a token of her forgiveness."

"I am very glad that my coming affords you pleasure. The doctor warned me particularly not to permit you to talk, and especially about old times. I must go now, as my mother is waiting, and to-morrow I

hope to find you better."

"You will find me better, and 🔳 a few

days I shall be able to go out."

Although Ellie had only been
the cottage a few minutes, Mrs. Muagrave was impatient. She had given a reluctant sanction to the visit, yielding only because Ellie had become interested in the man and persisted in her resolve to gratify his desire we see her. The few words he had spoken now increased her interest, and she became a daily visitor at the cottage; but she now chose the time when she could be spared from her mother, and walked to the village

Thorburn did not again refer to the reason which had prompted his request to see her. but they had pleasant convenations about books and places, the duration of her visit lengthening each day. He was not the only one who watched eagerly for her coming.

She saw Grannie, of course; and Annour these visits afforded a "fearful joy." Whatever the time she arrived and left, he was in waiting to walk back with her me the house. Thorburn's misfortunes thus provided him with the opportunity to be alone

with Ellie.

Grannie observed these meetings and knew that all was going well; she knew of the great joy that had entered into his life; she besid his voice in the mornings singing gladly like the birds in the eastasy of mere existence; she heard his footstep touching the ground lightly as if life were a gay dance and he leading it : but the sun did not shine in her face as it had done on the evening when he first made her his confidente. Thorburn, too, as he grew well, seemed to become gloomy. It had been his custom look straight at those who spoke to him: now his cyclids drooped, and he looked to the ground or to one side even when Ellie was speaking the kindliest words to him. It was as if he felt bitterly his own unworthiness of her "My eyes were only closed when you favour as health returned to him. He could came in, and I did not open them at once not guess that she was feeling gratitude tobecause it was a pleasure to hear your voice, wards him for the happiness -- as yet undefined to herself-which he had somehow

brought 🔳 her.

He had not again spoken about going away; and the subject had entirely dropt out of Armour's thoughts, when one day, whilst he was sitting busy in his work-room at home. the servant told him that Thorburn wished

to speak to him.

"Well, Thorburn," he said, rising as the "I am glad to see you about man entered. again. I suppose you have come to talk to me anent returning to work; but you are not to think of that yet awhile. The doctor says you need a good rest, and I mean you to have it. Wyou are reatless, work out the model of that printing machine. I believe there is money in it, and you shall have a full share of whatever comes out of it. The only question II one of the cost of production, and -why, what's the matter with you? **

"The sunlight is too strong for me. I want to speak to you. Let me draw the curtains,"

The sunlight was streaming in at the window, and Thorburn was shading his eyes with a trembling hand. He spoke nervously, and as he finished, without waiting for sanction, he pulled the curtains together, and turned his back to the window.

The room was darkened, but the light admitted through the curtains made a warm glow on Armour's face, whilst Thorburn's

was almost black in the shadow.

The eccentric conduct of his visitor did not startle Armour, but made him thoughtful. During the past few days he had considered him so greatly improved in health that all danger was over; and his natural conclusion on the appearance of Thorburn was -having had experience of the man's sensitive nature in regard to receiving pay when not workingthat he had come to report himself ready to go into harness. But having been warned by the doctor that Thorburn's ailment involved hallucinations, he now began to fear from his nervous manner that his recovery was more apparent than real. That was a disappointment, but it indicated to him the more necessity for humouring the man and trying to calm him by assurance of sympathy and the use of the gentlest arguments at his command.

"I am' fond of light, Thorburn, as you know; but if it hurts you by all means keep

the curtains drawn."

Thorburn was looking at him out of his shadow, and that sad smile was on his face again—the smile suggesting that he knew he was being misunderstood, and that he was hopeless of being able to convince his listener of the mistake.

"Are you very busy just now? I want to tell you something, and I may take a little

"Go on, then. I suppose it is something of importance to you."

"Yes; of great importance to me and to

you-perhaps."

"Sit down, make yourself comfortable, and tell me all about it. There I nothing very particular demanding my attention for the next hour. Stop a minute-you seem dreadfully put out. I'll get you a glass of some-

thing."
"I can't sit and I don't want you to get after all," said Thorburn, his voice faltering in spite of the evident effort III was making to control it. "There is no necessity to bother you with anything; I only want to say good-bye and to thank you for your kindness.

"Why, I had forgotten all about this ridiculous notion of yours, and thought you had forgotten it too. Come, come, Thorburn, unless you have been deceiving me very much, you have not got another situation, and I know that you can't get one that will suit you better. If there is anything you have to complain of in wages or in treatment, toll me and I will try to mend it."

"Why are you so anxious that I should remain?" he asked, straining his eyes towards him, a curious mingling of irritability and gentleness in his expression and tone. "It is not because my work is so priceless, and, considering the annoyance I have given you all, it can't be because you like me. Why,

then?"

"You are in a bad humour, Thorburn, or you would not say that we do not like you. Grannie has shown in many ways that she thinks a good deal of you, and if I have spoken to you now and again in a way which you might consider harsh. I have not been intentionally unkind."

The reproach was mild, and its mildness seemed make it sting the more keenly.

"Oh, Lord, I did not mean that!" cried Thorburn in distressed accepts and pressing one hand on his brow. "You have been kinder to me than I deserve—kinder than you could be if you knew the wretch I am; and it is because of your kindness that I want to give you the only proof of gratitude that is in my power by taking myself off out of your sight for ever. I am not the ungrateful beggar I appear, but I am a coward." "What are you afraid of?"

"Myself You will own that I have reason.

to be so when you hear me."

His agitation was kept in hand so far; but Armour saw that very little excitement would enable it to break loose altogether. Here was exactly what the doctor had told him to expect, self-accusations of sorts of exaggerated real and imaginary wrongdoings.

"I do not think you ungrateful, Thorburn," he said soothingly. "I am sure you do not mean to be so, and I wish you would put that subject mide once for all. Let us talk about something agreeable at present. Another time, when you are stronger, you can tell me all about your bothers if you like. Meanwhile tell me if you have had any inspiration about your machine."

"I have no thoughts-no inspirations. My mind has been full of ghosts ever since I knew that you had set your mind on there, you see my with are ravelled. I mean ever since my mind was made up to tramp

again."

"Back to that! Toots, man, you must not let me hear another word about it. Look here: I have been trying some new mintures for a cheap writing-paper, and fancy I have found the means of obtaining fine texture at small cost. Look | these samples."

Thorburn looked at him instead and so atrangely that Armour laid down the samples he had taken up in the hope of diverting his visitor's thoughts. He came to the conclusion that it was no use trying to overcome his mania : he must let it have its way.

"I cannot help going back to that," said Thorburn, with a sad calmness: "there are too many things about me and within me to keep the ghosts stirring, and I must make one more effort to run from them. . . . Can you forgive a lie?"

Armour could not help smiling at the earnestness with which this apparently irrelevant and abrupt question was put.

"I am afraid that if we could not do so we should all be in a very unforgiving and

unforgiven state."

" Ay, but suppose it was a lie about something which you thought concerned your whole life; suppose it was told you by the friend you had trusted and-worse, by the woman you cared for most-the woman you had given all your hope of present and future

"I cannot answer you," mid identified quietly: "it is impossible for me to say wh I might do if I were so deceived."

"I was so deceived."

He lingered over the words, and as if afraid to speak more.

"Well, I trust you did not do anything desperate.

"I did. The opportunity to punish them offered itself promptly to my hand. I seized it and struck the blow. Both fell, and . . . and since then my life has been a cursed one."

"You don't mean that you murdered them! " exclaimed Armour, startled notwithstanding the fact that he had been warned to expect extragavant statements from Thor-

" No, I did not kill them with my own hand, but I was the cause of their death. They had the best of it. They obtained peace at once. I have known nothing but the wretched pleasures of debauchery, the worthless gratification of extravagance one day and the irritation of poverty the nextsurfeit and starvation; my home, a hotel, a lodging-house, or a prison. I made no friends, I loved no other woman. I knew many people; I believed in no one, I trusted no one-least of all myself. The only glimnse I have obtained of real happiness since that time long ago has been here; and that has been taken away from me now. During the last few weeks I have been in toriure, and tound relief only in madness."

Armour wished he knew how to soothe him. He made allowances for the man's excited state, and therefore did not attach much importance to the self-contempt and scorn with

which he spoke of his past.

" I do not understand what can have made such a change in your life here, Thorburn, and so am not able to offer you any advice. I cannot see why you should go away unless you know of some place where you feel sure

you will be more comfortable."

"Any place will be more comfortable for me than this now. But I find it very hard leave it. I did hope that I should only have to leave I for the kirk-yard; but that is not to be yet, and the doctor says I may hold out for years. Droll, that the worthless and the miserable hold out when those who are of use to the world and have happiness within reach should be dropping fast around them."

He smiled at this irony of fate which he happiness to: suppose it was told to your by experienced so bitterly in his own per-

"But you can be useful, if you like; and there is nothing to prevent you getting your share of what comfort | going."

" Not now-not here. But listen to my reason for saying that, and then you shall judge whether or not you can wish me to stay. It is possible that you may be glad affair."

There was a note of pain thrilling through the last sentence which caused Armour to wonder more and more how much of what the man had say was real, and how much the illusion of a disordered brain. He sat down and waited.

Thorburn made a restless movement from the window, nearer to the table; his eyes wandered uneasily about the room, glancing over his master's face as if he were anxious examine and yet could not. He looked awkward and distressed, as if now that by his own will he stood at the bar for judgment he would have fain drawn back. But he had taken himself prisoner and would not admit that escape was possible, although he dreaded

the verdict he sought.

"I was a mere lad when I married," he said at last and somewhat huskily. "The girl was a little younger than myself-scarcely done with her schooling, thoughtless, vain. She accepted me rather because it was counted an important thing amongst girls to get married than because she had any special liking for me. Neither of us had given any serious thought to the responsibilities we were undertaking or the duties we were enteringupon. I was passionately fond of her: she submitted to my embraces, answered "yes" or "no" to snything I said: there was no response to my passion, but that did not check me. At that time I regarded the want of shyness and bewilderment in her new position of betrothed bride. To this I attributed all that would have otherwise appeared cold and unsympathetic. I learned afterwards that it was the dull placidity of a nature as yet untouched by love. She had said that the would be my wife, and I thought that meant she loved me.

"I was impetuous: no opposition was made and we were married. On the day of our marriage I was chilled by the thought No! that her interest in me terminated with the ceremonies and festivities of that event; but arrested the man was hung I did I put the horrible feeling away from me, and not touch the blood-money. I bade the would not allow it to infinence me in act or woman gather it It was her due—he

thought.

"I had a friend who was the loudest in wishing us joy and prosperity on the wed-ding-day. He had been my communic in work and pleasure for several years; but he had never seen her until be came to be my best man. He was called Edward Graham.

"Again and again the thought was forced some day to have heard my version of the upon me that my wife was so only in name. She had not given me her heart. I struggled against this idea, sought out explanations for her con fact towards me, made excuses for her, and assured myself that if she did not care for me as I had thought she did I must try to win he to me now. Our son was born. I had read and heard that maternity opened the fountains of woman's affection, and boped that now she would cling closely to me and repay all the passionate devotion I gave her. There was no change. I could not shut my eyes to the fact that she did not give attention to the child like other mothers.

> "My friend came to see us often; and I saw that she was blither in his presence than she had ever been in mine. It was a bitter discovery, for I had tried hard to make her happy. I was jealous; but I said nothing until I discovered accidentally that they had meetings of which I was not aware. Then I spoke-calmly, I believe and hope. She answered that she was faithful; that there had been no secrecy about their meetings; she promised that she would tell me whenever they met again. I tried to believe myself wrong and forced myself to trust her, I thought that I had succeeded—that I had

mastered myself.

"My friend was much taken up with Iriah politics; he was a man of the people and opposed to English rule. An English officer was murdered, and amongst those concerned of words in speech and letters as the result in the crime was my friend. He escaped, and a reward was offered for his apprehen-

"Going home one evening through a little wood which lay the back of our cottage, I saw my wife and my friend together. They were about to part, and he kissed her as they separated. I followed him to his hidingplace, but did not speak. My wife was in the house before me, and I saked her if she had seen Graham that evening. She answered,

"On the following day Graham was

for her.

the country. My name was hater one—most hateful ■ myself. She e long afterwards. Our child was of by my mother. He lives-is his sake and for my mother's I to be known in this country that . Richard Musgrave, the factal, was Graham's friend, and has recognised she replied in her quiet even tone. "Has you

There was a long pause. Then, Thochura again:

"That is the story. Do you still wish me

to stay?"

The voice low, the words hiting their way through the teeth as acid bites through steel; the face cold and fixed as marble, but the eyes flaring with excitement: I was the face say to you?" cried Armour with a flush of of a statue with living eyes. Through the mist of his deep self-contempt and his dogged resolution to go, no matter what might be said, there gleamed something which might be called tender anxiety that the answer should be a gentle one. The head was bent slightly forward; one hand resting on the back of a chair steadied him, the other hung by his side clasping his hat. So he waited, breath-

John Armour rested back in his big chair, much amazed by what he had heard and what he saw, but full of pity for the man, not anger; for he was still satisfied that it was all hallucination. Yet there had been the ring of truth in Thorburn's voice which is as essily distinguishable as the ring of gold from that of any other metal. And-whether the revelation was one of fact or imagination-his own conviction of its reality must have been complete to produce such an effect upon him. Armonr was deeply thoved and for the moment perplexed how to act.

A hand parted the curtains; a great sunbeam shot into the 100m, passing between the men, and Grannie entered from the

garden.

A cloud seemed to rise from Armour's brain as the room filled with light. He had been feeling as if he had got into a thick fog and could not find his way out of it : Grannie's arrival enabled him to draw breath and to open his eyes. Thorburn had betrayed his friend to the gallows, and cast the bloodmoney at the unfortunate woman who had been the immediate cause of the treachery! If this were true, he did not wonder that Thorburn's life had been miserable : the stain must be upon his soul and upon all his kin for ever. For himself, he would rather bear the brand of Cam than the stain of been feared to tell you everything, and I

"Thank goodness you have come, Grannie,"

I hope it is all a mi

"He told me

answered him?"

"I cannot make up my mind what to say. If what he has been telling me be true "-

"It is true," muttered Thorburn, the anguish in his voice and a writhing movement

of his body confirming the assertion.

"Then, confound it, man, what can I passion on his cheeks, and his eyes kindling with indignation as 🔚 took a quick turn across the floor.

"Gently, Johnnie-mind that he has been

dreein' the weird for a lang while."

"I dare say he has suffered, and he ought to suffer if-but I cannot believe it. Do you know what he has been maying?"

" Partly."

"But you don't believe it cither, or you could not be such a friend of his. Look here, Thorburn, I liked you-I like you; and in spite of your wretched stupidity in wasting what might be even yet a useful lufe, I respect you for the gifts you possess, but I could not thole the sight of you if this thing were proved to me."

"What would you do-turn me from your door?" asked the man. The declaration of respect and its withdrawal was the sharpest stab of all: that was what he craved for; he had been gaining it, and might have kept it if he had only held his tongue. "Would you find no excuse for me in the wrong that was done to me?"

I should like to hear what the man Graham had to say: I should like to hear what the woman had to say."

"Both are dead."

"So much the wome; and I can only fall back on Mr. Moffat's saying and | you that because one man has done wrong that is no reason why you or I should do wrong."

The woman and the man lied. They

betrayed me !"

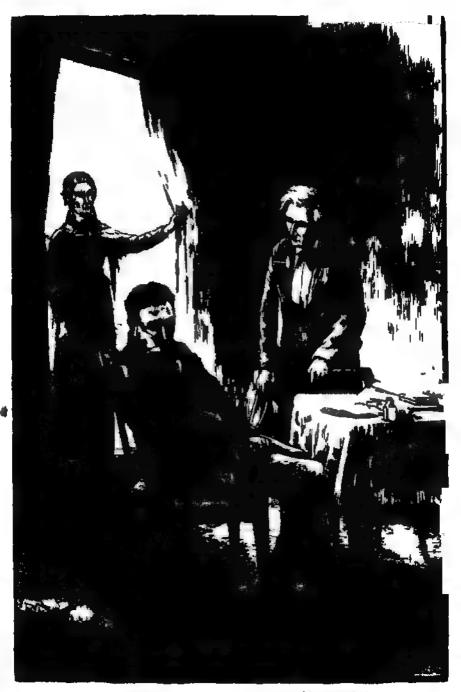
He sank on a chair, and pressed his brow on the table.

Grannic advanced quietly in him and

placed her hand on his shoulder.

"Dinna speak yet, Johnnie. I see he has mann do it mysel'! Eh, Jock, Jock, I hae warned you mony a time when you were put exclaimed he, rising. "Thousand has been set up about fine clears, that a clean body is telling me such an all a guid thing, but a clean mind a better. I felt as if the air were Lean it the large transport. Bear it best can, Johnnie, my puir lad-this

my bairs, and your father."



A great stateous shot into the town, and Granule testing from the garden $^{\prime}$

SICILIAN DAYS.

By AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE, AUTEOR OF "WALES IN ROME," &c.,

L-THE CASTLEN COAST.

I / ITHOUT Sicily Italy is nothing, Sicily the key to the whole, wrote Goethe, and now that the island is intersected by railways, and the hotels | | larger towns leave nothing to be desired, travellers have no excuse when they turn back without whiting a country full of the elements of enjoyment. in consequence of stories of brigandage, which for the most part are mere fables. At the same time it must be remembered that Sicily I not a beautiful island, but a very ugly island with a few exquisitely beautiful places in it.

The man of Sicily tells its history, presenting one face W Greece, another W Africa, a third to Italy; influenced by each country in proportion to its distance, and the perpetual battle ground of each. The memorials which the three conquering nations have left behind them are now the pride and glory of the island—the noble Greek temples of Girgenti, Segeste and Sclinunto, with the remains of the Greek walled towns; the Saracenic fragments Palermo and Cefala, with the influence of Arabian architects as seen at Monreale and Cefalu; and the magnificent Roman ruins at Syracuse and Tacrmina.

A large steamer takes travellers three times a week from Reggio to Messina in twenty minutes. A small unpleasantly rolling vapore postule makes the passage twice every day in an hour. The houses and churches of Messina soon grow into individuality across the blue waters, and no one is the worse because the boat glides through the currents of Charybdis, where the Fata Morgana are often seen in calm hot weather, at high tides, in the sunrise. By the little post of San Salvador, where the Norman conqueror, Count Roger, built his first church after landing, we enter the harbour, whose shape, resembling a sickle, gave the city its early name of Zancle, and soon we are struggling amongst the vociferous porters and boatmen on the dazzling quay.

"Messina la Nobile " would **= a very** dull town of featureless houses if it were not for the exquisite glints of sapphire sea, with white sails skienming across it, and a background of roseate Italian mountains, which have thankfully worn round their necks in may seen down every steep street, or

Strada Ferdinanda, now called Strada Garibaldi. Owing chiefly to the terrible earthquake of 1783, which laid the greater part of the town in mins, it has few buildings of importance, and those few are for the most part relics of the Norman sovereigns, who cour took a warm interest in the city which was the first to acknowledge their rule.

To ordinary travellers one whole day at Messina will probably suffice. They will loiter along the Marina, which is the centre of Messinian life, always crowded with sailors and fishermen, and chattering women and children, and porters lading and unlading the thickly moored vessels. They will look at the great Neptune fountain, a noble work of Montorsoli, and then they will turn into the town where, me the ancient seagate, stands the exceedingly curious Norman church of the Nunziatella, which was already an ancient building in the twelfth century, with a portal bearing on either side an Arabic inscription which recounts the glories of Messals, son of Haram, a Saracenic chieftain. On their way to the Duomo they will pass another ancient church, "La Cattolica," which bears the pompousinscription—"Cattolica Ecclesiarum Graecarum Mater Caput"-having been in the hands of the Greek clergy, and the place where their Protopapa is nominated ever since 1168, when the present cathedral was taken away from them. Here the high altar is supported by a column with a Greek inscription to Aesculapius and Hygeia, " protectors of the city."

Very sunny and bright is the Piassa del Duomo, with another graceful fountain by Montorsoli, and the striped red and white marble front of the cathedral, which is full of granite columns taken from a temple of Neptune, and contains some beautiful tombs of bishops, and several royal coffins, including that of the short-lived Conrad IV., son of Frederick II. The gorgeous shrine of the high altar encloses the famous Letter of the Virgin, the palladium of Messina, which is said to have performed endless cures, to have driven out devils, and which queens

hward side of the handsome

destroyed through malice'), and is a transla composition, and will feel that true indeed is tion of a translation, for St. Paul, to whom the description of Cicero—" Messana situ, Virgin at Jerusalem is said to have intrusted moenibus, portugue ornata " a letter of congratulation in the people of

It is almost uncless to mak the way here



Meso na fr m 5 Gr goro

Messina on their conversion, turned her Hebrew into Greek, and in 1467 Constan tine Luscaris translated the Apostle's Greek into Latin It is the date of the letter which marks the 3rd of June 18 a day for the Madonna to be carrie i through the streets of Messing in a car like that of Jug-ernaut on the top of which numbers of little winged mants-" moving intelligences -are made to revolve perpetually round a sky-blue sphere, often in agonies of sickness, some times to death

But we must climb up a succession of staurcases from the cathedral to the queer church of Gregorio, not to admire its piere dure though it presents one of the best specimens in Europe of that ridiculous style of decoration, but because of the glorious view from the plat form in front of the church, which overlooks the town, with its picture-que variety of roofs and towers, and the blue strarts up which St Paul sailed in the Castor and Pollux, with the I are on one side and the noble rock of Scylla on the other. while, behind it Aspromonte and the rest of the Italian mountains are bathed in the

against the ancient stone balustrades, or along the shore towards the Faio, passing women are resting their huge red and through every variety of southern vegetation, green water jars upon the parapet, an artist with exquisite views towards Italy equid not possibly wish for a more enquisite mer, when alone you can become acquainted

or anywhere else in Sicily One is sure to be answered by "Chi saccia' - "Who knows," or with the assertion in reply to any remonstrance, that a housewife has no need to know her way anywhere, but to her church or her founiam But the strepest paths generally lead | the highest point, and so we reach Villa Roces Guelfonia, where, amid a wealth of most lovely flowers, radiant in mid winter, stand the remains of Torre Guilfonia, the castle of Count Roger long used as a palace

by the Arragonese kings | Here again there is a glorious view over the town and stiaits, or into the recesses of the mountains, with the forts of Castellaccio and Gandolfo on Hence we may descend their lower spura by the Strade det Monastein, in which few nuns are left now to peer out of the heavy berred windows, and when we have visited some more old churches, and admired or abused a good many pictures by Caravaggio or Alionso Rodiquez, we shall have done our duty by the sight, of Mes-

But the really delightful part of the day



173 of T orman

most delicate amethysime hues When brown monks are leaning remains, when we engage a carriage to drive

SICILIAN DAYS.

with the life of Italy and its people, this series of pictures which never become weariroad is crowded towards evening with carriages some. The so-called palaces are small containing the aristocracy of the place, which weather-beaten houses with fragments of all go as far as the pretty circular church of Saracenic sculpture, and wide low heavy La Grotta, and turn in its earthquake riven arches beneath, serving at once as door and peristyle. I is several miles farther to the window to the shops in their recesses. Here, Cape, where travellers are beset by a crowd winter and summer alike, old women ait like of dirty beggar boys, who prevent their immovable Sibyls in the doorways, spinning having any pleasure in the view of the all the day long; otherwise in the hot hours Lipari isles, amid which smoking Stromboh, the street is almost deserted, but in the early conspicuous.

Messina to Giardini-Taormina. The rail- the children hurrying m school or beneway runs along the sea-shore, which is duction, and the flocks of goals clattering in frequently overgrown with masses of scarlet from the country to be milked. The street geranium; of Palma Cristi, the castor-oil plant; ends in a piazza, with an old gateway, a or of Solanum, with its yellow apples. Here church in front of which are statues of souls

and there we pass a palm or a grand carouba, the locust-tree of Palestine, whose husks "which the swine eat," were the sustenance of the Produgal Son, and whose beans gave food to St. John the Daptist; the German name of the tree still is Johannia-brodbaume. There are two especially pictur-

esque points -- Scaletts, with an old castle of its path in the mountain side. princes overhanging the town, and S. Alessio, where twin castles on twin rocks jut out into the sea the end of a mountain range. We cross the Fiume Cantara, the ancient Alcesines, and see the ruin-crowned heights of Taormina long before reaching the station.

Here, if we have not been careful to order a carriage from Taormina beforehand, we must climb on foot the steep stony path which winds through thickets of cactus-"fici d'India," the natives call it, for the plant, from whose abundant fruit a kind of West Indian origin.

notels in Taormina, which consists of one

morning and evening | alive with noise It takes an hour and a half ... travel from and tumult, when all the belis are clanging,

> friezling in purgatory, and a terrace, which the meeting. place for idleness or games of every sort. A little beyond is the cathedial, opening upon another small pasza, with a charming old fountam and palmtree, and further still another ancient gateway in the town wall, beyond which the road becomesarugged



Roman Ibeatre, Lacrmina

Amongst the charming pictures which dwell in the mands of those who have often gone down this street, many will remember a little side entry, filthy, rugged, steep, and damp, overgrown with nettles, and ending in a dirty stuccoed wall, but in the upper port of this wall two beautiful round arches divided by a single column, above which a coronet sculptured, and through the open arches a wealth of golden oranges and brilliant sunlit leaves seen against the bluest sky in Europe. A little above this is La Badia, a Gothic ruin bread is made, much used by the poor, is of with three pointed arches filled with tracery, and a dispered wall, beautiful 🖩 form and There are charming and reasonable little colour, and ruing from a thicket of prickly pears. Below the street Agostino, a long well-paved street, following the wind- large convent with deserted closters, a well ings of a mountain ledge. It presents a with marvellous echoes, and carving which, XXIII-7

its old sacristan says, is quite "spaven- old age, the view from Taormina, with the toso."

Travellers will aiready have seen, from the windows of the Hotel Tines, some red walls crowning the bare hill on the right. They are those of the famous Theatre, which is reached in a few minutes from the northern end of the street by a stony path. A little gate and an old custode are passed, but visitors are allowed to wander about unattended, and will probably mount at once to the upper mages of scats to gaze upon the most beautiful view in the world.

Hence the vast expange of Etna-" Mongibello"—"the pillar of heaven, the nurse of sharp eternal snow," as Pindar calls it, is seen

in all im majesty forming the background 1578. The view is glorious; one may of the same, the summit of the volcano being descend by the castle of Taormina. just above the royal entrance in the centre. arches and overhanging balconies, and here and there a cypress, palm, or pine-tree, clings to a rocky shelf above gigantic purple rifts thousand other sweet herbs, while great that the common stem would be 180 feet acanthi, and aloes with their mighty spikes of wonder that Keble wrote here one of the took refuge beneath its branches.



Gate of Mela-

Peak of Tenerifie and the first sight of Damascus, as the most beautiful in his recollec-

A strange evric-like village, perched upon a rock high above the town, will recall backgrounds in the pictures of Raffaelle and Peruguno. It is Mola, and is reached by a winding outh which ascends the hillside behind the Porta Messina. This I the only approach to the little rock-girt city, and it was by it that Dionysius climbed up, in the winter of 394 B.C., hoping to surprise the garrison. Near the summit the path becomes a staircase, and ends in a picturesque gateway guarding the narrow pass, and bearing the date of

Soon after leaving Giardini, the railway There are no terrible lava-streams in sight passes Capo Schipo, the site of Naxos, the with their painful reminiscences, but the most ancient Greek colony in Sicily, founded gleaming ice-fields reach upwards to the s.c. 735, at the mouth of the river Alcesines, highest peak, which throws a delicate whilf by colonists from Chalcis in Euboen. It of smoke upon a turquoise sky, and melt possessed an altar of Apollo Archegetes, on gently below into satellite mountains clothed which it was the custom for all envoys to with forest and vineyard, and glowing with offer sacrifice when they were leaving for every variety of roseate hue, till they are lost sacred missions to Greece, or returning from in the hazy distance of the sea. On the thence. The town was entirely destroyed nearer crags, the town with its towers and by Dionysius of Syracuse, and no ruins nain.

At Giarre Riposto Station we may obtain horses and mules for the ascent of five which extend, covered with cacins, to miles through lava-beds and fruit-gardens to Giardini in the far depth. On the right are "Il Castaguo di Cento Cavalli," the grandtremendous rocks crowned by Saracenic walls father of the forest of Etna, reputed to be and towers, and the frame of the picture is one of the oldest trees in the world. It the ruined theatre, with im broken columns, appears like a group of four magnificent old and its arches and seats tufted with flowers— trees, but their stems are all united a a short snapdragon, pink catchfly, balm, basil, and a depth below the surface. It | calculated

circumference. The golden blossom, tell of tropical sunshine from a story that one of the Queens of amongst more familiar favourites. No Arragon with a hundred mounted followers most beautiful odes in his Lyru Apostolicus; distant are two other equally astonishing no wonder that Sir Henry Holland, who had trees-"La Nave" and "L'Imperio," and rambled all the world over, recalled, in his half a mile higher up the mountain "Il

and are protected by the Government. was from hence that Dionysius of Syracuse themselves. cut down great part of the materials for the construction of his fleet in a.c. 399. Here, in the forest region of Etna, a temple existed ancient days, naturally dedicated to Vulcan, the god of fire. The whole air seems fragrant of mythology-one would scarcely be surprised to see Pan playing under the monarchs of the forest; and, resting on the turfy slopes, we should read the descriptions in Theocritus, the word-painter of the eastern coast of Sicily, how here, reclining on beds of fragrant lentisk or new stripped vine-leaves, with poplars and elms waving overhead, and lulled by the musical murmur of water from the sacred cave of the nymphs, he li-cened to the burnt cicales chattering laboriously on the shady boughs, while far off the little owl cried in the thicket of thorns, the larks and finches sang, the ring-dove mouned, and the yellow bem were humming round the springs.

Returning to the railway, we soon reach Aci Reale, where an enormous hotel has been built close to the station, very dismal and desolate in winter, but popular in summer for the sake of the mineral baths in the neighbourhood. Aci Reale is prettily situated amongst the rich gardens of oranges and almonds which flourish so abundantly upon the older lava-streams, and the sunny town, with its ironwork balconies, bright shutters, latticed convent windows, and picturesque churches, has an attractively southern aspect.

Scalazza, leads by a succession of zigzaga first-rate hotel, and there are several interestto the sea, where the beach | lined by ing excursions to be made. A carriage must the houses of La Scaletta, a much-fre- be taken to Aci Castello, by a road crossing quented bathing place. Beyond the village neveral lava-streams and traversing the village extraordinary basaltic cliffs rise in columnar of Loguina, picturesquely situated on lava precipices which recall Staffs and the rocks, with a tiny bay believed to be the Giant's Causeway; at the nearer end a Portus Ulyssis of Vurgil. As one looks stream-"Acque Grandi"-tumbles out of a upon the extraordinary fertility wherever the funnel in the wall and hurries to the sea, country has escaped the attacks of Etna, one much used by washerwomen during its short realises the descriptions in Aeschylus of the course. This is supposed to be the "herbifer Acis" of Ovid, and the "sacred water" jaws the smooth fields of Sicily." Above one and "ambrosial drink" Theocritus. Here the beautiful boy Acia played with the |-gloriously picturesque, a great orange rock

Castagno di Gales," which is 76 feet in from the jealousy of old Polyphemus, who girth at two feet from the ground. All had vainly sung from dawn to dusk upon the these astonishing trees, which seem to be windy beach in her honour. But the laughter on a scale correspond with the Cyclops, of the lovers revealed their hiding-place to the traditional inhabitants of the district, are the giant, who made the earth tremble with believed to be at least a thousand years old, his fury, and tore up rocks and hurled them It at the cavern where they had concealed Then, in their fright, they prayed to the Gods, and Galatea was changed into a mermaid, and Acis into this rushing stream, with which she might sport eternally; but Polyphemus, for punishment, was shut up in the furnaces of Etna, where he may still be heard growling and growning, and whence, every now and then, he still tries to reach the lovers with his showers of red-hot stones.

And now we reach Catania "la chierissima," the second town of Sicily, built upon the farthest roots of Etna, and owing its existence to the very material which has repeatedly been its destroyer, for the houses and churches are built and the streets are paved with lava, so that the town is literally a phoenix risen from its own ashes. The Strada Etnea, so terrifically hot and glaring in summer, is a mile and three-quarters in length, and is, perhaps, the handsomest street in the Italian kingdom, being a ceaseless source of pride to the natives, not on account of its noble view of Etna-" the nurse of keen snow all the year round "-but of its abundant provision of gas-lamps at night. Though one of the warmest places in theisland, Catania would be indescribably wearisome for a long residence, and, after the cathedral has been visited, with the abrine of the martyr Agatha, whose veil is a specific against the terrors of Etna; and the unfinished convent of S. Benedetto; and a fine old doorway, brought from the original cathedral of Count Roger and now attached to the church of the Santo Carcere, the sights of the place are From the piazza, a paved path, called La exhausted. But the Albergo Centrale is a nymph Galates, and hid with her in a cave crowned by the ruins of a castle, which

was found impregnable when besieged by Frederick II. till he built a wooden tower as high as itself with a flying bridge. Far off, where the white village of Trezza sparkles, jewel-like, at the edge of the deep-blue sea. are the seven basaltic islets-" I Faraglioni," or "I Scogli de' Ciclopi," which, since the days of Pliny, have been said to be the rocks which Polyphemus harled at Ulysses as was putting out to sea. The fore- from Nicolosi, and as the general desire

stroyed Catania, and then, fiercely contending with the water, fell into the sea. The natives call Etna " Mongibello," from the Italian "Monti" and the Arabic Diebei," both meaning the same thing, and, far o'extopping all the other hills of Sicily, it is

hence through its whole course, nearly de-

truly the mountain of mountains. The ascent, only possible in the summer, usually made

> be at the summit of the mountain for sunrise, most travellers leave the village at about seven in the evening. Two hours bring them III the Casa del Bosco, where they rest half an hour, and then reach the second refuge, called Casa Inglese—a house of lava crected by some English officers, It contains three small rooms, with rough furniture, and a stable for mules. An hour's rest here will leave plenty of time for reaching the summit before sunrise. last hour's ascent is a perpetual scramble, with a struggle against the sulphuric vapours which rise from the earth as

compared with Cotopaxi, Cayamba, or Orizaba, no one can wish for anything more weird than the scene, when, from this

The agitations of the mountain have always been ascribed by mythology to the struggles of The ascent of Etna cannot be made in one of the rebellious giants, Typhoeus or Enceladus, imprisoned by Jupiter in its recesses, and eruptions have taken place, at least since Nicolosi. The road passes through several the time of Pindar, who describes " the streams of fire that were vomited from its



Acr Castrillo-Rocks of the Cyclops

ground is covered with lava rocks, twisted, the crater is approached. Here ice and contorted, black, but tinted by golden lichen, fire contend for the victory, and though and with their interstices radiant with the Etna may be an unsignificant volcano as loveliest flowers.

The whole of the country round Catania. heated by internal files, produces the greatest variety of flowers of any district in Europe. island throne above the three seas-lonian, One of the commonest plants on the higher African, and Italian-one looks down into parts of Etna is Senero squalidus ("the the seething abyse of smoke and lava which Oxford flower"), which, imported into Eng- St. Gregory declared to be one of the mouths land, is so well known as ornamenting the of hell. grey college walls with its golden blos-NOMS.

winter; but few travellers will leave Catania without driving up the mountain as for as villages built of lava, as is the earthquakeriven village of Nicolosi itself, of most immost depths, and the rivers (of lava) that miserable aspect, as may be expected from gave forth only smoke in the daytime, but in a place which has heaved and rolled in the darkness assumed the appearance of repeated eruptions of the mountain. The streets of crimson fire rolling down into the views are magnificent, across the brown-black deep sea." At the summit the desolation lava fields, with oases of prickly pear, cuphor- is supreme. All vegetation has long ceased : bia, and fruit trees, to the tremendous snow- there is no sound from beast, bird, or fields of Etna. Mules may be taken for an insect; but the view 🔳 unspeakably, indehour farther across the blackened waste to scribably grand, as peak after peak catches the twin craters of Monti Rossi, thrown up the morning light, except where the mounduring the cruption of 1669, when the great tain itself casts a great purple shadow, reachfiery river, which you can still trace from ing for a hundred miles over the hills and

and on a clear day the whole island is spread sessing supernatual powers in hill lifetime, around like a map, while the Lipsui Isles on is said to have thrown himself into the the north, Malta on the south, and the burning crater, that he might be regarded are distinctly visible. But the most interesting part of the view at that which consists ing one of his bronze sandals. of the mountain itself, a hundred and eighty miles in circuit, and the being able to follow the fitful path of the different lava-streams, through the different zones of the mountain, first anow and ashes, then forest, lastly luxuriant cultivation.

The icy cold will prevent a long stay on

plains of the west of the island. As Etna is natives believe to have been built by the the one great mountain in Sicily, there is poet-wizard philosopher, Empedocles of Agrinothing anywhere to intercept the sight, gentum, who, having been regarded as pos-Acgadian Isles beyond Trapani on the west, as a god after his sudden disappearance, pride which the mountain punished by ejecthalf a mile from the tower I the strange sublimities of the Val del Bove, a vast amphitheatre surrounded on three sides by precipices several thousand feet in height, and overwhelmed by repeated lava-streams, which have taken the strangest forms, sometimes remaining as huge island cliffs, which the summit, and the return may be made by stand out like giants from the billows of mist the ruined Torre del Filosofo, which the with which the valley is almost always filled.

FIRESIDE SUNDAYS.

No. 1.-By THE EDITOR.

Old Testament parallel to the call which arrested Saul of Tarsus on the way to he says, "I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision." The narratives suggest very different scenes, but are essentially the same in spirit. In both instances there was a call to duty, met by complete obedience; and through a similar consecration each life was ennobled and crowned with victory.

What first strikes us when we regard from a modern point of view the calling of the prophet and that of the apostle is that they were so clearly and unmistakably divine that we cannot see how either of these men could have refused obedience. But there is no voice from heaven now breaking the silence which girdles earth. No vision of glory bursts from the unseen. Our circumstances are so different and our convictious rest on so much less tangible grounds, that we cannot picture?

their associations, ignorances, and prejudices, when we watch him during the three silent

THE call which came to the child Samuel we should acknowledge that their difficulties in the dark tabernacle, answered by were as great as ours can be, and that the the sweet voice, "Speak, Lord, for thy act of obedience was in each case precisely servant heareth," may be regarded as the similar to what would now be termed loyalty to conviction. We are wrong when we make the vision or the voice so pro-Damascus, and to which he alludes when minent that all else is forgotten, and obedience becomes a matter of the ear or of the eye, rather than a deed of simple and majestic faith. We say Samuel heard a voice speaking to him. True: but we must not forget how many deterring voices might have been speaking to him as well, or how many excuses a less faithful man might easily have framed to evade the clear demand of duty. Did we live in those days when public opinion had sunk in the lowest ebb, when there were few true Israelites in the land, and when heathenism was confessed everywhere without a blush ;--could we feel as that little child must have felt towards the old priest Eli, and know the reverence, the affection with which he regarded his spiritual father against whom he was pronounce judgment, we should form a truer estimate of the magnanimity of a life which, beginbe expected to show the same decision. This ming with the child response, "Speak, Lord, 18, perhaps, the thought which first strikes us. for thy servant heareth," went on to the end, there not, however, another side to the through disaster and loneliness, finding all its strength in the simplicity of unswerving I am certain that if we knew the whole obedience. Or if we look at St. Paul, we truth about Samuel or St. Paul; if we see but one side of the truth when we gaze could see with their eyes and breathe the on the persecutor cast to the ground, under the same atmosphere as they; could we recreate intolerable blaze of the light from heaven; or

fluences which might have seemed to contradict his new convictions, and to make the mission which had been assigned to him appear impossible. Never was there a man in whom all the old beliefs, prejudices, and pride of the Jew were more deeply rooted. Old friends old habits the love of country and of the ancient historic Church, the glory of the temple, the mass of rabbinical learning which had formed his theology all were against his new decision. He had to face a sea of troubles and to go forth in greater loneliness than any of the apostles. He was to enter single-handed against Gentile Europe. With such antecedents and such prospects as these we must wonder at his courage, who in face of them all recorded so great a determination in these simple words, "I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision.

But a like obedience has been the characteristic of all true men in every age. "Not disobedient to the heavenly vision" was Abraham when he was a wanderer for ninety years, and went on trusting God in atter darkness. So was it that Elijah stood alone in Israel, and Elisha rose from the plough and slew the oxen and went out on a mission whose nature was utterly concealed. And in like manner did the fishermen leave their nets, and did Matthew arise from the receipt of custom, and obey the call of the Great Prophet. We do not sufficiently weigh what such acts meant at the time, when, at the word of the Nazarene Teacher, able-bodied men left their boats and families and houses, and went forth to do, or suffer, or die for the truth which possessed their hearts.

Now, when we pass from such scenes as these to the commonplace world we live in. we must not lose a sense of the nobility of purpose and the grandeur of achievement which may be ours as truly as of any apostle. if we only act on the same principles of duty. Our world is great or little, heroic or mean, according to what we ourselves are. There are no circumstances too trivial to be shaped into sublime purposes, and none so great and stirring as may not ill hurled into min. according as they are used by a true man or beliefs. These are things they have been a false. It is men who make history, not born into and bred up to, and so they have history that makes men, and each life is a held them as the mummy might hold bread contribution to the whole. This age of ours, in its lips without tasting it. But I believe the neighbourhood III which we are placed, there are times of visitation in the lives even the circle in which we move, the every-day of such persons when impressions are borne

days in Damascus, blind, without food, left parts"—these afford sufficient elements for a alone to realise the import of the words which career which in the sight of God, who cares had arrested him. We forget the various in- more for the faithful man than for the number or fewness of his talents, may be as noble as that of the old prophet who reformed Israel, or of the great apostle who evangelized the world. The principle on which such success depends is "obedience to the heavenly vision."

> But men ask, What I . Heavenly Vision? There is no light from seven now breaking on our roads or streets. Who is to tell what

is heavenly or what is delusive?

Whether such preliminary questions require any formal answer depends on the audience that is being addressed. Were I now dealing with acceptics who entertained doubts as to the existence of God, or who were hopelessly asking, What is truth? would be necessary to go a long way back to establish the ground on which the practical lessons I wish to draw must be enforced. But when writing for those who have presumably a common ground of belief in God the Father and in the living Christ and in the Holy Spirit, it is scarcely necessary to do anything more than assume that there are such things as Divine Calls given to men now, and to enforce the duty of obeying what we do believe to be Calls from God.

Yea! I believe that there are Heavenly Visions vouchsafed to every man at some time in his life, on the acceptance or rejection of which his character depends. Let us then look at some things which may be recognised as "Divine Calls."

Of such a nature is (z) The Vision of Truck. There are many truths we are accustomed to receive from childhood which are not seen by ourselves to be true; or, there may be statements we have been told are false which we have never seen to be false, We take both for granted. So far we have our opinions second-hand. There are periods in our lives when almost all religious truth is thus received. It is neither doubted nor is it really believed. The schoolboy who repeats the proper answer to the question without any reflection on its real meaning, is the type of many grown-up persons who live and die without seeing for themselves the trueness or falseness of their traditionary theatre where we have to "play our petty home, which, if yielded to, would prove for

Vision of Truth is heavenly, when we see as with the freshness of a new discovery the beauty, the fitness, the reality of words which have hitherto been meaningless. It may be that we are reading a book, or that some one speaks carnestly to us, and lo ! there rises before heart and conscience the Vision, joyful or terrible, but yet convincing, that what is said is true—must be true. That conviction may perhaps overturn many former beliefs, or offend all our natural prejudices; but as surely as God wishes us to 🏬 faithful men, He would tell us, Be honest with these convictions. Recognise the Vision of Truth as something for which you are personally as responsible as the child was who heard his own name-"Samuel, Samuel"-whispered in the silence of night. To quench convic-tion, to avoid light, to sink back into formalism, I base disloyalty to God. thousand difficulties may beset the path of conviction, but the faith of an Abraham, or the devotion of a St. Paul, should inspire us with similar devotion and fortitude; and should make us stand forth, though all the world should oppose, and utter before the God of truth our unfaltering "I believe."

(a.) Closely allied with the Vision of Truth is the Realisation of the Unseen. God calls us in many ways, and of these there is none more powerful than when death and sorrow break in upon the familiar round of our daily life, and the tremendous import of existence, the brevity and illusiveness of the present world, and the mystery of the world to come are impressed with appalling force upon the mind. Such a time-and all similar times-are surely calls to us from the living God to awake from We know how different the world would become if we lived under the power of such influences. We know how differently our lives would be shaped if we gave due room to those convictions. Our whole future may depend on whether we are obedient or disobedient to one such Heavenly Vision. If we manage not merely to overlive such times, but allow the rising tide of worldly care or pleasure to erase the impressions which God's finger has made on conscience, the outside world may notice no change in our position, and we ourselves may attach little importance to the occurrence; but the angels who rejoice when a sinner repenteth may be listening with saddened hearts to the testimony of Him who had sought and sought in vain-" Oh, that

them also to be lights from heaven. That the things that belong unto thy peace; but now are they for ever hid from thine eves, because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation.

> (3.) Lastly, there is the Vision of Duty, was such a vision that was given to St. Paul when he asked-"What, Lord, wouldest Thou have me to do?" and was commanded to leave all he had hitherto cherished and to go far hence among the Gentiles. Vision of Duty is one which is continually vouchsafed; but there are often decisive points in our career, when a right and a wrong, a selfish or a loving way are set before us, and when a choice is made so fruitful in consequences that it becomes the beginning of a long line of similar decisions, ripening into those habits which form character. A call comes to us; it may come in the form of a temptation which has to be resisted, or it may assume the form of some generous self-sacrificing service to be undertaken. On the one hand are selfindulgence, sloth, and pleasure, backed up by the low standard of opinion we find around us. On the other, there is simply the Vision of Duty-duty which is perhaps full of pain. If we take the way of the world and please ourselves, we are conscious that the world will not think much the worse of us. Others do the same. Why should we try to be better than our neighbours? On the other hand there is a way of decision presented which we cannot fall to see ought to be our choice. We see how noble it is to be good; that it is right to be brave and self-denying; that, however painful the process, it is right to cut off the besetting sin; that the generous course ought to be ours; that the honest way is of God, the dishonest of the devil; that the self-indulgent passion is base; that purity and temperance are noble; that to be idle and useless in God's world is condemned; and that self-devotion for the sake of others is the will of Christ.

The moment of decision may come to us very suddenly. 'We may - as unprepared as Samuel was when he lay down that night in the Tabernacle, or as Saul the persecutor was when riding along the desert. But no tongue can express the importance of the resolution we form. These calls are divine, and our decisions in reference to them are terribly serious. Let us fall back from such duties, and though the movement may seem trivial as that of the man who simply turns his face from the cast to the west, yet that turning may fix our career. On the thou, even thou, hadst known in this thy day other hand, when we ascept the grand motto tories and holy achievements, for which not ruler over many."

of apostles and prophets and of all the faithful ourselves only, but thousands may praise of the Church of God-"Speak, Lord, for thy God. Let us only be faithful day by day, servant heareth," then not once nor twice obedient to the Heavenly Visions which God will God direct our path ;- not once nor twice gives now as He has given in times past, will He call us ;-but evermore as we follow and we may be certain that the same grace on to know Him will He lead us and teach and the same guidance which were vouchus, and enable us to glorify Him. Step by safed to others, will be given to us; and to us step will He bring us on-giving us increased also in the end the glorious welcome, " Well opportunities and deepened convictions- done, good and faithful servant, enter thou until the faithful beginning, made in fear and into the joy of thy Lord. Thou hast been trembling, may perhaps end in noble vic- faithful over a few things. I will make thee

A MARRIAGE HYMN.

By the Author of "Chronicles of the Schöners-Cotta Family."

" [ROM henceforth no more twain, but one," Yet ever one through being twain, As self is ever lost and won Through love's own ceaseless loss and gain; And both their full perfection reach, Each growing the full self through each.

Two in all worship, glad and high, All promises to praise and prayer, "Where two are gathered, there am I;"—Gone half the weight from all ye bear, Gained twice the force for all ye do-The ceaseless, sacred Church of two.

One in all lowly ministry, One in all priestly sacrifice, Through love which makes all service free.

And finds or makes all gifts of price, All love which made life rich before, Through this great central love grown more.

And so, together journeying on To the Great Bridal of the Christ, When all the life His love has won To perfect love is sacrificed, And the New Song beyond the Sun Peals, "Heneforth no more twam, but One."

And in that perfect Marriage Day All earth's lost love shall live once more; All lack and loss shall pass away, And all find all not found before: Till all the worlds shall live and glow In that great love's great overflow.

REMINISCENCES OF CARLYLE AND LEIGH HUNT:

Sting Extracts from the Diary of the late John Munier, ill Craigereeb.

By WALTER C. SMITH, D.D.

and clasped in brass, and written in a hand reading; which last, however, would rather that I used to know well many years ago. smare the ordinary legal practitioners of the They contain a diary kept from 1838 to present time. It begins ordinarily at six 1841, by the late John Hunter, of Craigcrook, the morning, continuing till breakfast at a man highly esteemed in Edinburgh legal nine; after dinner there is some lighter circles for his clear insight and business literature read aloud for behoof of the family; capacity, and still more looked up to by and again, still later, the patient, systematic whatever of culture and intellectual power study of history, poetry, philosophy, and atili lingered in the Scottish capital. Great theology is resumed, and goes on till past part of this diary has, of course, no public midnight. One can easily understand from

HERE came into my hands lately a interest, is concerned with his clients, his set of tiny volumes, bound in veltum, family, his religious aspirations, and his daily



Fines a Phote, by)

JOHN BUSTER, OF CRASCINGOL

IT. Redger, St. Andrew

these brief hints how John Hunter came to make some selections from this diary in conbe an intellectual centre, and drew the more nection with Mr. Hunter's occasional visits thoughtful and scholarly men of Edinburgh around him. But into that private life we have no right to intrude. It was very beautiful, and to hiruself and to some of us who were then, or shortly after, hoping and dreaming of a future, it was fruitful of no small good, being full of "sweetness and light," before such things were talked of But it was a very quiet life, shunning all publicity, from which therefore we may not now remove the veil. There are, however, in this diary some brief reports of interviews with Leigh Hunt and Thomas Carlyle, which, meagre as they certainly are, the world may, I think, be pleased to receive, especially as they shed on the latter a rather more favourable light on the whole than that which his own "Reminiscences" have lately gathered around his name.

to London, and his relation men of note there. But I may be permitted to introduce them with a few words of explanation, show who he was, and how he came be associated with these public characters, being himself a man of a very retiring spirit, and quite content, as a rule, to admire great men at a distance.

Mr. Hunter was grandson of one who did more to revive scholarship in Scotland than. perhaps, any other person of modern times. Of him our diary records that-

"He was left an orphan at a very early age, and being a favourite with his parish schoolmaster, was soon taken in as his amistant. Afterwards he came sound tance at an intermed, and intermed and the state which period be pursued, all extra hours, his Greek and Latin studies with great avidity, till he attracted, own "Reminiscences" nave latery by his critical knowledge of the Greek language, the attention of the late learned and occentric Lord Monboddo, who engaged him in his service as judge's clerk, an office worth about \$200 per unitum. After holding that office for some years, he became candidate for the professorably of Humanity in St. Andwer's College, which he succeeded in obtaining in the face of great competition, and solely from his scholauship, and which he retained for above sixty years with a high reputation as the greatest scholar and most successful teacher in Scotland. About a year before his death he was made Principal of the college, and died in that office in Junuary, 1837, at the advanced age of ninety-one."

That is, it must be confessed, a somewhat prosaic account of a remarkable man, who edited several of the Foulis beautiful classics, and suggested, at least, a beginning of philological study in Scotland, which unfortunately was not followed up very vigorously. But Hunter's mother was, in her own way, even a more notable person than the learned old Principal. St. Andrews has still floating in its social atmosphere many's quaint story of her characteristic humour. I gather from his notes here that she was often troubled with moods of depression and gloom, but the tales told of her suggest only a bright, odd, witty spirit, saying the drollest things in the simplest way, and even when cutting most deep, giving somehow no ground of offence, no ground for anything but large mirth and laughter. What could be nester than her reply to a pert coxcomb who had bored her at the dinner-table, and at last informed her that he was just starting for China? "Oh na, my man," she answered, "ye maunna gang there; they tell me they est puppies there." When her eldest son, John, was an infant, she saw some ladies coming evidently to pay her a visit, and turning to the nursemaid, she said, "There's the Misses So-and-so; they'll want to see the, bairn, and he's a perfect fricht. Rin down, lassie, and get a loan o' the baker's wean; he's aye clean, and they'll be sure to say he's the vers image o' his father." Her husband, Professor of Hebrew in St. Andrews, was a pleasant companion at the social gatherings in the old university town. but seems III have been somewhat quiet and undemonstrative in his own fireside. When same one therefore was praising his qualities as a boon companion to her, "O sy," she said, "he's like some other folk, and hungs his fiddle up at his ain door cheek, for we never hear a scrape o' it."

Hunter inherited not a little both of his grandfather's clear-sighted, patient faculty, and also his mother's humour, transformed, indeed, for the most part, into something akin to Lamb's delicate drollery, though he could also give a fool, on fitting occasion, a shrewd rap over the knuckle. But he never spoke a sharp word, however suitably, with-

out sharp regrets for
afterwards; for he was a placid, benevolent man, living at peace with all, and only hitting out when his moral nature was roused by some baseness.

His acquaintance with Carlyle began during the sage's Comely Bank days, and grew then to some considerable intimacy, though his name is not mentioned in the "Reminiscences," for which one is now rather thankful than otherwise. I do not know that they had any correspondence afterwards, except such occasional meetings as are mentioned in the diary; but Carlyle's brother John was a frequent visitor at Craigcrook, where III talked much in a certain fluent and also opulent, but rather dogmetic way, which contrasted with the calm wisdom of our host. When and in what manner Leigh Hunt became intimate with Hanter, I do not know. But I fancy it was during some of the poet's numerous monetary troubles, when Hunter, as a warm admirer, belped him at a pinch, and was rewarded by grateful epistles, grateful interviews, and finally, grateful dedication of one of his poems. Intercourse of this sort happened, I know, on various occasions subsequently, and drew them closely together; for though he had no belief in Hunt's rosewater philosophy, he greatly enjoyed his poems, and admired the sunny, loving spirit of the man. But enough of introduction; Mr. Hunter must be allowed to speak for himself.

It was in 1839 that he had the first of these meetings set down in this diary. Going to London on some Court of Session business, to bear witness, I think, before a Parliamentary Committee, and having wait several days before his turn came, after seeing his friend George Craik, then busy writing the "Pictorial History of England," and Weir, who was beginning his caree as a London journalist, they went off together to visit Leigh Hunt, who then lived at Cheyne Row, not far from Carlyle.

Hinst received as with open arms, and we spent a delightful evening with him, discussing the pretannium of all norts of writers. We found him seated by the fire with his two sons, Therfound and Vincent, in a sung study, which, I was glad to observe, had now got a carpet, and was otherwise better furnished than formerly. His dress, or rather underser, was a dressing-gowns—his shirt-collur folded down like a school-buy's, with no neckeloth or stock. He looks a good deal older than when I last saw him, the grey of his him bleeching gradually into white, and, as he touchingly reminded ms, he begins 'to see his mother's face in the glass of a morning, and is getting to reverence his own cheek.' But his heart seems to be quite as young and his animal spirits are as becornt as ever, realising the lines I wrote about him

some years ago in an epistle to W. W. (William Ind written while his son Thornton was editing that Weir):-

'And Hunt—our own Hent—when we've same fine to face, Still scatters around hun the sweetness and grace, Of a nature so cordial, frank, treatful, and true, I last sorrow and time have not without die hus, And kind heaven bath crowned him with youth sour near."

"We had at first a desultory talk about descent of personal character as well as appearance, which grow out of the above observation of Hunt's about his cheek "-(conversation which somehow by each by cheek "—(conversation which somehow by-and-by slushed into unexpected and not very profitable discussion about legitimate and illegitimate children, of which our district getting tired, continues)—"I turned off the talk into another channel by asking who was the lady to whom Shelley's "Epipsichidion" was addressed ?—Craik and I having been speaking of that wonderful piece of spirituality on our way out. First taid us she was a daughter of the governor of Fiss.—Vivines by name—who, being housded in a Fine.—Viviani by name—who, being bounded in a convent near Shelley's residence, had met him frequently, and impremed him with a conviction that she was the purest and most spiritual creature living—a perfect embodiment of all his fuert drasms of angelic womenhood. After all, however, she merried a coarse, rich blockhead of a Coast, in reference to whom Hunt quoted the admirable lines of Pope, ending-

'And qualue has hearty meal upon a dimer.'
But I find I cannot make any tolerable attempt to go 'And name har hearty meal upon a chosen.'
But I find I cannot make any tolerable attempt to go
through our conversation, and must therefore conjust
myself with saying generally that we discussed the
'Exturial History of England' (of which Heast spoke
in the very highest terms, as affecting a trear and
minuter picture of early English life and manner
than any existing history), also the new translation,
by Lans, of the 'Arabian Nights,' with which everybody seems delighted; Kests, too, and his brief
carear—a subject on which Hunt always speaks with
his heart on his lips; and many other subjects, on all
of which he was equally delightful, his observations
being full of delicary, wit, grace, and enquisite subbetty of feeling. He told me, by-the-bys, when speaking of Shalley, that the relations of the latter were at
last beginning to find out that they had been consected with a wonderful man, that the truth had
gradually been dawning upon them for some time
back, but it was only lately that their eyes was partly
well opened by finding out that some distinguished
person had taken pains to get introduced to them
solely for the purpose of seeing from what out of
people Shelley had spramp. Funnt edded that this
individual had afterwards expressed his suspise at
finding them to be very ordinary stapidish folia.
It must be a strange feeling to them to find, as
they will soon do, that their connection with that
entraordinary person is the only thing latery two extraordinary person is the only thing interesting about them. Rant told me that he had written two tragedies lately, and neither of them having bem tragedies lately, and neither of them having been accepted by Macraady, he was now engaged in trying a third, which he was straid would not be segood as either of the others, from the necessity he was put to of writing one of the characters, not from natural impulse, but to suit Macraady's acting. He presented in read the first one to us, which I had before hourd of from Crait, and we all arranged to meet at his house next Wednesday week, and have a nehannial. Before coming away he presented me with a little drama, entitled The Death of Marione, written by a size, suitor of a very foolish book called the indedium,' and yet a very clever mass. It (the is dedicated to Flunt in very kindly brants, promised to send me a Monthly Repersivery, and a sort of new feast of the poots, which he

ing a sort of new feast of the posts, which he

"He mentioned, as a very odd circumstance, that on "He manifemed, as a very one erreminance, that on overy previous occasion when Welr had visited him, their servant had just before gone off. And the same thing had happened to-day. This, to account for Mrs. Hunt's non-appearance. We were served very micely and pleasantly by her boys, which, he said, he kimself liked much butter, particularly as the last servant had been 'a most unimpressible and indifferent manifement had been a corner, nor mirth nor continue, having neither joy nor sorrow, nor mirth nor melancholy, walking about the house as in it, not of it, neither feat nor slow, neither well nor III dressed, mether postly nor ugly, neither about nor tall; and so he sen on with a domen more negatives which I have forgotten. We had some bread and choose and a glass of brandy and water, and came flway a little after twelve, all much gratified with our vait, and fall of pleasant enticipations of our next."

Our next extract is dated 4th March, 1839. "A little before seven o'clock, Craik and I set out to visit Carlyla. Talked on the way of the clear-sighted individuals who see no difficulties in saything. Craik said they were the true men for action, and men-tioned come one who had wade the week that a tioned some one who had made the rumark that no feats in anything was to be attained by speculation, or otherwise than by action—a gustamonoly view of the etherwise than by action—a malancholy view of the nowers of human reason, not a just one, I hope. Pound Carlyle at his misst in a home drues of striped plaid from head to foot, the surrout being in the form of a long dressing-gown. His wife and her mother joined as almost immechanity, and we had tas, and much interesting talk. He is a very extraordinary peasonage, full of originality and genius, with projound reaches of thought, which sometimes seem to assess the innermost depths of our nature, but almost always lose themselves among its mysteries from a defect, I think, in the very highest powers of imagination. He has what Coloridge wanted, great power of concentration and vigour of talent; but on the other hand he wants what Coloridge had beyond all other mess, the plantic power which gave form and consistency to his most ethereal speculations, and consistency to his most ethereal speculations and speculations of his understanding and resear. speculations of his understanding and reason. That two mes blended would have made the most perfect philosopher that ever lived. One singular defect a Carlyle's mind has obtraded itself on my attention is Cariyle's mind has obtraded itself on my attention overy time I have met hum—wh the satire want of all perception of grace and beauty in outward form of expeciation, and a consequent dubellef in the substance of a 'seat of grace within the mind.' It is this which leads to his constant depreciation of Petrarch and such his writings of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and even Milton, which are addressed to, and struke at, that 'east of grace.' He told me that he could are eaching readable in the works of Petrarch—that if the whole were crushed together you could extract nothing but the words, 'I love Laura, I love Laura.' So, I dawnay, if you were to crush the lovellast cypress tree, you would find nothing but—wood. I asked him if he could see nothing in such words as these that answered to an inward feeling in his heart:—

"Form we leader not consequent."

"Non ure l'andar suo cosa mortale Ma d'Angelica forma, è le parois Sisutrus altre che puer vece umant;",

[&]quot;In reports penses spine lists;"

[&]quot; Un alto che pude cas diserio ; "

^{*}Or à l'ombre gantil del viso umans Ch'une o mpter data all' alma stanca."

he only laughed at me, and sold they were toys preftinesses. This is a provoking thing, however, to find people making a boast and neutr of wanting a faculty or perception which you know to be one of the finest of your own spiritual possessions. It always makes me fancy that, if all men were blind but one or two, the latter would be reckoned pour but one or two, the latter would be reckened poor davils. But apart from this, I hold Carlyle to be one of the most wonderful men of his day. He is evidently not happy, however. His speculations have not led him to any firm ground, and his immortal longings and high aspirations are dashed and thwarted by the vain struggle he is always making to solve the riddle of the would—the hidden mystery whose discovery is to make its agentes and miscrics, its glories and promises, its capabilities and disappointments intelligible and consistent. This knot his power cannot unite, and he graws at it, smashes his power cannot unic, and he graws at it, grashes his teeth, and feels tempted to 'carse God and die.' His terth, and feels tempted to 'curse God and die.' His powers are not in harmony with each other. This, however, does not always appear ontwardly, and of course there are times when he forgets or passes by the darker regions of speculation 'on fate, freewill, and knowledge absolute.' This evening, for instance, we had much delightful talk, intermingled with hursts of laughter which made his 'lungs crow like chanticlest.' He gave us, among other things, a very graphic and even turrible account of the his of 'a poor player '—'a being who had lived upon the shouts and application of the multitude, and glave and amitaproor player '—'a being who had lived upon the shouts and applaures of the multitude, and glare and excitement and noise, and who, having aching the to fall back upon when that miscrable pabulans grew scarce and was gradually withdrawn, was left shivering and naked, in otter darkness and ioneliness, to stagger out the fag end of his existence, with no corner or refuge to fly to but the brandy-bottle.' Hunt joined as about nins o'clock, and gave a livelier and happier tone to the conversation. His mind again is all turned to the sunny side of things. He has worked out a small and not very profound philosophy for himself, which suits his lively nature and deep and delicate perception of outward things, and the hollowness of which for manifold his natural chasticity of mind and constant flow of animal spints prevents him mind and constant flow of animal spines prevents him from ever dreaming of.

"In reference to the case of a lady who had been disappointed in love, and in consequence remained stagle all her life, Hant said that it was no sings of a loving nature, but the reverse. It was nothing but an 'institute, but the reverse. It was nothing but an 'institute, but the reverse. It was nothing but an 'institute, but the reverse, It was nothing but an 'institute, but the reverse, It was nothing but an 'institute, and the remained might from disappointment, it would pass away—the affections would drown it in the gush of the returning tide. Carlyle agreed with this, and thought too much was made of these things. No doubt women had suffered greatly from them, but they should be taught to expect them as possibilities and probabilities. There was seldent so much in bisses on the man's part as the world supposed. And as to 'immortal sulkinesses,' he did not bolieve in them. A woman's sulkinesses,' he did not bolieve in them. A woman's lient might be suddenly broken, or so wounded that it did not recover in tance to admit of a new love. But all the better natures soon got over these things, because pride was week in them, and lose

After this followed some talk about Hunt's rejected play, which, from the account given if the plot, I am inclined to think Macready was wise to reject; which also was Hunter's pinion. From that business, but how I cannot imagine, the conversation went off to Ieremy Bentham as a mummy at Dr. South-

was strong!

wood Smith's, and Mrs. Carlyle mentioned that he had himself selected the eyes, that 🔤 had been very difficult to please, having rejected a great many specimens, until at last a pair was brought, which 🔤 looked at in all lights, and declared himself satisfied with. Hunter denounced the whole affair as a grovelling vanity, and mechanical self-idolatry; while Carlyle "wished | could be in the centre of a London mob, that he might direct a section of | towards Smith's muscum, and rid the earth, as well as the excellent Doctor himself, of the horrible putrescence." The diary here also describes Mrs. Carlyle as "a woman of talent and of great acquirements, but wanting the graces of simplicity and naturalness of manner. She joined con amore in all our conversation, and took her own views, often combating those of her husband, which he seemed to take 📦 good part. She described Jeremy's choosing his eyes with great spirit. The mother (Mrs. Cariyle's), poor body, looked a good deal bumbazed."

"Again the conversation diverged somahow to Swift, from the reference, I think, B Jemale disappointments is love. 'What a burst of laughter,' said Carlyle, 'lay within that man over the present some of thuggi what a lagion of fancies! but what an awful tragedy he had, at inst, to enset! If he had foreseen the part he had to play, would he have stayed to play it?' Hunt pleasantly led away from this by connecting Bentham's munmy with Swift's joke on Partridge, the almanach-maker, whose death on a certain day and hour Swift had predicted, and afterwards institud on the accomplishment of his prophecy, in spite of Partridge's repeated assertions to the contrary—asserting that he was a fullow going about pretending to be alive, when all the world knew he was dead; that no man effor could have written such a icolish advertisement as he had published; and that he ought to be presished as an impostor, &c., &c.

anhanced to look back on," adda Hunter here; "but it is enough—it is all I oan do. We did not break up till past twelve. On our way home Graik told me how all poor Hunt had been used by a Mis. Colonel Dashwood. Some years ago Hunt wrote me that ha had been immed in the possession of \$\int_{100}\$ a year by the manificence of a friend; and I had always consoled waysel, when I heard of his poverty, that he had this, at least, to fall back on. It seems not. The most we than Mis. Dashwood, having taken a great liking to Hunt (whom she had never seen, but only knew from his writings), and being very rich, acut him a bond of annuity for \$100, and another post-not! for \$\int_{1,000}\$ to be paid at her death. These she desired him to keep, and make them good—the former even against herself, should it ever be necessary. His afterwards was induced to visit her in the country, and wrote some very fine verses on the occasion, which are printed in the 'Repository,' and his visit necessed to have heightened her admiration and ampect for him. Lately, however, having come up to London, she became acquainted with Colonel Jones (the 'Radical' of the Tisser), and was led to manny him, previous to which step, and at his instigation, she wrote to Hunt, demanding back the bonds,

REMINISCENCES OF CARLYLE AND LEIGH HUNT.

which he instantly sent to her. He never allodes to this circumstance,

"Craik accompanied me for about half-a-mile, and after a walk in the dark of nearly four more, I got home to bed about two, but was too excited to sleep, and lay tousing till four. After all how solid and peaceful a resting-place he finds who goes, with singleness and simplicity of heart, to the gospel of Christ! What an escape he makes from the war

Of poor Mumanity's afflicted will, Struggling in value with rething History 1 ***

On Wednesday, the 13th of March, accompanied this time by Mrs. Weir, whose husband was over head and cars with Corn-Law matters, Mr. Hunter again set out for Cheyne Row and the rehearsal of the tragedy.

"We left soon after six o'clock, and having procured "We left non after six o'clock, and having procured a cah at Piccadilly, reached Cheyne Row about seven, nowithstanding of the man having gone half-a-done times out ill the road. We were luckily the first, and found nebody but Hunt, so that he put Mrs. W. at her case in the outer. Afterwards arrived Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle, Thornton and bis wife and affect that the Parent and manual Chestle and later wife's sister, Porcy, a lad named 'Cherite,' and lost of all Mrs. Hunt, whom I had never seen before, and whose manner and appearance are snything but pro-possessing. One of Hunt's little daughters served we at tentime, the loveliest fittle dark-eyes, soft, gentle creature I ever beheld. I was much pleased also with Thornton's wife, who is pretty and affectionate-like. Immediately after ten, Hunt began his tragedy, which he read at first with considerable effort; but as he got into the atream of it, he kindled up, and gave it with amount force and effect. I have seldom been more touched than I was with some of the scenes, and indeed the whole play is 'fall of the true pathos and sublime of human life, although the incidents are entirely of a domestic nature, and the situations such as an ordinary welter could have made nothing of. It is, by far and out of sight, the best thing blunt has ever done in the poetical way, and may be called the off-pring of his sufferings, and the reward of his patient endurance, and fasth in love and beauty, which has enabled him to subdue them, and indeed to 'turn them into commodities.' When he closed, our faces told him that he had found the way into our hearts. Carlyle, Craik, and I simultaneously rose and shook hands with him; on which he said, 'I am satisfied with my verdict, and care not now what any person may say of my play. I know it has life in it, since it has touched all of you.' Carlyle spoke earnestly and candidly of it; told him it was a place of right good stuff, solid and real, with a pulse of life and play of passion in every scene and line, and capitally dramatised. The only thing like objection was, that we lift thought the conclusion might be better brought out in action, so as | have more of diamatic interest than it has at present, by a long, but most admirable and indeed Shakesperisa, speech from a Cardinal giving judgment as to the divorce. Hunt ■ once acquiesced in this, and said he would endeavour to alter it agreeably to our suggestions. It was eleven o'clock before the reading was smithed, so that we had to come off immediately."

Again, in April, he ii in London about some appeal case, and learns that Hunt has been looking forward with impatience for his return, and wishes to have a night fixed

the 1st of May, is fixed for that purpose; on which day, however, Carlyle was to deliver the first of a course of lectures on the "Revolutions and Reformations of Europe." Both of these me could not accomplish on one night, and Carlyle's lecture must not be lost; so the reading was put off till Friday. Arrived at the Hall in Edward Street-

"Found the moon was filled with 'good company,'
the ladian greatly predominating. Crails found me soon
after my entrance, and pointed out III me Starling, the
principal writer in the Times; Forster, the critic of
the Examiner, Sec., Sec. I also any Lord Jeffrey,
with these I had only the lating and hay. with whom I had a chat after the lecture, and have promised to call before I leave town. Carlyle lectures extemporaneously, as regards composition I mean, and is somewhat coefers and ungarity, but full of matter suggestive of reflection, and opening up some wide and grand views. I still, however, notice a great deficiency in the plantic power. Hus views are acutered, as it were, and do not cohers or combine into a harmonious whole. As we came out, we met at the door Hunt, whom I had not observed in the room. He fold me that an engagement he had had for the day had gone off, and agreed in the friendliest and most cordial way to due with us. We accordingly sallied off together—he, Cralk, and I—and walked to Vine Cottage, enjoying all the way the delicious summer sun-hine with which the postical month has opened, and I enjoying will more that sumhine of the heart which Elizabeth and the control of the control of the heart which Elizabeth and the control of the contro the heart which Funt throws mon every subject that comes across his path. He is in great spirits at pessent, having got through his second play, and we and the full benefit of him in his blithest and most genial mood during the whole evening. We talked of Burne, and Hunt repeated several of his songs with delightful guste and wonderful command of the Dorie strength of Scotch expressions in which they abound. He spoke very highly of 'Yestreen II had a plat o' wine,' greatly annued with an additional were which Craik gave us, and which neither he nor I had ever heard before.

We also talked of Shenstone, and particularly of his acholashlo-which I was rather shocked to find Crails achdiaship—which I was rather backen to unit train could not appreciate—of Pope's imitations ill Spenser and Chaucer, and Lasily of Spenser himself, a subject on which Hunt always speaks finely. We urged him to try a course of lectures on the poets, which I think he could do so delightfully, and I suggested that he should wind up with a lecture on the female poets, which I think he has a labelly will train the latest the latest he has already within the well in the about whom he has already written so well in the Camparaise. He promised to think of it, and seemed greatly pleased with the notion. . . After dinner our talk was of Wordsworth, Keats, Scott, and Jefficy, besides a great many thir a general which must alumber sub silentic. The of Hunt's conversation are too delicate, and the connecting links too fine to admit of their being delineated by so techie a hand as mine."

Carlyle's lecture and this dinner at Craik's had postponed the reading of Hunt's tragedy till Friday. On that day, after dining alone—

"Sallied forth I a cab for Hant's, who met us with his assal cordisity. We found him alone, but in a few missakes Carlyle and his wife, and afterwards Craik and Thornton and his wife arrived. Mrs. House looked better than when I first saw her, and made some capital ten for us. We were to have for hearing his new tragedy. Wednesday, Hand's new tragedy, but he told us that, having received some excellent suggestions in regard to the stage effects of some parts, and resolved to make alterations accordingly, he thought it bother not to read it for the present; and to this we successibed. Instead we had unaid, Thouston and his wife having any 'Ah i Perdera' and sundry other Italian piscos with a piano accompaniment. But we were all some pleased with Hunt's own singing, which is fall of grace and apinit, and he touches that instrument with great delicacy and effect. He gave us the mauching-song from the 'Beggars' Opera.' . . Carlyle enjoyed the singing with great gusto, and said he would give any money that he had been thrown into such a situation as would have led to his learning to sing. His wife said that, as it is, he never sings but when he is in absolute despair."

Once more, in April, 1840, Hunter's business brings him to London, and after dancing attendance at courts or chambers, and lounging through galleries of an idle hour, making shrewd notes on the pictures he sees there, he has two other evenings with Hunt and Carlyle. On the first, indeed, Hunt only is present along with Craik, at their house in Brompton, where Hunter had gone to dine.

"Craik arrived about four o'clock, and brought the pleasant tidings that Hunt was coming to dinner. He sent, as ploneurs, two copies of his pary, one for Mrs. We'r and one for my Halen, and in about half an hour he brought the sunshine of his own presence among us. I need not say we had a delightful evening. We sat at table from five o'clock till half-pest ten, and the time did not appear to have exceeded half an hour. We drank liftle wine, Runt's convention being excitement enough. He was in good spirits, and nullium tritigit good non ornessit. I do not mean to attempt making any secord of widt passed. In-deed, the themes were too multifurious, and the transitions from one to another too numerous and rapid, to admit of anything of the sort. He was much gratified, on various occasions, by my taking advantage of sundry odds and ends of his own verses to illustrate sundry odds and ends of his own verses to illustrate what I was saying." (Hanter, by the way, had a memory stored with a wealth of such illustrations, which he brought in always aptly, and often from the most unexpected quarters.) "I did this own envers, and just as I would have done, and in fact often do, at my own freside; and he seemed to feel that it was to, and was touched accordingly, especially as many of the storehouses of my quotation have passed away with the magazines, &c., of the day, without the posses hav-ing been reprinted in the last edition of his works. The only subject that detained us for any length of time was a discussion which I started as to the tendency of modern writers, especially the Germans, and, above all, and upon system, Goethe, to prefer the arristmal to the spontaneous. The result, however great the genius of the author, is to me always assessmentatory and poor in comparison. I resent being approached and poor in comparison. I resent being approvement and taken by regular sleep; and illustrated my meaning by contrasting Schiller's Wallestein with Lass and Othello, and Goethe's Witholm Mainter with Scott's novels. Hunt agreed with my views, and so did Weir, with a difference and a drawack in favour of his German irlends. But Craik, as the state the state of the second and the should have predicted, took up the opposite side of he question, and maintained, certainly with great bility and ingenuity, that it was a mere question of egree; that every poet did and should shape and lan his poems with a view to their producing certain

effects; and that the deeper his insight into the philosophy of poetry, and the more scientific (in the broader sense of the word) his method became from that insight, the finer would the effect be, and the greater the triumph of his genus. Here I quoted nome lines of Hant's, as descriptive of the genus nature of the poet's labours, as contrasted with Craik's "cointific method," where he speaks of having

"A sphere to which he might repair, To now it with delights, and shape it without care;"

for which Hant gave me a look of gratitude that was very touching. I have not time to follow out the argument, but I felt that we had the best of it in the long ram; and, indeed, there was not, I dare say, a very material difference in our views at bottom after all. Each admitted the other's instances, and all gave the preference where I thought it due.

"Huas gave us some entitled by printers from his copy. One very good one occurs in a paper where he had said he had a liking for coffee because it always reminded him of the 'Arshian Nights,' though not mentioned there, adding, 'as smoking does for the same reason.' This was converted into the following oracular words—'as sucking does for the same cance. The could not find it in his heart to correct this, and thus it stands as a therm for the profound speculations of the commentators.

specialitions of the communitaria.

"I can do nothing further. But the evening seems to me, on looking back to it, as the most sparkling 'siry, faiery' thing in my memory."

On Wednesday, the 8th of April, they agreed to meet at Craik's, where they were joined by Carlyle. Of this gathering he writes:—

"Cariyle and Hunt were in great force, and came out is the course of the vening in their full strength. They form decided contrasts to each other, in almost every respect, and the occasional collisions that took place between them draw out the salient points and characteristic powers of each in the most striking manner possible. I never saw Carlyle in such vigour, and was delighted, even when I most differed from him, with the turging floods of him someous eloqueness which he poured forth from time to time, illuminated, as they always were, by the coruscations of a splendid facey, sometized larid enough, to be sure, and heated to boiling fervour by the inextinguishable fire of deep enotion that is for ever guawing his heart and brain. Hunt again was all light and air, glancing gracefully over all topics, and casting the hues of his own temperament on every subject that arose. I do not mean to teache my attempt at giving an account of the convexation. That is out of the question in the freezent instance. It lasted without interruption from five till near twelve o'clock, and embraced the most multifurious subjects. We had the Scottish Kirk, Wordsworth, Petracel, Burns, Knox and Hame, the Claurch of England, Dante, heaven and hell, all through our 'glowing hands;' and strange work was made with most of them. I gave some offence to Carlyle, but he recovered from it so swiftly, and redecesed himself so generously, that it heightened my administion of him. He had been declaining against Wordsworth, whom he represented as an inferior person to Cowper, adding that from the Missiner person to Cowper adding that from the Missiner person to Cowp

whom he crushed to a supless nothing in his group. I stood out a good while on this subject, as did Hunt and Craik. At last Carbyle said—All I have to say is, that there is one son of Adam who has no sympathy with his week, washy twaddle about snother man's wife. I cast it from me as so much trash, unsedeemed by any quality that speaks to my beart and sedeemed by any quality that species to my heart and soul. And now you may say whatever you like of him or of me.' I snawcred hastily—'Then I would say of you that you are to be pitted for wanting a perception which I have, and which I think, and the would in general will think, I am the richer for pos-sessing; and I would just speak of what you have now ultered in these words :-

Say, cannt then paint a sealesse to the billed, Or make him feel a shadow with his small?"

A slight shade passed over his face at this, and he said—'Well, I admit you are right to think so, whatever I may think of the politeness of your saying it as you have now done.' Linnt interposed to the rescue with, 'Well, that's very good. Cariyle knacks down all our idols with two or three sweeps of his arm, and thaving so far cleared his way to us, he winds up by thocking down ourselves; and when we cry out against this rough work, he begins to talk of—politeness!' This was followed by a peal of langhter, in which Carlyle joined with all his heart; and then addressed me cordully and kindly—'I believe, after all, you are quite sight. I ought to easy you. I have no doubt you have pleasures and feelings manifold from which I am shut out, and have shut out syssif, in cansequance of the habit I have so long induged of groping through the sepulchral caveras of our A slight shade passed over his face at this, and he of groping through the sepulchral caverns of our being. I honour and love you for the lesson you have taught ma.' This was felt to be very soble. "There is Carlyle all over," said Hung; "that's what; makes us all love him. His darkest specialises always come out to the light by reason of not buman; heart which he carries along with him. He will at last end in glory and gladones."

"Towards the conclusion of the evening we had a namilar decreation between Carlyle and Hunt, in.

regular discussion between Carlyle and Hant, involving the whole merits of their several systems, if I may so call Hunt's fantastic framework of agree-abilities, which Carlyle certainly shattered to peaces with great case (though without disconcerting Heat in the slightest degree in order to substitute his sternal principles of right and wrong, responsibility, awe of the Uniter—the spiritual worship of the soul yearning out of the clay temement after the infantely holy and the infantely beautiful. Hunt's system, I told him, would suit nobody but himself.

"Hunt told us a good story of Lamb. Some one had been talking against eternal punishments and the like, when Lamb turned round on him with, "No; that won't do for ms. I can't give up my hell." This

was inimitably characteristic.

"We also talked of the recent story of an Edinburgh we have untered of the recent many years and gentleman, long known for his benevolence, but coming to a sorrowful end at last, when Carlyle threw out some very touching and charitable things, believing, as every one who knew the man must, that for years and years one who knew the man must, that for years and years one who knew the man must, that for years and years he war all that its seemed to be, and treating the awfal lapse as it ought in he treated, viz. as a fearful access of the insunity that may lark within us all. Hended, 'Well may it he said that it is by grace we are saved, and that not of ourselves; it is the gift of God. If that leaves us, what is there of eartisty, sensual, idealish that ma want here of devilish that we may not become?"

fast by the truth as it is in Jesus;" and above all from his own hand.

things to cultivate the spirit of charity which He enjoins; I have no man tor his opinions; to look for, and hunt out, the good that is lurking somewhere in all men, and to address myself to it, and it alone, as the only means of overcoming evil; to avoid getting into any of the parallelograms or narrow tolds of sectarization; and, above all, to keep the heart sunspotted from the world' of sensualism and devilishmens that is always threatening to engulf it."

With these weighty words I close these extracts, though there I a good deal more in the diary well worth preservation. As 1 lay down this alim little volume I seem again to see that bland, benevolent face, so full of calm thought, or so up with pleasant humour, as he sauntered on a summer evening with a friend among the green glades of Craigcrook-sweetest retreat in the neighbourhood of the Scottish espital-talking of Goethe or Kant, of Hume or Coleridge or Wordsworth, chief of his favourites among our later poets, and ending every other sentence with some apt and telling quota-Not that his Wordsworthian likings were at all exclusive. His taste was of the most catholic type, and a line from his tavourite would be speedily capped by another from Pope, or a quaint saying from Marvell or Suckling. He hill a prodigious memory for such things, and a curious felicity in applying them. Yet his conversation was not a mere mosaic of other men's thoughts. Even these brief extracts have, I trust. shown that he could hold his own with the mighty in the conflict of reason, and commanded the respect of the great. I venture to think that he measures Carlyle with a just estimate of his great powers, which is not blind to his defects; and though I always held that he somewhat overestimated Leigh Hunt, it arose, I fancy, partly from the kindly feeling one has for a weak person whom one has helped at a pinch. Hunter's religious convictions were strong and deep, as the diary shows, and they were atmosphered in a fine spirit of reverence. Presbyterian on principle, his Coleridgian philosophy hardly squared with the Calvinstic tenets of the Church. But he adjusted himself so far to its Confession as to live at tolerable peace with it, holding that there was a germ of truth in all its articles, though, owing to the hardening influence of polemics, some of them were expressed in such a way that they were me dead to him as the Pharachs. Altogether he was a brave, true, and capable man, devout and God-fearing, and I "But I find 'a mass of many images crowding like cannot help thinking the world will not be waves upon me, and must, therefore, run out of the way. The sum of what I have learned is, to stand sorry to get even this faint glimpse of him

THE WATER-LILIES.

I MUSE alone, me the twilight falls Over the grey old castle's walls, Where a sleepy lake through the lazy hours Crisply mirrors the time-worn towers; And scarce a whisper rustles the sedge, Or a ripple lisps to the water's edge, As far and wide, on the tideless stream, The matted water-lilies dream.

I stood, in the quiet even'-fall, Where, in the ancient banquet-hall Over the hearth, is a panel placed, By some old Florentine chisel chased. Showing a slender, graceful child, In the flowing robes of a wood-nymph wild, Bending over the wavy flood As she stoops to gather a lily bad,

In words as quaint as the carving old, An aged dame the story told, How an Earl's daughter, long ago, A strange, pale child, with a brow of snow, Had loved, and lost her life for the sake Of the lilies that grew in her father's lake,

Holding them ever her favourite flower: Till once, in the hush of a twilight hour, Floating among them, out in the stream, Where the passionless blossoms nod and dream. They found her lying, white and dead,

"Like a mater fily," the old dame said.

And a sadness, born of the old-world tale, Haunts me still, while the starlight pale Gleams on the leaves, so green and wet, Where the changeless lilies are floating yet, And a message I fain would read aright. Seems to lurk in each chalice white, A secret, guarded fold on fold. As it guards its own deep heart of gold, And only told to the listening ear, Of him who humbly tries to hear,

Oh! mystic blossom floating there, Thing of the water, thing of the air, We claim thee still, as we hold the dead, Anchored to earth, by a golden thread.

s. REID.

OUT OF DOORS IN FEBRUARY.

3. Annale in Ratal Sp-Ways.

By RICHARD JEFFERIES, AUTROR OF "THE GAMLERSFER AT HOME."

with them are chilled into unwonted quiet, running in the ditches and sphishing over Wedged in the ranks every man looks like stones, the rooks commence the speeches and his fellow, and there seems no tie between them into the following autumn. The general idea ance with burrack or camp life would show

'HE cawing of the rooks in February preceding summer. They are then 📕 large shows that the time is coming when flocks, and if only casually glanced at appear their nests will be re-occupied. They resort mixed together without any order or arrangeto the trees, and perch above the old nests to ment. They move on the ground and fly in indicate their rights; for in the rookery pos- the air so close, one beside the other, that at session is the law, and not nine-tenths of it the first glance or so you cannot distinguish only. In the slow, dull cold of winter even them apart. Yet if you should be lingering these noisy birds are quiet, and as the vast along the by-ways of the fields as the acorniflocks pass over, night and morning, to and fall, and the leaves come rustling down in the from the woods in which they roost there is warm sunny autumn afternoons, and keep an scarcely a sound. Through the mist their observant eye upon the rooks in the trees, or black wings advance in silence, the jackdaws on the fresh-turned furrows, they will be seen to act in couples. On the ground couples and unless you chance I look up the crowd alight near each other, on the trees they may so over unnoticed. But so soon as the perch near each other, and in the air fly side waters begin to make a sound in February, by side. Like soldiers each has his comrade. conversations which will continue till late but a common discipline. Intimate acquaintthat they pair in February, but there are that every one had his friend. There is also some reasons for thinking that the rooks, the mess, or companionship of half-a-dozen, a in fact, choose their mates at the end of the dozen, or more, and something like this

THE WALLETTIMS IN S. R.

exists part of the year in the armies of the yet the dawn is come, and the sunrise flows flies in concert. Later on they apparently winter after, say October, these pairs keep together, though lost in the general mass to the passing spectator. If you alarm them while feeding on the ground in winter, supposing you have not got a gun, they merely lise up to the nearest tree, and it may then be observed that they do this in pairs. One perches on a branch and a second comes to When February arrives, and they him. resort to the nests to look after or seize on the property there, they are in fact already paired, though the almanacs put down St. Valentine's day as the date of courtship.

There is very often a warm interval in February, sometimes a few days earlier and sometimes later, but as a rule it happens that a week or so of mild sunny weather occurs about this time. Released from the grip of the frost, the streams trickle forth from the fields and pour into the ditches, so that, while walking along the foot-path there is a murmur all around coming from the rush of water. The murmur of the poets is indeed louder in February than in the more pleasant days of summer, for then the growth of aquatic grasses checks the flow and stills it, whilst in February, every stone, or flint, or lump of chalk divides the current and causes With this murmur of water, a vibration. and mild time, the rooks caw incessantly, and the birds at large essay to utter their welcome of the sun. The wet furrows reflect the rave so that the dark earth gleams, and in the slight mist that stays farther away the light pauses and fills the vapour with radiance, Through this luminous mist the larks race after each other twittering, and as they turn aside, swerving in their swift flight, their whiter breasts appear for a moment. As while standing by a pool the fishes come into sight, emerging as they swim round from the shadow of the deeper water, so the larks cart over the low hedge, and through the mist, and pass before you, and are gone again. All at once one checks his pursuit, forgets the immediate object, and rises, singing as he soars. The notes fall from the air over the dark wet earth, over the dank grass, and broken withered fern of the hedges, and listening to them seems for a moment spring. There is sunshine in the song: the lark and the light are dawn, and throws forth beams like those of in February days. In May he rises before as that I know by comparison with which I XXIII--8

rooks. After the nest time is over they flock down to us under through his notes. On his together, and each family of three or four breast, high above the earth, the first rays fall as the rim of the sun edges up at the choose their own particular friends, that is eastward hill. The lask and the light are as the young birds do so. All through the one, and wherever he glides over the wet forrows the glint of the sun goes with him. Anon alighting he runs between the lines of the green corn. In hot summer, when the open hillside is burned with bright light, the larks are then singing and soaring. Stepping upwards taboriously suddenly a lark starts into the light and pours forth a rain of unwearied notes overflead. With bright light, and sunshine, and sunrise, and blue skies the bird is so associated in the mind, that even to see him in the frosty days of winter, at least assures us that summer will certainly return.

Ought not winter, in allegorical designs, the rather to be represented with such things that might suggest hope than such as convey a cold and grim despair? The withered leaf, the snowflake, the hedging bill that cuts and destroys, why these? Why not rather the dear larks for one? They fly in flocks, and amid the white expanse of snow (in the south) their pleasant twitter or call is heard as they sweep along seeking some grassy spot cleared by the wind. The lark, the bird of the light, is there in the bitter short days, Put the lark then for winter, a sign of hope, a certainty of summer. Put too the sheathed bud, for if you search the hedge you will find the buds there, on tree and bush, carefully wrapped around with the case which protects them as a cloak. Put too the sharp needles of the green corn; let the wind clear it of snow a little way, and show that under cold clod and colder snow the green thing pushes up, knowing that summer must come. Nothing despairs but man. Set the sharp curve of the white new moon in the sky: she is white in true frost, and yellow a little if is devising change. Set the new moon as something that symbols an increase. Set the shepherd's crook in a corner as a token that the flocks are already enlarged in number. The shepherd is the symbolic man of the hardest winter time. His work is never more important than then. Those that only roun the fields when they are pleasant in May, see the lambs at play in the meadow, and naturally think of lambs and May flowers. But the lamb was born in the adversity of snow. Or you might set the morning star, for it burns and burns and glitters | the winter one. He gives us a few minutes of summer metal consumed in oxygen. There is nought

might indicate the glory of the morning star, will be a likely place for a blackbird's nest;

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hold which winter has been gaining, and as were, tear his claws out of the earth, their prey. If it has not been so hitter previously, when this Gulf stream or current of warmer air enters the expanse it may bring forth a butterfly and tenderly woo the first violet into flower. But this depends on its having been only moderately cold before, and also upon the stratum, whether it is backward clay, or forward gravel and sand. Spring dates are quite different according to the locality, and when violets may be found n one district, in another there is hardly a voodbine-leaf out. The border line may e traced, and is occasionally so narrow one hay cross over it almost at a step. It would bmetimes seem as if even the nut-tree bushes ore larger and finer nuts on the warmer mind, and not be discouraged because he ars some one else has already discovered heard something.

while yet the dark night hides in the hollows. this thick close hawthorn for a bullfinch; The lamb is born in the fold. The morning these bramble thickets with remnants of old star glitters in the sky. The bud is alive in nettle stalks will be frequented by the whiteits sheath; the green corn under the snow; throat after awhile. The hedge is now but the lark twitters as he passes. Now these to a lattice work which will before long be hung with green. Now it can be seen through, These mild hours in February check the and now is the time to arrange for future discovery. In May everything will M hidden, and unless the most promising places are selected beforehand, it will not be easy to search them out. The broad ditch will be arched over, the plants rising on the mound will meet the green boughs drooping, and all the vacancy will be filled. But having observed the spot in winter you can almost

make certain of success in spring,

It is this previous knowledge which invests those who are always on the spot, those who work much in the fields or have the care of woods, with their apparent prescience. They lead the new-comer to a hedge, or the corner of a copse, or a bend of the brook, announcing beforehand that they feel assured something will be found there; and so it is. This too is one reason why a fixed observer usually il, and that they ripened quicker. Any sees more than one who rambles a great deal rious in the first of things, whether it be a and covers ten times the space. The fixed af, or flower, or a bird, should bear this observer who hardly goes a mile from home is like the man who sits still by the edge of a crowd, and by and by his lost companion returns to him. To walk about in search of A little note taken now at this bare any one in a crowd is well known to be the e of the kind of earth may lead to worst way of recovering them. Sit still and understanding of the district. It is they will often come by. In a far more cerm where the plough has turned it, where tain manner this is the case with birds and rabbits have burrowed and thrown it animals. They all come back. During a where a tree has been felled by the twelvemonth probably every creature would s, by the brook where the bank is worn pass over a given locality: every creature y, or by the sediment at the shallow that is not confined to certain places. The cs. Before the grass and weeds, and whole army of the woods and hedges marches and flowers have hidden it, the character across a single farm in twelve months. A e soil is evident at these natural sections single tree—especially an old tree—is visited but the aid of a spade. Going slowly by four-lifths of the birds that ever perch in the foot-path-indeed you cannot go the course of that period. Every year too n moist February-it is a good time to brings something fresh and adds new the places and map them out where; visitors to the list. Even the wild sea birds and flowers will most likely come first. ; are found inland, and some that scarce seem m autumn lies prone on the ground, able to fly at all are cast far ashore by the dark leaves, some washed to their woody gales. It is difficult believe that one), short grey stalks, some few decayed would not see more by extending the journey, of hedge fruit, and among these the but, in fact, experience proves that the longer or stocks of the plants that do not die a single locality is studied the more is found ut lie as it were on the surface waiting. in it. But you should know the places in the strong teazle will presently stand winter as well as in tempting summer when here the ground ivy will dot the mound song and shade and colour attract every one uish-purple. But it will be necessary to the field. You should face the mire and slowly to find the ground-ivy flowers slippery path. Nature yields nothing to the be lappet of the briars. These bushes syburite. The meadow glows with butterwoods lovely; but these are not to be enjoyed in their full significance unless you have traversed the same places when bare, and have watched the slow fulfilment of the flowers.

The moist leaves that remain upon the mounds do not rustle, and the thrush moves among them unheard. The sunshine may bring out a rabbit, feeding along the slope of the mound, following the paths or runs. He picks his way, he does not like wet. Though out at night in the dewy grass of summer, in the rain-soaked grass of winter, and living all his life in the earth, often damp nearly to his harrows, no time, and no succession of generations can make him like wet. He endures it, but he picks his way round the dead forn and the decayed leaves. He sits in the bunches of long grass, but he does not like the drops of rain or dew on it to touch him. Water lays his fur close, and mats, it, instead of running of and leaving him sleek. As he hops a little way at a time on the mound he chooses his route almost as we pick ours in the mud and pools of February. By the shore of the ditch there still stand a few dry, dead dock stems, with some dry reddish-brown seed adhering. Some dry brown nettle stalks remain; some grey and broken thistles; some teazles leaning on the bushes. The power of winter has reached its utmost how and can go no farther. These bines which still hang in the bushes are those of the greater bindweed, and will be used in a month or so by many birds as conveniently curved in fit about their nests, The stem of wild clematis, grey and bowed, could scarcely look more dead. Scales of back are peeling from it, they come off at the touch of the fingers. The few brown feathers that perhaps still adhere where the flowers once were are stained and discoloured by the beating of the rain. It is not dead: it will flourish again ere long. It is the sturdiest of creepers, facing the ferocious winds of the hills, the tremendous rains that blow up from the sea, and bitter frost, if only it can get its roots into soil that suits it. In some places it takes the place of the hedge proper and becomes itself the hedge. Many of the trunks of the elms are swathed in minute green vegetation which has flourished in the winter, as the clematis will in the summer. Of all, the brambles bear the wild works of winter best. Given only a little shelter, the corner of the hedges or under trees and copses they retain green leaves till the buds burst again. The froats tint them we forget the mire of the world are the most in autumn with crimson, but not all turn precious,

cups in spring, the hedges are green, the colour orfall. The brambles are the bowers of the birds; in these still leafy bowers they do the courting of the spring, and under the brambles the earliest arum, and cleaver, or avens, push up. Round about them the first white nettle flowers, not long now, and the latest in the autumn. The white nettle sometimes blooms so soon (always according to locality), and again so late, that there seems but a brief interval between, as if it flowered nearly all the year round. So the berries on the holly if let alone often stay till summer is in, and new berries begin to appear shortly afterwards. The ivy too bears its berries far into the summer. Perhaps if the country be taken at large there III never a time when there is not a flower of some kind out, in this or that warm southern nook. The sun never sets, nor do the flowers ever die. There is life always, even in the dry fir-cone that

looks so brown and sapless.

The path crosses the uplands where the lapwings stand on the parallel ridges of the ploughed field like a drilled company; if they rise they wheel as one, and in the twilight move across the fields in bands, invisible as they sweep near the ground, but seen against the sky in rising over the trees and the hedges. There is a plantation of fir and ash on the slope and a narrow waggon-way enters it, and seems to lose itself in the wood. Always approach this spot quietly, for whatever 🔚 in the wood is sure at some time or other to come to the open space of the track. Wood pigeons, pheasants, squirrels, magnies, hares, everything feathered or furred, down to the mole, is sure to seek the open way. Butterflies flutter through the copse by it in summer, just as you or I might use the passage between the trees. Towards the evening the partridges may run through to join their friends before roost time on the ground. Or you may see a covey there now and then, creeping slowly with humped backs, and at a distance not unlike hedgehogs in their motions. The spot therefore should be approached with care; if it is only a thrush out is a pleasure to see him at his ease and, as he deems, unobserved. If a bird or animal thinks itself noticed it seldom does much, some will-cease singing immediately they are looked at. The day is perceptibly longer already. As the sun goes down the western sky often takes a lovely green tint in this month, and one stays to look at it, forgetting the dark and miry way homewards. I think the moments when

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A little note taken now at this bare time of the kind of earth may lead to an understanding of the district. It is plain where the plough has turned it, where the rabbits have burrowed and thrown it out, where a tree has been felled by the gales, by the brook where the bank is worn away, or by the sediment at the shallow places. Before the grass and weeds, and corn and flowers have hidden it, the character of the soil is evident at these natural sections without the aid of a spade. Going slowly along the foot-path—indeed you cannot go fast in moist February—it is a good time to select the places and map them out where ' herbs and flowers will most likely come first, All the autumn lies prone on the ground. Dead dark leaves, some washed to their woody ! frames, short grey stalks, some few decayed away but lie as it were on the surface waiting.

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THE MOUNTAIN HOMES OF THE VAUDOIS.

By Mrs. CHARLES GARNETT.

FIRST PAPER.

tresses, commands their approaches. Frenchmen it is a place of little attraction, and no tourists visit it, though the scenery equals many of the finest bits in Switzerland. Yet every mile abounds in interesting records arranged it on purpose." of the past, and at every turn silent witnesses Christ. Therefore to see the region sanctified by the blood of martyrs and ennobled by their lives for sixteen hundred years, the mountains the children of those for whom he had been content to die was a delightful prospect.

bathing the beautiful valley of the Du- the mule (mule-like) determined to march rance in exquisite sunshine, I waited in along the very outer edge, regardless of the the village street of La Roche, for I was cart and poor me. going to be the guest of M. Brunel, the good pastor of the district. The Dean of Ripon, villages of "the Valley," is modern invenfor many long years the noble and unwearied tion; the place could only be reached forfriend of the Vandois of the Hautes Alpes, merly by a very difficult way, which wound had told me that the paster had procured "a up amidst rolling stones and loose rocks, and little carriage" for his (the Dean's) use, and went by the name of "Pas de l'Echelle." that this would be sent to convey me to difficult was this "ladder" to climb that Pallons, where the Presbytery, which was many a time it saved the Vaudois from their raised by his exertions, is built. Already, in enemies. Yet even into these solitudes, response to his note of introduction, I had where it seemed impossible for any living received an invitation from M. Brunel; there-creature save wild goats to exist, the Roman fore, as I waited, I looked about for the "little Catholics pursued the faithful who had given

"HERE are very few habitations in Dor- | with ropes, drew it slowly along. A broad, milleuse which are not liable to be swept dumpy young man, with a round smiling face away, for there is not a spot in this narrow and wide mouth, dressed in coarse dark blue corner of the valley of Freissinières which can homespun clothes, came beaming up. "He be considered absolutely safe. But terrible had come for the English Mo'su. Mo'su le as the situation of the natives is, they owe to pasteur Brunel had sent himself, Philomel, it their religious and perhaps their physical and his carriage," pointing I the tray, "for existence. If their country had been more the English Mo'su and his language. Where secure and more accessible they would have was he then?" I assured him there had been exterminated." So wrote Felix Neff fifty been a mistake, and that I was the exyears ago, and that spot was my destination. pected visitor: but Philomel would not take Yes! to the heart of the unknown district of the me on trust, and evidently considered me a Hautes Alpes. No guide-book and no map mistake, if not an imposition, and m doggedly of the province could I procure even in Paris, assured me "he would wait for Mo'su." Here though Napoleon's spiendid military road was a difficulty! but up came the Post runs through the "Valleys," and though Commissionaire and vehemently assured him the procure of the exponent fluorest lirenancon, one of the strongest French for I was the only producible Englisher, To whereupon his smile shone out once more, and I scrambled into the little cart, across which its owner had nailed a plank for a seat. "Was not that very good? he had

After various calls for parcels, Philomel speak to us of noble deeds nobly done for turned the mule's head, and after going a few yards up the valley we turned off from the Napoleon road and placeeded across a rough wooden bridge over the Durance, and and valleys where Neff had trod, to talk with faced a bare high mountain, scored with the marks of winter storms and bestrewn with stones, across which wound a path, gradually The most interesting of all the Vandois rising from the valley below until it turned a valleys is that of Freissinières. And on point about two-thirds of the way up the August the twelfth, as the levelling sun hill-side and was lost to sight. It looked rays were making the cliffs blaze redly and dreadful, and wer somewhat dangerous, and

This mule road - Pallons, the first of the carriage," but none could I see. Presently I up all for Christ, and who only asked to be beheld a small costermonger's tray. A poor permitted, out of sight and out of mind, to little mule, wearing an enormous wooden worship in peace. saddle, which the cart shafts were tied from the valley were burnt we death;

in these "hules of the rocks" for five years. forget. Therefore in 1489, "knowing that those of spot to another accretly teaching and preaching to the persecuted Vaudois, and when they caught them put them to death. Hardly more Berenger, for the offence of "preaching in the inhabitants of the whole valley of Freissinières are Protestants. Philomel, with a latter with the little Eloise in her arms, and apples and pears literally weigh down the Leontine, Augustine, and Rayoule walking tree branches. Beyond the garden is the demurely beside their mother.

a sweet as well as handsome face. The pastor room, with texts painted in black on the is dreadfully thin, with dark bair already turn- walls; over the preacher's desk the favourite ing grey (he laughingly calls his white hairs one, "Here will I place My name;" and for "the snow of the Alps"), and an eager face. another, the old watchword, "Be thou faith-He wears a suit of white linen and a straw ful unto death, and I will give thee a crown hat, reminding one of the saying. "An ema- of life." A harmonium is the only extra, the ciated visage preaches louder than vest- benches and furniture being as plain as

ments."

ease immediately. Philomel jogs off with is a much more comfortable "church" than the cart, and we all proceed to make the cave in the mountain near by which still friends. And here I would say that M. bears that name, and where Neff with deep Brunel took, during the whole of my stay, emotion once chanted the Te Deum.

Embrun, in 1483, ninety-three persons "sus- the very greatest pains to point out every pected of heresy," were ordered to wear object of interest, and he and his charming crosses, but instead of obeying they fled to wife devoted themselves and their time to the caves which pierce the hill-sides, and lived my enjoyment in a manner I can never

Pallons stands in front, as it were, of the Freissinière had relapsed into infamous defile which is the gate to the Valley of heresy," the monk, Francis Splireti, was Freissinières. The cuttages are built about sent as Inquisitor, thither. Bonds, imprison- on the slopes of the hills; a plateau called ments, scourgings, and burnings became the Camp of Catinat (a too well known the order of the day. In vain these quiet personator of the Vaudois), now covered peasants appealed to their king. There with small corn-fields and orchards, is was no mercy for herence. So they fled surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills. A back, even back to the very limits of vegeta- mass of rock looking like ancient fortification; "the parrenners of the soil, the in- tions crosses the plateau at its southern end." hospitality of the climate and the macces. This is torn asunder in the middle, and sibility of their villages proved their security." through this great ront, called the Confourun, Again and again, but always in vain, the or "roaring gulf," rushes the torrent-river of Papists tried to gain a settlement in the Biasse, and falls a distance of 450 feet into valley. They pulled down the temples; they the valley of the Durance below. One can hunted the pastors, who wandered from one see it disappear into a dark cavern in the rocks, and hear its sullen roar for some distance.

Looking from my bedroom window in the than a century ago, in 1767, the parliament of parsonage, Pallons seemed indeed a lovely Grenoble ordered the execution of the paster place; the cottages dotted about embowered in greenery on the surrounding hill-sides, corn the desert." But this day the greater part of patches, the red gloam of the battlement-like rocks, the distant blue vale of the Durance, and behind all, even the far-away valley, the broad smile, nods eager assent to the ques- mighty mountains streaked with snow. The tion, "Are you Protestant?" 'Yes, and his pursonage is a good and comfortable house, father and mother before him-both dead erected by the exertious of Dean Fremantle. "See," he cries, "M. le l'asteur!" It is built on a rich piece of land, and the We have turned the corner of the hill; rocks garden is remarkably productive. In it we overhang our heads, their mighty masses find growing well strawberries (from which blazing in the setting sun. Below, far below, plant the valley takes its name), magnificent lies the old Roman station of Rama; we take a plums as large as ordinary peaches, a tobacco last glance at the smiling vale of the Durance. plant, melons, cucumbers, beans, &c.; an Before us is Pallons, and here, coming to arbour covered with pumpkin blossoms, and meet me, are M. and Madame Brunel, the a sunflower measuring over four yards high; graveyard, and the largest room in the Madame Brunel has a crown of fair hair, and parsonage is the chapel-a whitewashed possible-and this Leontine plays nicely in Much hand-shaking and such a warm private; in the public services the school-welcome ensue that the stranger is at master is organist. Plain as this chapel is,

luxury indeed in these parsonages. Our supper consisted of vegetable soup, potatoes, beans, bread, and thin wine and water. The simplest articles of clothing are very dear. For instance, the coarse holland of which Madame Brunel's dress was made, and which with us is worth at the most 6d. a yard, was 201. there. She told me very gently it was "difficult" to make ends meet, Toys are too expensive, so llittle Augustine was nursing an old can with a doll's frock tied round it, " to make belief."

It was nearly nine o'clock when supper was finished, and their mother was just taking the children off to bed, when a commotion is heard outside, a rushing of feet, and in sweeps a tall, fine-looking young man in mud-besplashed trousers, his coat flying open and showing his woollen shirt; he throws his hat down, and seizing the children in turn covers them with kisses, then flinging himself into a chair, announces, "The friends are outside." Away darts M. Brunck All is excitement and welcome. Madame hastens to the kitchen, and presently, with much talk, in come, first two boys, then M. Brunel ushering in two brother pastors. First came M. Nicot, from Guillestre, a broad man, with a fine face and grand head, in the prime of life, who impresses you immediately with his thoughtful; good sense. The second, M. Rémond, from Valdrôme; he is rather round-shouldered, with a happy, ordinary face, and alpaca coat. His proves himself presently a charming companion, and is a prime favourite the parsonage. To complete the circle, there are the schoolmaster and his wife; but they indeed come in and go out of the house at all hours.

The Protestant Committee of Lyons, of which Dean Fremantle is president, supplies all the pastors and schoolmasters in the Vaudois valleys (until this Society was tormed, they were almost entirely without months in the year; the poor fodder is soon

Supper is served by Annie Arnoux, the and Dormilleuse. These places are about only servant, in the general living-room, three hours' distance from each other; and Many of our English clergy complain of in this climate, where, instead of a five poverty, but I could not help wondering how hours' journey from Pallons to Dormilleuse, they would like, year after year, to live as it frequently takes nine hours to accomplish the Alpine pastors do. Meat is a rare the distance, it would be quite impossible for the pastor to visit each church every Sabbath. At each place there is an able and intelligent schoolmaster; therefore, two Sun days out of three the congregation is left.

partly or wholly to his care.

Once more the supper table is replenished with the invariable vegetable soup, followed by an immense dish of potatoes, a great omelet, and another bottle of wine. It appears the friends have been many hours on the road. M. Rémond has come to stay till Monday morning. M. Nicot kindly invites me to Guillestre, and promises to show me many points of interest. With difficulty 1 assure him it is impossible. Every one is hungry, especially the boys, one of whom 1 find is the son of M. Nicot, and the other a pupil of M. Rémond, for he points smilingly to the lad and informs me he gets so little pay as a pastor, he could not keep his wife and himself only he taught a school as well. He wished he could give all his time-but it was not to be-to the ministry of the Word. We discess the state of the Vaudois, and I am told that "the religion" is certainly spreading. In Brenancon, the fortress town filteen miles away, some persons of good position frequent the Temple. I find there are seventeen stations of the Society, and at these three pastors, two evangelists, seven schoolmasters, and five achoolmistresses are employed. These cover "the Valleys" from Chambery to Ardeche. Everywhere the Vaudois are pros everywhere industrious; the richer lands are prosessed by the Roman Catholics. But all three agree, no place is so poor as the valley we are an. Pallons they consider moderately prosperous; here it is possible to live frugally; but every mile one advances up the vale this becomes less possible. When flowers are to be gathered at Pallons snow still lies thick at Dormilleuse.

either), and permits the schoolmasters to finished, and then the wretched people, starvact as curates to the pastors. For in- ing themselves, try to keep their animals stance, in this valley there are four alive by giving them the rye-bread, which, schools. The first, for the united villages boiled in water, is, with the addition of a Pallons and Les Ribes, has 36 little milk, their own only food. They try scholars; that at Violins, 15 scholars, and an to do this, but they fail; during the two infant school with 86 pupils; at Dormilleuse past winters nearly the whole of their cattle there are me little ones. There are churches have died, and they are reduced to an absoto be served each Sunday Pallons, Violins, lute loss of their all. Nothing, the pastors told

THE MOUNTAIN HOMES OF THE VAUDOIS.

me, would be such a boon as the gift of some mountain sheep and Scotch cattle. utterly destitute have the Vaudois of the upper salley become that they would leave Domnilleuse, consecrated it is to them as their home and refuge for hundreds of years, and join nine of their families, who have been assisted by the Protestant Committee of Lyons, to settle in Algeria; but without help this is impossible, for no one will buy their lands. I understood why next day.

The French government has offered a free grant of good land near the sea-shore, but only gives possession = a settler who will crect a house on the land. This, together with the removal and tools, &c., necessary to begin with, cannot be done under a cost of two thousand francs, or £75, each family. M. Brunel is strongly in favour of the emigration scheme, if it could only be carried out; he says that the nine families who have been assisted by the Protestant Society to go are doing well, that they find the land fertile, the climate healthy, that they have carried their faith with them, and if only a little colony could be formed, he himself would either go and take charge of it, or would place a schoolmaster amongst them and visit his people for two months in each year. He can see no other hope for the people of Dornulleuse certainly, and perhaps also for those of Minsus.

M. Nicot looks upon the case in another light. He remarks that the people of the valley could be saved, and enabled to still live there, if "an industry" were established. "They need an industry," he keeps repeating. He thinks a linea-mill would pay any speculator here. Labour is chean. Linen goods are needed and would self well, as the cost of goods of all kinds is enormously great; for example, unbleached cotton, which sells with us in England at 4d. or 5d. a yard, is rod. in Brenançon, and more still in the smaller towns. And the mill could be driven by water; there is a strong stream with a good fall near Dornilleuse which does not freeze (a like stream drove all the mighty boxing machinery used in constructing the Mont Cenis tunnel). The mills for silk and linen crected near Milan and fitted up with English machinery are proving successful speculation. such discussions as these, and in listening to tales of peril and winter journeyings, the time passed. Thoroughly tired out, at ten o'clock I asked leave to retire.

The sun shone brilliantly next morning. On going down I found only M. Rémond and M. Nicot's boy left. M. Nicot had in penetrating beyond # they found the poor

departed at six o'clock to Guillestre, and M. Remond's pupil had been sent on with the "friend," I could not make out where, but only that they would have arrived at home between one and two o'clock the previous night.

Breakfast consisted of coffee and dry bread which we broke into it. Happy talk and many little jokes went round the table. The funny dark squirrel who watched us from his cage and the birds who twittered in theirs were treated to bits of sugar. Every one was gay, and I could not but feel how little is required = make people happy, Perhaps the sun had something a say to it, for, indeed, was a charming day. strolled in the orchard and through the vil-The houses are poor. On the lower lage. floor of one the corn was being threshed. The fiail was a heavy round piece of wood fastened loosely to an undressed ash-stick, and some sheets were suspended under the raised floor to catch the grains which fell between the boarding.

Then the children were sent home, and armed with alpenstocks, to which the Grindelwald ones are twigs, we set off to see the Confourum. I remark upon the long irons which go a quarter of the way up the shafts, and am told, "Yes, the ice is so bad they must be long." Ice is a strange word to hear to-day, for it is very hot, and the plateau which not three months ago was covered with snow is smiling with fruit and harvests. We cross the Camp of Catinat, clamber down the side of the deep gulley, and watch the Biasse take its grand leap, and then home again to dinner. Soup, potatoes, beans, and a little meat, evidently provided because the English guest was there, formed our meal. While we were still eating it, in without reremony marched Philomel, respiendent in his Sunday clothes-in honour of to-morrow-brown checked trousers and a waistcoat, which glittered with glass buttons. He ceased smaling for a moment as he told us his mule-his sole earthly possession-- "was very sick; he had brought a neighbour's clonkey for madame." Escorted by the whole family the door, with some difficulty mounting—the donkey evidently disapproving—1 set off, in company with the pastors, for Dornalleuse. We clattered out of the village over a wooden bridge thrown across the torrent of the Biasse, which fell a cascade through Pallons, and found ourselves in the pass which is the gateway to the valley of Freissinières.

This narrow defile used to be barricaded in the old days, and when the invaders succeeded



On the way to Dorm Bonce

villages deserted, and not a sign of life anymountain caves but they never faltered in their faith

Very many times were these scenes re peated in the sweet valley we are passing there through Our road runs by the side of the a few corn fields and green pastures are seen woollen dresses of the valley, driving two males of mendicants—to be rad of beggars sticks, from which bags hang, are still left on, understand the degradation of begging and stand out straight from the mule s sides, completely hiding his legs

The women came from Dormilleuse and where, so they laid waste the fields and are returning thather. One is Hemilitte burnt the houses, and when they had Bundon, a bright, lengthing young woman, destroyed everything departed to their Te full of fun. The other is Ann Amous a Deums. Then the Vaudois crept back to woman between fifty and sixty with a finelythe runs from their hiding places in the cut thin face. The features are noble, and They wept in their misery, so is the steadfast courage in her blue eyes and the patience of her high forehead, but a look of checiful content is also

Indeed, nothing struck me more than this swift, bright river trees stand here and there, expression, it rested on every visage. I iom the musery of their surroundings, the danger of the hills beyond are certainly marked and their lives, the hopelessness of their future, one scored by avalanches and winter storms but would expect to see even the bravest among there is nothing of the savige desolation we them wear a sullen, do, ged look, but I sought are to see higher up M Brunel lightly steps in vain for my such Every face was contented, along M Remond more slowly follows, and though in some patience seemed in have it is with joy he beholds two peasant women, almost overmastered cheerfulness. It was a in the quaint white caps and thick brown great rithef, too, after Switzerland-that land Quickly the small load of one is at home, where the law provides for the added to that of the other, and a rug purtly muntenance of our poor, one is more pes filling up the wooden saddle, the pastor takes tered in an hour s walk for alms, than in a the place of the corn bugs. He looks very week in the Hautes Alpes. I hough the people queer viewed from behind, for two long are poores than our poorest, they do not

As we jog along the vale, M. Brunel points out on the mountain side a narrow cleft, and through the village of Lea Riben, where 'M loose and came rolling down, in one of its

stells me that it is the door to the first of the le Pasteur" gets many kindly greetings, we Vaudois hiding cive. The entrance, he says, is defended by a rude, strong wall, beyond which is a "grotto large as a cathedral, which stretches through the hill in the direction of La Roche. There Dean Fremantle, a high above us is pointed out as the entrance to few years ago, found one of the very ancient a second cave of refuge. The mountains now cups used in the communion Passing rise so precipitously that a rock which because



final bounds leaped clear over a farm house, with its tall tower, which Neft's hands beloed the inhabitants have sudely carved the date. 1877, upon its side

and my donkey, not liking his unusual bur den, quietly lies down, wherefore, to give next door. The lower rooms are valled with him a rest, I walk on. At length we reach cement as it usual, the upper ones are used Violins, and see the whitewashed church, for the school. M. Bandon is the master, a

and hes embedded in the soil a dozen yards | build, and are shown the silver communion beyond. To mark their wonderful escape, vessels given by the Swiss Protestant Alliance as a token of brotherly interest. The church is of considerable size, and very plain, just as The mule track a becoming very steep, the beloved apostle of the Hrutes Alpes left it fifty years ago We enter the school house

sensible, thoughtful young man, grandson of the M. Baridon who kept "a pro phet's chamber" for Neff and the suc ceeding pastors. The Baridons are the only tamily in the valley who can be called "well off," besides which they are the best educated and cleverest persons there. In addition, they are the tallest M. Bandon's brother mused the conscription, being "too tail" for the French army. though he would not have been passed for our Life Guards.

When we leave Violing the way be comes more rocky, we are quickly approw hing Dormil louse, the impregnable fortress of the Vaudois. No word but awful can be used | describe the acchery After passing through the vil-

luge of Minsas, the country is really appalling The mountains rise so vast a height, that the villagers of Minsus neser see the sun from the beginning of November to the end of April. The sides of these mountains are cither sheer precipices, or scored and torn by the paths of the avalanches, and the valley is covered with rocks and stores, the debris some poor patches of the or outs are ripen. ing, for more ledges of five or six yields long and two or three broad, which appear likely to be protected from the overhanging tocks, are made the most of, and cultivation goes on in spots which seem unap-These strips rise one above proachable.



Wat of Hoff ch th Domillous above

gravel and sand over, the soil of the valley, so that what remains 15 poor and unprofitable, and the bridge over the Blasse has ton times been carand anay by these floods. All these mizfortunes repeat themschool every winter, so that shortly there seems every prospect of there being no land kft.

One spot was purticularly frightful Ino avalanches at the same moment tote down the opposite mountain sides (this was in the winter of 1879-80), HVING UP a channel of at least tacive feet deep, like the bid of a torient. One came from the north, the other from the south, they met in the valley, and threw up between them a great mass of snow and rocks fifteen yards high This mass of snow

dul not melt until the end of April, and crossing the debris left is a perilous matter The vale of Fremsinières now ends the north, south, and east high bore mountains rise, which are in winter all covered and conted with nee. On the eastern end are be seen the few terraced tye patches. A witerfill bounds down the Northern Col, while these awful visitors leave. Here and there down the Southern one a still more magnificent cascide precipitates uself into the Brisse from the Pie du Brua. It is called La Passe, and falls sheer down about 100 feet, touches some out jutting rocks, and then completes the descent of between 200 and 300 feet more. In early summer a cloud of spray arses and hides the sides of the ravine. Standanother, and tenace the hill which ends the ing at its foot and graing straight upwards, vale. Yet, so constant and destructive are one sees a flat lat of land, above which is the avalanches, that within the last ten years, visible a cottage roof, behind this four high more than one-third of all the available land mountain peaks merce the sky. That 100f for either cultivation or pastingge has been marks the ahereabout of Dormilleuse, but how buried beneath an inundation of rocks and 15 the village to be reached? This wo shall tell stones; besides this, the tourents have special when we resume our maniative next month.

MAN AND THE GOSPEL.

By THE RECHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

a conscience III the sight of God."-z Con is "By manifestation of the truth, (mending cornelses to every a

HE truth of which the Apostle is speak- the uncertain future of creeds and dogmas. ing here, by the manifestation of which truth. We find in the following verses that it was "the glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ;" Christianity, but it was that body of Christian doctrine concerning the person and the life of Jesus into which the Apostles baptized their converts. It was that body of Apostles' Creed. Now, of this teaching, it on behalf of dogmatic truth. For it does Divine faith. not, at first sight, appear how the faculty in us which judges of the right and wrong of actions can have anything to do with trinal propositions; still less does it seem us clear how this relation between contelation. "How," link the future of human morality with word of His good, before I can decide for

"Join together," we are warned, "in any he commends himself to the conscience of degree or measure religion and morality, and every man, was not, we might have supthen morality must share the fate of religion. posed m first, moral truth; it was dogmatic. And if religious are about to vanish away," as we are told they are, "and you have made morality in any measure dependent upon rethe "light of the glory of the knowledge ligion, ill must it fare with morality in the of God in the face of Jesus Christ." That future." And accordingly these teachers are is to say, it was not the moral precepts of busy, many of them, just now-not indeed with any remarkable success, but with great pains and industry—in constructing what they speak of as a "scientific basis" for morality; finding, that is to say, physical reasons why men doctrine which we recite when we repeat the should be righteous, which shall stand the test of scientific examination, and which shall is alleged, that it commended itself to the enable human morality to survive in the conscience of every man. This is certainly fast-coming day, when human knowledge a very remarkable, almost a startling claim shall have enabled men to dispense with

Now, before we accept this new basis for morality, before we give up the old beliefold as humanity and wide-spread as the judging of the truth or falsehood of doc-human race—that there is a deep and close relation between religion and morals, let us, at least, endeavour to ascertain what that science and dogma can be so very close relation really is, and what it in not. Let and evident that the mere preaching of us clearly see, if we can, what it is, that these propositions commends the preacher dogma concerning the supernatural—such to the moral sense of his hearers. And dogma as we find in our Creeds-can accordingly, the idea of there being any possibly have to do with the human conreal relation between doctrine concerning science. And, in the first place, let us see the supernatural-between religion, in short clearly and we can see clearly from the -and the human conscience, is utterly words of the Apostle-what it has not to discarded by a large school of thinkers do. Supernatural teaching is not, and canamongst us at this moment. Such per- not be, the external authority for moral sons strongly insist that, between dogma obligation. It is not true, it is perilously about the supernatural and the human sense untitue, to say that our duty to be moral of right and wrong there can be no possible rests upon any external command whatthey ask, "can it in the ever. To say that I am bound to be least affect our obligations to our fellow honest and just in all my dealings with my men in this world, to be told that it had fellow-men became an Almighty Being has a Creator? How does it affect our duty to commanded me, under certain penalties, to do unto all men as we would they should be so, is at once immoral and illogical. It do unto us, to know that the Person who is immoral if we rest the obligation solely said that rose from the dead and ascended upon the power of the Being who has cominto heaven?" And we are further assured manded us, for that I to make might the that not only is it absurd to insist upon any only necessare of right. It is illogical if we relation between the supernatural and the rest it upon His goodness; because that human conscience, but that to do so is in can only be proved to us by the goodthe last degree dangerous morality. For ness of His words and actions, and, therethis, we are told, anothing less man to fore, I must settle whether any particular

myself the fact of His goodness which We do not hesitate, therefore, to condemn, as untrue and unwise, the assertion that morality rests upon external command. The law written upon our hearts is superior any other, however attested, and any law which contradicts this self-condemned. The voice that bids me immoral is a voice that I must resist, though it be a voice that stills the storm, or that wakes the dead. And this, be it observed, is exactly what St. Paul is teaching us, in his claim to have satisfied the conscience of his hearers. He does not my to the Corinthians, "Receive us as Divinely-sent messengers, who have wrought miracles in proof of our mission, and therefore allow us to dictate moral truth to you;" he says what is the very opposite to this, "Listen to the truths we have to proclaim, judge them, in the first instance, by that supreme moral sonse which He who sent us has given you; judge us by the conscience within you; if it reject these doctrines m immoral, reject us, whatever be our claims; if it accept them as moral, then listen to what more we have to say to you about our claim to give you other teachings, or other commands; but, first, and before all things, we commend ourselves to the conscience of every man amongst you in the sight of the God who has sent us to minister to you." Most distinctly, then, here, as elsewhere, does Christianity recognise the absolute supremacy of the Conscience.

Dut if this be so, if Christianity recognises the absolute and sole supremacy of the moral sense; if the supernatural in the Christian system makes no claim to dictate to us moral truth, then, we may be asked, what is the relation of the supernatural to the conscience? And now, to help us to understand this, let us observe particularly the form in which the supernatural appears in the Creeds. It appears in a form It is very remarkable. which is strictly historical. The Apostles' Creed is almost entirely a recital of alleged historical facts; the facts of the supernaturalthe Creation, the Incamation, the Resurrection, the Ascension, the Descent of the Holy Spirit-appear in it side by side and, as it were, upon the same level with certain other historical and merely natural facts in the life and death of Jesus Christ. In the same breath in which we say " conceived by the Holy Ghost" we say "born of the Virgin Mary;" in un-broken following of sentences we say, "cruci-fied under Pontius Pilate, dead and buried,"

day from the dead, ascended into heaven, alleged as the reason why I should obey that and sitteth on the right hand of God, the Father Almighty." | all one unbroken, continuous, historical narrative. I is the supernatural appearing within the sphere of the natural, and appearing as simple historical fact. It comes to us, you observe, the very meaning of its own title, as news -good news, we have agreed to call it, is intelligence, it information, it is light that the Creed claims to give us. Light! Let us pause on that word. The Creed with its supernatural story of supernatural fact comes to us as light-light "of the knowledge of the glory of God." It comes to us from Him, of whom it is said, He is "the light of the world," and the light that comes from Him is "the life of men." What light, then-and this is the question we have to decide—what light does this story of the supernatural shed upon the human conscience? Undoubtedly the human conscience needs light. We know of no faculty in human nature that so much depends upon light from without as the human conscience. All know the difference between an informed and an ignorant conscience, and all can remember instances in history in which this supreme judge within us has made terrible and pitiless mistakes because it has judged amiss. For conscience is not the law of our actions. Conscience is their judge, and like every other judge, it decides according to the recognised law of the day in which it is acting and judging. But I am not now speaking of this kind of light, all important as it is-I am speaking of another kind of light thrown upon another far deeper and far darker question, and that is-not as to the law by which the conscience is to judge-but as to the authority which the conscience has to judge at all. The question which lies at the very root of all morality is-not whether there is any fixed law of morals nor what that law is-but whether there be such a thing as morality at all; not how the conscience shall judge, but why it claims to judge and what is its right to do so? The question upon which above all others we need light, because it is the question which underlies the basis of morality in any form whatever, is this—what authority has my conscience to judge my actions? Such a right viewed merely in the light of natural science, is at least disputable. We cannot say of any force in nature, except in a metaphorical sense, that it has the right to rule any other force. All that we can say as a matter and then go on m say, " rose again the third of fact is, that it does always rule; and, therefore, as I have said, in a metaphorical now is an anachronism and an absurdity. Be remember that, as a matter of fact, the conoften silenced, by the clamour of the passions and the appetites-by what theologians call the lower parts, but what men of science can only call the stronger parts, of our naturewhen we remember this, we can find no scientific authority, no demonstrable basis for the right of the conscience to rule the man. But not merely | the right of conscience to supreme rule and authority a thing disputable in the light of science, but, if we are read it in the light of some of the latest scientific ulterances, it is a thing demonstrably and absurdly false. What is the last light shed upon our nature by the last discoveries of materialistic philosophy? It is this, that we are machines pure and simple, that what we call will and choice are only sensations which accompany, but which in no way cause or produce, certain other sensa-tions and actions of our nature—mere secretions of the grey matter of the brain which accompany the antomatic movements of that automatic machine which we call man; but of which to predicate the words right or wrong, to say that there is anything moral attaching in them, means no more than when we say that a watch keeps wrong time, or that the compass is guilty of aberration. Nay, it does not even mean so much as this. There is less scientific right, upon the principles of materialism, to say of a man that he goes wrong, than there is to say of a watch that it keeps wrong time. For when we say that a watch keeps wrong time, we mean that it is a machine contime; and when we say that it ought to keep that time but does not, we mean that it fails accomplish the purpose of its maker. That to say, we assume the doctrine of design: we regard a watch or a compass as intended to carry out the will of the maker of the machine. But that is the very thing which materialism sternly, contemptuously, forbids us as say of the universe or of humanity. we say that these had a design or a

way I may be said to have a right to do so, it so; materialism then forbids us to admit the just as when we combine two chemical ele-idea of a final cause or aim in man's whole ments we say that we expect that one of nature. Then why is it that when the these - the stronger - will dominate the materialist - constructing his scientific basis other. That is all. But then when we of morality, he must, if he will not use language perfectly absurd, speak as if he believed science does not always rule; when we there was a design in man's nature? Must we remember that its voice is often overruled, go back to the old exploded idea of a final cause—of a maker and his purpose—before we can find a scientific reason for saying of a man that he has done wrong or that he has done right? Where is the scientific basis for morality here? Curious, certainly, in a scientific point of view, strangely curious it is, that this automatic machine should now and then seem to check itself and tremble at its own movements; strange and curious it is —for it is a sentient machine—that I should. in some way or other, seem to inflict pain upon itself when those movements do not correspond with the impulses of some internal force; strange it is that the grey matter of the brain should secrete these conscientious sensations. Matter for scientific inquiry, doubtless, this is; but matter for moral obligation, reason for saying-in the sense in which men do say it, when they talk of moralitythis is right or that is wrong, why, that is to go back to the exploded science and the mistaken morality of the eighteenth century. The nineteenth century is more advanced Such is, so far, the net result of the latest attempt to find a scientific basis for morality, That result is that the conscience in man fails to justify itself to the sceptical understanding. The authority within us yields, like the authority without us, to the perpetual solvent of the perpetual questioning of the purely sceptical part of our nature, which asks why, why, and still why is this? And if you will not allow faith to rise up against it in defence of the authority without, you must be consistent and refuse to allow to any kind of faith the structed for the purpose of keeping right right to rise up against it in defence of the authority within. And thus the sceptical understanding flushed with the success of its assault upon the outward bulwark of morality-Religion, will inevitably proceed to assail upon the same ground, and with the same success, the very inner fortress and citadel of morality -the human conscience. And let no one say that this is merely an imaginary assault; let no one tell us that we are merely conjuring up a chimers of the pulpit | scare men back into designer, we provoke the scornful laughter of the moralities of religion. I is not so. the modern philosopher, who tells us that this In all history nothing is more certain was a fit argument for the unscientific divines than this, that at those periods at which of the last century, but that to bring it forward religion has been most attacked assaults upon

morality have inevitably appeared. It was so thought, but from the minds of the multitudes day in England. What else is the meaning of all that literature of Pessimism by which men delight to prove not only that there is no God, no soul, no hereafter, but also that there is no real virtue, no true morality, no reason why we should be moral, no hope of the final triumph of righteonsness, nothing but the miserable conflict between appetite and conscience, between morality and desire, which distracts men now and is to go on distracting them for ever and ever? What else is the meaning of modern Nihilism which rages frantically, not only against revealed religion, but against the family, against marriage, against all the sanctities and purities of human life? What else is the meaning of that outbreak of modern Paganism in our own English literature which disgraces and defiles it from time to time, m it cozes out in cynical Nature-worship, in the hymning and praising of the beast in man, insisting still that "whatever is, is right "? What in the meaning of all this but the successful assault of the sceptical understanding on the scientific basis of morality? What is it but the pleading of the sceptical part of our nature which-holding now, as ever, its retaining fee from the passions-makes its assault upon all things that men hold dear within them, as before it made its assault upon all things that men held dear without and around them? Such contest and such assault must continue so long as there are passions and appetites in man that rage against whatever resists or restrains them. We do not deny-God forbid that we should —that there are materialists among us who resist these assaults upon their own morality. We do not deny-God forbid that we should -that there are materialists infinitely better than their own unhappy belief; as, on the other hand, there are too many Christians worse and lower than their own nobler faith. But we do say that the materialist who does this unconsciously, though happily, performing an act of faith. He is unconsciously resolving to believe—in spite of all scientific evidence to the contrary—that he is a moral being; he is resolving to believe that he has a nobler and a better self. But he deceives himself when, because of this, he imagines that, despite of general scepticism, morality would continue to survive. There are men moral: but let the restraints of religion be com-

in Greece; it was so in Rome; it is so at this who suffer from the passion, the temptation, the trial, the sorrow of the hourlet these be left with only a scientific basis of morality, and we should soon see the result. In vain would you strive to bind the passions and the desires, the needs and the sorrows of mankind, with such bonds of flax, as are your philosophic maxims of morality. The consuming fire of passion in human souls would burn these out full swiftly, and men would be filled with a new sense of licentious freedom from any consciousness of sip. The paradise of materialism would lie open before emancipated humanity. The figry sword of old terrors which, flaming and turning every way, once deterred men from entering there, would have been snatched by science from the hands of superstition; and the multitude would rush in meat, or strive to eat, of all its fruits, and would make of that paradise what raging lust and unsatisfied desire have made of many another paradise,

cre now-a hell upon this earth.

And, now that we have seen that the "scientific basis of morality " does not help us much in this matter, let us try whether we can find any support for morality in the manifes-What it, tation of the supernatural. that the light of the Creed really is? It is the supernatural appearing in the domain of the natural. What does it tell us? It tells us that this existing natural order is not all in all, has not been from everlasting, shall not be to everlasting. It tells us that before it, around it, beneath it, overruling it, embracing it, explaining and alone truly explaining all its phenomens, is another order—the supernatural, which is from everlasting to everlasting; it tells us that this supernatural order had a supernatural origin —that "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." It tells us further that our own place in this natural order of things is something more than natural—that it is supernatural; that "God created man in His own likeness and image"; that He has given him that moral nature which forbids him to sin; that He gave him once that supreme authority over his lower nature, which, in the outer world, he has given him over the whole realm of material nature. It tells him that those impulses within him which bid him do right and sin not, are relics of an older order here and there who might in that case still be which once existed and that they testify to him that the existing order of nature anot pletely swept away, let the idea of the super- all in all; that he is not the helpless victim natural vanish-not only from this or that cal- of the mere mechanical action of blind meculating and prudently moral leader of human chanical forces moving to and fro in some that he is a moral being placed in the midst of mise of heaven or the terrors of hell. our being." Itells him that the voice of conscience within him is the voice of that God, and that it testifies, at His bidding, to a nobler, higher, truer, more intelligent order than one of mere soulless machinery and brute force of law. This what the manifestation of the supernatural does for us; but why are we to believe what it tells us? Why are we to believe that in listening to it we are listening the voice of our Maker telling us how and why we are made? What reason have we for supposing that the supernatural overrule the natural? For this reason—that the supernatural has appeared in the midst of the natural as a higher and overruling force; for this reason—that the voice which tells us of the supernatural has stayed the courses of the natural; for this reason—that miracle has appeared, deflecting those laws which otherwise we might have held to be from everlasting to everlasting and to be all in all. This rift in the cloud of the natural tells us whence comes the light in which we live : for it shows us the sun of our system -the Godhead which has created and which is enlightening the world. And therefore is that Miracle, as it gives us room to pray, gives us also the right to stand up and, in the name of the supernatural, to assert the supremacy of the conscience. There are voices from without, which tell us that passion and appetite in us are inevitable as the storm and resistless as the tides; and we answer, "No! in the name of that voice which commanded the winds and the waves, and straightway there was a great calm." There is a voice within us which whispers, "You are but a chemical compound of atoms coming into visible existence at your birth, and resolving itself back again at your death into the elements of which it is composed. What matters it how you live? Eat, drink, and be merry." And we answer to it: "No! in the name of Him whom the grave could not hold, who rose from the dead and ascended into heaven."

Let me, then, finally sum up the arguments which I have been endeavouring to state regards the province of the supernatural in the matter of the human conscience:— We do not-when we say that the super- to "live righteously, soberly, and godly in this natural helps us to a basis morelity,—

unaccountable order, which, though so orderly, truth; we do not say that it helps has no design in it and had no designer; but terrify men into being moral by the proargreat system of order, not a chaos but a man who does right only for the sake of cosmos, Divinely ruled, Divinely ordered, heaven or only through the fear of hell, can dominated by the supernatural will of a Holy hardly be called morai. We do not say this; God. "in whom we live and move, and have but we do allege that the supernatural throws light upon facts in our nature, which justify and which alone can justify, our claim to be moral beings. Wedo say that -not to overrule or tyrannise over the conscience—but to give to it its full and rightful authority, the voice of the supernatural has been heard amongst men. We do say that the manifestation of the supernatural has been given to men to strengthen the ground of morality; to widen and deepen the basis upon which | erects its throne; to give it back its old supremacy; to crown it with a crown which is "the light of the glory of the knowledge of God in Jesus Christ." This, we maintain, I the true office of the supernatural in helping us to find a basis for morality. More, far more, we might have said, had space allowed it, as to the relation not merely of the supernatural, but specially of the Christian idea of the supernatural, to human morality. We cannot now do more than touch just the fringe of this great subject. Let us entreat you I follow it out in thought for yourselves. Think, for instance, how the Christian doctrines of sin, of atonement, of forgiveness and of sanctification, speak to the moral sense of man; think how Christianity dignifies and deepens the motives for all just dealings with one another, as it tells us that each fellow-man is a brother, because God is our common Father, and that, in smuch as life, in each one of us, is not the mere span of natural existence, but an immortality, we are dealing in all our actions with one who, like ourselves, derives his descent from God, who comes from God and goes to Him. Think again of the effect on ethics of the great doctrine of Christian holiness, something far deeper, something that lies for within the precepts of mere morality; that doctrine which bids man be pure in his own secret and innermost thought, because that thought is laid bare before the eyes of an All Holy One, who cannot endure to look upon iniquity. Think of the help to morality in the doctrine of the descent of the Holy Spirit of God that He might make men holy, that He might gather them into one Holy Catholic Church, one Communion of Saints, whose one object it is present evil world." Think of the glorious we do not allege that it dictates to us moral | promise of the final triumph of holiness given

life of Christ; think of the effect of all this upon the human conscience and upon human morality, and then try to realise what would be the effect upon the world of the blotting out of all this. Surely, whether Christian dogma be true or false, it is manifestly absurd to say that, if true, it does not touch the very basis and root of all morality, namely, the question whether man is, or is not, a moral being, whether he has, or has not, anything more than an imaginary and superstitious claim of right to judge his own actions. That in the question of our own day, and of days that are very near at hand. We say then to those who scornfully reject the idea of the supernatural in its relation to morality, do not at any rate imagine it to be one of pure indifference. Reject, if you will, with a smile, or with a sneer, our old-world dream of the supernatural. Tell us, if you will, that we are but cherishing a faint relic of ancient superstition, when we believe that there was once a golden age of purity, and that there shall be again an abode for mankind, where nothing that defileth or hurteth can enter. But do not mock us with the assurance that, when this fond belief shall have vanished away, the basis of morality shall stand securer than ever. Do not ask us to believe in your prophecy of a millennium of materialism, which cannot justify itself to the science to which it appeals. Let us, if it of moral darkness, in which men shall grope God has made and Christ has redeemed."

us in the example of the perfect and sinkers to and fro in search of some reason for morality, drunken with the wine of their own passions, and stumbling over every stum-bling-block of temptation; but do not tell us that the shadows of this coming night are streaks of the day-dawn. Do not deceive yourselves by mistaking the after-glow of the setting sun of Christianity in your own hearts for the dawn of a morning that may never break for you. Nevertheless, we do not believe that darkness to be near at hand for all; we do not believe that it will ever wrap this world, in which Christ has lived and died and risen again, in endless night; and we do not believe it, for this reason, that deep within the soul of man there lies the mighty evidence for Christianity of the conscience which, being light, craves for light, and bids man seek for it as the plant unconsciously seeks for the rays of the sun. That light may be quenched in individual souls. Nay, even here and there on some portion of the earth's surface—in some territory wherein, for a time, unbelief may have succeeded in crucifying the Son of man afresh, and putting Him to an open shame—above that modern cross there may be darkness in the heavens for a little space; but, spite of this, the soul of man will continue to crave and seek for light from God; and men shall still rejoice and believe in " the light of the glory of God," because that light, as seen "in the face of must be so, face together with what grim and Jesus Christ," can never cease to "commend desperate courage we may, the coming night itself to the conscience of every man whom

A DEVIL'S LYRIC.

Miritten buring the Enbinn Jamine.

GO, sell your opinm far and wide:
Satan be thanked! you have plenty at hand.
Don't be afraid for the national paste:
China is far from your Christian land. In '58 John Bull asserted Might was a right uncontroverted. Pray plously for daily bread, With thankful hearts for this device, By which a people opium fed
Make rich a people fed on rice.
Supply your Indian population
By poisoning another nation.

What are a few lives more or less In a fossil race outworn and old A few pale millions | dure distress Compared with a million of Buttah gold }--Too poor to give great city dinners, Go, sell the souls of Chinese sinners!

When India starves is I for you To put a check upon her trade? How can you help her if you do, And yet your usual bills be paid? You needs must keep abreast with fashion And therefore handlesp compension,

You're not responsible of course For India's hunger, China's vice; He who would feel the least remoras Must have a conscience over-nice : The optum trade is always blinked at, And a sin is not a sin when winked at.

Tis true the fields where opium grows Might have been sown with useful food, But in a famine England knows Such vain regrets won't do much good.

A famine is a wholesale thing
That can't so cared by questioning.

Although you forced down China's throat The opium she had fain relused, Until at last she learned to gloat Upon it; pray be disabused Of any scrube that may haunt you. Nor let an houset devil daunt you.

To tell the trath, you've been so kind To every starving taint Hindoo,
I warn you that unless you mind
I'll have no more to do with you:
Yet might the optum trade endear you.
To halt the fiends that hover near you,

A. MATHESON.



a better lodging than this, rooms decorated

trace of her habitual occupation. Was that ing, not with apprehension, but with soft hers, that little chair by the window, the table excitement and happiness. She should have with work on it, and some books, and a single rose III a glass? He would have taken the expressly for her, pictures of a very different rose on the chance if that solemn personage kind; her home should be worthy of her, if front of him had not kept within arm's length, any mortal habitation could ever be worthy There was a portrait of her on the wall, but of such a beautiful soul. In his progress it did not, of course, do her justice, indeed across the ante-room and the two great draw-XXIII—9

ing-rooms, III this went through his mind. Thoughts go so quickly. He even arranged the pictures, selected with lightning-speed what would suit her best, decided that a Raphael-it must be a Raphael-should hang upon the walls of the ahrine in which his saint was to be specially set: while he walked on, glancing with a half-smile of contempt the Duke of Billingsgate, K.G., in his peer's robes, on one side, and a Duchess-Dowager in a turban, on the other. Good heavens, in think of such hideous danhs surrounding Jane! But in the new home all should be altered. His heart had palpitated with anxiety yesterday before he knew how she would receive his suit-but to-day! To-day he had no anxiety = all, only an eager desire to get the preliminaries over, and make her decide when was to be. There was no reason why they should wait. He was not a young harrister (as he might have been but for that uncle-bless him l-whose goodness he had never duly appreciated till now) waiting for an income. He was rich, and ready to sign the settlements to-morrow. At the end of the season, just long enough to be clear of St. George's, and make sure of a prevy quiet country church for he marisch in, time enough by turning; half the best workmen in London into it, fund devoting himself to brice-brac with all his energies, to turn his little house at Wanton into a lady's bower. What more wast wanted? He had everything arranged in his mind before the groom of the Atlambers, entering on noiseless feet, and with a voice like velvet, informed her Graice that "Mr. Winton" was about to The Duchess received him with en/ter. denignity just terminated with stateliness. She had never, he thought, been so beautiful as Jane. Perhaps in the majority of cases it is difficult to believe that a woman of fifty has been as beautiful as her daughter of twenty-five. And it was true enough in this case. But nobody could deny that she had a face full of fine sense and feeling. It looked somewhat troubled as well as very serious to-day. Winton, however, was ready to allow that his gain would 🔤 this lady's loss, and that perhaps the Duchess was not so anxious to get rid of her only daughter as parents generally are understood to be. "Sit down, Mr. Winton," she said. She

"Sit down, Mr. Winton," she said. She had not risen from her own chair, but sat behind her writing table, which was laden with papers, and across this barrier held out her hand to him, and gave him a benign but somewhat distant smile. "I ought to apolo-

gize," she added after a moment, " for giving you the trouble of coming to me."

The trouble! but it is my business. I should have asked to see the Duke if you had not so kindly given me this opportunity—first. I hope I may speak ■ the Duke afterwards if I have the happiness to satisfy you. You may be sure I can think of nothing else till this is all settled."

"All settled?" she said with a little shake of her head. "You are young and confident, Mr. Winton; you think things settle themselves so easily as this. But I fear the preliminaries will be more lengthened than you suppose. Do you know, I wish very much you had consulted me hefore speaking to lane."

"Why?" he asked, fixing his eyes upon her with an astonished gaze. Then he added, "I know Lady Jane is a great lady, a princess royal. She is like that. I am a little democratic myself, but I acknowledge in her everything that is beautiful in rank. She should be approached like a crowned head."

"Not quite that perhaps," said the Duchess

"A With every observance, every cremony—but then," he added, "that is not the English fashion, you know, to ask others first.
One thinks of her, herself as the only judge,"

The Duchess continued to shake her head.

"That is all very well with ordinary girls, but Jane's position is so exceptional. Mr. Winton, I hope you will not be disappointed or annoyed by what I tell you. Had you asked me I should have said to you, no."

"No!" he repeated vaguely, looking into her face. He could not even realise what her meaning was.

"I should have said, Don't do it, Mr.

Winton, for your own sake."

Winton rose up in the excitement of the moment and stood before her like a man petrified. "Don't do it! Do you mean——Pardon me if I am slow of understanding."

"I mean, seeing it had unfortunately come about that, without being able to help it, you had fallen in love with Jane....."

"Unfortunately !"

"You do nothing but repeat my words," the Duchess cried in a plaintive tone. "It is, unfortunately—but hear me out first. If you had spoken to me I should have said, Try and get ower it, Mr. Winton; don't disturb her, poor girl, by telling her. Try if a little trip to America, or tiger-shooting, or to be a Times correspondent, or some other of those exciting things which you young men do now-

said, You have not known her very long, it cannot have gone very deep. I tell you this to show you what my advice would have been had you asked me before speaking to

Inne."

"But it is of no use speculating upon what we should have done an imaginary case." said Winton. He had awoke from his first bewilderment, and began to understand vaguely that everything was not going to be casy for him as he had once thought. see I have spoken | her," he said. "You frighten me horribly; but then it is of no use considering what you would have done in a totally different case."

The Duchess sighed and shook her head. "That what I should have thought it my duty to say, in view of all the pain and confusion that are sure m follow. Do you know, Mr. Winton, that her father will never listen to you-"never!" she said with a sudden

change of tone.

Winton dropped upon his chair again and stared at her with an anxious countenance. "I knew-I was told, that the Duke would not be easy to please. And quite right ! I agree with his Grace. I am not half good enough for her; but, then," he added after a pause, "nobody is. If there is one man in the world as worthy as she is, neither the Duke nor any one knows where to find him; and then," he continued in tones more insinuating still, "it would not matter now. If that hero were found to-morrow she would not have him, for—she has chosen me! I allow that it is the most wonderful thing in the world!" said the lover in a rapture which became him; "but you will find it is true. She has chosen me !"

" It may be very true," said the Duchess, shaking her head more and more. "but the Duke will not pay much attention to that, I am afraid is not moral excellence he is thinking of. It would be hard, I allow, to find anybody as good as Jane. Probably if we did he would turn out to be some poor old missionary or quite impossible person. I am afraid that is not at all what her father is

thinking of."

Then tell me what it is. I am not Prince Charming—but the Wintons have been settled at Winton since Queen Elizabeth's time, and I am very well off. The acttlements should

be-whatever you wish."

"Don't promise too much" said the Duchess with a smile, " for no doubt you have got a family lawyer who will be of a

a-days, will not cure you. I should have have, if that is your way of doing business. But, alas I the Duke will not be satisfied,

I fear, even with that."

"Then what, in the name of heaven !- I beg you a thousand pardons, Duchess. I don't know what I am saying. I have no title, to be sure. Is it a title that I necessary ?"

"I can't tell you what is necessary," said the Duchess with a tone of impatience. "The Duke is-well, the Duke is her father; that is all that I to be said. He will never listen to your proposal—never! That is why I should have said to you, don't make it. Leave her in her tranquillity, poor girl."

"But-" Winton cried. He did not know what more to say—a protest of all his being, that was the only thing of which he was

capable.

"But-" the Duchess repeated. "Yes, Mr. Winton, there is always a but. To tell the truth, I am not so very sorry that you did not ask me after all. I should have been obliged to tell you what I have now told you. But since you have taken it into your own hands I am rather glad. If her father had his way Jane would never be married at all. Oh, don't be so enthusiastic; don't thank me so warmly! I have done nothing for you. and I don't know what I can do for you.

"Everything 1" said Winton. "With you to back us it is impossible that anything can prevail against us. The Duke's heart will

melt; he will hear reason."

A faintly satirical amile came upon the mouth of the Duke's wife, who knew better than anybody how much was practicable in the way of making him hear reason. But she did not say anything. She let the lover talk, He went on with the conviction natural to his generation—that all these mediaval prejudices were fictitious, and paternal tyranny a thing of the past,

"Cruel fathers," said Winton, "are things of the Middle Ages. I am not afraid of them any more than I am of the Castle Specire. The Duke will rightly think that I am a poor sort of a fellow to ask his daughter from him. I ought to have been something very different

-better, handsomer, cleverer.

"You are not at all amiss, Mr. Winton," said the Duchess with a gracious smile.

He made her a bow of acknowledgment, and his gratification was great, for who does not like to be told that he 📕 considered a fine fellow? but he went on, "All this I feel quite as much as his Grace can do. The thing in my favour is that Jane--" the colour very different opinion; indeed, I hope you flew over his face as he called her so, and her

mother, though she started slightly, acknow- human nature, no doubt, better than I do, ledged his rights by a little how of assent, somewhat solemnly made, " that Jane-" he went on repeating the sweet monosyllable, "does not mind my inferiority is satisfied, the darling-" Here his happiness got into his voice as if it had been tears, and choked him. The Duchess bent her head again.

"To me that is everything," she said.

How could it be otherwise?" cried the young man; "it is everything. I have no standing ground, of course, of my own; but Jane-loves me! | | | far too good to be true, and yet it is true. The Duke will not like it, let us allow; but when he sees that, and that she will not give up, but be faithful -faithful to the end of our lives- Dear Duchess, I have the greatest veneration for your Grace's judgment, but in this point one must go by reason. Life is not a melodrama. So long as the daughter as firm the father

must yield."

He gave forth this dogma with a little excitement, almost with a peremptory tone, smiling a little in spite of himself at the tradition in which even this most sensible of duchesses believed. Perhaps a great lady of that elevated description is more liable than others believe that the current of events and the progress of opinion have little or no effect upon the race, and that dukes and fathers are still what they were in the fifteenth century. He, this fine production of the nineteenth, was so certain of his opinion that he could not feel anything but a smiling indulgence for hers. On the other side, the Duchess was more tolerant even than Winton. His certainty gave her a faint amusement-his gentle disdain of her a lively sense of ridicule; but this was softened by her sympathy for him, and profound and tender interest in the man whom Jane loved. She was a little astonished, indeed—as what parent is not?-that Jane should have loved this man precisely, and no other; but as the event called forth all her affection for her womanchild, I threw also a beautifying reflection upon Jane's lover. On the whole she was satisfied with his demeanour personally. It is not every man who will show his sentiments in a way which satisfies an anxious mother. The Duchers, however, was pleased with Winton. His look and tone when he apoke of her daughter satisfied her. He was fond enough, adoring enough, reverential enough to content her; and how much this was to say!

"Well," she said, " we will hope you may

who am only about twice your age," she added with a soft little laugh. Anyhow, I wish with my whole heart that you may prove to be right. The only thing is, that it will be prudent not to speak I the Duke now. Don't cry out-I know I am right in this. In town he is never quite happy; there are many things that rub him the wrong way. He sees men advanced whom he thinks unworthy of it, and others left out. And he thinks society I out of joint, and cannot quite divest himself of the idea that he, or rather we, were born to set it right." All this the Duchess said with a little half-sigh between the sentences, and yet a faint sense of humour, which gave a light to her countenance. "But in the country things go better. If he is ever to be moved, as you say, by love and faithfulness, and such beautiful things, it will be in his own kingdom, where nobody thwarts him and he has everything his own

Winton's countenance fell at every word. What I he who had come hither with the intention of persuading Jane to decide when It should be, was he to go away without a word,—to be hung up indefinitely, to be no farther advanced than yesterday? His whole heart cried out against it, and his pride and all that was in him. He grew faint, he grew sick with anger, and dis-"That means," appointment, and dismay, he said, "complete postponement; that means endless suspense. I think you want me to give up altogether; you want to crush

the life out of us altogether!"

"Of course you will be unjust," said the Duchess, "I was prepared for that; and unreateful. I am advising what is best for you. The Duke, I believe, is in the library. He is the pink of politeness; he will see you at once, I feel sure, if you ask for an interview; but in that case you will never darken these doors again. You will be shut out from all intercourse with Jane. The whole matter will be ended as abruptly and conclusively as possible. I know my husband; you will not have time to say a word for yourself. You can take what course you think best, Mr. Winton. What I say to you is for your good; and in the meantime, if you do as I wish, everything that I can do for you I will do."

The young man sat and listened to these words in mingled exasperation and dismay. As she spoke of the Duke in his library, Winton's heart jumped up and began to be right, Mr. Winton. You know men and themp against his side. Oh, yes, it might be have an answer without fail or suspense on the spot. He sat and gazed at her blankly in such a dilemma as he had never known before. What would Jane think of him if he What would she say if he submitted? insisted, and got only failure and prohibition for his pains? The Duchess, it was evident, was not speaking lightly. She knew what she was talking about. She wished him well, too well let him go on to his destruction. But, on the other hand, there was the postponement of all his hopes, a sickening pause and uncertainty, a blank quenching of expectation. He could do nothing but stare at the Duchess while she spoke, and for some time after. What was he to answer her? How calmly these old people sit on their height of experience, and look down halfsmiling upon the frets and agitation of the young ones! What was it me her that heeven that Jane, who naturally was of far more importance-should suffer all these pangs of suspense? Probably she would smile, and say that life was long, and what dld it matter for a month or two? A month or two! It would be like a century or two to them. Sometimes Winton resolved that he would not be silenced; that he would go and have it out with the Duke, who, after all, was Jane's father, and could not wish his child to be unhappy. And then again, as she went on laying the alternative before him, his heart would fail him. He changed his mind a hundred times while she was speaking, and after she had ended still gazed on her, with his heart in his mouth.

"I don't wish," he said at last, "to do anything rash. I will submit to anything rather than run any risks. But how are we to bear the delay? How am I to bear it? and it will be deception as well I I don't see how I am to do it. Do you mean me to give her up all the time—go tiger-shooting,

as you were good enough to suggest?" "Well,-there would be no harm in that," said the Duchess, with a smile; "but I did not suggest | | the present circumstances. I said, if you had spoken to me first-I ask you to wait a month—perhaps two " (this addition, made as seemed in guidt du ouur, with rather a pleasant sense of the exasperation it would produce in him, called forth a

decided fast enough. Evidently he could it, if you will, and ask him to see you; he will not refute."

> Winton rose slowly, and went towards the bell. But he had not the courage to take this extreme step. "I suppose I may see her sometimes?" he said : " but it will be a kind of treachery."

> " Her mother does not object; the case is an extreme one," said the Duchess, though she blushed a little at her own sophistry. What he does not know will not do him any harm."

> "It will be deception," said Winton, shaking his head, and he made another step towards the hell. Then he turned back again. "How often may I see her? If we take your way you will not be hard upon us?" he said.

> "But it will be deception," said the Duchess solemnly.

> "I know that; that is what revolts me. Still, as you say, what he does not know will not do him any harm."

> The Duchess laughed, and then she grew grave suddenly. "Mr. Winton, I feel as if I were betraying my husband; but at the present moment my child has the first claim upon me. It is her happiness that is at stake. I will not prevent you from meeting-you are both old enough to know your own minds. I will do nothing to put off Jane from a woman's natural career. It is doing evil, perhaps, that good may come : but we must risk it. Come here, but not too often: 1 will take the responsibility; and when we go to Billings, Lady Germaine will invite you, and you can try your fortune then. I will prepare the way as much as I can. I don't give you great hopes when all is done," she said, shaking her head.

"And after?" said Winton, turning once more with a kind of desperation towards the bell.

""Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," said the Duchess piously.

But oh, the difference when he walked out crestfallen through all the big drawing-rooms! Not a word about when It was to be. No sort of arrangement, consultation, possible. Everything had seemed so near when he came, -so near that he could almost touch it. Now everything had been pushed far off into the vague. He had seen Jane indeed, muttered exclamation, a groun from the but in her mother's presence, which made victim) "or perhaps two, at the most," the her happy enough, but him only partly Duchess repeated; "whereas tiger-shooting happy. Was this how it was to be? The Duchess repeated; "whereas tiger-shooting happy. Was this how it was to be? The would take six, | least. But, Mr. Winton, I Duchess indeed was writing at her table, repeat, I force you to nothing. There is the taking no notice of them. But still | was bell, and the Duke is | the library. Ring very different from what | had hoped. He did not perceive the had pictures or the overgilding as he went away. The place looked like a prison to him, and was dark and stifling. Lady Jane indeed accompanied him through the rooms. She gave him the rose which is had thought of stealing as he came, and told him all their engagements for a week in advance. Wou will be sure to go wherever we are going," she said, and called him Reginald with a blush and a tone of sweetness that went straight to his heart. But nevertheless his disappointment, he thought, was almost more than he could bear.

CHAPTER V.-THE ANTICIPATIONS OF LADY JANE.

LADY JAME, | will easily be understood, did not look upon the matter all from the same point of view. A girl, however much she may be in love, is seldom anxious for a peremptory marriage such as-when there is no great sacrifice involved—suits the bolder sex. She loves to play with her happiness, to prolong the sweet time when, without any violent breach of other habits, even any change of name, she can enjoy the added glory of necessary; but at present it is not necessary."
this crown of life. She accompanied Winton "Then you will not, whatever happens, through the great silent rooms, with a sense of perfect, quiet happiness which was exactly in accordance with the summer morningthe fresh soft air in which there was no sunshine, but a flood of subdued light, and in which every sound had a tone of enchantment, though not music. It suited her gentle nature to dwell in such an atmosphere of delicate delight, which had no fact wulgarise it, but only an ecstasy of feeling. She was disappointed in find that he was less satisfied, less happy. And he would have been angry to see that she was so happy. Such are the differences between those most near to each other. He kissed the rosebud and her hands as, with a sense of daring beyond words, she put it into his coat; but he wanted something more. Yes, he could have been angry with her; he felt a desire to say something brutal. "How can you be satisfied to deceive your father?" he asked, "It will be clandestine-" He had the cruelty to say this, though next moment he was horrified, and begged her pardon, metaphorically on his knees.

"Clandestine!" she said, with a little surprise—she made allowance for a man's rough way of speaking-"oh, no; my father has never entered into all the circumstances. So long as my mother approves _______

" But," Winton cried, in his ferocity, Lsuppose he refuses his consent at last,

Duchess thinks, will you venture oppose him then, or will you send me away?"

"Ah, never that I" said Lady Jane, looking at him with her soft eyes. They were not brilliant eyes, but when she looked at him there came over them a certain liquid light, a melting radiance such me no words could describe. The light was love, and may be seen glorifying many an unremarkable orb. It made here so exquisite that they dazzled the beholder, especially the happy beholder who knew this was for him. But he was not satisfied even with that.

"Suppose," he went on, "that the Duke were to open that door and walk in now-as he has a good right to do into his own drawing-room - what would come of it? Would you take your hand out of mine, and

bid me good-bye like # stranger?"

Her hand indeed slid out of his at the suggestion, and a little tremor ran through her frame; but the next moment she raised her head and put her hand lightly within his arm. "If you think I am without courage!" she said—then added with a smile, "when it is

give me up?-not even if the foundations of the earth arc shaken, not even if the Duke says 'No'?" he cried, partly furious, partly satirical, catching at the hand which was on

his arm.

His violence gave her a little shock, and the savage satire of the tone in which he named her father distressed Lady Jane. "You must not speak so," she said, with her soft dignity; " the Duke is my father. But you do not know me if you think that anything will change me." Then indeed Winton felt a little ashamed of himself, and began so realise that he did not yet know all of this gentle creature who was going to be his wife. She parted with him at the door of the anteroom, and went back through her mother's bondoir to her own retirement. Next to being with the objet aime, being alone is the purest happiness at this stage. She kissed her mother, who was busy at her writing-table, in passing. The Duchess was deep in calculation, not how she should make her ends meet, which was impossible, but how near she could draw them together, so that the gap might be small. II is a sad and harassing business. She paused only a moment to her child on her soft cheek, and reflect with herself how beautifying was this love which in youth is full of enchantment and illusion, and then returned to her figures. When the ends will meet, what pleasure there is even in

ment, while Twenty-five went lightly away enough—the ought to have been but twenty, by rights; but her maturity only added to the exceeding fulness of her enjoyment. There is something sweet being awakened late;
prolongs the morning, it keeps the "vision splendid" a little longer in one's eyes. The unfulfilled even has a glory of its own, which people who are bigoted in belief of the ordinary canons of romance are slow to perceive. This preserved to Lady Jane, at an age when girlhood is over, its most perfect fragrance and charm,

Presently, however, the sweet vagueness of her anticipations began mopen into other thoughts. She had been so preserved by her stately up-bringing and the traditions which she had jelt to centre in her, from knowledge of fact and the world, that she knew little at all about money, or the power it has to bridge over social differences. When she allowed her heart to go out E Reginald Wirton, she did so with the most absolute conviction that it involved a great descent in rank and abandonment of luxury. She would have to put off the coronet from her head she believed, the Princess Royal's myrtle crown, She would have to learn a great many things, both to do and to do without. She had heard of Winton House, which was a small place; and probably she had heard of the house in town. But the latter had altogether dropped out of her mind, and she knew very well that a Squire's little manor would be very different from Billings, and would require from its mistress an existence of a kind unknown to all her previous experiences. She would have to superintend her own household; if not to make her maids spin, according to the usage of old times, at least to direct the housemaids, and know how things ought to be done. Though her father was in reality much less rich than the man whom she had chosen for her husband, she was entirely in the dark on this point, and her mind awoke to a sense of a hundred requirements of which she knew nothing. She had been like a star, and dwelt apart (if it is not profane to apply such words to a young lady of the nineteenth century) as much as any poet. But now love and duty bade her come down from these heights, and learn how people walk along the countries

the pain of drawing them together! but when ways. She addressed herself to this task no miracle will do this, when there must always without a grudge, with glad alacrity and remain a horrible charm between I Fifty readiness; but she was a little puzzled, a remained thus at work in the finance departmust be admitted, to know how to begin The first person to whom she addressed herto think over her happiness. I must be self (for naturally Lady Jane was shy of allowed that Lady Jane was not quite young betraying her motive, or letting | be known that the inquiries she made were for her own benefit) was her maid, who was as superior a young person and as much like a waiting gentiewoman as II was possible to find. Lady Jane was aware, of course, that Arabella's family (for this was the distinguished name she bore) were not in the same position as Mr. Winton. But in that sad deficiency of perspective which we have already noted as one of the drawbacks of rank, she felt it possible that Arabella's knowledge of how life was conducted at her end of the social circle would be more useful than her own to Regi-nald Winton's wife. She opened the subject in, it must be avowed, a very uncompromising and artless way, one evening, while Arabella stood behind her, partially visible III the large mirror before which she sat, brushing out her long and abundant bair. It was very fine and silky, and made very little appearance when smoothly wound round the back of her head; but when it was being brushed out it was like a veil, soft and dreamy and illimitable, spreading out almost as far as the operator chose in a cloud of soft darkness-"like twilight, too, her dusky hair." A lady's maid is very much wanting in the spirit of her profession if she is indifferent to the fact that her mistress has fine hair. Generally it is the thing of which she is most proud. And Arabella held this sentiment in the warmest way. Her scorn of chignons and of frizzing was indescribable. "You should just see my lady's hair when it 🛮 down," she would say, almost crying over the fact which she could not ignore, that the hair of many other ladies, when it was up, greatly exceeded in appearance and volume the soft locks of Lady Jane. It was while Arabella was emplayed in this way that her mistress, looking at her in the glass, said suddenly, " If you were going to be married, Arabella, what should you do to prepare for it? I want very much to know.

"My lady!" cried the girl with a violent She let the brush fall from her hand with the fright it gave her, and then without any warning she began to cry. "Indeed, indeed. I never could make up my mind to leave your ladyship—not in a hurry like he

me to--never! never! | least till you

Arabella suid.

"Oh!" cried Lady Jane, turning round, "then you really were thinking! I did not now of that, I assure you; I never thought of it. Are you really going to be married, Arabella?

"It none of my doing," the girl said; "indeed I told him I couldn't make up my mind leave: but he says-you know, my lady, men find always a dea! 🖿 say-

"Do they?" said Lady Jane with a soft laugh of sympathy. Yes, it was true, they had a deal to say; and then sometimes when they were silent that said still more. She paused upon this recollection with a soft wave of pleasure going over her; and then -perhaps not so anxious to understand Arabella as to follow out her own thoughts-"Tell me," she said, "when you go away from me, Arabella-out of Billings and out of Grosvenor Square-into a little small house, how does it feel to you? Do you dislike II very much? Is it very wretched? I should like to know how you seel about it. One day here in these large rooms—and the next in a tiny little place, without servants, without any conveniences. It is only lately that I have thought about this, but I want to know. Nobody can tell me so well as you."

"Oh, my lady," cried Arabella, "don't you know without telling? Why, it's home! That makes all the difference; though it's a

little place, yet it's your own."

Lady Jane's eyes still remained unsatisfied. though she said "To be sure" vaguely. "To be sure," she repeated; "but then here you have everything done for you, and everything is nice. You cannot have the same at home.

"No, my lady; but it's so nice and fresh there; no carpets or things to catch the dust -except in the parlour, but that sonly for Sundays. The floors all so white and fresh; the plates and the dishes shining; the fire so cheerful. I can't deny," said Arabella, her tone of delight sinking to one of candid avowal, " that the parlour is-well, my lady, a dreadful little place; and poor mother is so proud of it! it is not so nice as the room the under-housemaids have their tea in. I feel just as if I were one II the inferior servants when I sit there. But the kitchen -if your ladyship took a fancy | playing at being poor, like the French queen did, you know, my lady-it would be quite nice to you for putting it so clearly." enough even for you."

home, but that was not what I asked. If you were going to be married, what would you do? You could not keep any servants; you would have to do all sorts of things yourself. Do you think it will be a dreadful sacrifice to make?"

Arabella gave her lady's hair a few tugs. pethaps unconsciously to hide a little emotion, perhaps with a little gentle indignation at her mistress's humble estimate of her prospects. "It is not so low as you think, my lady," she said. "He a careful young man that has saved a little, and can give me a nice home and keep me a servant. I'll have no dirty work to do nor need to soil my fingers. He thinks, like your ladyship, that it will be a great sacrifice; but what can a girl have better, mother says, than a good, steady husband and a nice home? and I think so too."

Lady Jane smiled with gentle sympathy. "And so do I, Arabella. Still that is not the question I was asking. It will be a small house, I suppose, and one little maid? And I suppose you will have many things to do, and to live with-" Here she paused, blushing for her own want of perception. "You are accustomed to things very much the same as mine," she continued softly, "and it must be different. How will you put up with it-or shall you not mind? Only a few little rooms, perhaps, to live in."

"Oh, my lady," said Arabella, "a few! We shall have a little parlour, where I can sit in the afternoons. What could any one wish for more? Your ladyship yourself, or even the Duchess, though you have all the castle to choose from, you can't sit in more than one room at a time. And it has often surprised me, my lady, to see how, with all those beautiful drawing-rooms and all their grand furniture, your ladyship and the Duchess will prefer quite a little bit of a place **ait** in. Look at the morning-room at the castle I and her Grace's boudoir here | quite small in comparison. I can't see that it will make much difference to me."

"That a very just observation, Arabella," said Lady Jane; "I wonder I never thought of it before. Nobody can sit in more than one room at a time, it I quite true; that is all one really needs. I am very much obliged

"Yes, my lady," said Arabella, with a "You should not say like the French little courtesy of acknowledgment. She was queen did,' that II bad grammar," said Lady pleased, but not so much surprised as might Jane softly. "I shan't play at being poor, have been expected. She was fond of her Arabella, but perhaps some day — All mistress, and had a great reverence for her this you have been saying is about your in her way, but she was aware that in practi-



" Like tuilight, too, bur dooky hale."

many particulars which were very satisfactory to herself, and inspired her mistress with

cal matters she herself was far more likely to to the number of rooms which were indisbe right than Lady Jane. And then she pensable, did her a great deal of good, and proceeded on her own account to give threw much light upon the chief subject of her thoughts.

Her next inquiries were addressed to a great interest, but threw no further light very different kind of counsellor. I was upon the point which occupied her mind, well for Lady Jane that she was not on She smiled to herself afterwards, with a womanly confidential terms with her sistermixture of sympathy and amusement, to in-law, or I would have been very difficult to think that Arabella was going to be married keep the secret of her love from that acute too. But I the meantime that new light as observer; as it was, the curiosity of Susan was

much awakened by some of her questions. She asked her, "What do girls in the other plasses when they are preparing for their marriage?" Lady Jane would not say the lower classes, partly lest she might offend Lady Hungerford, partly because of a delicate sense she had that deficiency of any kind should not made a mark for those who suffered under it. Lady Jane's politeness was such that among blind people she would have thought it right to assume that blindness was the common rule of life, and to suppress in her talk any invidious distinction of herself as a person who saw.

"What do they do when they are preparing for their marriage? Why, dear, they generally spend most of their time, and far too much of their thoughts, in buying their wedding

clothes."

"That is so 🛼 all classes," said Lady Jane; "but still that cannot we everything. Some must be bent upon doing their best in their new life. Those, for instance, who have not

much money."

" I am afraid I cannot tell you," said Susan, "for I never was in that predicament. My people, you know, were vulgar, and it was a great rise in the world for me, of course, to marry Hungerford."

"I do not think you have ever thought it

that," said Lady Jane.
"Haven't I? I ought to have then. It war a great rise; but my people were never poor. A good girl who is going to marry a clerk, or that sort of thing, buys a cookerybook, I believe, and has her husbend's slippers warmed for him when he comes home. She finds out all the cheap shops and puts down her expenses every day in a book. That is all I know."

"I was not thinking of a clerk's wife. I was thinking rather of a gentleman-in the country, for instance-not great people, but perfectly nice, and as—as good as ourselves, you know. If a girl wanted very much to do her duty. I wonder what she would do?"

"It would depend very much upon her husband's requirements, I should say. If clerk's wife studying the cookery-book he was a foxhunter, she would probably ride a great deal, and find out all about horses and dogs; if he was studious, she would pay a little attention to books. All that wears off after a little time," said Lady Hungerford. "But at the beginning, when a girl is not She dwelt on the other with a tender sym-18ed to it, and is making experiments, she takes up all her husband's fads, and attempts to humour him. By and by, of course, every new life. She wanted to put herself in tone hing finds its level, and she lets him alone with it, to understand its requirements for herand follows her own way."

"You think, then, that | does not make much difference what one does," said Lady

"What one does! Yest do not mean yourself, I suppose? Crown princesses are above all that sort of thing; they are too magnificent for human nature's daily food. You will be married by proxy, no doubt, when the time comes, in Westminster Abbey."

"Which means I shall never be married at all," said Lady Jane, with subdued pleasure and a delightful sense of her own superior knowledge. She smiled with such a tender softness that her lively sister-in-law, who, if not formed in a very delicate mould, was yet capable of kind impulse, and clever enough to understand the superiority of the spotless creature beside her, had a moment of shame

and self-reproach.

"If you are not, it will be all the worse for somebody," she said. "When I was married I used to watch Hungerford to find out what he wanted me to do; but I soon. tired of that, for he never wanted me to do anything. Most men like you to strike out your own line, and never mind them. is why I say everything finds its level. The most dreadful thing in the world is a woman who is always studying to do her duty, and watching her husband to anticipate his wishes. They don't like to have their wishes anticipated. They like to state them honestly, and have the satisfaction of getting what they want. They are strange creatures, men. The best thing is to strike out your own line, and never interfere with their. always most satisfactory in the end."

Lady Jane made no answer to this, except by a little nigh, in which Lady Hungerford, to her great astonishment, noticed an impatient sound. "What is it you want to know?" she said. "Why are you saking me such questions?" But Lady Jane made no reply. She had got a little enlightenment from Arabella, but none from this woman of the world. How to manage her husband was not a question which disturbed her. The pleased her more than the lady who first tried to humour her husband's fads, and then struck out her own line. In such a person the sweet and true but not too lively intelligence of Lady Jane had little interest, pathy. After all, it was not entirely in the light of the husband that she regarded this self as well as for him. She retired into her

own chamber and thought it out in the quiet Lady Jame was in the first bloom of woman-which, even in London, is possible in a great bood, her mother would have thought but house. It would not be possible, perhaps, to little of Reginald Winton as a husband for be a woman. A soft enthusiasm filled her for should remain Lady Jane for ever. the parable without knowing anything about feel the least fear. Next time she was out without supervision she drove to a bookseller's, and bought all the books she could find upon "How to Live on household economy. volumes. With this she did not quite sympathize, feeling it too fine and elaborate. Her instinct told her that domestic economy, tiousness. She thought a French cook would be much the best to start with, for they were so economical. She thought plate would be the cheapest thing to use, since it never breaks. But with a few mistakes of this kind, which were inevitable, and which experience would set right in three months, Lady Jane made herself out a beautiful programme for her behaviour as a poor man's wife. It gave her a sense of elation to feel that at the least she could do something, and qualify herself for fulfilling a heroic destiny. She was quite unconscious of either downfall or humiliation.

CHAPTER VI .-- THE ART OF STRATEGY.

play.

have every room cushioned and every noise her child. She would have preferred, need stopped before Treached her, as here. Lady it be said, another set of strawberry leaves: Jane imagined herself stepping down into a or even an earl with a good estate would world of noise and bustle, and duties quite have seemed to her a more suitable match. unknown to her. It would be ber business to But as the years went on, and I became bring harmony out of that; not to confront apparent to her that what with Lady Jane's the guillotine, = she once thought, but own visiousty stateliness, and the known folly perhaps to do something even harder, to of her father, it was quite possible that there overcome the petty and small, even the might be no match for her daughter at all, sordid perhaps, and show what her order her ideas were sensibly modified. It did not was capable of, and what a thing it was to seem to her at all desirable that Lady Jane those unknown, humble duties. As for giving Duchess had experienced no absolute blessedup, what was there to give up? Arabella's ness in life. Her husband had given her philosophy gave her a shield against every infinite trouble, her son had by no means suggestion of loss. You can't sit in more realised her ideal, and her daughter had than one room at a time, if you have a gone beyond it, and sometimes vexed her as hundred to choose from. To think that a girl much by very excellence as Hungerford did like that should find the true solution of by his commonplace nature. But still she thought it better to be thwarted and disit, which the wisest shook their beads over! appointed at the head of a family, than Lady Jane, with that enlightenment, did not to sicken of solitude and pine out of it. She thought the same for her daughter; though indeed Lady Jane's character would have lest itself much better to the maiden state than that of her more practical and Three Hundred a Year," was one of these active-minded mother. She had, too, a still more stringent reason, not of an abstract character at all. She knew that some time or other a crash must come. The Duke to be beautiful, must be more spontaneous had never denied himself in his life, and and not so laboured, and that some things he was not likely, of his own free will, were tawdry, and some sordid, in the arrange- to begin now. But as everything has to ments laid down. She thought over the be paid for sooner or later, one way or problems in these books with great conscien- another, she knew very well the time was coming when their fictitious fortunes would collapse, and it would be known mall the world that their income was not enough to support them, and that they were burdened with debts which they could not pay. And indeed it often seemed I her that she would be glad when the crash came—except for Jane. Notwithstanding her desire that | should come and be done with, she was ready to fight with all her strength to keep it off till Jane should be out of its reach. Winton, she felt, had stepped in in the very nick of time. She was under no delusion such as filled the mind of her daughter about Winton's poverty. She knew exactly what his standing was, and that though he was not But the Duchess's thoughts were of a a brilliant match, he was good enough for more serious kind, and it was she who any girl, however exalted, who had no through all had the most difficult part to fortune to speak of, of her own. He was more satisfactory in appearance, and man-Perhaps five or six years before, when ners, and character, than three-fourths of

It is a fine thing for a wife to her husband, obey her husband, but the Duchess was perhaps a little impatient of the yoke. She had never gone against him, save for his good. She had submitted sorrowfully to the consequences of his follies when she found herself powerless to restrain them. But she said to herself almost sternly that she would not allow Jane to be ruined. Let him say what he would, this excellent husband, this good, nice, well-off man should not be repulsed. If she could persuade the Duke to hear reason, so much the better; but I not- But she did not like domestic dissension and a breach of the decorum of life more than another, and the thought that she might be compelled to place herself in active opposition to her husband distressed her beyond measure.

The Duchess laid her plans with great and anxious care. She invited Winton to the few stately gatherings which were still to be held in Grosvenor Square, and she threw him in the Duke's way, prompting him beforehand with subjects such as would please that arbiter of fate. It was no small trial of endurance for both Winton and Lady Jane, but the success of the attempt so far seemed great. The Duke noticed the genial commoner who was so ready to interest himself in his Grace's favourite subjects. He even asked, "Who is this Mr. Winton?" with an interest which made the Duchess's heart beat. She gave a sketch of her protégé off-hand, laying great stress upon the antiquity of his lineage. "Ah, oh," the Duke said indifferently. He was not impressed, nor did it make any difference him that this gentleman, whose family had been settled for so many hundred years in their manor, had recently had a great accession of wealth. He asked no further questions about bim, and yawned when the Duchess said that she had thought of inviting him to form one of the usual autumn party at Billings. "Ob, no, I have no objections," his Grace said; his transitory show of interest, was like a

the eligible men in England, and in fact Winton a great number of invitations to her he was himself eminently eligible, a man own magnificent circle, and threw him perwhom no parent (in full possession of petually in her husband's way. Some I her his senses) could possibly despise. The friends and contemporaries more than suspuke was not in full possession of his senses pected the Duchess's game. But she kept a on this point, but his wife could not see the brave and cheerful front to them all, and never justice of allowing her daughter's future to be allowed herself to be found out; and not only spoiled by this partial insanity on the part of had she to contrive all this, and baffle all beholders, but she had likewise a struggle to maintain even with the man whose cause she was upholding. He wanted, forscoth, to make quicker progress. He wanted we see more of his betrothed. He wanted to have it announced to all the world. He was more impracticable, more unreasonable than ever man was, although she was wearing herself out in efforts to help him. Jame did not say a word, but she looked at her mother's proceedings with a gentle surprise and high, silent wonder, keeping herself aloof from all the plottings, avoiding the subject altogether. It was all done for Jane, but Jane disapproved, and blamed her mother in her heart. This was the un-kindest cut of all. Notwithstanding, the Duchess held by her point; there was no other way to do it. When she gave Winton her invitation to Billings, he received it in the most uncomfortable way. He coloured high; he rose up and paced about the room. "If I am to come as an impostor I would rather not come at all," he said; "if I may come as Jane's affianced-

"How can that be, Mr. Winton, unless

her father gives his consent?"

To this Winton made no reply, except a peevish, "I cannot go on false protences any

"You have met the Duke six times. without rushing at him with a request for his daughter! Is that what you call false pretences? Jacob served for Rachel seven years."

"Ah! and so would I; but he had | out with her father first. He did not hang about and profess to be there only for Laban's agreeable convenation; that makes all the difference."

"I think be could have stood that; he had a robust conscience," said the Duchess, with a smile. And then she added, "I am trying to do what I can for you. If you

will not agree I cannot help it."

"there must always, I suppose, be a few "I suppose I must agree. There does not nobodies to fill up the corners." This, after seem anything else for me to do," is said; which was the most ungracious reply she cold douche to the Duchess. But she did not ever had to that invitation, which was rarely allow herself be dismayed. She managed, extended to any one of so little importance. as a great lady can always manage, to get At Billings, Lady Germaine's principle of

asking people who would amuse her was never resorted to. The people who were asked were very noble and splendid people, but they were not amusing, as a rule. It was such a compliment to Winton as the uninitiated could not understand. But there were, of course, a great many people who knew better than the Duchess herself did the intention with which this invitation was Lady Hungerford, for instance, given. sitting quietly with her husband after dinner, baving heard of it that morning, suddenly astonished him by bursting out into a great fit of laughter. As nothing had been said to account for this, and Lord Hungerford's company of itself was not calculated to produce hilarity, he was much surprised, and at once requested to know what she was laughing about.

Oh, I is nothing," she said. "Your mother asking young Winton, the man, you know, who has that pretty house in Kensington, mgo m Billings, for the shooting."

"Is that so very furmy?" said Lord

Hungerford.

"Don't you see, you thick-head," said his wife, who was not, perhaps, so exquisite in her language as became her present rank, "she has taken it into her head that he will do for Jane, and she thinks by taking him down to Billings that she will get your father to consent?"

"For Jane !" said Hungerford in dismay. "That is your mother's little plan. what amuses me is to see that she thinks she

will get your father to consent."

But it did not appear that Hungerford found the same amusement in the thought. He was slow of intelligence, and took some time to master it. "For Jane!" he said at least half-a-dozen times over during the course of the evening, and when he next met his mother he proceeded at once to investigate the matter.

What is this I hear about Regy Winton? he said. "Susan tells me you are thinking

of him for Jane."

"Susan is so well informed——" said the Duchess, with a little redness of indignation. "But I think you know Jane well enough to be aware that thinking of any one for her

would not do much good."
"That what I thought," Hungerford said, falling readily into the snare. "But wouldn't be all a bad thing." added, "if it could be brought about. He has about the same spot, on about the same day plenty of money, and nothing against him; of every yearand Jane isn't quite so young as she was, don't you know."

This was true enough; but that such a question should be discussed between her son and his wife made the Duchess's blood boil. "I am not m clever as Susan and you, Hungerford," she said, with fine satire. "You will manage your daughter's marriage, I don't doubt, a thousand times better than I shall ever manage mine."

"What has that to do with it?" Hungerford said, surprised, for he was not quick in his intellects. But want added, as he went away, "I should think Regy Winton would be a

very good man for Jane."

The Duchess was very angry, and declined altogether to take her son into her confidence. But yet she was sustained in her mind by this volunteered opinion, and went on with more boldness. They were all very glad to get out of London, as soon as the Duke thought it right to withdraw that support which he felt himself bound we give to the Empire and the constitution by going to town every year. His countenance expanded they left that limited world in which a duke is almost as a common man, and has to submit to see a simple commoner considered much more important than him-He preferred the country, if for nothing else, on that score. There was space to move about in, and the whole district bowed down before him. He smoothed out even during the journey, though it was by railway, which is a levelling and impertinent way of travelling. The Duke's carriage had large labels of "engaged" plastered upon it. But still such a thing had been as that a lawless traveller, a being without veneration or feeling, had seized upon the door-handle and attempted to make an entrance. Nevertheless, even with these drawbacks, the Duke already began to show the genial influence of going out of town. And m think that the wife of his bosom should have taken advantage of this in the disingenuous way she did! It was not absolutely on the journey, but on that first evening at home, when the noble pair took, as had been their habit since before any one could remember, a little stroll together after dinner in the reals of the evening under the ancestral shellond and just when his Grace had looked round him with a sigh of satisfaction, and announced that woods were better than bricks and mortar, which was a remark he made habitually in

"That is very true," the Duchess said (as she always said on similar occasions), "and there are no trees like our own trees. hope her native air," added the erafty her best." woman, "will do something for Jane."

with Jane?" said her angust papa.

"I felt sure you must have observed it; you are always so keen aighted where Jane is concerned. I have thought she looked pale : and she has a little air of-what shall I call it—pre-occupation."

"I do not see," said the Duke, half indignantly, "what she can have to be pre-

occupied about."

"She has always been so tenderly cared for, that is true. But we must remember that she is no longer a girl, and there are thoughts which come into one's mind which it | difficult | avoid."

"What thoughts? A young lady in Jane's position need have no thoughts that can give her any trouble. I hope that even in these revolutionary times, when everything is going to pieces, the house of Billings is still

sufficiently secure for that."

"Yee, yes; there is no doubt on that question. Jane has no doubt," the Duchess said, correcting herself. "But there are "But there are problems, you know, which occupy the mind. It is a revolutionary age, as you say, and even young women are not exempt. Besides, if you will let me say so, by the time a girl has come to be five-and-twenty, she often begins to feel, you know-that to be only her father's daughter is not quite enough for her-that she wants some sort of standing of her own."

"Do you mean to tell me that such thoughts as these have ever entered the mind of Jane?" said the Duke severely, "My love, I put great faith in you in matters quite within your sphere- But Jane, my

daughter !"-

"I hope you will allow that she is my daughter as well," the Duchess said with the half-laugh, half-rage natural to a woman long accustomed to deal with an impracticable She was obliged to laugh at his serious contempt of her, lest she should do

great as are your claims to respect as her applice the difference in her."

I mother, that I may be supposed to understand.

The exasperation with which the Duchess "For Jane | Is there anything the matter listened to this speech may be understood; but it was not the first by m great many, and she made no revelation of her feelings. On the contrary, she made use of his solemn vanity with a craft which the exigences of

her position had developed in her.

"You must give me the benefit of your superior insight," she said quite calmly, without any indication of satire in her tone. "Now that you have leisure to give your consideration to family matters, as you could not be expected to in town :--tell me what you think. My impression I that she has begun to think of the future. I was her mother when I was her age. She has been very much admired and sought after."

"Naturally," the Duke said, with a wave

of his hand.

"And I have a feeling that there II apreference, if I may call it so-an inclination, perhaps—dawning in her mind. To lose her would be a terrible deprivation; still," the Duchess said, "I do not suppose it is in your mind to prevent her from marrying."

"To prevent her from- You surely have the most carious way of putting things. There is nothing I desire more truly-when

a suitable match can be found."

"But don't you think," cried the Duchess, "that we are, perhaps, letting the time slip a little? Of course, I would naturally keep my child by me as long as possible, but in her own interests- Women on the whole are happier to marry, I think," she said doubtfully.

"Marry I of course they are happier to marry. Can there be any doubt upon that subject? A woman unmarried cannot be

said to have any life m all t "

"Yes, I should say there was a doubt," said his wife, with again that half-laugh; "and as I am one of them I may be allowed an opinion on the subject. But still, in respect to Jane, I could wish my daughter marry. In her position, to remain unmarried would really be to remain apart from life."

"It is not to be thought of for a moment; The Duke waved his hand. "Yes, yes," an old maid I" the Duke said, with a quaver he said, in the tone of a man yielding to of pain in his voice; and he thought of that an unreasonable child. "To be sure, in a slight indentation—not a hollow, scarcely way, we do not dispute that. But I am more than a dimple, which, however, was not certain," added, "that you know better a dissple, on Jane's cheek. "The truth is," than to resist the claims of race. Jane is not he said, "that in respell to one's children so much your daughter, or even mine, as she one decrives one's self. I have no feeling is the daughter of the race of Altsmonts; that I am myself any older than I was and in that capacity you may allow, my love, twenty years ago, and therefore I do not

than either you or I."

"Ah, Hungerford; what can you expect with that wife?" the Duke said with a little shudder; and then he added, with inward alarm but outward jauntiness (so fares dukes can be jaunty), if her opinion was an excellent joke, "By the way, I suppose that she will have something to say on the subject. She generally has something to say."

"Susan does not conceal her opinion that Jane's chances are all over," said the Duchess. She thinks her passee. She believes, I understand, that a clergyman—to whom we could give the living of Billings-would be

the likely thing for Jane now."

" A clergyman !" said the Duke with rage and horror. His wife laughed a little, but there was anger below her laugh. How it was that Susan's importment speeches always came to the ears of her parents-in-law it was difficult to know, but they did so, and they generally had the effect of warming most wholesomely the Duke's too noble blood.

"It is very well known how difficult you are," said the Duchess. "I don't think myself that the clergyman is likely to present himself; but if Jane half a preference, as I suppose, I should, for my part, be very unwilling to

thwart her."

"Jane will have no preference that is not justified by the merit of the object," cried Jane's father. "She is too much my child for that. She will never permit her mind to atray out of her own rank. Indeed, it is with difficulty I realise," he added, with dignity, "the possibility that she can have conceived what you call a preference at all. To me she has always been so completely superior, so serene, so---

"But not cold," the Duchess said.

"I don't know what you mean by cold; yes, cold, certainly, in my sense of the word, as every woman ought to be. I believe that unless I put it before her-or you as my representative—she is far too pure-minded and elevated ever to think of marriage at all."

" If she were shut up in a tower," said the Duchess; "but unfortunately there are so many things in this world to force the idea upon her, and if you really wish her to

"Of course I wish her to marry," said the Duke almost angrily; and then he added, "in

her own rank in life."

her husband's attention the subject. She with a sigh.

"Hungerford | very old," and the had meant in to be very wise, but conversa-Duchess. "He is older in many things tion is one of those strange things that will manage itself. However closely we may have laid down the lines of what we shall say, it is pretty certain to balk us and direct us in other ways. This had been the case on the present occasion. Instead of directing the Duke's mind to the possibility of receiving a suitor who should be indispensable to Jane's happiness, though not of her rank, she had only elicited from him a repetition of his determination that nobody out of her own rank should marry Lady Jane. She thought with a shiver of Winton coming down full of hope with the intention of unfolding his rent-roll, and his statement of the settlements he was able to make, for the Duke's satisfaction. The Duke was one of the few men remaining in the nineteenth century who was invulnerable to money. Susan Hungerford was enough to give any one a disgust at that manner of filling the household coffers. Perhaps it would have been better to say nothing, to let Winton work upon the Duke by that respectful admiration for his opinions which he had already shown. She walked back to the castle with a sense of failure in her thin For her part, she would not have been at all disinclined towards a clergyman (had he been meet) who would have established her child in the beautiful rectory not a quarter of a mile from the lodge gates, and kept her constantly, as it were, at home. But there was no clergyman available, and no question of that, Lady Jane gave her a half-timid glance when she went into the drawing-room with the fresh air of the evening about her. She would not inquire whether there had been any talk of herself between her parents; but she could not keep that question out of her eyes. All the Duchess's reply was to give her a kins, and ask whether she had not been out this delicious evening. "This is better than town," her Grace said. Was better than town? For the first time with a soft sigh Lady Jane remained silent, and did not echo the sentiment. The country is sweet, and the woods, and fields, and one's native air, and the silence of nature-but there are other things which perhaps even in smoky London, among the bricks and mortar which his Grace made so little of, were still more sweet. Of all people in the world, Lady Jane was the last to prefer a ball-room, or the jaded and heated crowds at The Duchess asked herself afterwards the end of the season. But for the first time whether this had been a wise way of directing in her life she thought of these assemblies

FASHIONS AND PHYSIOLOGY.

BY J. MILNER FOTHERGILL, M.D.

farthingales and stomachers.

though we are passing through a plant might well weep.

lawn tennis. When some person's hair grew might well weep.

Then, again, what has physiology to say to
Then, again, what has physiology to say to

The car of Juggernaut is not more pitiless the long outcome of such exposure. than is the rule of fashion. Victims fall the admiring crowd of votaries.

Take the most recent fashion of shoes, man certainly escapes the grave changes of

FASHIONS and Physiology are not linked | The heel of the human being projects outtogether from their association, but wants, or rather backwards, and gives steadibecause of their divorce. The spirit of un-ness to " the sure and certain step of man." reason seems inspire the inventive genius. But fashion has decided that the heel in the of the modern modiste, just as it inspired boot or shoe shall go as near the centre of her mediaval predecessors in the days of the the instep of possible. Instead of the weight rthingales and stomachers.

History repeats itself; and so does modern fine lady it rests upon pegs with the fashion! In its ceaseless round of varia- toes in front, which have to prevent the body tion common sense tarely gets an oppor- from toppling forward. Then the heel is tunity; and then never for long. Fashion high that the foot rests upon the peg and the oscillates within extremes, and only now toes; and the goit is about as elegant as if and then happens to cross the line of com- the lady were practising walking upon stilts. mon sense; from being on one side, it soon. In order m poise the body on these two passes to the other. Paris is responsible for points, a bend forward is necessitated, which fashions. The taste of the French governs is regarded as the correct attitude of the the world! The French, if they do not love "form divine." It is needless to say that extremes, certainly practise them. In politics there are few ankles which can stand this they pass from Republicanism - Cossarism; strain without yielding; and it is quite comfrom Democracy to Imperialism. So, when mon to see young ladies walking along with the pendulum of fashion begins to swing their ankles twisting all ways, or perhaps back from one extreme, it passes steadily on with the sole of their shoe or boot escaping till it reaches the opposite extreme. Crino- from under the foot, and the side of the heel lines came in with the physical needs of a in contact with the ground. With such mogreat personage; now for some time skirts dem improvements on sandals (which allow have been so strait, that it is impossible for the feet perfect freedom and play) the prethe wearer to step out properly, and as to run- sent mademoiselle, when she attempts ning—well, the less said about that the better; run, is a spectacle at which the gods—well, though we are passing through a phase of not quite that, but at which her mother

eke out her scanty locks; and, presto! evening dress? Decency hid her head in every woman, whether she possessed abun- shame long ago at low dresses, and has been dance of hair or not, must follow suit; silent. Physiology says such dresses are a diseases and parasites of the hair notwith- violation of the laws of health. Let it be anding.

The goddess of reason was once adopted heated atmosphere of dining-room and drawat their deity by the French, at a time when ing-room, yet what of the drive backwards and such worship seemed singularly inappro- forwards, even with the help of numberless priate; and her sway was brief. The goddess rugs and wraps? What remarks have been of unreason would seem the more permanent made from time to time about the long tarrydeity for the volatile race; though her worship ing in cold ante-rooms, halls, and passages at is not avowed. Where is the anknown sano- Royal drawing-rooms? of colds and chills and tum from whence issue these edicts, more of unprotected lungs injured thereby? It absolute than Russian ukase or Turkish beseems us not maparade the horrors of "a irade? Even the most obedient devotees drawing-room " here; but the fact | well cannot, I my experience, give an answer, or enough known, that many a residence along even a clue. Yet they obey, unhesitatingly, the shores of the Mediterranean has been

Whether be that a less sesthetic under it, but their sufferings are unbeeded by creature, or that convenience presses more strongly upon him than upon the gentler sex,

from the weakness of pegtops or knickerbockers to continuations of a fan-like character, where the trousers almost conceal the boot, as the apparently permanent fashion with our blue-jackets. The lappel of the coat covers the tip of the lung just where the low dress leaves it exposed, as if inviting disease to settle there. The shirt front a exposed in a very liberal manner in man; but a wellstarched linen shirt front is no bad protection against a rude blast, provided the exposure

be not too prolonged.

Even when there is no low dress, the upper portion of the chest in women is often far too thinly clad. Above the corset there is nothing but the dress-body over Fair reader, my connecthe tender skin. tion with a hospital for diseases of the chest tells me somewhat about female underclothing, or perhaps rather the want of it. In private practice, too, opportunities are afforded for observation of the scanty and utterly insufficient under-clothing worn by many whose means do not prevent their indulgence in proper raiment. A thin chemise is often all that is worn under the corset, even in the coldest of weather. It is a perilously pernicious practice. If ladies would only wear something approaching the merino vests, &c., seen in gentlemen's hosiers' windows, they would not require the heated rooms at present rendered necessary from the insufficient attire now in vogue. To be sure, this admits of heavy over-clothing being worn when out of doors-cloth jackets, furs, furs trimmed with fur, and all the paraphernalia of costly outer attire in which the female heart rejoices, But stouter under-clothing would be far, far better, in every way. It would admit of lighter outer-clothes, and be compatible with a healthy stroll, even for those who are not unfamiliar with a carriage.

Then what shall be said about the corsets? What does the Ladies' Rational Dress Association, with Lady Haberton at its head, say about the advertisements in the Owen ment corsets?-"They reduce the size of the figure githout causing any injurious pressure, while their graceful shape adds a new charm to the form." Whether the audacity or the mendacity of this sistement is the greater may be a matter on which opinions can differ; the magnitude of each being so great. A liver compressed till the marks of the ribs are visible after death; that mot "injurious pressure!" Neither is displacement of some of the less fixed organs injurious pressure." sure," I suppose? To I the viscera

XXIII-10

dress seen || the other sex. He mildly oscillates driven downwards until displacement follows. is quite a trifle from the modiste's point of view, perhaps; but to the physician is a grave matter, often entailing ill-health for the rest of a lifetime. And as to the "graceful shape" of a wasp-waisted lady; that, too, only exists from the modiste's point of view.

> Then as to the lower limbs; why are they to be merely concealed from view by flowing skirts? decency | honoured, but why not health? Warm woollen coverings to the lower limbs are quite as desirable for the

softer as for the more robust sex.

Next as to hats or bonnets; common sense, as representing physiology, has never attempted to seriously discuss a lady's head-dress. It is scarcely possible in observe the windows of a lady's outlitter's shop without weeping; and the only thing which prevents laughter in front of a bonnet-shop is the prices. A lady may suffer from severe facial neuralgia on exposure to cold; but the goddess of fashion decree that the bonnet shall be worn on the back of the head, she must suffer patiently till the reaction to pokebonnets arrives; then she will have a temporary respite from her agony, till the next change again leaves the facial area exposed. She may have sensitive eyes; but no shade of head-dress shall protect her from the min's piercing says, unless broad-brimmed hats happen to be à la mode. If her skin is sensitive and given to blister, there is a legion of cosmetics advertised—at prices which make a serious inroad on a lady's pin-money. To beautify the skin and clear the complexion, it is not essential to wear a suitable headdress; the modiste settles the form of hat or bounet, and if the cosmetic-vendor is benefited thereby, why, there is no great objection to that. Is not the lady of fashion one of the fat kine, on which the lean kine can subsist? and the mediate plays into her fellow-trader's hands.

What can be said also of the fashionable life, so craved after by many who cannot enter it, so loathed by many who cannot get out of it? Ladies setting off at midnight to a ball, and dancing till daylight, with what stimulants, alcoholic and vinous, let the novelists who aspire to depict high life be the evidence; turning day into night, and night into day, for no earthly reason except that such his contrasts with every other life. No wonder a cup of tea I requisite, the first thing in the morning, to rouse the jaded frame to sustain the effort of dressing, aided by a cold bath, to give a fictitious sense of energy; or

some potent wine at lunch to keep up the delicate frame. A senson of fashionable life requires an autumn in the country, or at Carlsbad-"for papa's gout"-in order to set the pung frames magain. It may be a life de pleasure and looked forward to in the grand optimism of youth; but what is there it make pleasant to look back

upon? In an outrage on all physiological laws. It makes the life of a lady of bon ton more arduous than her housemaid's, more irksome than a ballet dancer's. Yet because it is the life of the highest circles, those in the social strata beneath think it is to coveted. The physiologist thinks otherwise; and very decidedly so too.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

A Siegraphical Study.

By the Author of "John Halipal, Gentleman,"

PART IL

WE now find the blind boy, Francis Joseph Campbell, fairly plunged into life as a young man, maintaining himself by music lessons, while he found time to continue his education in other branches. His college curriculum included mathematics, Latin, and Greek. The first he had great capacity for, the two latter were "positive drudgery."

"Nevertheless I was determined to succeed. At first I simply occupied my seat in the class; but I well remember the surprise of our Professor when one day I quietly doubted if the translation—Latin—were correct. "Why so?" For two resonathe second being that the translator has made the army march down the river to cross, when it should have marched up! 'Indeed, Give me the book!' nave marchou up ! 'indeed. Give use the book!' Els found it was really so. Afterwards he made me recite and translate, and tosted me thoroughly for half an hour. Then he said to the class: 'Koung gentlemen, I think we have all had a lesson to-day,' shook my hand cordially and invited me to dine with him."

Besides being studious, young Campbell must have been an extremely practical boy. He tells a story, funny enough, of the way he secretly led a revolution-not unnecessarywith regard to the food of the school, which was very bad.

"We were informed that the low funds of the school made rigid ecusions necessary; but while we lived poorly, we knew that our teachers lived exceedingly well. Not that we could see the reast tarkey, geese, &c., but we could smell them. Our remonstrances were vain. We called an 'indignation meeting.' After much time wasted in talking. I urged that a small committee should be appointed three of me. Though I was the wastest these I wred that a small committee should be appointed—three of us. Though I was the youngest they made me one. That night, when all ware asless, it was the old story of "burning the candle at both ends." One day young Campbell suddenly fell ill. The doctor told him unless he took a three specimens of them, and sho of our food, the miss repedimens of them, and sho of our food, the miss repedimens of them, and sho of our food, the miss repedimens of them, and save of our food, the miss repedimens of them. The doctor told him unless he took a three months' holiday he had no chance of life. At first he absolutely refused to give up dared not go to sleep, but waited till half-past five,

when the bell summoned as to rise and go for a walk. During our walk, I left my basket with Aunt Sarah, a coloured woman I knew, who kept a shop. In the afternoon I reclaimed it and carried it to the President of the Board, a kind old gentleman, to whom I told my story. He dishelleved it. 'Oh, boys, that will never do.' 'Would you see the food, at '' 'Yes; then I will believe, and not till then.' I produced the backet, and he did believe. He asked me is a tramulous voice how I got at the I produced the basket, and he did believe. He asked me is a tremulous voice how I got at the things, and I told him—the whole truth. 'Boy,' he said, 'that was a very dating thing to do, but placky nevertheless. Leave those things with me, and I will see to the matter.' He did; for we heard that next afternoon a special meeting of directors was called, and within a few days it became known that the Principal had resigned. Whether he svar leave the part I had had in the affair I cannot tell; knew the part I had had in the affair I cannot tell; but certainly I myself have never regretted it."

There is, there necessarily must be, a little touch of unconscious pride in these details. But it is pride, not so much in personal gifts, which are the source of most people's vanity -God knows why, since was He alone who gave them—as in the noble use of these gifts, such as they are, whether small or great. It ' is to spur others on to use theirs that this blind man tells his most touching and heroic story.

"At this time," he proceeds, "on account of my teaching and daily attendance at the College, I was obliged to work at night as well. I employed two readers—one read for me till ten P.M.; then I went to bed, with an alaram clock set at two A.M. When it sounded I sprang up, dragged my second coader out of bed, and as quickly as possible resumed my

rescue, and prevented his completing this moral suicide. He allowed his sister to carry him off to the station and then bome, simply inquiring if " his books were packed?" "Yes," answered the wise doctor, "packed where you will never find them." So, bookless, the student went off on his long holiday to " rest "-"as," he says, " we so often hear people talk of resting." But his father was living five miles away from the beloved mountain home, in a village, where to encamp amidst its quiet stagnation would have been to this ardent nature "like a sentence to three months' imprisonment." He announced his intention of going on to the mountain springs, a favourite resort, where some families had built themselves summer cottages.

"So my brother, a friend, and myself set out on ot. The first carried a rifle, the second a bog of books for me, and I an axe, bought on purpose for the expedition. I was not very vigorous: we reached the springs late at night, receiving a hearty welcome. I went to bed, slept for twelve hours, and was fresh again; so I determined to go on to a cabin, five miles farther, which bolonged to my uncle and was sometimes occupied by his men when trading cattle on the hills. We took a day's food and walked slowly, reaching the hut about times r.m. It was much out of repair, but I ouly wanted a place to alrep in at night, and shalter is when it rained. Two miles beyond it was my uncle's house. There we went, and my auth promised to supply me with food on condition that we sent for or fetched n."

What a picture of life among the mountains, the glorious, free, wild life, so delightful to the young, if only they have eyes to see! But this young man had none, yet he seems to have done quite as well without them.

"Our first few days were spent in reconneiting our surroundings. The hut stood within a few feet of the brow of the mountain. If I threw a stone down I could have it bounding down for ever so long. down I could hear it bounting down for ever so sung. By-and-by I learnt to clamber up and down that chiff and found ten enormous trees growing there, one above the other, the upper one being only a few feet from the next down, the lowest about two handred feet beneath. So I planned and proposed what backwoodsmen call a 'cataract,' and sallied forth, eve in hand in other's my first tree about from feet in what occawoscomes can a "cataries, and amount setup axe in hand, to attack my first tree, about four feet in diameter. My so ength was below pur; I got on alowly. The other two laughed at me and sug-gested I should sak for help. But my brother was always out hunting, and he and the other had took turns in fetching our food, in reading to me of evenings. The weather was glorious, I soon drank in health at every pow, and was able to cat the whole ten trees three pasts through in about a

applied my are vigorously. Ten minutes more and I heard my brother cry out, 'Hurrah, it's going!' We all leaped saids just we should be struck by the falling branches. What a turmoil-tree after tree initing branches. What a lumindi—tree after tree began to go, each pressing upon each, till the whole of them went plunging down the mountain side. The topmost one finally found a resting place far below. Triumphant with success, we three boys should not threw up our hats, and finally we brought our supper and laid it out on the stump of the huge tree which had completed our "cateract."

So vigorous and wholesome a life soon restored the health which, for once, he had foolishly risked; and young Campbell, after the three months' holiday which he had faithfully promised to take, returned to his work full of strength, energy, and enthusiasm. Thus early he practically proved the wisdom of one of his pet theories in later life, that the physical education of the blind should be held of equal importance with their mental development; this especially because experience has convinced him that their average standard of health is many degrees below the average of sighted people. So much blindness originates in congenital and hereditary disease, that both in those born blind and in cases where some unfortunate accident has resulted in inflammation or other weakness of the organ, they have more to contend against than ordinary healthy subjects. Also the tender trammels in which the blind are mistakenly kept by their friends, and against which "poor, blind Joseph " struggled so successfully—the want of movement, exercise and general sanitary life, help to keep them sensitive and delicate physically.

On his return to Nashville the young man threw himself into the very thick of the battle, the sore battle of life in which so many fail miserably, even when blessed with all that he had not. But his courage and energy were unconquerable. The Blind School to which he belonged was now wanting pupils. Parents were not alive to its advantages, and refused to send their chikkren. Campbell was requested to make a short holiday tour through Tennessee, and having discovered by means of the census how many blind children there were, to appeal to their parents and by every possible means to "compel them to come in." He took a young friend with him and started from his own home in Franklin "At lest all was ready. The biggest tree, the one next our but, was hewn through, except a very panion, George, riding a second horse. Their adventures are as good as a fairy tale, excited; all the success of my plan depended upon and, to any one who did not know the hero the way the trees, beginning with the lowest, had been cut, so as to fall straight. I susmined them one by one, then clumbed been to the beginning tree and County, on his own mare Nelly-his comwhich, like faith, "can remove mountains bor climb over them. I shall let him tell his atory in his own words.

"Knowing the centus was very imperiect, I waited all schools, called upon doctors, elergymen, and even blacksmiths—county-folk always gossip while their horses are shod—and by the end of the first week had found three blind children to send to Neshville. With regard to the third I have some corious recolherions. His name was Cornelius Foster. To get him I had to cross the Hywassee, a mountain terrent. There were no bridges over it, but there was a ferry and a ford, the former only used when the latter was impassable. Nobody told us of it, so we rode into the stream and soon found ousselves plunged over those house house leads used to the stream and soon found ousselves plunged over the stream and soon found ousselves plunged a sheer bank into deep water. It was my first experience of the kind. I called George to let his horse go as far as possible, soothed Nelly and ant perfectly still on her back. She neither returned nor tried to climb up the bank, but with true instinct swam diagonally we gained the opposite shore. There the ferryman called out to us and strong how we had missed the food, adding that explained how we had missed the ford, adding that he would not have crossed as we did for a thousand dollars. We were wet through, but soon deled in the July sun of Tennesses. I found my little blind boy, arranged with his parents, took him up behind me on Nelly, rode to meet the other two boys at a ms on Nelly, rode to meet the other two boys at a station, and placed them all in charge of the conductor of the Nashville train, while I west further m search of other children. I found a child by the census—her name was Agues Jones, and she lived on Flint Mountain, forty miles of. George and I started; our route was by Catawhe River, then up a swift water-course called Elk Creek, which, much a write water-course cancer that create, much a woulden by recent rains, wound to and fro through a long gorge. We crossed it, I counted, minetoen times. Late in the afterwoon we left this water-course and followed the signag peats to the top of limit Mountain, which we reached at susset, but had still four miles farther to go. George was no mountaineer, but a city boy. Completely worn out with fatigue, he asked 'if I meant to camp out all night?" At that moment we heard a deep cell of thunder-mountain thunder-and at once the storm was upon us. Our horsest became animanageable—we had to dismount sud hold them. The storm ended in total darkness. We decided to go back—George declared it was impossible to find the path—so I bade him hold the houses while I found it. Then I went ahead, leading Nelly. I abould have felt no fear but for rattleanker, of which I have thirty had just been killed close by. When the path grew smooth we mounted, but my heads shock so I could scarcaly hold the bridle. It rained still and George declared he could see nothing, so I lept the swellen by recent rains, wound to and fro through a George declared he could see nothing, so I kept the George declared he could find the way by the sound of the waterfall, which I heard. But my real trust was in Nelly. We came back to the creek, which we had to cross. At first I hesitated, but Nelly did not. My feet went under water and I thought all was lost, but this proved to be the deepest part. We were non safely over at the other side. were soon safely over at the other side.

The self-reliant blind man and his well-trained horse—the courageous eleverness with which he made use of his very infirmity to guide both in the darkness, so familiar to him—I think no one will read this little anecdote without feeling more than autonishment—admiration.

Agnes Jones was safely caught, put behind him upon Nelly's back, and carried fifty miles to where another little girl, Katie Fleming, was brought to meet him.

A third, Lizzie Kelton, was half coaxed, half kidnapped, out of the possession of a drunken father, and also carried upon Nelly's back, at first voluntarily, then "screaming and kicking," till her adventurous captor southed her, wrapped her a sheep-skin, fastened her with straps to his waist, and she fell asleep. Thus burdened he rode many miles on the way to Knox Villa, Two more captures, Rebecca Smith and Nelly Hammondtree, did this benevolent buccaneer succeed in making. In most cases the mothers of the children saw the advantages before them, and consented III their going to school; the fathers were more difficult persuade. Still Mr. Campbell did persuade them all at last.

"I sent George home with the horse, and I, with my little girls, went by train to Dalton, Georgia, than through Chattenage on to Nanhville. I had spent about four times the money voted to me for this tour --had it failed I should have been severely blamed. But it succeeded, and the extra sum was cheerfully paid. My little girls did well. Years afterwards, when teaching in Boston, both Lizzie Kelton and Nellia Haumondirec sent me tokens of remembrance. Each had prospered in life, and moreover each had reclaimed the drustees father who tried to pervent har going to achool."

In 1856, Mr. Campbell resigned his connection with this school—the Tennessee Institution for the Blind—and went north to realise the dream of his life, and study at Harvard University. Previously he went to spend some months at Bridgewater. There he met Miss Bond. In August of the same year he married her, and within a month of that day all his savings were lost by the sudden failure of a firm to which he had intrusted them. Twenty pounds which he happened to have in his pocket was all the wealth that remained him, except his indomitable courage.

"Within forty hours I was on my way south once more, and had soccepted the musical directorship of a large and flourishing girls' school. But I had sourcely entered upon my work when a liou appeared in my path."

This was the discovery among the townsmen of his Abolitionist opinions. They argued with him, abused him, even hinted at "lynching" him. Finally they gave notice to all the parents of his pupils that the lessons must be stopped. It was vain to fight longer against the stream. Next day he and his wife departed from their home,

, which he did not again revisit for eighteen

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They went first Nashville, where he got temporary work at the Wisconsin Institute for the Blind. Then he had to leave it and take his wife for medical help to Boston. "At this time," he says, "we were so poor that my own food never cost me more than sixpence a day." He was a strange city, his wife placed as a private patient in an hospital, and himself seeking everywhere for work.

"One day I resolved to visit the Perkins Institution for the Blind. It was four miles off. I had to
walk and find my way. Brondway is a long street.
When near the end of it the Institution was still a
mile off. I knew the side-walk was broad, the cross
streets ran ill right angles. So exact had been my
information, that when I fait the iron feace of the
Institution I was able to walk up the stone steps and
ring the ball. I asked for Mr. Howe, the Praccipal.
When ill came he inquired if I was paritally blind.
'No—totally so.' 'But I have been watching you
up the Broadway; you avoided the trees and the
paople; you walked up and rang the bell. Surely
you can see light?' I replied by taking off my
spectacles. He was satisfied."

After a day spent in examining the Institute, especially the musical department, Dr. Howe asked his visitor what he thought of it. Mr. Campbell's answer was wholly unsatisfactory. Music had been a total failure in the school; he did not wonder at this, and he explained the reasons. An experiment was proposed to supersede the former teacher and give Mr. Campbell his position at half his salary. This the spirited young fellow refused.

"The Doctor urged that the public would not allow him to pay a blind man so much as a sighted man. 'But,' I said, 'you employ me because you think I should do better than a sighted man. I will not be under-paid, but if you like I will teach one term for nothing;' which, having got some private pupils, I was now able to do. So R was settled that the experiment abould be tried."

was formally established on his own terms. These included the revolutionary movements—the abolition of all the old worn-out pianos, "as it was impossible to make bricks without straw," and permission to choose twenty boys and girls to be educated physically and intellectually as well as sunsically according his wishes.

"The first one went up to me was a musical prodigy, but he did not know the multiplication table, and as he had been at school several years I declined him. Many more came, with the name result. At last I said, 'Send me the best boy at mathematics,' and Thomas Roche came and gave me

without hesitation a beautiful demonstration of the aquase of the hypothenuse. 'Thomas,' I said, 'you will do. Would you like to study music?' 'Yes, air; but I have no ear; I have been turned out of the musical department.' 'Never mind,' and I told him say own story. He became my pupil, and ten years after, at his death, this same Thomas Roche left a good sum of money, his own carnings by teaching music, to the Perkins Institution. My nine-tens others were scarcely less successful."

Certainly, could any mortal command success, this imperious fighter against hard fortune seems to have done it. Possibly he comes of the old Campbell race—the Highland chieftains whose blood is so blue that when their heir lately married a Queen's daughter there were those who considered that the royal family was the one honoured thereby;—but I cannot tell; for this self-dependent, self-made man seems entirely to ignore his grandfathers and great-grandfathers. It is a not ignoble pride to be proud of one's ancestors, but I think it a nobler pride to make our descendants proud of us.

Mr. Campbell was now fairly established at Boston.

"My greatest difficulty there," he writes, "as it has been in all my experience, was the low physical condition of the blind. In their education every effort should be made to supply this deficiency, else their ambition and confidence will always be below that of the average student. It is useless to say to the blind 'God' the word must be 'Come!' Therefore I used to take my boye daily to swim in the open sea, also we want long rowing expeditions. Once we chartered a schoonse and went far out to sea, fishing. I led a party of them up Mount Manafield and another up Mount Washington. A Southerner myself, I had never seen ice; but in my first winter at Boston I learnt to skate, and insisted on any boys learning too. But in the winter of 1861 my lungs became affected. Dr. Howe arged a sea voyage to South America, telling me that otherwise I about not live a year. This news had the contemy effect from what my advisers anticipated. If my life was to be short I must do as much in it as possible. I resumed, and even increased my out of the words, and that was all. Praise be to God! instead of a year of life he has given me twenty, and may give me twenty more, to work in behalf of the blind."

In this spirit, no wonder the man worked, and worked well. His eleven years' connection with the Perkins Institution was an entire success; his energy and activity never failed. But the history and working of this noted Institution are well known in America, and to repeat the details in England is unnecessary.

During the winter of 1868-9 Mr. Campbell's health again broke down. Added to his incessant labours were domestic trials of the severest kind. His wife had become a confirmed invalid. Often he had to work all day, come home, sit up all night, fulfilling the duties of sick-nurse. But of these sorrows he seldom speaks, nor is there any need to ak. Dr. Howe and the trustees urged to to Europe for a year, promising to continue his salary the while. The Harvard Musical Association of Boston gave a grand concert, and presented him with the proceeds. Every one seemed glad to help in his need a man who had helped himself and many others to the utmost of his

So in August, 1869, Mr. Campbell with his wife and son sailed from New York to Liverpool. Though only in that town a few hours he contrived to visit the Institution for the Blind there, and noticed, with pardonable pride, that the amount of intelligence among the pupils seemed less than in America. His travels, ostensibly for health, were continually used for purposes of study—every kind of study that could help on the great work of his life—the amelioration of the condition of the

blind.

"I armed at Leipzig about the middle of October, where, by the kindness of Professor Moscheles, I was allowed the freedom of the Conservatoire, and orald spend as much time as I chose in the classes of any or all of the professors. After six months I went to Berlin and broams a private pupil of Theodore Kullak, whose Conservatoire and that of Carl Tanaic I also attended. My object was to study thoroughly the method of teaching pursued in these various establishments."

To teach music, as Mr. Campbell explained when he chose his class of twenty at the Perkins Institution, is a very different thing from being a musical genius, composer, or performer. For this part of the profession the exceeding thoroughness necessary in the education of the blind, when properly edu-cated, is a great advantage. At first sight the idea that a capacity for understanding the square of the hypothenuse should help a man in teaching music seems ridiculous; but real musicians, who know what an exact science their art is, or ought to be made, will think differently. And it is noticeable in how many persons, as in Mr. Campbell, the faculty for mathematics and music, as well as the love of both, is combined. Many admirable organists and one truly great composer, Dr. G. A. Macfarren, have proved that it is possible for the blind to master the for it three small houses in Paxton Terrace, utmost difficulties of musical science; but opposite to the Low Level Station of the they must do I by an amount of patience, Crystal Palace—the same where I first found perseverance, and sound study, both in them- | Mr. Campbell and his little flock,

selves and their teachers, far more than is required from sighted persons.

Also, their education | much more expensive. Raised maps, raised books-everything that must necessarily be acquired by the sense of touch only—cost money, and a great deal of money. Mr. Campbell travelled from city to city, informing himself on all these points; studying all the various systems, so as to be able when he returned to carry on his work not only on satisfactory but economical principles. Having learnt everywhere as much as he possibly could, and regained a fair amount of health with which to put his experience use, he turned his thoughts homeward, and began, as he supposed, his journey back to America, reaching London on the sist January, 1871, exactly ten years from the day on which I pen this line! Looking back il seems m marvellous a ten years work as any man ever accomplished. It has been, however, not the work which he had purposed to do-but another work in another land. Thus it came about; by that which some call chanceothers Providence.

"On the first day of our arrival in London, a gentleman at the borst happened to say he was going to a blind ten-meeting. I accompanied him. Till them I never felt the overpowering andness of hind-ness, helpless—not halpful—blin.ness. There must have been between three and four hundred persons. present, led by their wives, their children, their guides, their dogs. The food was good, the kindness great, but the whole thing seemed unreal. I heard the blind recipients express their gratitude for their blessings, but there seemed an under-current of feeling, which, could it have been put into words, would have implied "Way am I thus?"

" In talking with many of them I satisfied myself that, by proper training, these miserable objects of charley might have been made self-matrining, usecausey sugar nave occu made seg-enoming, use-ful members of society. I went home and spent a sleepless night. Next morning I told my wile that we should not sail as planned, and arranged with the Indian line to extend our tickets."

His next step was to deliver one of his two letters of introduction. This was to Dr. Armitage, well known for his interest in the blind, and his devotion of life and fortune to the amelioration of their condition. For some months the two men gave their combined energies to the investigation of blind institutions, hoping to introduce new methods of instruction. Being unsuccessful, they boldly started an experimental school, taking "This was in February, 1872. On Much 1st we received two pupils—little boys from Leeds, and began our school as a private family. But by the middle of May we had received so many that we had to organize regular school work under two lady teachers, Miss Green and Miss Faulkner, and a pismo-tuner, Mr. J. W. Smith. Besides all my other work, I managed to give the musical instruction entirely myself."

Single-handed, as indeed his whole life had been, Mr. Campbell carried out his system with such marvellous success that at the two years' end he felt justified in trying a much larger house—The Mount—on the top of the hill. I the midst of all this his wife's long sufferings ended. She died in August, 1873, leaving him a 200, now a fine young fellow, who from childhood has been to his father everything that the poor mother could not be. But private sorrows should never hinder public work, and did not in this case.

"I was resolved that before the two years' experi-ment was ended, broad foundations should be laid for permanent medulates. The Deke—then Marquis
—of Westminster came down to me one afternoon to
look over The Mount and hear all reasons for and
against it. When he left, he offered to give £2,000
for the purchase of it."

From such a generous beginning other help followed, and by October in the same year Mr. Campbell had migrated with all his pupils to the house which formed the nucleus of what is now the Royal Normal College for the Blind, Westow Street, Upper Norwood.

Its history is public property, and its advantages can be investigated by all who choose to visit it. A most pleasant, comfortable, and picturesque building, with excellent class-rooms, a fine music hall, a garden, a playground, and gynmasium: a lake, used for swimming in summer and skating in winter; workshops of several kinds, especially for the tuning and even making of pianos. All this has grown out of the small school in Paxton Terrace, and through the indomitable perseverance, energy, and pluck of one man-the little Tennessee lad, who was mourned over as "poor blind Toseph."

Lastly (and I am glad to add this, since heroic and successful as a man's work in the world may be, a lonely man—or a man who "carries a stone in his heart," as the saying is-must always be a rather and picture) within the grounds of the college is a separate little house, where a very different picture may be seen. In the summer of 1874, Mr. Campbell, revisiting his native land, again met Miss Faulkner, an American young lady, read it to them har by her, and they wrote it

who had been one of two teachers at the beginning of the Paston Terrace School, having joined in the work for the pure love They once more took counsel together upon the questions which had been the great interest of both their lives-went over various blind institutions and compared experiences. After a pleasant sojourn, during which he revisited many familiar places, including his own home, from which he had been absent so many years, Mr. Campbell returned to England and recommenced his work. But he soon found, as he simply and touchingly paid it, "that he could not work alone." He once more sailed to America and brought back Miss Faulkner as his wife.

Since then all has gone well with him and his work, in which he and his helpmate labour hand in hand. She still teaches as well us he; and self-reliant as he is, her bright, active, intelligent aid, as well as of that of his eldest son by his first marriage, is not unwelcome to this happy and independent blind man, who goes about among his sighted family as capable as any of them all. Capable not only of work, but enjoyment; for with his son, his constant companion, he has done no end of travelling, in Switzerland especially, and has even climbed Mont Blanc, being the first blind man who has ever accomplished that feat. How far it was a wise or desirable one, opinions differ; but it served the one great purpose of his life, the "light in darkness," which he has carried everywhere about him, passing it on like a beacon fire from hill to hill, with the watchword, not so much of "Help us!" as "Help us to help ourselves !"

The extent to which he has taught his pupils to help themselves incredible, except to those who witness it. Starting on the principle that the blind should be encouraged from the very first to do as much as they can for themselves, to consider themselves not as aliens from ordinary life and education, but able to acquire though of course with greater difficulty, almost everything that other children can acquire, to work as they work and play as they play, he has succeeded in making his school not merely a blind school, where everything must be regarded with pitying reservations, but one where the standard of education can compete with any similar establishment.

I lately sat and In music especially. listened to a lesson he gave his choir-a fivepart chorns out of " The Woman of Samaria" -which they tried for the first time. He down by the Braille system of notation, and happy family—still a "family"—I shall not pleasure, made them sing another chorus out of the same work, newly learnt, which they gave with a purity of intonation and accuracy of musical reading quite remarkable—also with evident enjoyment in this, the greatest gift that blind people can use for themselves and the world, the power of have. making music. Watching those rows of sightless faces, of all ages between ten and thirty, and listening to the exquisitely beautiful voices of some of them, the words they sang, which happened to be, "In Thy light shall we see light," became less a despair than a

hope, even in this world. Hope and courage are indeed the ruling elements in the Normal College. It is not a charity. Everybody pays, or is paid for, a certain fixed sum, like any ordinary boarding-Nevertheless, the history of the Institution contains many a scaled page, which its Principal will not allow me to open, of forlorn children rescued and educated gratis, into useful independence; of young women made capable of maintaining not only themselves, but their parents; of young men helped to emigrate, and carrying out a happy and successful life in the colonies, as vocalists, music teachers, piano tunera. The pupils year by year go out into the world and earn their honest independent bread. "In fact," said Mr. Campbell to me, "in all these ten years we have only had four failures, two because they came to us too old to learn, and two because they"-with a hesitating smile-"began going to the publichouse."

This is one of Mr. Campbell's "crotcheta"one half of the world might consider it; the other half know that I is one of the strongest guarantees for the success of his work. He allows no drink of any sort - enter the College. Tobacco also is forbidden. Therefore all smokers and wine-hibbers are kept safely out of that peaceful domain.

Besides his American temperance, he carries out the principle of American democracy. No class distinctions are allowed. All ranks play together and work together; subject to the same regulations. But to obviate many difficulties that might arise from this plan, he never takes any pupil without a three-months' trial, and remorselessly refuses any "black sheep" who either morally or socially might corrupt the rest.

The system pursued in his large, busy,

then sang \(\bigcup '' at sight," as we say—each attempt to enter into. It is explained in separate part, and then the whole—with reports, and visitors can go and see \(\bigcup \) scarce an error. Afterwards, just for my for themselves. "Busy," "happy,"—those two essential adjectives—he tries make them all. "If we work," one of his pupils said to me, "we are I right with Mr. Cumpbell, but if we don't work--" an ominous pause. Yes, I could imagine the rest. Very unpleasant me be a drone in that

It reminds one of a hive; with its "murmur of innumerable bees: -- piano-tuning, practising, vocal and instrumental, which goes on incessantly; the hum of the classrooms; the chattering, shouting, and laughing of the playgrounds. Verily these blind young people are neither deaf nor dumb. Their frolics last Christmas were wonderful. There was a grand Christmas-tree, and after it all sighted visitors were blindfolded-"to make things equal," as Mr. Campbell said, with a smile. "And didn't we have fun !"

Besides fun, he gives to his pupils the blessing of usefulness. An earnestly religious man himself, though with no sectarian bias, Mr. Campbell opens his fine Music Hall every Sunday evening after church service is over, and admits to it by ticket all the poor of the neighbourhood. Cabmen, mechanics, labourers, of which there are so many connected with the Crystal Palace close by, come regularly with their wives and families to have an hour of sacred music, ending with the Lord's Prayer and a very short address on some secred subject—nothing prosy, nothing doctrinal, yet something which all can listen to, and a hymn in which all are bid to join, "singing with melody in their hearts to the Lord." The good that this does, and may do, the numbers who may be kept out of the public-house of a Sunday night by "going to hear the blind folk sing," there is no need menlarge upon.

Nor indeed have I space say any more. My "subject" has, let us hope, a long life before him yet; a happy life, with his wife at his side and his children growing up around I shall not break the sanctities of private life by describing his, except by one word more, in which was put briefly the substance of all I have written here, and the

purpose of all I meant write.

"Mrs. Campbell," I said one day, "your husband must be an exceedingly clever man."

"No, she answered, "he is not cleverer than many other men. But the difference between him and all other people I ever knew is this -ke makes use of his opportunities."

If only we all did the same !

THE GOLDEN SHAFT.

By CHARLES GIBBON, ADTROS OF "ROBER GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD." ETC.

CHAPTER X .- BUT, OH, THE SHAME OF IT!

X/HAT is it in our nature that renders the actual experience of calamity so much less fearful than the prospective view of it? We shudder at thought in being in a railway collision, a fire, an explosion: we could never recover from the shock of it. Puff!-the accident !--it is over |---and we know nothing about it, as we waken from a nightmare and wonder how easily it all happened: a severe toothache has caused as much pain. Shipwreck in sight of land is suggestive of acute agony; but men who would have grown sick in thought of it have been known to go calmly about the work they had to do when the occasion has come to them, and do what was necessary, unconscious that there was any special credit in the action because there was nothing else for a man to

John Armour's ship was in sight of a fair land, and it was caught in the quicksands.

"Why did you tell him that?"

The man sprang from his position of abject humiliation and glared angrily at the sad blind face of the mother. Even he in his fury staggered before that most terrible of all rebukes-Silence and Pity.

" I did not wish him to know it," he cried, bitterly; "there was no need that he should know it. He does not wish to know it. What he did not know could do him no by the arm and led her to her own easy-

barm."

"Ill dune was never mended by the hidin' o't," was her soft answer, as she lifted

her hand, pointing to Armour.

Whilst listening to Thorburn there had passed over his countenance kaleidoscopic expressions of puzzlement, wonder, and commiseration. Now he stood firmly in his place, his features contracted as in a hard mould, and a cold whiteness upon them. All emotional sense was suspended, the keen clear intellect of the man looked straight at the two people who made this strange revelation. There was no feeble consternation in his bearing; there was scarcely even a sign of surprise,

A strong nature brought suddenly into a position of great emergency had no thought of petty fears, regrets, or reproaches; it tells me you are my father, but I am not able sought the readiest and best means of meet-

that there was something disagreeable in the history of his parents. When he had first become conscious of this he had shrunk instinctively from inquiring into it; afterwards he had resolved me seek no knowledge of it. Now that he was brought suddenly face to face with the whole pitiable story a time when circumstances made it appear. uglier in his eyes than wildest fears had ever pictured it, he stood up bravely to meet the thing, knowing that his own life had been true and honest.

There had been a quick flash of sunshine across his mind-that was Ellie; every thought of her seemed to fill his brain with light. But the f sh passed, and he did not wait to study the darkness which succeeded it. Here was the matter hand : his father risen from the dead, as it were, in a cloud of shame which must cast its shadow over him.

What ought he to do? That was the first thing to decide; and the answer came promptly: Clear up everything at once, and then act as occasion demanded, but openly and frankly. As Grannie said, " Ill done was never mended by hiding it;" and some things which might be harmless in themselves became sing by the consequences of their concealment.

After the pause of self-questioning which brought the past and the present together as if in an electric picture revealing the events of years at one glance, he took Grannie gently

chair.

"Come and sit down, Grannie; you must have been having a bad time, and I was such a selfish loon not to see that you were out of sorts! "

"Ay, Johnnie, it has been a sair time, and it was hardest of a' to thole that I couldna cry out wi' gladuess when you were sae glad! But I couldna do it, dreading what was comin' upon you."

He had no answer ready for that; so he pressed her arm reassuringly, and turned Thorburn, who stood more erect than usual,

watching him.

" Will you not sit down-

He stopped. This man was his father.

Grannie had said so!

4-I do not know what 📰 call you. Granuic to give you that name at once, and you will Mister Armour—for I suppose that 📕 your name as well as ours?"

" Use the name you have known me by--that will save awkwardness, and it is mine now. I have borne it long enough in mis-

fortune | have a right to at."

"I dare say that will be the easiest way for us both until we understand each other better. At present I do not see things clearly. Well -Mister Thorburn" (a little huskily, as if there were a crumb in his throat), "will you sit down and let us talk over things quietly ?"

"Yes-we may as well have all clear now,

and it need not take long."

He was about to close the window which

Grannie had left open.

"Leave it open, please. Whatever we do or say we must have no fear of outsiders seeing or hearing us. Start with that notion fixed in your mind as firmly as it is in mine."

This was said quietly, but there was a resolution in the tone which indicated that the action implied more bim than the simple closing of the window.

His hand still upon the lattice, Thorburn looked backward and said impatiently-

" I start with this notion, sir,—that I wish to save you as much pain as possible. And I wish you to get that fixed in your mind as

firmly as it is in mine."

He closed the lattice. There was not only defiance in his tone and action, there was that kind of contempt which is born of utter indifference consequences. Then there came a change; the look of reckless flerceness, which had gleamed upon his face from the moment that his identity was declared, melted into one of piteous regret.

"I am so low that nothing can hurt me: but if you would only let me, I will do my best to save you any bother on my account. And I can do it—if you will only let me! I did not come here expecting affection from you—from any of you. I know that you cannot call me father. . . . You owe me no affection, and respect of any kind is out of the question. I can't hope that you will understand why I came here—I scarcely understand myself."

He put his fingers to his brow and drew them across as if winding some threads together, his eyes fixed steadily on his son's

"I was ill. The old times came back to me. I had a droll sort of craving to see my mother and a curiosity to know what had become of you. I suppose that was what brought me back—it was no desire to share

you know that I lived. My mother knew me and would have had me tell you that I was here."

"And Grannie was right."

"I say no: there was no need that your life should be crossed by the pain of knowing me until you had some memory of me that would enable you to feel I was not all bad."

His voice had become low and firm, and he went on speaking as | | were pleading for a place in his son's heart,-but without

abasing himself.

"I had formed my plan, and II was a good one. When I saw you here at work in which I knew I could be of use to you, I thought there was a chance of some little happiness. The hope was the first real one I had known for a long time. Oh, it was a bonnic hope. I was proud when I saw you, and I thought I might go on working beside you, slaving for you and helping you on to fortune, as I believed it to be in my power to do, you never knowing who was the faithful servant. . . Cursed nonsense, wasn't it?"

The lutterness of that exclamation! A life of capacity and power destroyed by one blind act of passionate fury; a life that might have been noble turned to diagrace, and the owner of it looking back upon the wasted years, summing up the last efforts to redeem the past in that cry of despairing contempt for self and fate-" Cursed nonsense, wasn't

The change of manner came again with his despair. The crouching creature, who, when influenced by love, trembled at his own shadow lest ill should darken the path of the dear ones, became erect and callous when he believed that his endeavour and his affection were despised. He understood quite well that the habit of regard | necessary to secure a parent's place in the child's esteem, but, all the same, there was within him a feeling of resentment for what appeared to him the indifference of his son.

"It might have all come right," he went on; "that is, my plan might have been carried. out to the end but for my fear that Musgrave had recognised me. That upset me and I got ill, an you know, and could not keep guard over myself. That's a pity. I wish I had got away without you knowing me; but I had a mad craving that you should learn from myself the story of what happened to turn my life wrong, so that-by-and-by if you ever came to hear the ins and outs of ityou might judge for yourself how much blame was due to me. At any rate, I wanted you your luck. I had no intention of ever letting to have my way of it, and funcied it could be done without telling you who I was. I have made a mess of it and it can't be

helped."

"Dinna speak that way," cried Grannie, starting. She had remained still throughout; her face looking worn and weary and an occasional quiver of the lips betraying how much she was suffering. "Dinna speak that way....I ken the soun' ower weel and it's the deevil that's in you. There never was onything that couldna be helped if folk are willin' so try."

"I wish we could speak with less awkwardness," said Armour, agitated. "I do not see why we should be angry with each other. What I can do make your life easy I shall do for Grannie's sake and partly for your own; but of course we can do little to serve you if you will not help yourself."

"That in the usual phrase thrown to every

unlucky beggar."

"Well, what I want to get I is just the right thing to do, and I want you I try to

help me."

"Me help you?—I'll do that. There is one way, and I know it," was the slow, wistful answer as the kindly words brought him back to his better self.

There were symptoms that his gloom and nervous anxiety were returning, and Armour was suspicious of the kind of help Thorburn

meditated giving.

"I am glad of that and I hope your way is the same as mine. I suppose your notion is to carry out your plan of getting away from us."

"Ay, getting away from you," repeated the man abstractedly, his eyes resting dreamily

on his son,

"Well, that may be the best for us all; but there is no need to hurry. You must give me a little time to get a grip of what you have told me."

"You'll have time enough—time enough,"
was the monotonous murmur in response.

"I hope so. And now you had better shift your quarters at once into the house, Grannie will be able to get you looked after

better here than at the cottage."

Thorburn's hand had been wandering nervously about his face, and at these words it made a pause on his chin, and his expression was that of one who has heard a distant sound for which he has been longing but, still uncertain that he has heard aright, is straining his ears for assurance. He did not breathe. Then huskily—

"Do you mean that you could thole to have me here—in the same house with you?" "I think you would be more comfortable here, and Grannic would feel more satisfied."

"Are you not aimid?" He put the question with trembling hesitation, as if he dreaded the answer.

"Afraid of what?"

"Of . . . of the shame of it,"

Armour's face darkened for a moment, but with sorrow, not passion. Then, with a quiet, grave expression he made answer—

"I am not afraid. I wish things had been different; but as they are I want to keep clear of anything that might bring more—" (he did not like to use the word "shame"—) "trouble upon us. I cannot let you wandering about without a home when I have one to share with you. When I thought of you only as an unfortunate man I was anxious to help you. You are my father: your place is here. That is all I see at present."

He turned his head aside; for, as he spoke, there rose something clas to his mind —a vague yearning to ask about his mother.

There was still that eager listening ex-

pression on Thorburn's face,

"Do you mean that you would let the folk know who I am?"

Armour turned quickly, eyes wide with

"What else?"

The man uttered a sound that was like a half-suppressed sob, and he seemed to gulp something down before he soy a s, but the light of gladness overspread 2 cs now.

"I did not think you could do wis

I am glad."

"And I am glad too," said Grannie, rising. "Come wi' me, Jock, and let him be his lane for a while. What he says is the right thing to do."

"Maybe—maybe, but I think my way is better. You said that you wanted me to try to help you and I'll do that Give me

your hand."

Hands clasped, the two men stood face to

face, father and son.

"You cannot be glad to know me," said Therburn, "but I am glad me know you." And he quitted the room with Grannic.

CHAPTER XL-A PREPOSTEROUS IDEA.

The day was so fine that Mrs. Musgrave's carriage had been ordered for the afternoon as well as the forenoon; the proprietor of that gorgeous equipage meditated one of her "state" calls—that was upon Mrs. Fenwick, of Claden Peel. There was ample occasion for the visit; in the first place Mrs. Mus-

grave wished to pay it, and in the next she felt that it was incumbent upon her to offer personal congratulations to Mrs. Fenwick on the promotion of her brother, Colonel Affleck, to the rank of General, which important fact she had just learned from a paragraph III the Dumfries Standard.

These state visits had always been a source of discomfort to Ellie, but she dutifully submitted to them, seldom hinting to her mother that she preferred to stay to home or to go elsewhere. On this day, however, the explained that she was unable to accompany her in the afternoon.

"I promised to go to Thomichowe to see

my patient and the Armours."

There was a suggestion of extra colour in the checks as she spoke, and certainly the

eyes were brighter than usual.

But you surely would not put off a visit with me to Cluden Peel in order to go to Thorniehowe!" exclaimed the mother.

"I promised to go," was the simple re-

sponse.

"I wish you had not. I am so disappointed, for I wanted very much | call today. I am sure we should have been the first to congratulate her, and that is so nice; you feel as if you had something - do with the honour and glory of the thing! And the people feel it too. But I don't care to go without you."

"That i o,k pity, mamma; but we can go

to-morrerence

"But a chant to-day, child?"

It wd. one of Mrs. Musgrave's idiosyncrasies that whilst she always commanded "her lord and master," she always argued with her daughter and made no effort to enforce her wishes upon her. No doubt the fact of their being so much together had something to do with it, but the real spring of the deference which she sometimes yielded lay in the fact that whatever there was of true love in her nature was devoted to her child. However, as a rule, when she used the word "child" it was a storm-signal — she was angry, and she was angry at this moment. Miss Musgrave's reply did not soothe her, although it was very quiet.

"Because we did not promise to go to Cluden Peel, and I did promise to go to Thorniehowe, Besides, I would rather go

there,"

A little besitation with the last words.

"I think you go there too often," said the mother somewhat irritably, as she fusally pretended to be arranging something on a table of knickknacks.

Kilie had an uncomfortable suspicion that her mother wished to take her to Cluden Peel more frequently than the cared to go; and she had a still more uncomfortable, although vague, suspicion of the reason.

"But then I like to go to Thorniehowe," she said, as if there could not be any better

explanation imaginable.

Mrs. Musgrave's head gave a little jerk and she looked as if she were going to speak sharply; but at that moment she caught sight of an engraving of a Duchess of Buccleuch, and immediately recovered her dignity.

"I wonder why it is our tastes differ so much, Ellie. You never seem 🔳 care about the same things or people that I care about. I suppose it must be your father's influ-

ence.

"We do not often disagree in our likings, mamma," said Ellie, smiling. "What makes

you think so just now?"

She was busy knitting a huge muffler which she intended for her father, and did not lift her eyes from the work, so that she was unaware of the serious expression of her mother's face.

"Well, I was thinking about your going so often to the village lately, and several times meant to speak to you about it. But then the idea seemed so absurd that I was quite ashamed of it and held my tongue."

"What idea?" and Ellie glanced up with some surprise, for she detected in her mother's tone something different from the half-peevish, half-playful note of complaint in which she spoke when her plans were interfered with,

"The idea that you are becoming too intimate with the Armours. They are very good people, I believe; and Mr. Armour is an excellent young man, and I have no particular objection to him; but I cannot

She did not know how to complete that sentence without saying more than might be necessary, and she gave her slightly hysterical titter. Ellie worked on, feeling the blood tingling on her brow and at the tips of her fingers. She was conscious of what it was her mother could not bear to think of, and that consciousness gave a definite meaning to various sensations she had been lately. experiencing. She did indeed like to go to Thoraichowe.

"I really don't like to suggest it," contimed Mrs. Musgrave; "but you know is quite possible that Mr. Armour, seeing you so often, might-in short, might think too much of you, and perhaps even propose to

you.

"Would there be anything so very dreadful in that?" exclaimed Ellic, laughing. "Men do propose to girls, I believe, and I always thought that girls were rather pleased to have an offer. I don't think it would frighten me entirely out of my senses."

This merry way of treating the matter relieved Mrs. Musgrave greatly; the danger

she had fancied was dispelled.

"Oh dear no, there would be nothing at all dreadful in it, and indeed I often wonder that you have not had a great many offers already. But it is better to avoid these things—that is, to avoid placing yourself in such a position as III receive a proposal from a person you are certain to refuse."

"Ah, but if Mr. Armour proposed, should

I refuse ? "

Ellie stopped working and looked up. The question in words and eyes was addressed not so much we her mother as to herself; and the face was very beautiful at that moment.

Mrs. Musgrave was startled and for a little while dumb with amazement. Then gradually it dawned upon her—Ellie was imitating her father and making an unpleasant joke at her expense! She gave that slight hysterical

titter again.

"Really, child, you should not do these things. You quite frightened me. I thought for a minute that you were actually serious. Of course I ought m have had sense enough to see how preposterous the idea is: he is so much older than you. And I ought to have appreciated him sufficiently to have given him credit for being a man of too much sense to think of it. Of course he will not, and I am sorry for having put it into your head at all."

Unintentionally this confused little address conveyed to Ellie's mind suggestions for grave reflection. A shallow nature would have been piqued by being told that a man had too much sense to fall in love with her, and vanity would have come her aid. Ellie's vanity was not touched at all; she was rendered sad; yet the sadness came upon her like a mist and she could only see through it dimly. Was he too wise to love her?

That seemed strange: she had never thought about being wise II love, never understood that it could be measured out to this one or that one in accordance with the dictates of reason and judgment. All that she had read of love or heard of it, indicated

that it was a very unreasoning sentiment indeed, and, generally, most indiscreet in its selection. But she did not approve of indiscreet selection, and therefore she supposed it could not be love which inspired her liking for John Armour. She had good reasons for liking him: III was. . . .

These was another source of

There was another source of wonder; she knew that the reasons for a were very good, but she could not clearly express what they were, now she brought herself to the task of attempting it. Everybody liked him; and that was one good reason for her doing so, and the fact that she was debating the matter with herself a this cool way rendered it perfectly clear that she was not stirred by that overwhelming passion which exalts common men and women into heroes and heroises—and fools!

No, she was not in love, and yet she was sad to think that he was too wise to love

ber

What did he think about it? They were to meet that afternoon. She remembered that she had felt some fluttering in her breast when he asked her at what hour she would be coming so that he might meet her by the Mill-lade, because it was so like a tryst. But then he had said it was in order that he might show her how the old sluice used to be worked before steam-power had been introduced to the mill. There, you see, came reason and wisdom again: he only wanted to improve her mind by a lesson in hydrostatics.

"What are you dreaming a Ellie?" ejaculated Mrs. Musgrave an after watching the abstracted expression on her

daughter's face for a long time.

"Nothing, mamma," was Ellie's reply as

she hastily resumed her work.

"Whenever you say 'nothing' I always

know that it is a great deal."

"Well, it was a great deal a way; and yet nothing that I can explain. But it helps me to say this—you need not be afraid of Mr. Armour proposing me. As you say, he has too much sense to think of doing so to a girl like me."

"You are provoking, Ellie. What do you mean? Why, he would im glad to get you, and you speak as if you thought it would

be an honour if he were to ask you!"

"So I should."

The answer was so quiet and so simple that it was impossible to associate any idea of jest with it, and the mother could only attribute it to disquiet for her.

"Please to remember who I am, and do

not again hint at the possibility of my daughter even thinking that she might think of becoming the wife of a man about whose family absolutely nothing is known."

Ellie threw her work into a basket, got up and put her arms round the angry mother's

"Now, mamma, you are to be good and not yex yourself or you will bring on that nasty pulpitation again. You have yourself told me that Mr. Armour has too much sense to dream of marrying me; and I believe he has, and that we are behaving very badly in discussing the matter as if he had already asked mc.

"But, Ellie, 🛮 🗸 so monstrous !"

" If you say anything more, mamms," she went on playfully, "I shall do something really monstrous. You could not guess what it is if you were to try ever so long, and as I do not want to distress you too much I shall tell you. This is it. When I go down to the villago this afternoon I shall propose to Mr. Armour!"

Mrs. Musgrave laughed and recovered her good humour. No sentimental maiden

spoke there.

"You are getting very like your father in your ways, Ellie; he says such droll things at times and so seriously that if you did not happy him you would believe that he was in smest. I am not sorry that we have had a little talk, as it relieves my mind on a biest which, in spite of my confidence in the, was beginning to disturb me."

Ellie was still holding her in her arms and

was gazing steadily into her eyes.

"Have I been a very troublesome daughter?" she inquired, after a pause.

"No; why do you ask such a ques-

"Have I been very disobedient?" (still in the same tone of dreamy camestness).

" No, on the whole you have been a tract-

able child. But why?"

" Because I was thinking, mamma, that circumstances might ause in which I should be disobedient, and I should be very sorry for that. Let us hope they may not come about, tor it would make me wretched to feel that I was making you unhappy."

I don't understand you, Ellie," said the walk steadily on. her, perplexed: "you are not well to-day, afraid."

am very well indeed, but you have set e thinking.

Mrs. Musgrave decided to postpone her visit to Cluden Peel. Ellie puzzled her,

CHAPTER KIL,—THERE ARE GIANTS IN THESE

How bright the morning had seemed, How bright the morning was ! The sun had been rising slowly to its noon-height and spreading its glory upon the earth, penetrating men's hearts and lives with joy.

Day and life had never been so beautiful to Armour before; he was to meet her that afternoon, it was their first tryst, and there was a glad song in the air speeding the moments tunefully by. How was it, then, that the sun at noon suddenly dropped into night, the music ceased, and there was

nothing but a black silence?

He went out to the garden and looked at the clear sky. Yes, the sun was shining just as before, but he was now like a mote in one of its beams, not the glad worker in its light,

Should he send a message and tell her not to come? That seemed to be the simplest course; selfishness alone stopped the way. There was, however, this consideration which might excuse the selfishness: he did not want to make any fuss, or to take an exaggerated view of the position. No need to do that; the position was as bad as it could be for him.

There was a brief flush of indignant rebellion against his father on his face, and a bitter cry in his heart that this slume should come upon him and upset the happiness how had earned. But he mastered that. There could be no shame to him unless he made it for himself by his conduct now.

He opened the door at the foot of the garden and went out to the green, walking slowly along under the shade of a row of

trees rich in foliage.

What wanted to get at was the plain common-sense way of dealing with the case. He had Grannie to consider first of all : then his father; and he wanted to make out what he ought to do, and what | was best for him to do for their comfort. For himself, he must meet the matter straight—not calling out his trouble from the housetops, but not shirking the acknowledgment of it | those who had a right to know. Then 🗖 make sure that his life was guided by an honest purpose, and there was no more to do but

She must be told, and her father must be told, and w course her mother would be told. Whatever possibility there might have been of reconciling Mrs. Musgrave to the marriage of her daughter with a man who was remembered by many in the place as a poor

once. Common-sense is a hard master, often difficult obey ordinary affairs; love finds him a tyrant and rebels against him. altogether except when chiming in with its own eccentric course.

Armour felt his whole nature rise in rebellion now. Why should she turn from him because of this misfortune? If she had ever cared for him she could not do so, or she would not be the woman in believed her to be. And I she did not care for him-well, then he had no loss to lament; he could still be grateful for the bope she had inspired and the good I had brought him. At least he would try.

No, he would not send a message bidding her not to come that afternoon. He would see her and then-well, till they met he would not know how to act: whether to give up his dreams, or to wait and hope

still.

Meanwhile, he had to see Dr. Johnston, in order to ask him to procure some thoroughly qualified attendant for Thorburn: he could not yet think of him as "father," although he recognised the relationship and was ready to

discharge all the duties it involved.

He had to pass the old school-house. The thoughts which the place suggested were comforting to him, and yet they were tinged with sadness. Why is it that looking back always produces a sensation of melancholy, however sweet the memories? Is it because these memories represent so many cancelled cheques on life, and whilst we think kindly of the joys and sorrows they purchased we lament that we cannot open the account again? Scarcely that, for few people who have reached the noon of life would care to make a fresh start unless they might do so with the advantage of the experience gamed in the first career.

was the play-hour, and Armour heard the merry shouts of the bairns in their gambols, whilst he felt still like that dark mote in the sunbeam. He wondered if the hauns would feel his shadow on their playground

as he passed.

A low dyke of loose stones fenced the garden of a cottage which stood nearly opposite the school. There had been a coping of sods on the dyke, but only stray tuits of grass and patches of brown earth remained to testify the fact. However, it formed an agreeable seat for gossips; the patchy sods were as good as a woolstck who had

laddie at the parish school, there was none burn, which drained the neighbouring fields Common-sense proclaimed that at and sang a pleasant chorus to the gossin of the hour.

This was Tawtie Pate's cottage, and behind he had pigsties, potato pits, a byre for his cow, and a stable for his "pownie." was at this moment standing with his hands in his pockets, grinning with patronising enjoyment of the fun going on belore him.

The seat of honour on the dyke was occupied by the minister, and before him he had a congregation of about a dozen children, boys and girls, who were listening in his discourse, some in open-mouthed wonder, some with a pleased smile, and others with grave questioning faces, as if, having heard the legend before, they wanted | know why this version was different. The minister's hat was far on the back of his head, and he was beating time with his heels against the wall as he spoke, whilst his hands were partly under his thighs supporting him.

This was what he was saying as Armour

approached-

"And now, baims, that's what happened to Jack's beansmik. Mighty proud as he was of it, he had just to take his axe and hew it down to save himself and his belonging, from the giant. Maybe you'll not believe me, but it's true, as you'll find out every one of you-there are giants in these days as great as any of those of the old times. one of yours—the bell's ringing. Awain you, and see if you can master him by master of your tasks,"

The bairns scampered across the r joined the crowd of others who were I bling into school at the wattle porch, whilst the bell continued to clang out its imperative

aumicons in duty.

The minister had not been beguiling the children of their play-time to improve their minicis. He had been there discussing the paice of pork and the Free Kirk heresy case with l'ate when one of the latter's band of ek.veu-a round red-headed lass of five yours-asked for a "thtory." The minister, scated on the dyke, thereupon began, and soon the congregation gathered round him, and each received some cheery sign of recognition, for, being gifted with a special memory for faces, he knew almost every child in the school.

"You should have been here in til play with us," was the minister's saluto Amour; "but you can be my la bargain. Here Pate who stir. vanity up to the notion that my porkers plenty to say and hear. Close by ran a small the finest in the country until I offered to

sell; and now he wants me believe they are only so-so swine after all."

"It's no just that, minister; I hand to my word yet-they are first-rate swine. But-

"Never heed the but, Pate. You hand to your word and I hand any swipe. want an extra lot of white and black puddings this winter, at any rate."

And the minister aprang nimbly from the

dyke to Armour's side.

"There's nac gettin' ower you," said Pate with his broad grin, and suddenly, the twinkle of cunning which usually lurked in his eyes giving place to an expression of admiration, he exclaimed, "Man 1-what you might has been if you had just ta'en to horse-

couping instead o' preachin'."

"Maybe there would have been some honest dealing at the fairs," said Mr. Moffat, blithely, and fully appreciating the compliment which had been paid him; then to Armour, as he walked on with him, "You see. every man thinks little of his neighbour's pigs when they come to market. You look as if you had been selling yours in a bad market. You are not like yourself. Yesterday you were as brisk as if you had found a fortune."

"I don't think I am myself," replied Armour in a subdued voice. "I did find a

fortune and have lost it, I fear."

Comp a-riddle me, riddle me, riddle me ree? How, say what the meaning of that can be?

half chanted the minister, eyeing his companion carnestly although he spoke in this manner, which to a stranger would have seemed flippant.

"The answer might be given in one word -worry, most unexpected and beyond my control."

"Worry !-- are you worried? Pooh !-- that's nothing. I used to be miserable for eighteen hours | least out of the twentyfour over worries which were always unexpected and seemed to be beyond my control. I am very much ashamed of myself for it. Look at me now."

"You have found the elixir of life," said

Armour, smiling sadly.

" No, I have not even found a good digestion, and yet here I am, able to enjoy the light that is everywhere about us; fairly healthy in consequence, although not wealthy, and some folk say not wise."

"I wish I knew your secret."

"I doubt if it can be taught, but it may be explained. I learned this—that ninety-nine measure of our desire to deceive others as to our real nature and in a larger measure of our desire (partly unconscious) to deceive conselves as to our own merits. What we have got to do is to stand upright, resolved to lay our souls bare—then we see what humbugs we are to ourselves as well as to others and we cease to make mountains of the absurdly little molehills called worries or miseries of this life. . . Any better?"
"Not much—yet."

"Ah, then make me your confessor and perhaps we shall find some help for you. There is light I believe in the darkest corner if the eye could only be made sufficiently pensitive detect it."

After a pause :

"Yes, I must explain to you, minister; it will help at any rate to make it easier for me

to tell Mr. Musgrave."

"You have time enough for reheartal; the fiscal is away about that big burglary case and is not likely to be back before to-morrow night"

"So long," muttered Armour thoughtfully; he knew how restless he should be until he

had seen the fiscal.

"Yes, so come in and have a pipe and you

can tell me all about the matter.

The minister bked to display all the symbols of good-fellowship. He had a little room in the Manse set apart as the "smoking room." There he made a great pretence of smoking a long clay pipe, but there never was anything in it. He likewise made a great show of drinking cup for cup with his guests, but after his one tumbler of toddy he always replenished his glass with water. With the empty pipe and the regulated glass he would sit out the youngest and strongest of his friends so long as there was conversation worth listening to, or a grateful listener for his own wisdom.

So the jovial invitation, "Come in and have a pipe," was well understood, and the little smoking room
the Manse had witnessed some brilliant evenings of grave and

gay discussion.

'Yes, I will go 🔳 with you, but first I must speak in the doctor."

CHAPTER RUL .- THE FIRST TRYST.

ELLIE walked very quietly through the fields towards Thorniehowe. She had not spoken much to her mother during the day after the conversation about Armour, and no further reference was made to this exout of every hundred of our worries are cursion. Each was conscious that the other shame—mere shams—compounded in some—was thinking about it; but Ellie had nothing to say regarding it; and Mrs. Musgrave, whilst impressed with the idea that her daughter's insistance upon keeping her promise to go was undutiful and unkind, did not wish to display too much anxiety on the subject. She might have acted differently had she known that Ellie was in the first instance to meet the paper-maker alone.

It seemed strange to the girl that her mother could have any objection to a men like John Armour; that could only be a fancy, and very likely the suggestion she had made that he had too much sense to think of her was a fancy too. That thought helped to lighten her footsteps, which had been some-

what heavy when she started.

On reaching the mill-lade she assured herself that she was not disappointed at not having met him before she had got so far. But she was obliged to own a little surprise when glancing along the banks and down the slope towards the river she could not see him. No doubt some business had detained hun.

At first the tracs concealed the old sluice from her altogether: presently they per-mitted her to see portions of it, and her pulse quickened slightly when she saw that a man was leaning against a tree close by. But she was certainly disappointed when a few steps farther she could distinguish that Armour was not the man.

She hesitated to advance, and she did not

like to turn back, or aside.

The man stepped from the tree to the aluice and she recognised her patient Thorburn. He was glancing up and down as if watching for some one coming, and, seeing her, he bowed his head, but made no movement towards her.

She was astonished to find him there, and she observed that his face did not brighten at her approach as it had done latterly whenever she arrived at the cottage. He was pale, and there was something of the strange glitter in his eyes which the doctor had told her was a bad sign.

"I am glad to see you out, Mr. Thorburn, but I am afraid the doctor will not be pleased. He did not expect you to be able to go about for another week, and you are

not looking so well as when I saw you last." "I am sorry if I displease you," he said submissively, and taking the hand which was extended to him respectfully. "There was no help for it: I was obliged to come out, and as I heard you saying that you were coming this way to-day, I have been waiting for you."

"I hope you did not venture out in order to meet me, for I should be grieved I any evil follows, and I must say that it would not surprise me if you should be made worse by leaving the house too soon."

"No, no-it was not you who brought me out," he replied nervously, and his eyes darting in all directions but never resting on her face, "I came out because I wanted to

He searched about for a word to indicate the person he meant, and he finally uttered " Him—you know."

She blushed slightly at finding herself supposed to understand so readily when the master of the mill was referred to; but she answered frankly and smiling ;

"You mean Mr. Armour

"Yes; I had business with him that could not be put off any longer, and I was obliged to come out. You are my friend, you are his friend; you will see him presently, and I wanted to tell you that he is in trouble. I wanted to ask you-will you be kind bim?"

"I hope I should be kind to any one who was in trouble," replied Ellie, more concerned about the strange manner of Thorburn than alarmed by the report of Armour's

distress,

"Ay, but will you be specially kind to him? He needs kindness at present, and he will value it more from you than from any one else. Give it to him, Miss Musgrave, he deserves it. You are, maybe, more mixed up with it than you can imagine. I hope no harm will come to you. . . . I hope you may be ready to make him happy in spite of what you may hear, and in spite of what he may tell you about me-you are looking frightened."

She placed her hand on his arm and looked steadily in his face, but he would not lift his eyes. She was somewhat pale and

anxious, but not frightened.

"I promise to do what you want, Mr. Thorburn, on condition that you promise to

do what I want."

"Anything, anything," he cried eagerly. "Only be kind to him, help him, and I shall do your bidding in anything."

"Very well, that is our bargain. promise to go straight back to your cottage

and wait there until I come."

"I was not intending to there again," he said, with an uneasy movement of the body. "Where then?" she queried, with increas-

ing anxiety.

"I don't know. I does not matter where I go to. I should never have been here. What is wanted for me extinction, bring misfortune with me to everybody I care for. I hope you will escape, for I like you very much.

"Then you will de what I ask?"

"To please you—yes. You will find me in the cottage . . . He - coming.

member."

With bowed head **turned** away from her, and passed down the slope toward the river, twice half turning his head as if to catch another glimpse of his gentle friend.

Several times she glanced with wondering eyes at the retreating figure, as she advanced

slowly to meet Armour.

How unlike a lover! Note the tardy step even now when he saw her, and must be aware that she had been there before him. Observe how calm his glance as he approached a no glad smile of greeting, no flush upon his cheek, no kindling of the eyes! He had never been so little like a lover in all their previous meetings.

Ay, her mother must be right; he was too sensible to fall in love with a chit of a girl like her. All that story about Aladdin had been only a piece of amusing fancy, inspired by the moment and forgotten. She was not the princess and he was not the

hero of the legend.

"I intended to have been here sooner, Miss Muserave, but was detained. Will you come to the house, now? Grannic would be pleased."

"Yes; but have you forgotten that you promised to show me how the sluice was

worked?"

"I beg your pardon."

He stepped with her to the skrice, and showed her the working of the old-fashioned machinery for setting the mill going.

How very cold he was and formal. He was not looking well; and some sort of instinct told her-or was it the touch of his hand?—that beneath this cold formality there were hidden tender thoughts of her. She watched his face as he spoke, seeking the meaning of what he did not say.

"You see I is very simple; in this way the water was turned on, the wheel went round, and the work proceeded; and in this way the water was turned off, and the mill stopped; and one man could make it on or stop. If the minister were here he would read us a lesson on the power of a single mind for good or evil."

"Apropos of the shrice?"

*Rather of the holder of the key of it. . What would you say, Miss Musgrave, if I were to tell you very solemnly that it is my conviction that every woman holds the key, not only of a sluice, but of ■ flood-gate?"

"I hope there are exceptions," she said, aughing; "it I a dreadful notion, and I would not like to have such a responsibility."

"I am sorry then to be obliged; to inform you that you have such a responsibility," he said, with an attempt to shake off his gloom, and to assume an air of mock solemnity.

" Me!" she exclaimed.

"You; and I am still more sorry to tell you that one of the great misfortunes of the women-holders of the key is that they are not always aware when they have used it. I do not believe that you know how often you have used yours."

"I hope it has done no harm, or that I not knowing the power I possessed may be held blameless," she said, slightly confused, for he was gazing very earnestly in her

"You will be held blameless—at least for the one sluice which I know you have opened. You did good. The water went on merrily to the wheel; the wheel did its duty joyfully, and many folk were made

glad. But-

He stopped. She was holding down her bead, cheeks tingling and heart beating with pleasure. Either she was greatly mistaking his meaning or her mother was wrong-he was not too censible to fall in love with her. But why did he stop now? She would have liked m look at him, and could not She would have liked to say go on, and could not. She tried a compromise, and began awkwardly---

"I am very glad to think that I have been

able to to give pleasure . . . of course; and I wish I might . . . "

"Be able to do it always," was what she was going w say; but it suddenly struck her that this was very like inviting him to say that she could do so if she chose, and so she too stopped.

He took up his own unfinished sentence and completed in a way very different

from what she had expected.

"But there came a frost, and although the shrice was open the water was not permitted to flow. So the mill ceased to work, and all the grand things is had to do were at a standstill.

"A frost does not last for ever."

"No; but I this case when the thaw comes the machinery may be too rusty, or



-

Age and

· too old to profit by the waterflow

Shall I drop the parable?"

She did not answer. She understood all thaw came. She was looking into the water, seeking his meaning, whilst abstractedly following the intricacies of the tangled shadows of some reeds and branches.

"I am going to do something very bold," he said, with a slight laugh in which there was a note of doubt and sadness. "Can

you guess what it is?"

"I am wondering what it all means."

Her voice was low, and she felt as if she were trembling all over, although outwardly there was no sign of it.

He took her hand and drewher arm under

his own as if preparing for a walk.

"You knew that I was going to tell you something more than how the sluice was worked when I asked you to allow me to meet you this afternoon. I did intend to tell you much more; but the frost has come, and unless you speak the waters cannot flow."

"What would you like me to say?"

"I dare not tell you that; for unless your own heart, or mind, or sense, or whatever it is that prompts these things, tells you what to say I should not care to hear."

She could not speak somehow, but her arm nestled instructively closer to his as a

bird settles in its nest.

that was for a moment. Then the sun summed III rise in his face. He bowed his head close to hers and whispered:

"Ellie-my princess. . . . To call said softly. "Do you think you would like you that is the hold thing I was going to it?"

do."

There was silence: absolute silence to the man and woman standing by the little mill stream. Then suddenly they became aware that the birds were making a loud music overhead, and that the gloaming was not gloaming at all, but clear daylight, clearer than they had ever known it: and they first time. And yet they did not speak or move.

By and by, he, very calmly:

"Let us go into the house now. There are things which must be said before we part. . . . I am very happy-Ellie."

She nestled closer to him.

"I, too, am very happy," she breathed rather than spoke.

And in silence they walked to the bouse.

CHAPTER XIV. WHILST THE SUN SETS.

THEY peased through the garden and but the first and the possibility of the entered his room, without being seen by any machinery being useless by the time the one. There was a natural old-fashioned courtesy in the way in which he placed the large arm-chair for her. He seemed to be saying in this simple service, "I am enthroning my queen. Here she I to reign, and I shall be her true and loyal subject always."

So she interpreted his action, and so

wished her to do.

The silence did not seem strange to either, they were so happy. And the great glare of fire with which the setting sun crowned the opposite hills reflected a ruddy glory into Armour's room, befitting the occasion of the enthronement of a queen. To her there was menther past nor future : there was that time of sweet content; and touching his arm she felt like a tiny boat made fast to the lunge anchor that had been intended for a big ship : the waves might toss her about-ay, even break her to pieces, but they could not tear her from this safe mooring,

He also was insensible to everything but the present, and yet he knew that with speech would come the breaking of the spell which was upon them, and all would be changed. But it was worth living to experience that little while of perfect joy, and it was worth suffering much after-pain to be able to re-

member it.

At last he spoke; and he was aware that The man trembled and looked frightened: the ruddy glory of the sunset in the room changed suddenly to shade, as if the slide of a magic lantern had been shifted.

"This should be your home, Ellie," 🔤

"I suppose I should like any place now where you were," she answered shyly, and yet quite earnestly.

The lingering sunset made a last glow upon their faces, and then the sun dropped

behind the hill.

He placed his hand upon her shoulder.

"Will you take off your hat to gratify a seemed to know what real joy was for the fancy of mine? I would like to see you as you might appear if you were really at home."

> The hat was off in a moment, but without any spasmodic movement. One might have thought that she had come in from a walk and removed her head-gear carelessly in order to enjoy the coolness whilst the rested for a few minutes.

> His hand moved from her shoulder to the head, smoothing her hair with that fond,

timid touch with which a child handles some was calm resolve, and she meant to hold fast precious gift at its first possession, fearing lest a breath too much may make 🛮 disappear.

She sat smiling, blushing, and trembling a

little now-she did not know why.

He stooped and kissed her. She started back as if frightened and then her head rested on his arm m if she were going to cry.

"You are not vexed?" he said, a little

anxiously.

"No, no, but—but . . . it is all so strange !" she gasped, clinging to him; and then she looked up, relieving him by showing a face radiant with pleasure.

One hand on her head, the other clasped

in hers, he looked at her gravely.

"We are both happy. I can never know such joy again. Can you think that there could be anything apart from falsehood in ourselves 🖪 separate us?"

"What a question !-- nothing can part us

but our own will."

"Suppose your mother and father were to tell you that I was unworthy of you?"

"How could they do that?

"But supposing they did --- would you believe it, and turn away from me?"

"Why do you ask such a question just now?" she said reproachfully. "I am not prepared to answer it. I am sure my father would not say it, for I know he likes you; and I do not think my mother"-she corrected herself there-"I am sure that no one can have the right to say it of you !"

"I know that no one can have the right to say anything particularly bad of me, Ellie: but to-day I learned something about my family which made me think that it would be wickedness on my part to say to you what I have said. A good friend bade me speak to you for myself. I have spoken: you have answered; but I leave you still free to take back your words if you feel that any shame, wrought by others, should stand between us. If you feel that anything could make you shrink from standing by my side -we can still part without any one knowing what has passed between us."

She gazed at him bewilderedly for an instant; and then light seemed to dawn upon her. She rose, and stood beside him. And she looked so brave and helpful that the man felt sure, if all the world were in arms against him, he could stand up stoutly to the battle-ay, and be sure of victory-if she

were by his side.

"You are not festing with me, I know," she said resolutely: | was not impulse; it to her words. "Whatever it is that has come to you-sorrow or shame-my place is here."

" Kilie 1"

That was a gasp of wondering joy, too great to be attered loudly or to be followed by more words. Why should they have been so long apart? Why had he hesitated so long to speak to her?

He clasped her in his arms, and it seemed quite natural that here should be round his neck: that they should be looking into each other's eyes, as if each had been always the owner of the other, and were now only enjoying the rights of proprietorship.

By and by, they returned to the common-

place of words.

"I am glad I spoke," he said, huskily: "I had made up my mind to do it; then, suddealy, the right to do it seemed to be taken. away from me. The worry of those few hours—they are like years to me-I hope you will never experience, and, happily, you cannot. . . . Your father told me I might win you if I could, and I have won the greatest prize that the world has for me."

"My father knows, then?" she cried, in

glad surprise.

"Yes; and I think it will not be sorry to hear the result. But he warned me that-"

"I know-mamma. Do not be uneasy about her. She may not be pleased—indeed, I know she will not be pleased; but she does wish to see me happy, and when she finds that there is no help for it, she will be content. You ought to be content, too," she added, smiling, "and you do not look as if you were. You have my father on your side, and you have—me!"

He answered that with another pressure of the arms, and released her, for there was a rustling sound at the door, and Grannie fol-

lowed by Mr. Moffat entered.

"It's second sight! There I not a doubt about it," cried the minister. "Grannie, you are a witch, and I am not quite sure that it is not my duty to have you tied to a stake on the sands and left there till the tide comes up and drowns you. They are here!"

"I was sure of that," said Grannie with a feeble smile; "I am wae to come in atween you, baims; but I am sair concerned to make out where Jock Thorburn can be. He said he was to bide in the room up the stair, but when the minister gaed for him he wasse, there and he washe at the cottage either."

She spoke agitatedly, and evidently under-

stood all that had taken place. The minister understood, too, and Milie stood, blushing, beside her lover. Seeing Grannic's distress, however, she went mer.

"I am sure Mr. Thorburn is at the cottage now," she said reassuringly, "for I have seen him and promised wait there until

I came to him."

"If he promised you, he is sure to be there. He is a queer creature, and he is very particular in keeping his promises, sooner or later, and I ken that he has a great notion of you, my bairn,"

Then she turned to Mr. Moffst, whose high spirits had somehow deserted him for the moment, and although he had shaken hands

with Ellie, he had not spoken.

"No again, minister; seek him -- help

nity that impressed them all.

"I shall go back at once, Grannie, but you must put a stout heart to this stey brae. You may be quite sure that when anybody means mischief, he or she does not send the bellman about the town to proclaim it, unless he wants it prevented. Hoot, toot, Grannie! You are getting old and dottled. I wonder at you, and expect better things from you."

But although the minister tried to speak in his usual tone of playfulness, he did not succeed very well, and there was an unusual expression of grave anxiety on his face.

"I hope it may be naething mair nor my fancy, but I would like to ken where he is, and that he is safe. . . You said be promised to wait for you," she went on, addressing Ellie; " then will you bide wi' me till the minister comes back?"

"Certainly," answered the girl, with a ready assent, and eagerly scanning Armour's face for some explanation of all this anxiety.

"The Lord will bless you, Ellie Musgrave, and I wish you may ha'e long years to prove

his blessing.

The blind woman laid her hand upon the girl's head as she spoke, and kept it there for a few moments, as if she were performing some rite.

The minister beckoned to Armour, and the latter followed into the hall.

minister.

"No, but they were send him here as soon as he returned."

"You had better send for him again. shall wait at the cottage with Thorburn, if he there, until you come. What he has been saying to Grannie makes me dread what he I am wrong." intends ■ do."

The minister harried along the road III the cottage, his hat falling to the back of his head, and his white hair trembling in the light evening breeze. He was very anxious, indeed, for he foresaw great trouble to three people who had a high place in his sympathetic heart.

The door was open, and when he entered Thorburn was standing a little table by the window thrusting something into a small black leather handbag. He was nervous, but apparently quite cool. The minister, however, noted as Ellie had done that

peculiar look in his eyes.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Moffat; hope you are quite well. It is lucky you came this evening, for I am about to start on a long journey, and it 🖩 very likely we shall not m," said the blind woman, with a solem- have a chance of meeting again. I wanted to see you. A man like me can be grateful, although it may not be in his power to give practical shape III his gratitude."

"Have you a pipe?" said the minister in

his most free and easy way.

"There are some briars on the mantelpiece-stop, you like a clay and a clean one, as smoking is only your fun. Howison!"
His nurse came from the butt-end of the

cottage, which was the kitchen.

"Go down to the inn and bring some clay Will you drink anything, Mr. Mofpipes, fat?"

"No, thank you, and if you want to be really hospitable, don't send for anything. You know I can do without a pipe."

"You need not go to the inn, Howison, but go back to the kitchen and get the tea

ready."

Howison disappeared. The minister sat down and watched the nervous, rapid movements of his host.

"About that practical shape of gratitude, Thorburn, I have a theory."

"What's that?"

"That you can, or any one can give the profoundest proof of gratitude by simply doing some trifling thing that may go against the grain in order magnify the person whom they want to show gratitude."

"I understand, Mr. Moffat," said Thor-"Did you find the doctor?" inquired the burn, pausing and turning to his guest. "You need not trouble to beat about the bush with me. You have heard what my son and mother have had 🔳 say; by some means you have come to understand that this long journey on which I am about to start is the longest that we ever undertake. You think

"Decidedly. Will you let me prove it to

I know you are a man of judgment,

and open conviction."

" I shall listen with interest. On the other hand, I know I am right. Will you let me prove it to you? I am aware that you are a man of judgment, and open to conviction."

"I shall hear you, I cannot say with pleasure, but with the hope of proving how wrong you are."

"So be it; every one expects prove his

own assertion. You must begin."

Thorburn lit a cigarette, sat down nonchalantly in an easy chair, and waited.

Prepared as he was for any degree of eccentricity, there was something in Thorwas so hard and defiant, and at the same time so quick in apprehension, that he almost despaired of being able to touch his heart. Besides, the consciousness of being bamhoozled by a person you have come to help, on account of his mental weakness, is not agrecable.

The minister got up, and looked out at the solemaly.

window.

"Can you guess what I am doing, Thor- knows but myself."

bum?"

"Yes," was the careless answer, without a movement of the head, "you are playing sister Ann, and looking if there is anybody coming,'

The minister examined the man's face earnestly. He could make nothing of it.

"You have often puzzled me, Thorburn," he said, gently, "but never so much as you are doing now. You are right; I am looking for somebody coming: can you guess who?"

"Very possibly some one to take care of me, as you are evidently under the belief

that I cannot take care of myself."

"I think you can—if you will"—(this, laying his hand on 'Thorburn's shoulder, as if he would hold him back from some desperate leap). "We have been good friends, have we not?"

"You have been a good friend to me."

"I am glad of that-I meant to be so, and I want you to give me leave to be your friesd still."

"Give you leave?"

"Yes. You understand that I have heard the whole story?"

"I da.⇒

"Then you can also understand that I am anxious to see you do what is best, for your mother's sake and your son's, and for your

Thorburn threw away his cigarette, and

looked up excitedly.

"I want to do that," he said huskily, "and I believe the way is clear me wou will leave me alone.

"What is that way?"

"All of you who know my miserable story, keep silent-do not let that poor girl ever hear a word of it. I shall disappear, and the cloud burn's conduct which vexed the minister; it will pass from his life as if I had never done him the cruel wrong of being alive and here. The thing is simple, and will be some atonement to him and—to his mother."

The minister clasped his hands behind him, took a turn to the window, round the

table, and back Thorburn's side.

"Your way is not the right one," I said

"You do not know what it is-no one

"That is a mistake. You guessed cleverly why I was looking from the window, how is it you could not give me credit for being able to make a good guess, too, at times, and to have discovered the way in which you foolishly think you can set matters right?"

Thorburn stared at the minister, frowning, Then he rose, took the small bag in his

hand, and put on his hat.

"I do not think you know my way yet, Mr. Modat; but I must give up the notion of discussing the matter with you. I thank you for your kindness to me, and now goodbye. Will you shake hands?"

"Of course, but I understood that you promised to wait here until Miss Musgrave came to you. She said she was coming."

Thorburn hesitated; his eyes darted from the minister's face to the door,

" It is better she should not see me again. I did mean to wait. I cannot now. Goodbye, sir."

The minister did not try to stop him, for

he had seen Ellie at the door.

THE MOUNTAIN HOMES OF THE VAUDOIS.

By Mrs. CHARLES GARNETT.

SECOND PAPER.

HERE are two paths from the foot of La Pisse, where we paused last month, to Dormilleuse. The old one a scramble up the eastern mountain ledges, a staircase winding around rocks and encumbered with rolling stones, on which even an experienced mountaineer can hardly in winter hold a footing. The other road out of this cut de sac is the Tourniquet, a signag pathway across the face of the southern mountain. It in an awful ascent. M. Rémond utterly refuses to ride up, preferring the long, fatiguing chimb, or a roll down a precipice unencumbered. The mules scramble like cats, only they cannot stop, for every instant the loose stones roll from under their hoofs.

Boing now on the mountain's side, and close to the masses of rock which tower above us, I learn how it is that the valley is so bestrewed with stones. The rocks are of a slaty formation, and M. Brunel shows me how the flosts of winter and the rain floods of spring loosen large masses, which fall with a crash as of thunder. He often hears and sees them; sometimes he has had narrow escapes for his life when passing near. He

tells me about last winter, describing the snow as up to the bedroom windows, and then freesing bard; and Anne, pointing to a ledge some distance up the opposite hillside, says. "There the snow levelled itself across the valley."

The pastor tells me he wears a far cap with cars and a greatcoat. He sets off on his journey from Pallons with, as his only helper, his ice-stick. Often he struggles through snow-drifts waist-high. Icicles hang from all the rocks, while the face of the mountains are one bare sheet of ice up from foot to summit. After passing Violes, the pastor gets on but slowly, for he has to prod foot places in the ice, and, at the danger of life and limb, struggles on and upwards, and this with the snow flakes whirling, and the thunder of the falling rock masses and the grinding rush of avalanches continually filling the air with sound. Many times on such a return journey he has been obliged to rest for six hours Wiolins "It is before being able to proceed home. sad for Madame," mays gently; "she is

alarmed on such occasions,"

No wonder M. Brunel is so thin, and has so many lines in his face. He brightens up, however, and asks, with a smile, "Could I get him an exchange for just one winter with some English clergyman? He would dearly like to see England, and the gentleman would find at a change." Ah! yes, indeed. cheerfulness is not confined in the pastor; his people have just as much, and with even less cause.

Anne Amoux gathers me some sweet wild thyme, the only production, save some gooseberries the size of small peas, we pass. Henriette Baridon finds a few blackberries, too. Both women have walked the whole ten miles unweariedly by my side, talking simply and sweetly in their patois. I say to Henriette, what a frightful place it is! What good soldiers of Christ her forefathers were make this their fortress! She points to a sharp spur of rock round which the Torniquet winds, a precipice descending straight down into the valley on the other side, and says, "That is called the citadel of the Vaudois. Many an army of persecutors came to that point, but never a soldier passed it." Pointing to the acclivity towering overhead, my friends tell how men, women, and even children gathered there from the village, and rolled rocks and stones down on the invaders.

"Yes, but," says Henriette simply, "soldiers must not rest, nor fight only, but also

hear pain and be patient."

Anne Arnoux is a still more interesting companion, and her noble face lights up with a frequent amile; it does so when M. Brunel, pointing across the valley below us to the mighty Col at the other side, whose precipices rise one above the other like a wall for above a thousand feet, tells me that across the face of that mountain Anne once journeyed searching for wood for fuel. A patch of fir-trees overhangs a precipice. Here she collected some wood, threw it down into the valley below, returned along the face of the mountain, descended into the valley, walked for a long distance over the avalanche and torrent boulders, and, securing her fuel, carried it up the path we were now on home. I could hardly believe his account; there did not seem a spot where human feet could cling. I turned inquiringly to Anne, "Is it possible?" She smiled again. "We are the chamois of the Hantes Alpes," she replied.



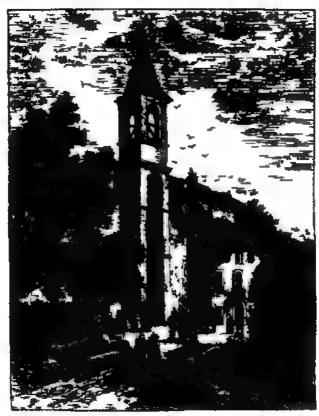
these poor people walk immense distances, and frequently endanger their lives for a small bundle of either.

But now all talk is stopped, for a cascade falling down the mountain-side flashes above our heads, wets the already persions path, and descends over the precipice below. We are now up 5,000 feet, and the village of Dormilleuse is before us.

Yes, we have reached Dormilleuse. This

Fodder and sticks are so precious that behind us; the air is very, very cold, and a ese poor people walk immense distances, drizzling rain begins to fall. We pass a couple of cows, very tauch in appearance like Alderneys, trying browse. The feed consists of lilac crocuses, and a sprinkling of weeds. Some children run forward shouting "Le pasteur;" and "See, Madame!" cry M. Branel and M. Rémond in a breath. "Le Temple | maison de Felix Neff1" The pastors consider the Temple the best one in the whole district of the Hautes Alpes. road into the village was planned and was built by the Romanists—when they worked upon by Felix Neff. The memory dared no longer to persecute the Vandois of him seems in the air. But what a deso-late place this is i We have left summer to it they exected a residence for the curc. taen the Bishop of Embrun removed him, Then they dog up the old Vaudois church for not one convert had been made But the bell, hidden ages ago, and made the cure's a plain communion table and a preachers inscription -

For twenty years it is said in lived here, and pulpit, and took possession of the building. then the Bishop of Embrun removed him, Then they dog up the old Vaudois church church remained Years passed the French residence into a school-house, and in the Revolution breathed freedom into the air little yard in front, Felix Neff, years after-The Dormilleuse folk took conrage, cleared wards, planted four ash trees, loved now for out the dusty images and candlesticks, pulled his sake. Above the church doorway Dean down the high altar, and placed in its stead. Fremantic has placed a tablet bearing the



The Clearch at Violent

"A la glorre de Dieu dont de les temps noceins et n ti vera le martyr de leura peres a munitenu a Dormil leuse la for dour é aux soints et la commessance de la prole les habitants out clevé cette parire 1864

into oftenount at the gateway, and Anne ork it up and de animals away, M Brun, suddenly a lump flies shes out receive us the window and look out I have never too hard to bite, there we man he is, short and seen anywhere so awful and desolate a scene boiled in water—this is the tipping round and In winter it must be appalling. The village dois. During the last winves are round and clusters on the ruing ground behind the

ends, and his hair strads straight up on his hard I cannot imagine him in the pulpit!

We go up into the school oom A table is already spread with a cloth, and the tureen and plates stand ready, the soup bubbling in the pan on the stove I go to rather to try and save—the purns up at the church, right over against it, separated by a

ravine, rises the barren, desolate Gramusac. It towers up into the skies, an awful, darkgrey wall. The other peaks are equally desolate and rugged, but not so frightfully close. The Gramusac is overwhelming. This village, perched among the highest points of the mountains, is subject not only to rock falls, avalanches and torrents, but also to the "tourmente," or snow-whirlwind, which, raging down the valley and tearing round the hill-sides, whirls the roofs off the houses, scattering the timbers on every side. Felix Neff, much me he loved the place, spoke of it "terrible," and such indeed it is. With a shudder I turn the welcome warmth of the stove. M. Brun's efforts as cook are not a success. The soup is a thin, yellow mixture with a rather queer taste. But we did not get much of it, as he half filled the tureen with bread, and poured the soup thereon. M. Brunel could not manage it at all, and supped on bread and wine. But we four-for Philomel made one of the party -managed to eat it. Soon the church bell began to ring, and the sound of many feet passing our door warned us it was service time. M. Brun carried one candle, M. Brunel another, and so we entered the Temple.

The women and children, in their thick woollen dresses and close-fitting caps, filled the benches on one side of the aisle; the men occupied the other. Strange their faces looked in the half light-serious and strong, filled with a solemn and exmest attention. Very unlike the Frenchmen of the valleys, and though so then, too broad for the Italian type. A people in themselves, with an old-world air about them. One seemed suddenly in have. stepped back two or three hundred years and faced an earlier generation. M. Rémond, M. Brun, and Philomel formed themselves into a choir, clustering round one of the candles. M. Brunel entered the pulpit. He gave out a hymn, repeating the first verse. M. Rémond's call this Dormilleuse. Our fathers said, 'Here nch voice rang out in one of Sankey's we may sleep happily.' Madame, Dormiltunes, slightly altered to meet the rhythm of leuse I vous." I hear their voices and see the chorus. The congregation sat to sing; every person seemed to know the words, and it shall be beened unto you, - such a King-children of the creecute the Vaudoissermon as one seldom hears—a powerful

when I go into the year.1745, and close
sermon. He preached the truth with
in the world that has held the truth with
stainless grant for sinhteen heart. stainless grasp for eighteen hundred years, to Violins, wh

He preached to the children of the martyrs, to men and women who if need came would be themselves martyrs to-morrow, cheerfully and quietly; but he did not flatter them. He spoke cloquently and fervently, but only

as the messenger of their Master.

The service over, their own pastor entered the desk and told the people of their old beloved friend, Dean Fremantle; how distressed he was that misery should drive them from Dormilleuse; how deeply he felt for them, how carnestly he was trying to assist them. And their pastor prayed them to be patient; he told them all hope seemed dying, but that God both could and would help them. He in whom they trusted was as strong now m in " the old days." M. Brunel pointed, as the moral of his speech, to the text painted behind the pulpit, above the hole where the sanctuary had been once fixed-"My name is here." I went out thrilling from that touching service into the moonlight, and leaned against the wall; the other women crowded round. The lanterns two or three of them carried lighted up their worn and patient faces. With gentle kindness they talked to me of their dreadful life. " But, said one of the oldest ones, "I will die where I have lived; I will never depart from Dor-milleuse." They asked eagerly after their "benefactor, M. Fréman;" asked how he looked, would he sever come again to see thom? and so on. I remarked on the four trees by which we stood, the finest ones for a long distance. "Ah, yes," they said quickly, "les arbres de Felix Neff." "Did any one there recollect him?" "Surely, surely," cried several voices; and the old woman laid her hand on my arm to emphasise her words. The men now came out of church, How I wished I could talk their patois! But the pastor stands in the doorway of the school-house, waiting to light me up the stairs, and I must say "Good-bye." "Madame, we their shadows in the moonlit yard as I go to bed in the little chamber opening out of the and very carnest and solemn was the " Jesu! schoolroom. They chat for half an hour, Jesü!" which filled the church. The simple more before they separate. And I will best one worship went on—the Bible chapter, the sleep, thinking of their bitter problems and extempore prayer, the frequent bymas—and wonderful patience, and some Hautes Alpes. M. Remond preached on the words, "Knock, keep repeating themselvianists—when they

not think of Neff, but most of all at this spot. His individuality seems stamped every- of cows, and four or five mules, the only where. Who made the road? Neff. Who animals I saw were a flock of goats driven success he early learnt—entire self-abacyation. So we go to visit his house. I is a cottage, containing on the ground-floor three rooms: in front the two used by Neff as study and hedroom, and behind these a kitchen. All are exactly as he left them. They are low, vaulted rooms-the walls and ceilings of cement. In the study stand an old oak cupboard and table, which were his. This room about ten feet square, and, like the bed-100m, which I the same size, has a small rated window, from which there is absolutely no prospect, for the Gramusac sises right in front, and it is not possible to see anything else, not even a patch of sky. Its grey unbroken surface is sad to-day, with the sun shining upon it; its nearness and height seem to crush one; but when, as in winter, it is one unbroken sheet of ice, black in the wintry darkness, the gloom of these rooms must be that of a built-in prison, and the kitchen into which we descend by two steps is only a little brighter.

Leaving the cottage we walk through the village. Most of the houses have a projecting balcony to the second story: the cuttle are housed on the ground floor. Felix Amoux, son of Anne Arnoux, an intelligent, pleasant man, joins us, and, pointing to the balconies, tells me the snow rose and remained the greater part of last winter "on a level with those." It fell so quickly the first two days that the inhabitants were obliged to remain indoors in darkness and hunger. The misery of the winters, which are awfully cold, is greatly increased by the want of fuel. The people light two or three sticks to warm the soup and then extinguish them. There is little nourishment or warmth to be got out of their food cither, it consists of milk and brown bread, made of unsifted rye. They bake all their grain into these loaves in autumn, for it will not keep, and, besides, then it is possible to get some fuel. These loaves are as hard as stones, and in every house you see a rude

hiden trencher, on one end of which is knife. You put the edge of the into one of these cake loaves and then . ofk it up and down as hard as you can, till suddenly a lump flies off. This bread is far too hard to bite, therefore the pieces are boiled water—this the soup of the Vandois. During the last winter, to save or

impossible to be in this valley, and their cattle, they fed the animals on this bread and hungered themselves. Saving a couple the little aqueducts? Neff. The sacret of by some children, and the creatures were so gaunt, and looked at me with such long faces. it was wretched to see them; even the kids walked soberly on with no play in them, Felix Amoux had been to Algeria; he spoke in glowing terms of the success of the emigrants there, and of how carnestly he and eight other heads of families desired jom them. He assured me it was so utterly impossible "to remain and live" longer at Dormilleuse, that if part of the inhabitants could be assisted to emigrate the rest would remove to Pallons. They had hoped to sell their land, but it so continually depreciated in value no one now would buy it; and I did not wonder! I asked Felix how many avalanches fell in one winter in the vale of Freissinières, he said it was impossible to say. That day he counted forly, and he did not think fewer than 500 a month fell in the worst scasons. "They continually descend." The paster mentioned seeing sixteen fall one Sunday morning.

One of the most touching sights in the village to me seemed the graveyard. A poor little piece of land, surrounded by a caretully built loose wall; but I looked in vain for either grassy mounds or humble monu-"You do not like crosses, doubtless," I said to the pastor, "but do the Vaudois disapprove of even head-stones? I see no memorial of the departed here."

were some small pieces of slate about the size of two outspread hands. On these the names were written, and they were then stuck into the ground at the head of the poor grave.

On the heads of the mountain-points, receding behind the village, gleamed glaciers, and on this warm August morning the temperature up here was that of a bright November morning at home. The houses are very poor indeed, built of mud and stone, the upper story generally timbered. And they are dark and dirty. How can they be clean, when for warmth human beings and cattle have to crowd together in the same room?

On leaving Dormilleuse we scrambled down the face of the mountain by the old path and, standing below, saw the magnificent waterfall of Ln Pisse in its whole height; then down the valley and past the mud and rather to try and save—the poor remnant of stone hovels of Minsas, a place almost as dan-

village, look most lovely. The people were scenery through which we are passing.

assembling for church. The women had But here are the children waiting which met our approach gave us a welcome. my Sabbath in the Val Freissinières. We entered a house near the church to rest, woman did not wish me to pay.

mouth they had-so thought the Vandois desolate spot in the valley-Dormilleuse. -no abundance in their hearts."

peaceful valley-past Les Ribes-to Pallons; misery is hifted,

gerously situated, and certainly as wretched the Biasse hastening by our side thirher-in appearance as Dormilieuse, to Violins. wands too. All of us are a little tired. Even The air, which had been sharp at the Philomel, who has patiently trudged all high elevation of the Vaudois refuge, now yesterday and most of to-day, is silent, warmed, and the beauty of a bright sum- Perhaps he's thinking of his sick mule; but mer's morning made the handsome wal- the sweet, fresh air, the warm afternoon sunnut-trees near Violins, and the mountains shine, the scent of the lavender, make us receding one beyond another behind the forget fatigue as we gase on the glorious

But here are the children waiting to welfolded bright handkerchiefs over their bosoms come us—then supper, the gorgeous sunset and the men all wore their best clothes. A making the mountain peaks flame up against Sabbath peacefulness rested everywhere, and the tender sky, and the evening service in the kindly greetings and the ready smiles the whitewashed mission-room. So ended

I will not trouble the reader with any acand I found it very superior to any at Dor- count of the other "Valleys," grand and milleuse. There were plates on a delf rack, interesting as they are. On my return comfortable tables, chairs, and presses. A home I made known, through the columns bright fire burned under the soup pot, and of some of our newspapers, the condition in I had a cup of capital milk, for which the which I had found these children of the confessors, and told of the Dormilleuse Emi-The church was completely filled; some gration Fund, which their long-tried and of the worshippers had come considerable most faithful friend, the Dean of Ripon, was One man who arrived late endeavouring to raise to save these descendapologised to the pastor by saying he had ants of the martyrs from the slower but mistaken and had first been to Dormil- equally certain torture of starvation. In supleuse. We had the usual French Protestant port of this appeal was published a most service, and M. Rémond preached; he pathetic letter from the inhabitants of the wore a Geneva gown and bands, and valley of Freissinières, in which they set took for his text, "Lovest thou Me?" forth their misery and hopelessness, told how He preached extempore a sermon most their harvest had failed, their flocks been touching in its thoughtfulness and direct buried beneath the snow, and their land simplicity, and intense in its feeling. The covered by the stony debris of the avalanches, people listened intently. Indeed the reve- and how if help was not given the Vaudois rence and attention shown are very solemn, of Dormilleuse must cease to exist. The I asked M. Rémond afterwards if it was prayer touched warm hearts in England, ever the custom to preach written sermons. The Dean of Ripon has received over £600, as England. He said, "No, the Vau- and already most interesting letters have dois would only tolerate written sermons reached him giving an account of the emifrom old men who were growing feeble. If gration and settlement I Algeria of the younger men could not speak out of the larger number of the inhabitants of the most

An industry is as much needed as ever in "Good-bye, M. Baridon; farewell Violins," the district, but we have the happiness of Homewards we go through the beautiful, knowing that already the worst pressure of

THE STORY OF A BLOCK OF COAL.

By PROFESSOR A. H. GREEN.

I N the days when men thought more about biped " was well enough; but perhaps nothing words than things and when a large was hit upon so happy and so sharply dispart of their philosophy was very much like tinctive as the phrase which defined man to a great game definitions, many attempts be "a fire-making animal." In earlier and were made to frame a concise and unimpeach-able description of man. "A featherless in the legend which tells how Prometheus

stole fire from heaven and taught mankind, when it is touched. On this last face there and mankind alone, the secret of using he scattered about patches of a black, friable.

and maintaining it.

For many ages after man first became acquainted with fire, wood was his only fuel, and for many ages a supply amply sufficient superficial examination in enough to suggest for the needs of the sparse population of those the woody nature of this substance, and the distant times was furnished by the dense microscope leaves no doubt on the point, for forest primeval, which had for many a year it enables us to recognise in it vegetable been gradually spreading unchecked over the larger part of the dry land of the globe. But these were not the days of forethought and statistics, living from hand to mouth was the rule, the store seemed inexhaustible, the idea that it might give out and the necessity for replacing the incessant drain by fresh plantitself felt. was then too late we remedy that can spared for planting limited in ext 4t. Did we now depend on wood alone for our firing, the distinctive prerogative of making fires would have long ago become a luxury well-nigh confined to the wealthier members of the race.

Therefore it is well for us that from time to time in bygone periods of the earth's lifetime, when there were no fire-making animals to burn up the wood, the course of events was so ordered that trees and plants, instead of rotting as they died, were packed away in a condensed form underground, and that in this way cellars well-nigh boundless in extent were stored with a fuel from which the firemaker, when he at last came upon the scene, might derive warmth, comfort, and power after he had all but used up the wood of his own epoch. For this is literally the origin of the Coal which has now as near as may be superseded wood as a source of heat.

To turn back in thought and watch nature forecasting so long beforehand the needs of her children to come, will be a pleasant and profitable task; and though the story if fully told would be a long one, the main outlines

go into a small compass.

fingers; the other is dull and grimes the skin water collects into drops and may be made

fibrous substance so exactly like charcoal that it a called "Mineral charcoal;" " Mother of Coal " another name given to it. The most timue and vessels.

Mineral charcoal forms a very considerable item in the composition of some coals of second-rate quality, but in the deep black coals with pitchy lastre which we prefer for household use there II often very little o's," it to be seen. In coals of this class no in kling ing occurred to no one, and the day at last as to their composition can be obtained by came when a scarcity of fuel began to make the unsided eye, but when they are F ground thin enough to be transparent and examined the evil; the growth of trees is slow, the under the microscope, they towe can im many human race multiplies apace, and the land cases be clearly seen to be a largely made up of various parts of different kinds of plants.

One of their constitutents deserves special mention, partly because'd it is extremely abundant in many English comels, and partly because it shows in a very striking manner-

"What mighty issues spring from trivin ; [things."

Has the reader ever noticed, Shigh up among the heath and swamps of a felfill-side, a stem thickly covered by overlapping livealelike leaves, which sprawls over the ground and branches in a way that gives it some resemblance to a horn, whence it is called staghorn moss? If he come across this early in the autumn, he will find rising from the prostrate stem erect branches, each of which carries at the top a club-shaped spike, and will understand why the plant also goes by the name of club-moss. Gather one of these spikes: as we pull it off, we shake out a thick cloud of yellow dust. This dust is made up of very tiny balls called spores, by means of which the reproduction of the plant is effected. These spores are lodged in little bags or spore-cases which lie in the spaces between each pair of the scaly leaves that cover the club-shaped head. The dust Almost any child will now tell us that Goal known as Lympodium powder, and I may is "mineralised vegetable matter;" the be bought at any chemist's shop. Two points grounds for this belief are perhaps not so about these spores are specially to be noted generally known, and a word may first be in connection with our present subject. They said on this head. A little search among the are very combustible; throw a pinch of lumps of coal in the scuttle will generally the powder into the air and hold a lighted show us a piece which has broken with fairly match under it, it disappears entirely with a even faces in two or perhaps in three direct sudden bright flash. They cannot be wetted: tions. Two of these faces, when there are spread some of the powder on a sheet of three of them, are bright and do not soil the paper and let a little water fall on it; the

spores themselves remain perfectly dry-

Now the microscope shows in many coals . enormous numbers of minute rounded bodies, larger than the spores of the club-moss and differing from them in some other respects, which resemble, however, most closely the spores of an allied genus of plants common in some tropical countries, but represented by a single and not very common species in England. Further in the rocks among which coal occurs, the remains of plants that lived at found in great abundance. Among these we the coal above it was formed.

The quently meet with cones, covered like the Changes then must have got the club most like the coal above it was formed. heads of the club-moss with overlapping scaly leaves and carrying between each pair of leaves and carrying between each pair of minute proposes that contain the same kind of minute proposed begins as any page in coal Again tounded bodies as me seem in coal. Again of the commonest of these fossil plants is that known as Lepidodéadres, or the scaly tree, bet rause it is covered outside with a pattern of horenge-shaped scales. In well-preserved spinecimens comes such as have just been der ribed are found springing from the entits of the branches of Lepidodendron.

Every been in the evidence is complete, and there, can be no doubt that some coals are largerly made up of spores very closely aking to those we shake out of the spikes of a "club-moss; with this difference, that the plant which furnished them, instead of being a creeping herb, grew to the size of a forest

tree and was a tree in its habit.

Thus far we have been treading on safe ground: as to what other plants and what portions of these plants contributed to the manufacture of coal, we are yet much in the dark. Investigations now in progress by the highest authority on the subject will throw before long further light on the question: but we may rest assured that coal is made up of vegetable matter, and of scarcely anything else beside vegetable matter, which has been for many a long day scaled up in sheets underground and has undergone chemical and physical changes that have brought into its present state.

For some of those who do not live in colliery districts it may be necessary describe the way in which coal lies in the earth. The rocks among which coal found are sandstones and clays, they lie in beds or layers, and have been formed out of sand and mud which were carried by rivers into still water age we should miss many of the features and then settled down on the bottom. Beds of coal occur at very irregular in- to-day: we should not find the rugged moortervals among these sandstones and clays: lands that run like a barkbone from Derby-

to run over the layer of powder, but the they vary in thickness from a fraction of an inch to many feet. Underneath every seam of coal there is a bed of rock known as the Underclay, or Seatstone; it differs in character from the beds of sandstone and clay that he between the coal scams, and it always contains fossils which are known to be the roots of trees; now and then the trunks of these trees are found standing erect as they grew, still attached in the roots and running up through the coal and the rocks that lie above it. This seatstone is obviously an old soil, and on it the trees grew out of which

> Changes then must have gone on during the formation of coal and the rocks which accompany it: each seatstone and the bed of coal which lies upon it mark a time when the of the growth of trees; but the sandstones and clays which lie above show that there must

> have followed a time when the country was laid under water; then the old state- of things must have been brought back, the country a second time became dry enough to support a growth of trees, and these supplied the materials for a second seam of coal; once again the land was flooded, and after a while again laid dry; and this oscillation

> must have been repeated many times over. at least as many times as there are seams of cooks in the measures, and probably oftener.

And now let us try and picture to ourselves what the country was like on which these events took place, and how these changes were brought about. Much that is high land now was high and always above water then. The Scotch Highlands formed part of a lofty tract which stretched across the North Sea to Scandinavia; a portion least of the hill range which runs from St. Abb's Head to Galloway was a hill range then; then as now a cluster of mountains stood up in Cumberland and Westmoreland; the highlands of Donegal and Connemara were highlands then; Wales was mountainous as now, and from it a long spur of land, less lofty but composed like it of hard rocks, ran eastwards across the cerime of England; this is now all but buried, but two of its higher points peep out at Dudley and in Charawood Forest. Land also of some elevation stretched westward from Wales over the sea which now lies to the south of Ireland.

But if we could see the England of that which diversify and beautify the England of

the Chalk range that stretches from Dorsetshire to the Wash and b-youd that inlet to Flamborough Head, no. the lovely coast scenery of North Devon and Cornwall, Where these and other minor undulations now give variety to the scene, dull, heavy, low-lying plains, flat as the fens of Cambridgeshire, intersected by sluggish rivers and dotted over by marshes and pools, stretched far as the eye could reach. These swampy exground, the main lines which have been just marked out, but there were gaps on the west through which the eye could discern the Atlantic of those times rolling for away westward like the Atlantic of to-day. Huge piles of sand and shingle held back the salt water and prevented it from flooding the plains.

The hill country was clothed with pine forests and covered by a dense growth of sundry lands of forn, and graceful tree-ferns and cycads were sprinkled over it. But a more weird vegetation spread in a tangled jungle over the plains. Intermingled in thick profusion there grew many a tree such as human eyes have never looked upon: the Lepidodendron waved its graceful branches to the wind and shed forth its spores in clouds; stems, resembling gigantic horse-tails, shot up into the air, and gave off perhaps branches that carried whorl-shaped clusters of slender leaves; every here and there stood solid, massive trunks, fluted like a Grecian column, and these too probably were crowned with a cluster of leaf-bearing and cone-bearing branches like those of Lepidodendron; many other less common forms were doubtless present, but they have left behind them comparatively few and doubtful remnants.

From time to time individual trees died and fell to the earth; parts decayed, but the more durable portions resisted decomposition, and gradually covered the surface with a layer of dead vegetable matter that was afterwards to become a seam of coal. Among the less perishable parts were the bark, and notably the spores, whose resinous nature kept them dry and enabled them to defy your dead body,"

of the rivers which flow down from the sur- foundation of England's commercial greatrounding highlands. A lake grises, and into

, shire with Cheviots, nor the Cotswolds, nor it the streams roll down mad and sand: these are apread out in sheets and piled up in banks on the top of the layer of dead plants; still the land goes down, and more and more sand and mud I spread over the bottom of the water; now and again, during heavy storms, the sea bursts through the barriers that hold | back and floods the area; and then, after a while, the breach is repaired, and the lake becomes fresh again.

At length the sinking of the land stops, sandy shoals and banks of mud rise from beneath the water and lift their heads in every direction, till a swampy flat is established dry enough to permit of the growth of a second jungle and the accumulation of the materials for a second seam of coal. After a while sinking sets in afresh, and our second coal bed is buried beneath piles of sand and mud. And so the process goes on; during each period of rest a sheet of dead plants accumulates over the flat, and during the period of subsidence which follows this is covered up by deposits of mud and sand. The weight piled over it compresses the peaty sheet, and chemical changes go on which in the end turn it into coal. Afterwards earth-movements bring it up from the depths to which it has been carried down, a portion of the rocks which once covered it is stripped off by the action of running water, and it is placed within the reach of man,

But, when within his reach, how was it that man discovered that coal would burn? Possibly thus. There is in coal a hard, yellow, brassy mineral, which flies in the fire and not unfrequently startles the circle that has gathered round its cheerful blaze. When exposed to damp air this mineral undergoes chemical change, and during the process heat is given out, sometimes in sufficient quantity to set the coal alight. In this way it occasionally happens that seams of coal, when they lie near the surface, take fire of their own accord. One day a savage on a stroll was startled by finding the ground warm beneath his feet, and by seeing smoke and sulphurous vapours issuing from it. He laid it first | supernatural cause; but curiosity getting the better of superthe action of water, that "sore decayer of stition, he scraped away the earth to find whence the reek came. Then he saw a bed And now the machinery comes into play of black stone, loose blocks of which he had by which this embryo coal-seam is to be already noticed lying about, and parts of this sealed up and kept safe for use on some far- atone were unouldering, and as soon as air distant day. The land begins to sink slowly, was admitted burst into a blaze. That and a basin a formed that catches the water savage little thought that he was laying the



A FRIEND.

Į.

WOU ask why my face is sad?

Why my steps are heavy and slow?—
I have lost the truest friend I had.

The truest a man could know.

All the old times are o'er,

Twenty years and more,
Since first I called him my friend; and so

My heart is sick and sore.

Would you know when first we met?
'Twas a day that one does not soon forget.
We had fought through the sultry night,
We had fought through the blazing day,
And over the plains we were speeding
away
(Like sea-birds acadding before a wind),
With our numbers sorely & sadly thinned,
Unconquered even in flight.
I, on my horse's neck sunk low,
Bleeding and faint from a treacherous blow
Dealt by the deadly hand of a foc.

Those who were with me drew rein
Now and again
To give me water, to ease my pain;
Till one looked suddenly round and cried,
"See, the enemy! There they ride!"
And pointed away to the far hill-side,
Where, in the darkness beginning to fall,
Was a cloud of dust—and that was all,

All? enough t for out of the cloud
A lance's sheen at times was seen,
And some spake low and some spake loud:
"We must not tarry; our force is small;
For the sake of one to surrender all
Were folly and sin." If I rose & cried,
"Linger no more, my friends, but ride to
Save yourselves: why tarry for me?
I will wait for the enemy."

There was no time for more; I could not say "farewell" before



They had swooped away o er the barren plam, When one of them changed his course, And, lifting my eyes, I saw again

The horsemen noing miently.

My heart sank, heavy as lead, When I thought of my lonely end, How soon I should be on the cold earth, dead.

Ahandoned by foe as by friend ! " The vultures will scream and wait, The greedy kites hover above me, And a line in a paper will bear my fate To the ears of those who love me"

I had stumbled down from my horse, And watched the inders flee,

And rode straight back to me, Then for a moment my heart Halted and bounded fast,

At once with pleasure and pain and the smart Of a hope too bright to last.

Could it be really true? Was it merely a message he bore in me? Or could be be going to linger?—bc, Whom only by name I knew The bravest man of our company

With a half shamed smile he came, Flung himself down on the sand, Said-" They are not to blame.



Yet scarce can I understand How all of them leave you alone in die I cannot do it at least, not I You would do as much, I am sure, for me Let us smoke a pipe together," said he

With a silent grasp of the hand, With a stifled sob in my throat, maybe, We sat together upon the sand,

And laughed and chatted right merrily, Our hearts were never more light, Even death to us both looked bright, For I had a friend at my side—and he-Well! never more happy, I say, were we Than in waiting for death that night

We sat and we talked awhile, And the horses feet drew near . Then he rose and said with his careless smile, "For our lives ! let us sell them dear." So down in a moment they came, And the sabres gleamed like flume. But out of the dust and din had rung The voice of a friend that called his name In the kindly English tongue.

All a mustake ! for they Were our friends, not traitorous foes, Some semblance of colour—some sunbeam's

How the error befell, who knows? We were safe, and he, my friend, He helped me back to life, . And we stood by each other in joy and strife

To his own life's gallant end.

It is nearly twenty years ago, Since we first looked death in the face together.

With the sinking sun in our eyes aglow, Side by side in the tropic weather

Now he has left me; but well I know. In my last great struggle with death's cold pain,

He will turn once more, as he turned before. And give me his hand again.

ADELINE SERGEANI.



THE SACREDNESS OF PROPERTY.

By R. W. DALE, M.A. (BIRMINGHAM).

precedent, or the public convenience, by private contract, or by public legislation, irrespective of divine and eternal laws. If Property is "sacred," God has something to do with it. Perhaps many of those who are in the habit of using the phrase in current political and social controversies have hardly

measured its meaning. What meant by "the Sacredness of Property" becomes clear when we read the four Gospels and the Epistles of the New Testament. The Lord Jesus Christ came to assert authority over the whole of human life. His claims are not met by merely reciting a Christian creed, and offering Christian worship; we must understand, accept, and obey His laws for the direction of conduct. But Property has a very large place in human life; it never had a larger place than it has most convenient representative in money, and we are earning money, investing money, spending money, or using the things which money purchases every day, and all the day our life free from His control.

that would be difficult to compress even polemic against the Pharisees; and in the

'HE common phrase, "The Sacredness of a summary of His teaching within the Property," is a very noble and suggestive narrow limits of a paper like this. The one. It reminds us that questions affecting doctrine of the apostles about Property must property are not to be settled by custom, be dismissed altogether, although there are some passages in the Epistles which express the Christian idea with extmordinary intensity and visidness. Perhaps the surest method of getting at the very heart of the matter will be to concentrate our attention on the two parables in which our Lord has developed His thought about it most fully: I mean the parable of the Unjust Steward, and the parable of the Rich Man and Lamrus, contained in the sixteenth chapter of the Gospel of Luke.

The historical setting of these two parables is full of interest and instruction. The three parables in the raevious chapter, the parable of the Lost Sheep, of the Lost Piece of Silver, and of the Produgal Son, were all intended to justify our Lord's intercourse with publicans and sinners. It was an offence to the "Phaisees and Scribes" that Jesus of Nazanow. In civilised nations, Property has its reth, who assumed the position of a religious reformer, should have anything to do with the kind of people that now followed Him in great crowds, religious outcasts, women of bad character, men who had been excluded long. If Christ had not given us laws about from the synagogues for their vices, or for Property, He would have left a large part of their violation of what were regarded as important religious commandments. He has said much on this subject, three parables were part of our Lord's great

Son, in which He represents the elder brother heard of sor not, his conduct was an excelas sullenly complaining of the reception which had been given to the younger man who had "wasted his substance in riotous living," our Lord holds up the Pharisees to execration and scorp.

He then turned to His disciples. The Pharisees complained that by associating with "publicans and sinners," He was relaxing the obligations of religion and morality; and He therefore declared that His disciples were to strive for a nobler righteousness than the Pharisces themselves were contented with. It was true that he received sinners. but was make them saints, saints of a diviner type than the most religious of the men who were criticizing Him. This teaching is contained in two parables; and both these parables illustrate Christ's theory of Property.

In the first, our Lord speaks of a Stewardan Agent-who is accused of wasting his master's estate. The proofs of his guilt are flagrant, and he is certain to lose his position and his income. He calls together the men who are in debt to his lord, and tampers with their accounts, strikes off fifty per cent. from the debt of one, twenty per cent. from the debt of another, and by this piece of knavery he hopes to make friends who will give him shelter, at least for a time, when he is turned out of his office. His master discovered the fraud, but is represented as having no remody. The steward has been his agent, and the steward's orders seem have been valid. And his master recognises the forethought of his fraudulent servant; the man was an unscrupulous rogue, but he had had the ait to look after his own interests. "The sons of this world are for their own generation wiser than the sons of light." Our Lord himself tells the disciples to learn a lesson from the Unjust Steward. "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that, when it shall fail, they may receive you into the cternal tabernacies." Of course it is not the dishonesty of the steward that our Lord proposes as an example to the disciples, but the forethought. And our Master, to whom whatever property we possess belongs, will not charge us with robbing Him, if we use in showing kindness to the poor, in relieving the sick, in teaching the ignorant, in recovering the fallen, that they may receive us at last "into the eternal tabernacles." What was a fresh fraud III the Unjust Steward will be in ourselves fidelity to our trust.

second half of the parable of the Prodigal might have heard of it; and whether he lent illustration of its meaning. His wealth was got hadly; like the rest of his class, he had used his power dishonestly and oppressively. When he repented and resolved to serve Christ, what was he to do with it? He determined to make himself "friends of the mammon of unrighteousness."-" Half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have wrongfully exacted of any man I restore four-fold.

Christ calls wealth " the mammon of unrighteousness," because I has had so much to do with human selfishness, dishonesty, and cruelty; because it a often so wickedly obtained and so wickedly used. By and by, when all men become Christ's loyal servants, and when His laws have real authority over secular life, material wealth will receive a nobler description; and the "Sacredness of Property," instead of being a phrase, will represent a most divine reality.

But the complete interpretation of the parable is contained in these words :- "He that is faithful in a very little is faithful also in much: and he that is unrighteous in a very little is unrighteous also in much. If, therefore, ye have not been faithful in the unrighteous mammon, who will commit to your trust the true riches? And if ye have not been faithful in that which is another's, who will give you that which is your own? No servant can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one and love the other; or else he will hold to one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mainmon."

Our Lord contrasts material wealth with wealth of another kind; to be faithful in the use of material wealth is to be faithful in the use of that which is of very little value; but fidelity in the inferior trust is a test of fidelity in greater matters. He says further that if we have not been faithful in using material wealth, we shall not receive from God real and enduring riches. Nor is this all :- material wealth is not really our own; we hold it for a time, but we shall have to give it up. If we have not been faithful in our use of what not ours, we cannot expect that God will give us an inheritance that will be truly and for ever our own.

One great principle underlies these various representations of Property. Our wealthwhatever its amount—is not ours but God's. The corn is His:-it grows on His carth; it is fed by His min; it is ripened by His sun. not probable that Zaccheus was in the The timber His: -- the forests from which crowd when this parable was spoken; but he we get I were created by His power. The

iron and the coal are His:--He laid them up in the mines long before our race appeared in the world. All precious things, silver and gold, diamonds, gems, and pearls are His-Wealth is placed in our hands were it for God; it is not our own; we are stewards; and in our use of wealth we are required to be faithful | Him to whom it belongs. This, I say, is the root of Christ's thought. He begins by stripping us of everything-by denying our ownership in everything we DOSECES. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof."

This is in harmony with the whole strain of the teaching of the New Testament. Paul describes us as the Slaves of Christ. Not only does our property belong to Him; we ourselves belong to Him. We are His, without qualification and without reserve. Our bodies belong to Him, with the muscles which we use in physical labour; and our minds belong | Him, with the knowledge, the keenness of judgment, the tenacity of purpose, with which we conduct our business or ducharge the duties of our profession. We are not our own; we are the slaves of

we prefer the more honourable title of "children," we obtain no armer hold of Yes, we are childrenmaterial wealth. children in our Father's house. But the house is His, and all that is in it is His. He feeds us and clothes us; but the food and

the clothing are not ours but His.

It is the fundamental law of the kingdom of Christ, that when we acknowledge Him as our Prince and Saviour, we renounce one personal claim to all the things we used to call ours-to our money, our time, and our influence; we part with our property in ourselves, and this includes parting with our property in everything. as imperative now as it ever was, that we should forsake all and follow Him. Do you say that this is a stern and tyrannical law, and that II makes life desolate and gloomy? No; it makes life free and blessed. quenches passions which often comme the strength of men and shorten their days. If wealth is not ours, if it never can be, if when we think of as ours we are thieves at heart, unjust stewards, making that our own which belongs ... God, why should there be any hot pursuit of it? I is pleasant to have the use of wealth for a time, just as it is pleasant to stay in comfortable and huminous quarters when we are travelling. But we ourselves are none the richer because for a

and if we are travelling through a country which offers poor accommodation, and have to lodge for a few days or a few weeks in rude cottnges or village inns, where the furniture is rough, and the walls are bare, and the sheets are coarse, and the table scantily furnished, we suffer only passing discomfort; we outselves are no poorer; we shall soon be home again. And, perhaps, the parable may be carried a little further; -we may be all the richer when we reach home last, because we have spent little and fared badly

on our journey.

🔳 is pleasant, no doubt, 💷 have command of money and of a great deal of money, but it is not ours, any more than the rents of the Duke of Sutherland or the Duke of Westminster belong to their agents. We may prefer to have the kind of position which belongs to a steward who has the control and administration of a great estate, m the position of a manager who has the control and administration of a small business; the higher position brings with it an increase in the sources of personal comfort, and of some things which are much more valuable than the sources of personal comfort. But in either position the wealth which passes through our hands is not ours.

If it is our habit to take this view of wealth, the disposition to get it unjustly or unfairly will be checked. Other men are God's stewards as well as ourselves. When we are trying to get by unfair means what is in their hands, we are trying to get possession of property which is not theirs, which cannot become ours, but which is intrusted to them not to us. It is the case of one agent trying to collect rents from an estate which under the management of another agent of the

same master.

This habit of regarding wealth relieves us of care as well as of a passion for money, We say that we are children in our Father's house, but how few of us have the spirit of children, the trustfulness, the light-heartedness, the freedom from anxiety and from fear of the future! I doubt whether the true "spirit of adoption" will come from dwelling exclusively, either on those large aspects of the divine Fatherhood which are among the principal topics of modern theology, or on those wonderful representations of the prerogatives of the sons of God I the apostolic epistles, which were the favourite subjects of meditation with the saints of former generations. The precepts of the Sermon on the Mount are a discipline of the spirit of day or two we are guests in a splendid hotel; somahip; in obeying the precepts the divine

shall drink, nor yet for your body, what ye eternal life." shall put on . . . Behold the birds of the them. Consider the lilies of the field Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." If we keep these commandments it will be possible for the Spirit to bear witness "with our spirit that we are the children of God, and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-beirs with

The root of very much of the restlessness of heart by which we are perplexed, and which is not soothed by the most gentle and gracious revelations of the Divine love, is very obvious. We say that we are children in our Father's house, but we insist on being grown-up children, and we have private speculations of our own in cotton and iron and corn, in milways and shipe. No wonder that we are vexed and wearied with anxiety and care. Not until we become children in spirit as well as in name, in practice as well as in title, and cease to hold any property of our own, will the true temper and blessedness of God's children become ours. When this renunciation has become complete, we shall offer with quite a new spirit and meaning the prayer which Christ taught His disciples, "Our Father which art in heaven . . . Give us this day our daily bread." We shall think of the bread as His, though we may have worked for it; just as the corn which a son has helped his father to harvest is the father's, not his; just as the fruit wi ich a child has picked for his father is the father's, not his. But when everything that once seemed ours passes out of our own possession and becomes God's property, we cease to be anxious about it, and we live a life of faith, a life of continual and happy trust in the infinite love of our Father in heaven.

Does this conception of the "sacredness of property" impoverish us, and leave us possessions in order to enjoy illimitable his. wealth. We come to understand the great paradox which is unintelligible until it is fulfilled in our own experience: "There is there are some important elements of the no man that hath left house or brethren, or discussion which must be reserved till next sisters, or mother, or father, or children, or month.

Fatherhood will discovered by us, and lands for My sake, and for the gospel's sake, apart from obedience the discovery will be but he shall receive a hundredfold now in withheld. "Lay not up for yourselves this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, treasures upon earth. . . . Be not anxious and mothers, and children, and lands, with for your life what ye shall est, or what ye persecutions; and in the world to come

I travel over the estate of a great proheaven your heavenly Father feedeth prietor: the land il covered with rich crops; every now and then I pass farm buildings well built and well kept; through the trees I see the castle in which the great proprietor is living. Perhaps by his courtesy I am permitted to go through the stately rooms, and I see costly furniture, noble sculpture, beautiful pictures, precious gems curiously worked, ivory, agute, malachite, and jade. Shall I envy him? Why should I? The things are not his any more than they are mine. all belong to God. He is God's child and so am I. He w there only for a time, like the man who shows me over the house; and perhaps the man will live there longer than his master. The duke has the keeping of the pictures and the sculpture; I have the delight of seeing them. He has the responsibility of choosing and buying the ancient coins, the gems and the pottery; and perhaps he is sometimes worried because he is deceived about their value; I have only to admire them. His estates, stretching over two or three counties—perhaps they give him a joy inferior to the joy they give to me; perhaps they enrich his life less than they earich mine. He receives the rents, but of all that the estate yields, the rents are the least worth having. I may hear a song in his running streams that he never heard, and see a grace in the woods that he never saw; in my memory, for years after I have seen it, the heather on the hills may glow with a splendour of which he never caught a transient glimpse; and from the heights which rise above his home my thoughts may take wing to a heaven which he has never visited. Why should I envy him? Men call the estate his; but it is God's; and if God, who loves me as well as He loves the duke, gives me a home for a few years under the smoky skies of a great manufacturing town, and sends the duke to a with a sense of miserable destitution? On castle among the hills, \blacksquare must be all well; the contrary, we accept frankly, we only and the fairest and most precious part of the part with our right to very poor and narrow duke's estate may be mine more truly than

But the subject is outgrowing the space which can be appropriated to a single article;

ARTEMUS WARD.

3. Sketch from Tife.

By H. R. HAWEIS, M.A.

POOR Artemus! I shall not see the like sistible and effective of all, are scarcely worth Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. Sometimes as his perfect sang froid—and one thing always -full, unescapably full of fun.

The humour of Artemus was delicate, evanescent and personal to an irritating degree, "I have bin troying," said the impeluous Irishman, after hearing Macready, for an hour to spake it out, looke that man, but, be-gohrra! I cannot at all-at all!" And no one ever yet succeeded in "spaking

it out" like Artemus Ward.

HIS PERSONALITY.

Dickens or Sterne or Swift need no author's interpretation. People rushed to hear Dickens read; for my part I always preferred reading Dickens. But much of Artemus Ward is simply flat without Artemus. And yet the dullest man cannot spoil some of his jokes—there is no mistake about them. Was there ever a wittier motto than the one over his show, "Ladies and gentlemen! You cannot expect go in without paying your money, but you can pay your money without going in." He said of Tefferson Davis, the Southern President, soon after the collapse of the rebellion : "It would have been ten dollars in Jeff's pocket if he had never been born." The Mormons and Brigham Young always excited his fancy; he never comes within sight of the which everything appeared most natural up-Salt Lake City, or any of its inhabitants, side down! without cutting an involuntary caper. Of the Mormons generally he remarks, "Their foundly unconscious that anything was exreligion is singular, but their wives are pected of him, but after looking me the plural." He always delightful on Brigham audience, then at his own clothes, and then Young. "Brigham," he remarks, "is an apologetically at his panorama, he began to indulgent father and a numerous husband; explain its merits. The fact was that he has matried two hundred wives; he loves Artemus intended having the finest scenes not wisely but two hundred well. He is that could be painted, but he gave that up dreadfully married," continues the lecturer, on account of the expense, and then deter-"he is the most married man I ever saw. mined to get the worst as the next best thing When I was up at Salt Lake City I was intro- for his purpose. When anything very bad duced to his mother-in-law, I can't exactly came up he would pause and gaze admiringly tell you how many there I of her, but it's a at the canvas, and then look round a little good deal."

again, as he appeared for a few short printing. The mere padding and absolute weeks before an English audience at the platitudes in Ward's lectures were always received with the greatest applause. When to looks profoundly dejected, at others shy, he seemed hard up, utterly without any or repreachful; nervously anxious to please matter to go on with and m the same time (apparently), yet with a certain twinkle at quite indifferent to the fact of having nothing the back of his eye which convinced you of whatever to say, then he culminated with a certain brazen effrontery perfectly captivating.

> His public in about five minutes responded to the slightest breath and brain wave. The original and genial master who stood before them, demure, impassive, quite simple, unaffected, and a little gauche, twiddling his riding-whip or small cane, in reality played upon that audience like an old fiddle.

> People laughed before the jokes were out of his lips. I have heard many orators and seen many actors, but I never saw such a

perfect case of magnetic control.

HIS APPEARANCE IN ENGLAND.

When Artemus arrived here in x866 he was a dying man. I can see him now as he came on the narrow platform in front of his inferior panorama, and stole a glanco at the densely packed room and then at his pano-rama. His tall, gaunt, though slender figure, his curly light hair and large aquiline nose, which always reminded me of a macaw, his thin face flushed with consumption, his little cough, which seemed to shake him to pieces, and which he said was "wearing him out," at which we all laughed irresistibly, and then felt ashamed of ourselves, as well we might; but he himself seemed to enjoy his cough. was all part of that odd topsy-turvy mind in

On first entering he would seem pro-The fact was that reproachfully the company. "This pic-But another class of sayings, the most irre- ture," he would say, " is a great work of art,

then they expired. I wish you were nearer costume I which I said he was always artists in London come here every morning before daylight with lanterns to look at it. They my they never saw anything like it before, and they hope they never shall again!"

Nothing could be more impromptu, and therefore riveting, than his manner throughout from the moment he entered; he seemed to be doing everything for the first time and without the least preparation, and indeed he was most unlike such mechanical artists as tion, and every gesture was original and arose can set his hands on." out of the immediate occasion. His finger was ever on the pulse of the people; they were always absolutely in his power, whilst he flattered them by appearing to be entirely in theirs. He would conciliate them, inspire pity, claim indulgence, throw himself upon their generosity, pretend to exert himself, to labour under a depressing sense of failure, even make capital out of his poor cough; and then he was so deeply wounded, if some very mild joke failed to elicit applause, that he would stop and look reproachfully at the people until they shook with a new sense of the absurd situation. At other times, when interrupted by laughter, he would look round with surprise and say, "I did not expect you to laugh at that. I can throw off numbers of those little things, but I assure you I can do better than that,

When he opened his lecture on the Mormons the Egyptian Hall, he said quite apologetically: "I don't expect to do much here, but I have thought if I could make money enough to buy me a passage to New Zealand I should feel that I had not lived in vain. I don't want to live in vain. I'd

rather live in Margate, or here."

The heat was most oppressive and the hall very crowded the day I was there, and looking up to the roof, he continued, "But I wish when the Egyptians built this hall (a burst of laughter) they had not forgotten the ventilation." Apropos of nothing at all a little further on, he observed, "I really don't care for money, I only travel round to sure it gave the

it an oil-painting done in petroleum. It of his; he would look with a pitcous expresby the old masters. If was the last thing aion of discomfort and almost misery at his they did before dying. They did this, and black trousers and swallow-tail coat, a to it so you could see it better. I wish I most wretched. "These clothes I have on," could take it to your residences and let you he continued, "were segrent success in see by daylight. Some of the greatest America "-(and then quite irrelevantly and rather hastily), " how often do large fortunes ruin young men! I should like to be ruined, but I can get on very well as I am !" So the lecture dribbled on with little fragments of impertinent biography, mere pegs for slender witticisms like this: "When quite a child I used to draw on wood; I drew a small cart-load of raw material over a wooden bridge, the people of the village noticed me, I drew their attention, they said I had Albert Smith, who used to say he could go future before me; up to that time I had an through his "Mont Blanc" half asleep. idea it was behind me." Or this, "I became Artemus was always in reality at high pres- a man, I have always been mixed up with sure. He was never twice the same; he art. I have an uncle who takes photographs, poured out new jokes with prodigal inven-, and I have a servant who takes anything he

HIS CHARACTER.

But Ward was something besides a sparkling humorist; he was a man of character and principle; there was nothing of the adventurer-very little even of the speculator about him. Even in the depths of comedy he was always on the side of justice and virtue, and not with the big battalions. "I ax these questions" (about Louis Napoleon), says the showman, "my royal duke and most noble highness and imperials, because I'm anxious to know how he stands as a man. I know he's smart, He is cunnin', he is long-headed, he grate; but onless he is good, he'll come down with a crash one of these days, and the Bonyparics will be busted up again. Bet yer life." These comic but prophetic words were written when the late Emperor was at the climax of his power, and about the time it was so much the fashion to call the Second Empire a perfect success.

Attenus Ward was a worthy and lovable man; he was sound, blameless, shrewd, scusitive, and affectionate. His devotion to his old mother was like that of a little child; her comfort and happiness was constantly uppermost in his thoughts. At one time he wanted to get her to England-alas, it would only have been weep over his grave! At another he thought of going home to live with her after making his fortune. His fame he valued quite as much for the pleasure it gave the old lady as for the cash is

but throughout the whole of his works you will not find one sneer at virtue or religion, and in spite of a few broad jokes not quite in European taste, there I not one really his inseparable companion, who had so many loose or unguarded thought. The Times said opportunities of watching him under such of his lecture on the Mormons, " is utterly free from offence, though the opportunities marks: "No man had more real reverence of offence are obviously numerous; not only in his nature than Artemus Ward." are his jokes irresistible, but his shrewd

He was the natural fue of bigotry, Peck- remarks prove him to be a man of reflection sniffianism, and immorality of every kind. as well as a consummate humorist." "I There are many hard hits at hypocrites, never stain my pages," writes Artemus, "with formalists, shams, and religious accondrels; even mild profanity; in the first place wicked, and it is not funny."

> Hingston, his faithful agent, and for long opportunities of watching him under such varied and often trying circumstances, re-

> > (To be concluded next month.)

THE DEATH OF HUSS.

N the streets of Constance was heard a shout, " Masters ! bring the arch-heretic out!" The stake had been planted, the faggots spread, And the tongues of the torches flickered red. "Huss to the flames !" they fiercely cried: Then the gates of the Convent opened wide,

Into the sun from the dark he came, His face as fixed as a face in a frame. His arms were pinioned, but you could see, By the smile round his mouth, that his soul was free; And his eye with a strange bright glow was lit, Like a star just before dawn quencheth it.

To the pyre the crowd a pathway made, And he walked along it with no man's aid: Steadily on to the place he trod, Commending aloud his soul to God. Aloud III prayed, though they mocked his prayer: He was the only thing tranquil there,

But, eyeing the faggots, he quickened pace, As we do when we see our loved one's face. "Now, now, let the torch in the resin flate, Till my books and body be ashes and air! But the spirit of both shall return to men, As dew that rises descends again."

From the back of the crowd where the women wept, And the children whispered, a peasant stepped. A goodly bavin was on his back, Brittle and sere, from last year's stack; And he placed it carefully where the torch Was sure in lick and the figure to scorch.

"Why bring you fresh fuel, friend? Here are sticks To burn up a score of heretics?" Answered the peasant, "Because this year, My hearth will be cold, for is firewood dear; And Heaven be witness I pay my toll, And burn your body to save my soul.



"Why hong you f oh feel is on? Hare are stocke To been up a core of haretee."

Huss gazed at the persont, he gazed at the pile, Then over his features there dawned a smile. " O Sanda Simplicitus! By God's troth, This faggot of yours may save us both, And He Who judgeth perchance prefer To the victim the executioner!

Then unto the stake was he tightly tied, And the torches were lowered and thrust inside. You could hear the twigs crackle and sputter the flesh, Then " Sancta Simplicitas !" mouned afresh. "I was the last men heard of the words he spoke, Ere to Heaven his soul went up with the smoke.

ALFRED AUSTLY.

TRICYCLING IN RELATION TO HEALTH.

BY B. W. RICHARDSON, M.D., F.R.S.

A LITTLE more than a year ago, my the great question I have at heart, the com-good friend Mr. J. Browning, who is mon health. always alive to useful public work, called my attention to tricycling as a healthful recreation, and in order to give me, at one and the same time, an interest in the subject and an insight into it of a practical kind, invited me to join the London Tricycle Club as its President.

I then knew little of the tricyle, I had never ridden one, and least of all expected that I should ever learn in ride one, as I have since done, in the London thorough-

Mr. Browning, however, by his arguments, induced me to make an inquiry into the subject of tricycling. I began to get an interest in it, and from an interest I got to the experiment of working the tricycle, and many points of view.

may be said that me persons are much in the there is the risk that the present heat will be enjoy active physical exercise. superseded in a few weeks or months by something that is more advantageous.

saes late, I may also venture to tench a little men are in fair health they are, after a little ing, a dond this in particular reference to more than many others. It constantly

What I have had my mind most fixed upon has been to ascertain, (a) Whether the tricycle can be safely used by all classes of the community, or whether it is only fitted for a selected few. (b) Whether, as an exercise, the working of it is healthful. (c) Whether there are any special dangers from its employment which, apart from mere accidents from falls and collisions, stand against its general introduction. (d) Whether there are any practical rules which can be offered for the guidance of those of different sex and different age, who are anxious to become riders.

In relation in the first point, in so far of forming some judgment as to its value from as I am able to form an opinion, I should any points of view.

Say that the tricycle is generally adapted Perhaps 1 ought still to call myself a for use. Presuming always that the proper noviciate as a tricyclist, and indeed I am machine for the proper person be selectedquite willing to rank as such. But then it a matter on which I shall have to dwellthere is no reason why any one who is of same condition, for the tricycle is, to the fair health may not make use of it. III is multitude, a new instrument, and it is as yet good for either sex, and I may almost say in its infancy. Improvements in the tricycle that for girls or young women it affords one take place, indeed, so fast the one upon the of the most harmless of useful recreations other, it is almost dangerous to recommend and amusements. It wery good for boys a machine of any particular make, because and men, and for men of all ages who can

It would seem, at first sight, that men who are fat and cumbious are not quite the Although I may, therefore, call myself a persons to mount the tricycle, be if such

happens that men of this build, while they overloaded with fat; 🗏 them the bloodafter they have walked even a short distance. They become what they call "leg tired." The weight of the body tells upon the lower limbs with so much effect, they cannot for long put one foot before the other without an exceeding sense of pain and fatigue. They have, in fact, to bear on their two pins, which are not, as a rule, particularly well developed, and the weight of body that has to be sustained is soon out of all proportion to the power of sustaining it. The natural result of this easy sense of fatigue is that exercise mere pretence; so that practically a habit is developed which promotes an objection to exercise, and a steady increase of all the dangers which follow upon prolonged muscular inactivity. We say of persons in this condition that they have become lethargic, and dull, and nervous, or, mesome one has tersely

expressed, "fat and fatuous,"

In this state they who are affected are apt to follow one of two courses, both of which are bad, They either settle completely down to repose, and attain a form of chronic feebleness which requires to be provided against by avoiding every kind of lively effort; or, taking sudden alarm at some sensation they have experienced, or some observation they have listened to, they rush into forms of violent exercise, such as climbing mountains, or volunteering, or making forced walks, or such-like efforts. When the first of these methods,—that of avoiding effort,—is carried out, nothing whatever done to insure relief; but by care in diet and absence of physical strain, life may be moderately conserved for several years. When the second of these methods,—that of resorting to extreme measures of exercise. is followed, life is rarely conserved, and not unfrequently | brought abruptly to a close. I believe I have seen more mischief induced, in the class of persons whom I am now describing, by their attempts to get into condition through the means of excessive exercise and physical strain, than in any other class. They who court this mode of a walking tick. For these stiff-jointed inacleast fitted to bear sudden strain. In them if they use it with judgment, and de ver the muscles are feeble and out of play; in trespass too much on re-acquired skill, them the muscles, including that most important of all the muscles, the heart, are fellow-rider who, though many ye

feel the need for exercise more than the vessels are often weakened, and have lost slighter-built sort, are unable to take a their natural resilience, if they have not proper amount of exercise, because of the undergone actual change of structure; and great weariness which they experience soon in them the breathing organs are in such bad form for extra work, that breathlessness is produced by very little extra exertion. They are, in short, unfit for walking, and they are equally unfit for those extremer measures which are commonly designated as

training, or as athletic exercises.

To this class of persons, then, if they are not subject to actual disease, organic affection of the heart, the lungs, or the brain, the exercise that may be got from the tricycle is exceedingly useful. The exercise sought in this manner should not be is given up almost altogether in a great violent; it should not include attempts to number of cases, while in other cases it is a go against time; it should not include attempts to climb steep hills or to run down steep hills at a rattling pace; but it should be taken for some time on level ground, it should be carried on to a point just short of fatigue, and it should be increased little by little each day, until the labour of working accommodates itself to easy habit. After a few weeks of exercise the first diffi-culties disappear. The sense, almost painful in the beginning, of fatigue in the muscles of the fore part of the thighs, is lost, and it is learned that as, in the exercise, the weight of the body is taken off the extremities, and as the muscles of respiration are not oppressed, a distance of five or six miles can be traversed with less weariness than one mile of walking on foot would be sure produce.

I have mentioned in the class of people above named those who, of all others, may be considered at first sight as least likely to be fit subjects for the work of the tricyle. There are others, however, to whom I ought 🖿 refer, and I notice specially those who, from sedentary mode of life or from increasing years, feel an unpleasant stiffness of limb and joint, and a ditlike to undertake anything like active movements, owing to their certain knowledge, obtained from experience, that the thing cannot be done. Paterfamilias is often joked by his young friends that he cannot perform their feats, cannot stand on his head, or give a back, or, as the late John Leech forcibly and famously put it, leap over recovery from their helplessness are of all tives the tricycle comes in with great force,

During the late autumn I accome

than myself, could beat me in getting along, favourable to the disease when it a cstaand who told me that before he began he blished. was so rigid in muscle and joint he could scarcely get into the machine. A few weeks' practice had set him at liberty from head to foot with such effect that in walking and riding,- for he invariably walked up steep hills, pushing the machine before him, -he could average his five to aix miles an hour for five or six hours per day, and think nothing of the task.

We may, then, consider that stiffness of limbs is not to be accepted as an obstacle to tricycle-riding, but as a condition that may

be relieved by the exercise.

There are, nevertheless, some persons whom I would not recommend to try the tricycle. I would specially recommend persons who are excessively nervous and of uncertain mind not to try it. In such people the anxiety attendant on the exercise is injurious, out of proportion to the service that is gained by it. They are ever on the strain to avoid accident and danger, and ever on the look out for accident and danger. From these causes they fail to obtain a good They are command over the instrument. not certain what to do when other vehicles meet or pass thom; they are not sure how to take a turning; they are in doubt as to the mode of going downhill and of resting in going uphil; altogether they are per-turbed by the attempts they make beyond the value of the attempt. If, therefore, persons of this nature do not, after a few weeks of fair trial, get over these anxieties, they had better not continue to court them.

I would strongly recommend all who have a sense of giddiness or of sinking and sickness, after they have made a little way on the tricycle, to give up the exercise, unless, after a short training, they find these sensations pass away. Or if, while climbing a hill, there is felt a sensation of follness in the head, with a want of power and precision in managing the machine, I would tender the

ame recommendation.

Again, I would, as a general rule, recommend those who suffer from the affection passes quickly, and the eye collects all that called hernia not to become tricyclists; and is interesting without dwelling on objects too if they break this rule, I would carnestly long, as in walking, and without losing sight re remmend them to be moderate in their of them too rapidly, as rapid driving in a exercise, and not endeavour to compete with railway carriage. The power of assimilating their more favoured comrades.

novides the disease which is now under notice, of what can the inquiries I have made I do not it on the other; and when the mind goes learning, does; but I know that I is us- well all goes well.

On the second question which I have drawn attention,-whether the recreation or work of tricycling is heathful,-I can report favourably in every way. When a tricyclist is free from any of those conditions which tell against the exercise he would undertake. he can find few more cheerful or healthy recreative pleasures. I use the word pleastores, and I mean it, for there is a real pleasure, when the roads are good, in skimming along them on a bright day, which has to be experienced before it can be fully understood. I do not feel that I should be quite correct if, stating my own experiences of the two modes of propulsion, L said that tricycling is equal to riding on horseback. That would from me scarcely be true, for surely there II no pleasure of exercise equal to a trot or canter or gallop on a good horse or cob. But after this, to those who cannot ride a bicycle, the tricycle is next best. It is curious to find, when the legs have become trained to the work of the treadles, how unconsciously the movements of propulsion are made, and how soon the guiding of the machine by the hand chimes in with the work of the legs and feet. If, moreover, the motion be carried out moderately, if the rider content himself to make five to six miles an hour his steady pace, it is equally a pleasant surprise to feel how easy the travelling is, and how fast the ground seems to be traversed. I am told by riders who do their sixty to eighty miles a day that the latter portion of the ride begins to 4 tedious, unless there be pleasant comship, and that is easily understood. It to not necessary | contemplate such tediousness in this place, since we are thinking only of comparatively short trips, in good weather, on fair roads, in pleasant country, and in search of health,

When these advantages combine there is nothing but pleasurable sensation in riding on a good tricycle that suits its rider. Time the scenery in this agreeable way is always I have no evidence at all that tricycling healthy; it keeps the brain active, without westying I on the one hand, or confusing

That | always a good exercise which file worry or fear. Under these two pro- answers this purpose. visions the ordinary cares or worries or

opportunity for them | occur.

escaped. They go back mentally. They which to a certain extent is to be young again, recall what they have been doing or what

I hope I shall not be considered as carrytook for the purposes of rest is a journey of when it is reasonably and judiciously enfatigue: it is like a sleep wearied and made joyed, valueless by dreams,

An exercise, during the occasion of a the mind easily with pleasant objects; and I holiday, an exercise which diverts the mind, may add that I always a good exercise and by necessity shuts I of from dismal which gives the mind a little excitement in broodings and labours and speculations, taking care of the body without letting the is therefore a good, healthy exercise, and excitement or care pass into the range of one always to be commended. Tricycling

There is also about tricycling a new pleasure troubles of life are, for the moment, forgotten —the pleasure, I mean, which one always or laid by, and are, in consequence, rested feels of doing something better and quicker from, because there is neither time nor than ever it was done before for one's self, and by one's own efforts. the mode of exercise we have under con- feel that one can get over so much more sideration, there is here an important point ground, in so much shorter a time, than gained on behalf of busy men who are seeking | was ever done by walking. rest from business cares. If these men go pleasure to feel that one can, by natural down to the sea-coast or to some inland place strength, skill, and a few weeks training, merely blounge and to ramble about, and independently of any extraneous aid, clear sit down and smoke and try to read, they five and twenty or thirty miles a day without soon find they cannot help going back to undue fatigue. In makes a man of middle the work from which they think they have age, or past middle age, feel young again,

they are about to do; they regret something ing the ides of the value of tricycling exercise which, for the first time, occurs to them, and too far in these observations. I am speaktoo far in these observations. I am speakfume under the recollection. Or they discover ing from direct experience, and expressing something that ought to be done, and fume what I have felt myself, and what I have again because they are not at home to do it. heard from others, as to the mental diver-Thus it often happens that the journey they sion and rest which comes from the exercise

(To be continued.)

SICILIAN DAYS.

BY AUGUSTUS J. C. HARR, AUTHOR OF "WALKS IN ROSER" &c.

11,-SYPACUSE.

TILL lately the fourney from Catania to against the afternoon sky, though covered Syracuse would only be wearisomely per-with snow, before reaching Agosta, which formed in a "lettiga," a kind of sedan-chair occupies the site of the Breek colony Megara orator Gorgias was born and the tyrant arriving at our destination. Hieronymus the Younger was murdered in one of the narrow streets. There are has such a distinct individuality as Syracuse. grand views across the green sea or brown Without seeing the place, almost impos-

suspended between two mules, but now a Hyblaca-"Audax Hybla," celebrated by railway takes travellers in three hours and a the Latin poets for its thyme and honey. half across the malaria-tainted country. After Then we catch a glimpse of the ancient traversing the lava-stream of 1669-con-columner monument called "L'Aguglia," or torted, twisted, snake-like, black, and lichen- "the Needle," which Marcellus is supposed stained, we enter the rich district of corn and to have erected commemorate his capture wine which Cicero calls "caput res framen- of Syracuse, and soon the whole country tariae," and "uberrima Siciliae pars." We becomes powdered with ruins, whilst, long cross the Simeto, the ancient Symaithes, and before reaching the station, the yells of a the station and town of Lentini represent mob of carriage drivers in their eagerness to the Greek colony of Leontini, where the pounce upon a prey, announce that we are

flats, of Etna, misty and mysterious, grey sible to understand its history, in which so

geographical peculiarities. Fourteen miles way is to walk in the few sights of Ortygia, in circuit, it enclosed four separate towns and to engage the little carriage of young " quadruplices Syracusae," and bose the name Pasquale Siracusa by the hour, for the other of Tetrapolis, before Dionysian I. added Epi- parts of the ancient city, some of which are polae; after which Strabo calls the city quite five miles distant, pentapolis, and it became twenty-two miles circuit. The earlier towns on the mainad-Acradina, Tyche, and Neapolis-occuthe rising ground and table land which lie between the sea on the east and the heigts of Epipolae on the west; facing them lay to island of Ortygia, and to the south were he Great Harbour and the pestiferous marsh of Syraco, which gave the place its name. But all the towns of the main land are no barren hill-sides powdered with masses (white limestone and sprinkled with ruins: ory the parent island city of Ortygia remains, ow connected with the main land

by an articial isthmus.

With the exception of Naxos, Syracuse was the olest of all the Greek colonies in Sicily, havis been founded on Ortygia in B.C. 73. I the fifth century before Christ, the tyral Glon extended its limits to embrace Acradina on the fifth land, and under its next ruler Hiero it incresed in prosperity. Its prostige was augmented by its endurance of the famous siege by the Ahenians, and its ultimate destruction of the fivading fleet in their own great harbour, and capture of the remnant of the Athenian army, Dionysius, who was raised to supreme power soon afterwards, enclosed Epipolae with its mighty walls, and enabled Byracuse to relist a Car-But the 'own was thaginian invasion. betrayed into the hands of the Route Marcellus in D.C. s12, when, in the words of Florus, "all Sicily was conquered in Syracise." The Syracusan statues and pictures of the carried off | lay a foundation for the love ? Greek art in Rome, and the city sank to the position of a Roman provincial town, though it long continued in in the capital of Sicily, and is mentioned by Cicero as "the greatest of Greek cities, and the most beautiful of all cities." The final destruction of Syracuse did not occur till all its buildings were burnt and its inhabitants put to the sword by the Saracens in A.D. 878. After this the divisions of the city on the main land were never rebuilt, though the island of Ortygia has always been inhabited, and its fortifications were partially restored by Charles V.

As all travellers in their senses will stay at he Albergo Vittoria, it will be well for me and consider that old-fashioned inn, surpusided by convents with wooden latticed wind ows, as scrambling up the rock, with much natveté

many important incidents arose out of its a centre for our excursions. The pleasantest

Very near the hotel are the Doric ruins of the Temple of Diana, the "protectress" of the city, which Pindar calls "the couch of Artemis." I one of those temples spoken of by Cicero as "most highly adorned." Hence we must proceed to the Temple of Minerya, now the Cathedral of S. Maria delle Colonne. This temple was built in the sixth century B.C. and was of great magnificence, On its susumit was a brazen shield, of great size, and overlaid with gold, which served as a landmark to sailors on entering the port. Its folding doors of gold and ivory bore a golden head of Medusa. Earthquakes have now destroyed the porticoes of the temple, but the fourteen massy Egyptian-like columns of its sides, and a portion of the architrave and its triglyphs, are built into the walls of the church. As we listen to the jabber at the doors, we may recall Praxinoe and Gorgo, the "Syracusan gossips" of Theocritus. The cathedral contains nothing of interest except the font brought from the curlous subterranean church of Marziano. It is a huge simple marble vase, supported on twelve tiny lions, and bearing a Greek inscription, with the name of Bishop Zosimus, who converted the temple into a church. Close to the cathedral is a little museum, the chief feature of which is a beautiful headless Greek statue of Venus, supposed to be the identical statue of Chrysogene described by Theocritus.

A few minutes' walk from hence is the Fountain of Arethuse, the "Sacred Fountain" of Ovid, which still bubbles up with clear and abundant waters, though its picturesqueness is annihilated by a pit of modern masonry with which it is encircled. stories are told of the nymph Arethusa, but the most popular narrates that when she was pathing in the river Alpheius, in Arcadia, she has pursued by the river god, and that she ged to Artemis, who took pity on her, and ged her into a stream, which flowed it the earth to Ortygia. But some say rallpheius was able to pursue her and id gell his waters with hers, and others that he till bubbles up—" coccis merse cavernis" 5-close outside the fountain, in a spring of wesh water in the deep sea, bearing the inexplicable name of Occhio della Zilica. The traveller Hughes narrates how a woman,

and vast variety of gesture, repeated to him a story of a beautiful signoring of ancient times, who, being persecuted by a terrible magician, fled to this apot and drowned herself in the fountain, and that her pursuer, coming up and finding only her dead body, changed the water out of revenge from sweet bitter, and then threw himself headlong into the sea, where the waters have been in a state of perturbation ever since through the efforts of that wicked enchanter to escape from the pains of purgatory. It used to be believed that a cup thrown into the Alpheius In Arcadia, would reappear here in the fountain of Arethusa. Papyrus has lately been planted in the transparent waters, which have been spoilt for drinking since the earthquake of 1170, which let in the sea, so that Nelson, before the battle of the Nile, must have written metaphorically to Lady Hamilton, when said, "We have victualled and watered, and surely, watering at the fountain of Arethusa, we must have victory." The Passegio Arethusa is a pleasant walk on the sea wall, planted with geranium, pepper, convolvulus, barberry, aloes, and a thousand other flowers. It overlooks the Great Harbour, the "Sicanius sinus" of Virgil, and the terrible site of the last naval battle between the Syracusans and Athenians, so graphically described in what Grote calls " the condensed and burning phrases of Thucydides." The whole scene, so full of agonizing excitement and emotion iii the watchers on this very wall may be reproduced, for, except some buildings, all the surroundings are the same—the city of Ortygia, the low opposite shore of Plemmyrium, the marsh of Lysimeleia closing in the harbour, and the pale pink hills above the Anapus.

The fortifications of Ortygia are picturesque, and an artist might find several good subjects in its heavy towered gateways choked up with wains of white huge-homed oxen, salt canals which lap their base and are filled

with boats brilliant in colour.

is through many gates and over many bridges that we reach the main land a menter Acradina, "the outer city," the r important and populous quarter of and be under Nicias and Demosthenes. From the Syracuse, built entirely on the limestone, in heights above the pitless eyes of the conNow it almost utterly desolate, a solid po querous beheld them dwindling away, worn
marble pillar, standing on the green swarf out by heat of day and cold of night, by
not far from the gate of Ortygia, bell wounds and sickness, by hunger and thirst, almost the only relic of its agors, or forum by shame and nickness, by hunger and thirst, surrounded by Dionyains with the "pulcherrings portions" which are the distributions of the evering the ever-ing and by the stench cherrimae porticus," which excited the admi- dead. ration of Cicero. Here, opposite to Ortygia,

stood the magnificent monument which Dionysius the Younger erected to his father, and which was destroyed after his banishment. Here also were the Timoleonteum the well-earned monument of the patriot Timoleon, the Temple of Jupiter Olympius built by Hiero II., and the Prytaneium containing the famous statue of Sauphy by Silanion, which was stolen by Verra Now, beyond the pillar, washerwomen m wringing out their clothes on the banks of lattle brook which babbles under the poor trees, and the narrow lanes are sepaplarfrom the stony fields by low walls or brated of cactus, interspersed still with thiedges pear-trees which are supposed to have wild given a name to this quarter of the city.

A mile along the high road, not far sea shore, will bring us to a rocky from the with the fortified convent of the Capinence famous for its mummified monks, if succini, thren here have always embalmed naish bre-and, if truth be told, have been a the ler, known to pawn a dead brother moldies tressed for money. The convert henville cated now, but we must explore exp co recesses of its corridory trachy. vernous the neighbouring taken to beam thought the neighbouring taken to beam though the neighbouring taken to be the neighbouring taken the vernous pit in the limestone rock, a hundred feet deep, and limestone rock, a hundred feet deep, and many acres in extent. All around the cliff rise in perpendicular walls, often hollowed beneath into marvellous caves or rather halk in the rock. Here and there vast masses of stone have been detached by repeated carthquakes, or huge rocks have been left standing island-like amidst the rich vegetation of oranges, pomegranates, and cypresses, which is indescribably beautiful, and shich has given the place its modern name of "La Sciva." The atmosphere of Pandise which the whole scene presents ill seconds with its terrific associations, for there an be no doubt that though this and the and by figures in bright costumes, or in the other Latomiae of Syracuse were originally quarries for the limestone of which the city was built, they were employed from early times as prisons, and were so used for the immense multitude of Athenian prisoners after the blockade of Syracuse was raised

Names lead from the Cappuccini

Saracenic arch of the twelfth century, and contains a great picture by Caravaggio of the burial of S. Lucia, who has taken the place of Artemis protectress of Syracuse. long flight of steps leads down to a chapel hewn out of the rock, containing a shrine in honour of the saint; but it | empty, as her bones were carried off Constantinople by Maniaces, and are now at Venice. Here, however, her pathetic marble figure lies in serene repose, with lamps, like the vestal's fire, eternally burning around Ser. Lucia, whom Dante has introduced as the messenger from the Virgin to Beatrice-" Lucia, nimica di ciascun crudele," | reverenced throughout Italy as the gentle protectress of the labour-

ing poor. Passing the Church of S. Maria di Geru, we reach the gates of the Villa Landolina, which encloses a small Latomia used as a burial-place, and containing the poetic grave of the poet August, Count von Platen-Hallermund, who died in Syracuse. Hence a cactus-fringed lane leads to the Church of S. Govanni, which has a beautiful outer Fortice with three richly-sculptured roundheaded arches dating from \$182, when the church was dedicated. From the interior of the building steps lead into the wonderfully picturesque subterranean Church of S. Marziano, a Greek cross cut out of the solid rock, with an apac at each end except the west, where the staircase descends by which we enter. No artist will fail to paint the splendid effects of shadow and colour in this most venerable of churches, whose walls are covered with decaying frescoes, but are almost more full of colour from the weatherstains and mosses of eighteen hundred years. The red stains are attributed to the blood of the martyrs, for this le believed to be the place where the missionary and first bishop of Syracuse, S. Marziano, the contemporary of the Apostles, received St. Paul, when he I landed at Syracuse, and tarried there three days," where St. Marcian was martyred, and where St. Paul preached to the fire histian

From the little court the back of the church a hermit emerges from a hut beneath an orange-tree laden with golden fruit, and, Christians. All that I really known about sought with laborious pains outside the

congregation.

the great convent of S. Lucia. Its church is them is that they were intended for burial-entered by a curious half Norman, half places, and that they were laid out on a much more regular arrangement than the catacombs of Italy, and on a plan resembling that of a city with streets and piazzas. Wide passages lead into circular chapels, which in several cases have an opening at the top, All around are the dead; the walls are full of tombs, the floor | paved with them, even the pillars are ornamented with the tiny graves of babies. In the chapels the tombs are all in rows, in other places they are arranged in patterns. There are fragments of Greek inscriptions, one containing the name of the lady commemorated, and here and there are remains of frescoes. Tradition says that these catacombs extend as far as Catania. Though most of the passages are in ruins, they are still practicable for several miles, and I not five-and-twenty years since a professor, with his six pupils, lost his way while exploring the city of the dead. The party wandered despairingly through the horrible labyrinth in search of the entrance till they died of exhaustion, and they were found lying side by side four miles distant from the gate. Since that time holes for light and air have been pierced in the galleries, through which the dubious daylight shimmers mysteriously.

A little beyond S. Giovanni, the lans along which we have come falls into the highroad to Catania, which leads up the hill of Neapolis into the highland of Tyche, the populous quarter of the town which grew up after Dionysius had crected the great wall along the northern heights, which secured in from attack. This division of the city derived its name from a celebrated Temple of Fortune and contained the great fortiess of Hexapylum, the capture of which proved all important to Marcellus, after his soldiers had broken through its drunken guard on the festival of Diana; but now, except some small fragments of an aqueduct, no buildings of antiquity remain. Set of a mile up the road, however is covered with sepulchral ruins, almost every rock being hewn into a tomb—some mere niches for uras in The two the cliff, but others more imposing. most conspicuous monuments, which have remains of Doric pillars on their façades, with a four-cornered lamp in his hand, held have received the names of the Tombs of by a hook, will conduct travellers into the Timoleon and Archimedes, but without any exceedingly interesting catacombs—"Grotte authority; indeed, there is every reason why di San Giovanni "-attributed in turn to the lower monument, called the Tomb of Greeks, Romans, and Saracens, Pagans and Archimedes, should not be that which Cicero

Agragian gate, and which was marked by a On the other side of the lane is the Roman

sphere and cylinder on the sepulchral stela, amphitheatre, probably built, or rather for in memory of the great philosopher's inven- the most part cut out of the rock, in the tion. But the spot is romantically beautiful, time of Augustus, who recolonised Ortygia and unlike anything else. Seated upon a and part of Neapolis and Acradina, In crumbling tomb, we may look across a waste the middle of the arens a cistern; the of grey rocks, full of sepulchres, intersected ranges of seats remain; in the distance is

the island city. vast desolate ruin overgrown with flowers, and with the sea or mountains as a background, has the most desolate poetic beauty,

The little lane, which runs up the hill oppothe amphitheatre, site leads through a maze ill fruit-abounding cactus 📭 the beautiful Latomia of Sento Venere, now the garden of the Barone della Targeia, who, near

the cathedral, has handsomest palace in o cuse, and who, in depthu, has granates, daturas, salviss, camellias, and Above all, huge Judgs-trees wave their pink tresses, and masses of plumbago, jessamine, and different kinds of cacti scramble over the rocks, whilst geraniums and violets flower in masses wherever they

are radiant with loveliness. A few steps beyond S. Niccolo, passing under the arches of an aqueduct, we reach the Ara, a vast altar, mentioned by Diodorus as erected by Hiero II. It is 640 feet long and 61 broad, yet this enormous size in not Jupiter at once, as a thank-offering for the delivery of their city from the tyranny of

are allowed a foothold. Even at Christmas

poinsettias.

dides, so probably did not exist at the time. Laternia is the extraordinary cavern called the of the Athenian invasion, though it rose to Ear of Dionysius, because the painter Carasplendour under Dionysius. Cicero calls it the vaggio used to imagine that the tyrant (who fourth city of Syracuse, and speaks of its added to some of these Latomiae for prison vast theatre, its temples of Ceres and Pro- purposes), used to conceal himself M a lofty serpine, and its beautiful statue of Apollo chamber of the rock, and take advantage of its echoes to learn what his prisoners were A few minutes will being us to the Chapel planning. The cave, which winds like an S,



nno Amphitheoire, 🦦 muuse

by bright patches of grass, and here and there earthly paradise of oranges and pu overgrown by masses of pink silene or tall graceful asphodels, to the deep blue sea and the historic Great Harbour, with Plemmyrium on one side, and Ortygia, girt with walls and towers, on the other. To the left is the Little Harbour, where Dionysius established his lesser arsenal, with a white sail or two skimming across its still waters, intersected these marvellous half-subterranean gardens by tall cypress-trees, and nearer, amongst the pear and orange groves, the old church of S. Giovanni, and Hanta Lucia, and the Cappuccini on its height. Goats, tinkling their little bells, caper across the common from their fields hedged with cactus, and, in this transparent atmosphere, as in Spain, the disproportioned for a people who could figures moving upon the road cast pure blue ascrifice four bundred and fifty oxen to shadows upon the white ground.

Returning to the place where we entered the highway from S. Giovanni, we should Thrasybulus. take the opposite lane into the utterly deserted Neapolis. This was the last built Paradiso," perforated with caverns, which of the lower quarters of Syracuse, and is are hung with glorious stalactites, and used quite omitted in the descriptions of Thucy- in some instances as rope-walks. In this called Temenites.

of Niccolo, built above a Roman reservoir. is a hundred and eighty-three feet in length,

and seventy feet high. A whisper against which gave the ruin its modern name of the rock at the entrance is distinctly audible "I Molini di Galerme." to any one putting his ear to the rock at the a succession of volleys, and singing a hurrithere, but no whispers.

Passing under the arches an aqueduct. steps, and inscriptions remain dedicating four | tion.

whom she was the mother of

Hieronymus.

The Greek Theatre, in its utter solitude, with its grey stones worn to the likeness of rocks and overgrown with flowers, and its exquisitely lovely view, is, perhaps, the most touching and attractive of all the Syracusan ruins. Readers of Tacitus will recall the excellent Pactus Thrasia. unjustly censured here for opposing the proposal of Nero to allow the people of Syracuse a larger number of gladiators than was generally permitted. But I is difficult to conjure up a picture of past scenesof the theatre crowded, as must frequently have been the case,

Timoleon receiving here the thanks of the are already in young leaf in the valley in people for the restoration of their freedom, which lay the perished temples of Demeter Now there is no sound but the mannar and Persephone. of the brook which once brought water to the busy city and long turned a mill here, may obtain access to the lovely garden of a

Above the Theatre II a caverned Nymother end, and the tearing of paper produces pheum, and close beside it the entrance of the Petra-like Street of Tombs cut out cane of echoes. Those who wish to visit of the solid rock, and with walls entirely the imaginary hiding-place of Dionysius must covered by monuments, some mere niches be drawn up to by ropes; ordinary con-versation in the cavern below andible overhung by masses of the beautiful caper plant, which is the hyssop of Scripture. The marks of chariot wheels remain as deep by the little locanda where Hughes, the ruts in the rocky way, and I is interesting to traveller, drank Vinum Pollianum, the wine remember that the lectica of Timoleon must brought from Italy by Pollio, an Argive frequently have been carried upon the tyrant of Syracuse, we reach, deeply sunken shoulders of his fellow-citizens down this the slope, the Greek Theatre, hollowed hollow way. Here also especially I will be out of the side of the rock in the fifth felt how the Greeks and Romans, by thus century B.C. Its sixty rows of seats were burying the dead amongst the living, must separated by three broad walks called belts. have kept evergreen their remembrance and Its pit il divided by eight radiating flights of modified the feeling of eternal separa-

these divisions we the Queeus Philistis and It is a long walk from Ortygia we the most eis, Jupiter Olympius, and Hercules the distant quarter of the town—Epipolae. Soon chelent. It is generally supposed that after passing the railway station the picturmund's mentioned was the daughter of esque remains called the Baths of Diana are cactus-Agrigentum, and wife of Gelon, seen, with broken columns and an altar.

S. Gealled Demarata: her coins exist Hence the road runs for several miles, nearing a beautiful head, represented both between the sea and the heights of Neapolis in youth and age, but she lives only and Epipolae, through wastes of pink-grey by numismatic record. Neteis was daugh- himestone, gilded here and there with lichen, ter of Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, and and interspersed with great tufts of asphodel married Gelon, son of King Hiero, by and with lovely dwarf blue iris, which is in



Grack Theaten, Sycacuse.

by twenty-four thousand persons, and of full flower at Christmas, when almond-trees

At the little hamlet of Tremiglia visitors

villa on the steep side of the hill, which is drawbridge still in their place; the cliffs supposed III have been the retreat of Timo-honeycombed with passages, of different leon, given to him by his grateful fellow- widths and lengths, for infahtry and cavalry; citisens. Hither he is said to have brought the mighty magazines hewn in the rock; the



birost of lumbs, byracuss. (Page 185)

his wife and family from Counth, and to have Etna soars with snowy altitudes into the pale greatest ornament of the city, they were taken see Timoleon surrounded by his family. and punishing the bad.

now ascends the hills of Epipolae to the fortifications of Dionysius at Euryalus, called by the peasants Mongi-bellisi. These are the heights which Nicias took by a rapid movement, and soon afterwards lost by advancing upon the lower city without leaving a garrison behind him, and which Marcellus, on the other hand, so strongly garrisoned before he attacked Acradina. Here excavations have been made, revealing the whole

the finest example in existence. We see desolation. the deep fosse cut in the solid rock, with the

trap-doors with rests for ladders; the pedestals for catapults; the stabling, with the rings for horses still remaining in the walls.

The view is most glorious from the summit of the broad ridge which gave the place its name, where, as in the verses of Theocritus, the goat "runs after cytizus" amongst the great stones fallen from the wall, which is built of huge blocks without To the north is the cement. winding bay, with the cities of Prioli and Agosta, and the rich plain sprinkled with liquoricetrees (Glycyrrhica glabra), while, above the mountains of Hybla,

lived
a happy old age, when the people | blue sky, and is lost in a pink haze beneath. used to carry him on their shoulders to the To the south, we overlook as in a map the theatre, where all was interrupted till the rich fever-bearing marshes of the Anapus; acclamations which rose on his appearance the hillsides once radiant with groves and had ceased. If strangers asked to see the temples, but now only covered by rocks and ruins, the abodes of lizards and serpents; and the Great Harbour, with Plemmyrlum on one He had made the Syracusans value and side, and on the other Ortygia, gleaming understand liberty by a course of gradual like a jenel on the face of the blue. One reform, giving the people all the freedom cannot wonder that the victorious Marcellus, they were able to avail themselves of, but as he stood upon these rock-built walls, "was still holding the reins of government suffi- moved to teaus, partly by joy over the feat clently to allow of his rewarding the good he had accomplished, partly by the ancient glory of the city." Yet in no view have we After passing near the Latomia del Flio- a greater sense of the unstability of earthly sofo, where Philoxenus the poet is said to things than as we look down upon the have been imprisoned, the winding road "proud Syracuse" of Pindar, "the divine



The Partrets Walls, Reigolas, System

plan of a great Greek fortress, of which this | name of steel-clad chivalry," 🖿 her utter

Hence one may wander along the walls three piles is masonry which supported the Belvidere on the west, and on the east to the site of Labdalon, the fortress which the else in Europe, and was probably introduced Athenians built when they first took Epi- from Egypt by the Syracusan rulers in the polac. The shepherds on these lonely time of their intimate relation with the heights have generally found coins which Ptolemies. Most exquisite in form and they offer for sale, and the Syracusan coins colour, its yellow plumes, supported by bright

are magnificent.

Our last excursion at Syracuse must be by a boat, in which we must cross the Great Here and there only the papyrus gives place Harbour to the mouth of the Anapus, where to beautiful oleanders or palma Cristi, or the the men often have | jump into the water river | choked by floating tangles of ranunto help the boat over the river sandbank. Here, close to the mouth of the stream, birds on the banks. The floating ranunculus stood the great mausoleum of Gelon and becomes more solid, the papyrus grows more his wife Demarata, once surrounded by compactly, but the boatmen exclaimtowers, which was destroyed by the envy of "Where we can go, we will go," and, jump-Agathocles.

the site of the Greek Acrae, and flowing the river seems to disappear altogether in through lovely scenery, is for some distance the glorious thickets of green, but the boat-

the lowland. This the marsh of Syraco (now Palude Pantano), " Palus Lysimeleia " Thucydides, whose unhealthiness proved so fatal m the Athenian besiegers of Syracuse; but in winter it may be visited with Passing under impunity. wooden bridge, we soon reach the remains of an ancient bridge, where the river was crossed by the Via Helorina, and by which the remnant of the Athenian army vainly attempted to escape. Nothing can be more lovely than the colouring, the delicate pink of Euryalus and Epipolae in the transparent atmosphere recalling the scenery of the East; or

more characteristic than the beautiful waterplants, the Saracenio-looking buildings and palm-trees, the great oxen and the figures on the bank looking as if they were engraven upon the sky. "The great stream of the river Anapus," as Theocritus calls it, was worshipped by the ancient Syracusans under the form of a young man, who was regarded as the husband of the nymph Cyane, repeatedly celebrated by Ovid. Accordingly, about a mile from its mouth, the Anapus is joined by the clear river Cyane.

Now we leave the Anapus, and follow the smaller stream under its modern name of Its narrow windings are often almost filled up by masses of the beautiful papyrus (Cyperus papyrus), the plant of the Nile, where Clement of Alexandria reminds us that the infant Moses was preserved in a basket of papyrus stalks. Egrows nowhere the best point for disembarking and walking

green stalks, feather in masses far overhead. and the boat soon seems lost in their thickets. culus. Sportsmen are pursuing the water ing into the shallows, force the bost on with The river Anapus rises in the hills near their arms, or tow it from the bank. At last transparent, but becomes muddy on reaching men struggle through, and we suddenly find



On the River Cyane.

ourselves in a broad blue pool of transparent water, with open country towards the reseate mountains of Hybla. Fifty feet below us, fish are swimming and the white sand sparkles, is La Pisma, "the dark blue spring," which was the famous fountain of Cyane, the nymph who tried to arrest Pluto, when he was carrying off Proserpine, and was changed by him into a fountain which covered the entrance of Hades. Diodorus tells us how the Syracusans held an annual festival here 📕 honour of Proserpine, and some ruins not far from the fountain are pointed out as having belonged to a shrine of Cyang. Bulls also used annually be immersed here in honour of Hercules, who said to have established the custom when passing this way with the bulls of Geryon,

In returning, the boatmen will point out

famous temple which is believed to have Epipolae, and was little less in size than the statues of Jupiter. mention of cocurs when Harpocrates, alone in the corn-fields. Carthaginians at Himera, which Dionysius I. Himilcon, Hamilcar, and Marcellus,

over a little hill covered with blue iris in took away, saying that gold was "too heavy winter, to the ruins of the Olympeium, the for the god in summer and too cold in winter, but that wool would be suitable for both. been built by the Geomori in the sixth Here also were kept the public treasures and century B.C. and dedicated to Jupiter Olym- the registers of the Syracusan citizens accordpius, sometimes also called Urins, or Disposer ing to their tribes, which fell into the hands of the Winds, from the position of the temple of the Athenians during the siege. In the at the head of the Great Harbour. It faced portico was one of the three finest known Only two portions of Temple of Minerva . Ortygia. The first columns now remain, monoliths standing There are no tyrant - Gela, pitched his camp here in 493 remains of the small town of Polichne, which B.C. Soon afterwards, Gelon dedicated here stood close to this temple and which was the golden mantle from the spoils of the occupied successively as a military post by

SOME SINS OF ALMSGIVING.

BY THE REV. BROOKE LAMBERT, M.A., VICAR OF GREENWICK.

T is said that the late Archbishop of Dublin, on his death-bed, thanked God that, though he had been for many years in possession of an ample fortune, he had never given a penny to a beggar in the streets. He was a man we put things strongly; and it is well sometimes to say strong things. They answer to the loud voice in conversation, and arouse attention. I have therefore put a strong title to this paper, because I want to call attention to the fact that the old saw, "Corruptio optimi pessima"—which may be paraphrased "Vice is virtue spoiled"—holds good with regard to charity, that there may be sins of almsgiving. The Archbishop's remark suggests some very serious thoughts. He had evidently felt the temptation to give; he was thankful that he had had the moral courage to resist it. He had felt the temptation—as what would cout him little. But he had been able resist the temptation, because what would cost him little would cost society a great deal.

that of giving to beggars. To perpetuate

varies from year to year, and the thorough respectability of coat or dress is now found to do more than rags. But the plea is always the same, that if immediate help be not given starvation will ensue. And there is always the terrible dread to the charitable of making a mistake, and refusing a really deserving case. It is a maxim of our English procedure, that it is better that two guilty men should be let off than that one innocent man should suffer. Why should not this principle guide our private practice? Why should we not give the penny, instead of threatening a policeman? If there were no test easy of application, I could hardly call the giving a sin. But there is a very simple test to be applied. In every town there is a Union. hard by, and a relieving officer at hand in most towns there is a Merclicity Society who has not?--to give to a poor creature or a Chanty Organization Society. The test is to ask the applicant whet her he has applied to the workhouse, or to viffer a Mendicity or Charity Organization: Society ticket. answer will generally decide the case. In The first sin, then, of which I would speak many instances it will be one which will that of giving to beggars. To perpetuate make one stop one cars, and then one that class of moral lepers, who, whilst they live on the weakness of human kind, communicate their disease to others—as the returns which the inexperienced may not at once disclose the true state of affairs. But cannot be too plainly stated, that it the law of not be too plainly stated, that it the law of Wells (Bagot) tell on a platform in Bristol the land, and the dine law which is least subthe story of the evil in the form it existed in ject to violation, I that every person absothose days. He saw a woman put two ragged children on one of the bridges in the town, and heard her say, giving them something because the case, is not what it seems, or wherewithal to make them do it, "Now roar like devils." The form of the imposture weak, the applicant has refused it on the

there is this second and far more weighty belief, so soon do we tempt men to affect a consideration. If the person be, as is stated, belief they do not possess. The district adjourn the inevitable fate for a day. Unless you are prepared to follow up the case, you might as well make ducks and drakes with the money. No class iii the world are so generous as the poor, and that class of poor not generally so called, who are perhaps the poorest, the small shopkeeper. I once that no one begged in them. The poorest streets in Whitechapel are the harvest-ground of the professional beggar. "It's a poor street I can't make a penny in," said one, "and I can do sixty in a day." If a man has not lost every shred of credit, he will be taken care of by one of these two classes. I believe every case of starvation may be traced to that inadequate charity which has paralysed exertion, or prevented an earlier recourse to the House. I have not used language one whit too strong in calling this a sin. It is a sin to increase the number of those who whine and criuge, who stand all the day idle, not because no man hath hired them, but because they will not be hired. Try some test and offer work, take the address, inquire at the shop near where the person lives; but never give at the door, unless you wish to be of those who put a stumbling-block in the way of the weak. "It must be that occasions of falling will come, but wee to him through whom the occasion of falling cometh." And that weak mercy does this, does tend to perpetuate a class which would disappear if man did not try to be more merciful than God, experience af the poor will soon show.

The second sin of which I wish to speak is that of making religion a ground of charity. I speak as a clergyman, knowing the immense difficulty of rising to the height of the declaration, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee." When we have no such substantial gift as that of bodily healing put in the place of charity, it is hard to rise to the effort. But, with the changed condition of society in which we live, the effort must be made. The best stimulus to the effort will be found in the consideration of the consequences of mixing up religion and charity. The evils are twofold. The practice makes men hypocrites, and alienates the best class of men from religion. So soon as we lead men to think aide, that which touches on the weak side of

conditions on which it was offered. But needs of the case, but on the profession of a on the verge of starvation, what possible good visitor knows that a Rible often suspican your expence or shilling do? It can but clously open when a visit is expected, and has learned long since to distrust, from instinct, those cases where pious ejaculations and glib texts are prominent. It is not always remembered that II II almost the necessary result of a connection between relief and religion. I seems so very natural to feel a keener interest in those who are trying to heard an Archbishop speak of streets so poor lead a higher life. Does not the Bible tell us to be specially careful and good to the Household of faith? Are we quite sure what the Household of faith is? Church of England we read this text in the offertory sentences. Now these sentences were chosen with a special reference in the objects of the collection, which was in old times divided among three objects-the clergy, the church, and the poor. The oursest of the text are the servants of the household, the Church, the ministers of the gospel. The passage has reference to the support of the service and its ministers, and has nothing to do with the pious poor. The conjunction of piety and poverty gives no special claim to relief, unless the poverty is of the soit which would be relieved in those who are not pious. If the Scripture teaches us anything, it teaches us that God has no favourites. Whatever punishment ain entails falls on the sinner, whether the act be contrary to the general tenor of his life, or be the expression of its general course. "You only have I known of all the families of the earth, therefore will I punish you for all your iniquities," is a comment on the whole history of the favoured nation. But I have unintentionally digressed from my point, that the connection between religion and relief does generate hypocrisy. I think I shall have the experience of most clergymen and district visitors with me as far, that they would allow that this is an evil against which they feel it necessary to be constantly on their guard. And I believe that the only absolute safeguard never, as a rule, give in general visitation among the poor. I any case of distress is seen, let 🔳 🔤 referred to the parish committee; let the gift depend on the circumstances as then elicited, not on the feelings awakened at the moment. For there is a terrible passage about making proselytes who are tenfold more children of Gehenna. But I confess that I do not like we dwell on this that our relief depends not on the strict our human nature. And I must say, in justice to the class, that I doubt whether, if we children of your father which is in heaven," were in their case, we could resist the tempta- with the comment, for "He maketh His tion. Life is to many very bopeless, and sun to shine on the evil and on the good," self-respect very hard preserve. When and any natural connection between charity tickets are sown broadcast, it seasy to assume a moral as well = physical aspect gyman whose name used to appear certainly which will attract an abundant supply of every week, generally every day, in the them in one direction. There is a second agony column of the Times, once said in a consideration even more serious than the meeting of clergymen, that he usually gave hypocrisy of the weak, and that is the aliena- his communion alms to those who attended tion of the strong. Who that knows the poor the sacrament. When I could not but smile does not number among his acquaintance a at the narrest of the statement, he had the set of men whom he would call the nobility impudence to remark, "I was observing, of the class, who lack but one thing to make when that young gentleman interrupted me them perfect in his eyes, that bond of sym- by smiling, that I always gave my alms to pathy which comes of a common faith? And those who attended the sacrament. I once some of these men, not far from the kingdom had grand views of charity such as perhaps of God, are not of it, as far as man can see, he affects. When he gets to my age is will chiefly because of their abhorrence of the class whose connection with the parson bution is the best way of insuring a good speaks of weakness on the one side, and attendance at the sacrament." There are villainy on the other. No marvel these men not many clergymen who would beast of should hold off from us clargy, when they see such cynicism. It is my conviction that that the way to win our favours is to come to there are many to whom the above statement church and affect a pious tone. No wonder will seem the grossest profanity, who do, that even among the less promising there practically, act on lines which produce the should be some at least manly enough to same results; and whilst they do so, it is no say..." I know I am not what I ought to be, wonder that the best of the working classes I drink too much, I do many things of which are not **to** be seen in church. I am ashamed; but, thank God, I am not a hypocrite." And in the noblest of them one was really sin in connection with almagiving, seems to trace that kind of heroism which I could write a paper on the degradation to one has admired in the old heathen, who which it seems necessary to submit to obtain having listened to the preaching of the gos-money for a good object. Let us take pel, was about to step into the water and be an instance in which I will not enter into haptized, when it occurred to him to ask the more particulars than I can avoid, lest in missionary whether he should find his fore- dealing a blow at a common evil I should fathers in the heaven to which he hoped to injure good work. A society is in need of his head, he turned sadly from the water, not only is a dinner arranged to raise funds, preferring to cast in his lot with those who but a public meeting is added, with concert, had gone before him. There is a price at presentation of pures, and the usual machiwhich II II too dear to purchase happiness nery of such methods of obtaining money. for one's self. And as one sees the large class. The particular evil of this effort is that it of men who would not be ill-disposed to calls in the aid of children, who are asked to religion, if they felt sure II was absolutely mise a sum of money for each purse, so large honest, one cannot but fear that they hold off for their means that they cannot possibly get from it because of the connection between it without asking others for money. In the tracts and tickets, soup and salvation. This name of all that is good what does this mean? is no imaginary bindrance. Perhaps some Am I, under the guite of doing good to a one will re-write Foster's essay, "On the worthy object, to educate my children in the the interests of this class. The fault does effort is made to bribe them into a contribution not perhaps lie so much with them as a class which they must beg from others? as with those who have dragged the holy bighest notion to which I can appeal the name of religion from its high pedestal, and sense of vanity is being handed out to a mainly. Let us keep before men the highest receiving a centenary medal, and having

give up impossible notions. Such a distri-

And if I wanted further to show that there gain admission. When the preacher shook money. In order to stimulate donations, Aversion of Men of Culture to Religion," in notion that they are doing charity, when every connected with thoughts of selfishness Princess, and their sense of satisfaction in reward of the gospel, "that ye may be the their names printed in a magazine? I shall by more than usually large contributions "-I shall never forget how the preacher, then Dean of Ely, now Bishop of Carliale, raised his voice, and said, " I have heard it suggested that you should "-then follow the words of the circular-" I can appeal to no such unworthy motive; rather would I say, give because the Prince of Peace is among you." If the method to which I have referred was rare enough we be considered exceptional, I should not mention it; it represents the principle on which money is nowadays collected. In many places of worship it is a practice to lay stones, each inscribed with the name of the donor, and these stones hand down the names of the supporters to posterity. Doubtless these are the names of men of mark in the Church, those whom the Church delights to honour? That is not the spirit of These the practical nineteenth century. donations of from £10 to £50. "Master, what goodly stones and buildings are these?" There was something in close juxtaposition about a widow's mite, which is out of fashion nowadays. The principle is everywhere. We have baraars for building a church, lated into the vernacular? It means: I do not care much for the bonour of God, but I do care for having my purchase handed to me by a smiling duchess. I don't care to give half-a-crown to the church, but I don't mind doing it if I have a pen-wiper thrown in. What the whole system of charity means nowadays is: we must have moneyfrom honourable and high motives if we can, but if not, any way money—and that is so like a very ordinary business maxim, that I do not hesitate to call it a sin of almsgiving.

The last sin of almogiving of which I propose to speak, is the tendency of societies to do away with individual effort. Nothing is so priceless individual action, and it used to be, and thank God is still, a great

never forget the effect produced on my mind viction that no good can be done without a when, at a grand service in St. Paul's, the society. If we are to do anything nowadays congregation had been appealed to "to cele- we must have an association, and a com-brate the auspicious event of the presence of mittee, and a secretary, and above all a the Prince of Wales as a steward among them treasurer. And these societies never die. Herbert Spencer speaks of having called one day at the office of a society for the promotion of some social reform, and found the secretary in blank dismay at the prospective realisation of the reform, and the consequent termination of his labours. But we should search in vain for a religious society which confessed its work done, and decided, like the Com Law League, on its own dissolution. Let me take an instance from my own Church. In the days of deadness, before we were awakened to exertion by the rivalry of our Nonconformist brethren, societies were started to promote church building and to provide curates, &c. They naturally took up their quarters in London. They proposed create an enthusiasm for their special objects, and they succeeded to such a degree, that every diocese has now similar societies. Did the central societies confess their work to be men have purchased enviable notoriety by done and dissolve? By no means—the expensive central societies, with their organ-Mug (often paid) secretaries, their separate staff, meetings, and collectors, work side by side with the diocesan agencies. Some of these societies, with a view of charity quite different from that which "does good, hoping grand patronesses, grand stall-holders, gorgeous objects, and great display of goods.

The bazaar is to promote a work for large meeting held at Lichfield, organizing
the honour and glory of God. But what
does this paraphernalia mean when translarge meeting held at Lichfield, organizing
secretaries got up one after another with the
amme sad tale, "we have sent so much money to your diocese, and we have only got this trifle back." One would have thought that the only condition of the existence of a central society was that its abundance should supply local need, that so there might | equality. That is at least a Christian and a New Testament view, but that is not the businesslike view of modern charity, with its staff of " spiritual bagmen," as a witty friend called the estimable organizing secretaries. Meanwhile the layman is taxed at home and in the country till the clergyman wears to him the aspect of a professional beggar. I shall not soon forget a visit I paid to an old lady in a country town. She was deaf, and I tried vain to make her hear. I spoke deliberately, monthing my words, she pushed her ear trumpet into my mouth. I doubted whether factor in the world. But we are doing all in even her companion had made her under-our power to prevent individual action having stand that I was the vicar. But at last a its full play, and if it be misdirected from glessa of intelligence brightened her face. dying a natural death, by our profound con- Her eye had caught my white tie, and she

the mention of such associations. Their multiplication creates demands which cannot be so easily satisfied as those of individuals. We have a great body to feed. But the crowning evil of modern charity is the growing conviction, that no good can be the right direction, have also a tendency to make people think that the removal of evils is a society and not an individual work. And there is the further danger that in the multiplicity of these minor societies we should forget the great society to which we all belong, the Church, the body of Christ, the whole body of earnest men of whatever creed, or nation, or tongue. The story which Menenius Agrippa told the discontented citizens of Rome has been Christianized for us by St. Paul. He has told us that we are the body of Christ and members in particular, and that there should be no schism in the same care one of another. Now when I see the sins of almsgiving.

turned her companion and said, "What is the multitude of societies, and associations, he come to beg for?" The white tie was a and guilds, got up promote the ordinary fact she grasped, and it could mean in her virtues of temperance, soberness, and chastity, experience but one thing. But we are losing which are the very basis of Christian morality; sight of the principal evil of societies, this when I see the numberless organizations set subsidiary evil was of necessity mentioned in on foot, so that every man, woman, and class is being ticketed off to be "done good to" (and those who have no special distinction, or do not like to be ticketed, are in danger of being left out in the cold), it seems to me that there is a real danger. We are in danger of losing touch of the grand stimulus done without a society; and the consequent to be got from the thought of the great body loss of individual effort. Societies, whilst fitly framed and knit together by that which setting a good many carnest people to work every joint supplieth, making increase 🔳 the building up of itself in love. The strength which comes of a perfectly healthy body, throwing off disease by the very vigour of constitution, is a grand thought. We concentrate our thoughts on the individual defects, and forget what new life might arise | we looked at the whole of society as one body in Christ. There is no danger of my remarks being supposed to be directed against all societies. They are necessary and good, especially good in calling attention to new methods of treatment. Be their multiplication has a tendency to make men think no good can be done without them, and thus by body, but that the members should have the dwarfing individual energy adds another to

LADY JANE.

BT Mas. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER VII.-SUBPENSE.

faction in this self-martyrdom. It was totally unnecessary and could advantage pobody thing was so doubtful as to his future prospects, was disagreeable to him. He neglected took pleasure in making himself miserable, affairs entirely occupied his mind. He spent wretchedness on sheet after sheet of note and other cognate regions, and attended a this practice began, the Duchess, alarmed, sent "pick up" something which might hereaster him an energetic protestation. "Such a hot grace her sitting-room gave a glory to bruc-correspondence will soon awaken suspicions," a-bruc, and thus he seemed to be doing she wrote; "for Jane's sake I implore you to something for har, even when most entirely be a little more patient." "Patient! much separated from her. Jane hersel wrote to

pouncing upon this letter with the hope of finding, perhaps—who could tell?—the Duke's A7INTON stayed in London until Sep- consent in it and final sanction, he entember, with a certain sense of satis- countered this disappointing check. What could she know about it indeed, with Jane by her side, and all that she cared for I but the thought of going into the country Perhaps in other circumstances the young and pretending to enjoy himself while every- man might have had a glimmering perception that the Duchess was well acquainted with the exercise of patience even though Jane his friends, he declined his invitations, he was her daughter; but m present his own and in pouring out his loneliness and a good deal of his time in Wardour Street paper, and addressing the budget to Billings great many sales, in which there was some Court : from whence, very soon indeed after degree of soothing to be obtained; for to she knows about it," Winton said, when, him the most soothing of letters. "So long



"He spent a good dank of his tame in Wardour Street

as we know each other as we do, and trust each other, what does a little delay matter?" she said. Poor Winton cried out, "Much she knows about it ! " again, as he kissed yet almost tore, in loving fury, her tender little epistle. This was very unreasonable, for of course she knew quite as much about it as he did. When a pair of lovers are parted it is not the lady that is supposed to feel it the least. And yet he was more or less justified in that despairing exclamation, for Jane's perfect faith was such as is murely He did not feel at all sure that she might not worked himself up into little fits of passion XXII[-14

be capable out of pure sweetness and selfsacrifice—that pernicious doctrine in which, he said to himself angrily, women are nounshedof giving him up. Even the Duchess sometimes thought so, deceived by the serene aspect of her child who did not pine or sigh, but pursued her gentle career with a more than ordinary sweetness and pleasure in it. Lady Jane had the advantage over both these doubting souls. Doubt was not in her: and she was aware, as they were not, of the persistency of her own steadfast nature, which, in the absence of all experience to the contrary, she held to did not be a universal characteristic. occur is her as possible that having made up his mind on an important subject-far less given his heart, to use the sentimental language which she blushed yet was pleased in the depths of her seclusion to employ-any man -or woman either-could be persuaded or forced to change it. Many things were possible -but not that. She had no excitement on the subject because was outside of all her consciousness, a thing impossible. Change give up ! The only result of such a suggestion upon Lady Jane was a faintly humorous, and perfectly serene smile. But Winton had not this admirable serenity. Perhaps he was not himself so absolutely true as the possible to a man who has been in the world, stainless creature whom he loved. He

sometimes, asking himself how could be tell what agencies might be brought to bear upon het, what necessities might be urged upon her? It was very well known that the Duke was poor: and if it so happened that in the depths of his embarrasament somebody stepped forward with one of those fabulous fortunes which are occasionally to be met with, ready to free the father at the cost of the daughter, as happens sometimes even out of novels, would Jane be able to resist all the inducements that would be brought to bear upon her? Winton sprang from his feet more than once with a wild intention of rushing to his lawyers and instructing them to stop his Grace's mouth with a bundle of bank-notes, lest he might lend an ear to that imaginary millionaire. And on coming to his senses it must be said that the Duke's overweening pride which was working his own harm, was the point of consolation to which the lover clung, and not any conviction of the firmness of Lady Jane in such circumstances. It was a comfort that his Grace was far too haughty in his Dukedom to suffer the approach of mere millionaires.

In September, Lady Germaine returning from that six weeks at Homburg with which it was the fashion in those days for worn-out fine ladies to recruit themselves after the labours of the sesson, and pausing in London two days in a furious acres of shopping before she went to the country, saw Winton pass the door at which her carriage-was standing, and pounced upon him with all the engerness of an explorer in a savage country. "You here I" she said, "for goodness' sake come and help me with my shopping. I have not spoken two words together for a week-not even on the journey! There was nobody: I can't think where the people have gone to: one used to be sure of picking up some one on the way, but there was nobody. Well 1 and how are things going?" she added, making a distinct pause after her first little personal outburst was over,

"Very badly," Winton said, with a sigh, " Papa will not pay any attention?" said Lady Germaine. "I warned you of that: don't say you were taken unawares. you he was the most impracticable of men, and you, in your holy innocence-

"Don't," said Winton. "I remember all you said; you called me names; you confessed

that you felt guilty-

"Be just. I did not say I felt guilty. but only that his Grace would think me so, which are very different things. And so he will not have you? poor boy! but I knew that from the beginning. There is one fine thing in him, that he has no eye to his own advantage. Most people would think you a very good match for Jane."

Don't speak blasphemy," said Winton. "I agree with the Duke, he is as right as a There is nobody good enough man can be.

for her-

" Except-

"Except no one that I am acquainted with. I don't deserve that she should let me tie her shoes. Oh, don't suppose I have changed my opinion about that."

"I am glad to find you are in such a proper frame of mind—then there will III no trouble at all, none of the expedients adopted in meh cases? Poor Lady Jane! but since that is the case there is nothing more to be said. And what, may I ask, you good humble-minded young man, are you doing in town in September? You ought to be shooting somewhere, or making yourself agreeable.

"I am knocking about at all the sales," said Winton, "trying to pick up a little thing here and there for her rooms at Winton, What are the expedients you were thinking of, dear Lady Germaine? It is always good

to know.

Lady Germaine laughed, "Then you have not given in?" she said. " I did not suppose you were the sort of person to give in. What did he say? was it final? did he show you to the door? You will think it hard-hearted of me to laugh, but I should like to have been in hiding somewhere to have seen his Grace's face when you ventured to tell him."

"He has not received that shock yet,"

said Winton, not very well pleased.

"He has not---! Do you mean you have never asked the Duke? Are things just as they were, then, and no advance made?" said Lady Germaine in a tone of wonder that was

not quite free of contempt.
"They will not let me speak," said Winton in a voice from which he could not keep a certain querulous accent. "It is not my way of managing affairs; but what can I do?

Her mother says-

"Then you have got the Duchess on your

side?"

"I suppose so," said the young man. sometimes doubt whether it is for good or evil. She will not let me speak. She says she will let me know the right moment. In the meantime life insupportable, you know. I shall take we courage a deux mains, and when I so down there-

"You are going down there—to Billings?"

cried Lady Germaine with a gasp of astonish-

"On the 10th," said Winton with a sigh, "but whether anything will come of it or

When the Duchess I taking the business into her own hands | Reginald Winton, I have told you before you were a goose," said Lady Germaine solemnly. "And what is the use of mooning about here and asking me what are the expedients? Of course, she has thought of all the expedients. Whatever he may be, the Duchess is a woman of sense. Are you furnishing Winton? Have you all your arrangements made? I should have everything ready-down to the footstools and door-mats-and servants engaged, and your carriages seen to. You can't marry a duke's daughter without taking a little trouble about the place you are going to put her in."

"Trouble --- there shall be no sparing of trouble I" he cried; but then shook his head. "We are a long way off that," he added in a

dolorous tone.

"This is the confident lover," said Lady Germaine, " who scoffed at dukes and thought himself good enough for anybody's daughter. Don't you see that if it comes to nothing, something must come of it directly? Things of this sort can't hang on—they go quicker than the legitimate drama. If I were you, I would have the steeds saddled in their stalls, and the knights in their armour, like Walter Scott, you know."

"Do you think so?" said Winton, his eyes lighting up. "If I could imagine that anything so good as this was on the cards-

"On the cards! Oh, the obtuseness of man! Do you think the Duchess will let herself 🔤 beaten? Oh, yes, her husband has been too many for her again and again. I know she has had to give in and let him take his own way: but now that Jane is concerned, and she has pledged herself to you-

"She has been very kind. I had not the least right mexpect such kindness as she has shown me : but she has given no pledge," said Winton with a recurrence of his despondency.

Lady Germaine, who had stopped herself in the full career of her shopping to hokl this conversation with him in a luxurious corner of the great shop, where all was still at this dead moment of the year, and only velvet-footed assistants passed now and then noiselesslygave him at this moment a look of disdain, and rose up from her chair. " Ldid not think you had been such a noodle," she said, and, before he could answer a word, went forward light of the soft September evening, with an

to the nearest counter, where an elegant youth had been waiting all the time with bales of silk and stuffs half unfolded for her ladyship's inspection and plunged into business. That elegant youth had not in any way betrayed his wearness. He had stood by his wares as if it were the most natural thing in the world to wait for half an hour, so to speak, between the cup and the lip : but he had not been without his thoughts, and these thoughts were not very favourable to Lady Germaine. Most likely this was the origin of a paragraph which crept into one of the Society papers in the deadness of the season and puzzled all the tantalised circles in country houses, and even bewildered the clubs. Who could the "Lady G." be who had awakened the echoes of the back shop at Allen and Lewisby's? Here is the advantage of an immaculate reputation. Neither the clubs nor the country houses ever associated Lady Germaine with such a possibility; but this, of course, was what that elegant young person did not know.

"Why am I a noodle?" said Winton, going after her, and too much absorbed in the sub-

ject to think of the attendant at all,

"If you can think of a stronger word put that instead," said Lady Germaine. "I can't call names here, don't you see, though I should so like to. No pledge! Oh, you -What should you like in that way? Something on parchment with seals hanging to it like a Pope's bull? as if every word she said and every suggestion the made was not a pledge, and the strongest of pledges? Go away, and let me choose the children's new frocks in peace. It is easier to do that than to make people understand."

But Winton did not go away. He leaned over her chair, making certainty more certain to the spectator behind the counter. Look here," he said, "do you really mean what you say—that I ought to have everything

ready?

"Don't you think these two shades go nicely together?" said Lady Germaine, putting the silk and the merino side by side with skilful hands, and with an air of the profoundest deliberation. "The girls have not a thing to wear. I should have the steeds in the stables and the knights in the hall, if I were you, and William of Deloraine ready to ride by night or by day."

Perhaps this advice was not the clearest in the world, but, such as it was, it was all the lady would give; and it sent Winton along the helf-lighted half-empty streets, in the twi-

alert pace and a heart beating as it had not and yet nothing but an approaching marriage beat since London had suddenly become empty to him by the departure of one family from it. He went over every room of his house that evening, calculating and considering. was a charming house, and he had regarded it with no small satisfaction when, only a year or two before, its decorations had been completed. But now, with the idea 🖿 his mind that at any moment (was not that what she said?) he might have be ready for the princess, the wife—that his happiness might come upon him suddenly, and his life be transformed, and his house turned into Aer house—in this view was astonishing how many things he found that were incomplete. Nay, everything was incomplete. was dingy-it was small; it was commonplace. The drawing-rooms had become oldfashioned, though yesterday he had been under the impression that there was an antique grace about them-a flavour of the old world which gave them character. The dining-room was heavy and elaborate; the library too dark; the morning-room-good heavens! there was no morning-room in which a lady could establish herself, but only a half-furnished place uninhabited, cold, with no character at all. It brought a cold dew all over him when he opened the door of that empty chamber. He could scarcely sleep for thinking of it. What if the might be ready before her house was! The idea was intolerable: and everything was petty, mean, without beauty, unworthy of her. He had not thought so when he walked through those over-gilded drawing-rooms in Grosvenor Square, and said himself that not amid such tawdry fineries m these should his wife be housed. Everything had changed since that brief moment of confidence. He was dissatisfied with everything. Next morning he had no sooner awoke from a sleep troubled by dreams of chaotic upholstery, than went to work. Perhaps, after all, things were not so bad. With the aid of a few experts, and a great deal of money, much, if not everything, can be done in a very short space of time. He ran down into the country as soon as he had set things going in Kensington, and arrived at his old manor-house without warning, the great consternation of the housekeeper. Winton had still more need of the experts and the bried-brac. wanted many things besides, which were not to be had in a moment, and his life for the next week was as laborious as that of the busiest workman. The excitement among the servants and hangers on at both places was indescribable.

could account for it; or else that he was going clean out of his senses, which was another

hypothesis produced.

This fit of active and hopeful exertion got over these remaining days with the speed of a dresm. The hours galloped along with him as lightly at least, if not as merrily, as though they were indeed carrying him I his wedding day. But when all was done that he could do, and the moment approached for his visit to Billings, a cold shade fell over him. Lady Germaine's clever little speeches began to look like nonsense as m thought them over; "quicker than the legitimate drama;" what did she mean by that? Could he imagine for a moment to himself that Jane, the princers of her own race as well as of his affections, the serene and perfect lady of his thoughts, would be the heroine of any vulgar romance? That IIII could have entertained such a thought for a moment horrified him when he paused in his feverish exertion and began to think what it all meant. But this was only on the way to Billings, when every pulse in his body began to throb high with the thought of being once more her presence, under the same roof with her, and about to put his fortune to the test to gain everything or-no, not to lose her. He said to himself with a sudden passion that he would not lose Jane. Such a calamity was not possible. Father and mother and all the powers might do what they would or could, but she was his, and give her up he would not. Thus the anxious lover went round the compass and came back to the point from which he started. He found Lady Germains as wise and clever as he had always thought her, when he came thus far. There were expedients—and the Duchess was pledged to the employment of them as certainly as if he had her word for it engressed on parchments scaled and signed and delivered. One way of another, his visit to Billings would be decisive. He went like a soldier to the field of battle, with a thrill of excitement over him, as well as with all the softening enthusiasm of a lover. Happen how it might, he could not leave that unknown fortress, that Castle Dangerous, as he came.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE DECISIVE MOMENT.

Ir was not, however, **all like a** conquering hero that Winton made his appearance at Billings. A number of other people arrived by the same train and were conveyed in various carriages both before and after him He said nothing of his approaching matriage, to the great house. I was a long drive, and

the approaching meeting, rehearing again brightest member had linked her fate—that he and again. Winton knew as well as any one should come in on the same footing as Mr. what it is to arrive at a country house—the Rosencrants, the German librarian, or that when no one knows what to do, the hesitabefore, the well-bred attempts of the people who have, not to seem too much at home. the anxiety of the hosts to distribute their attentions equally and leave no one out-were all familiar to him. But somehow his special position now gave him much of the feeling of surprise and disappointment and involuntary half-offence which a new comer, unused to society, and expecting perhaps to be received with all the warm individual welcome of more intimate hospitality, feels when he finds himself only one of the least considerable of a large party. All the other members of the group were of greater consequence than Winton, and almost all were habitude of the place, accustomed to come year after yearpersons whom the Duke could receive as sufficiently near his own level to be worthy the honour of his friendship. Such a party is always diversified by some one or two people who are altogether pobodies, and afford either a sort of background like supernumeraries in a play, or are elevated to the most important position by dint of dexterity and adulation. Winton felt himself to belong to the background as he stood about in the half when all the greetings were going on, waiting for his. It had been like a sudden downfall from heaven to earth to perceive, as he cast his first rapid glance round on entering, that lane was not there. Afterwards he said to himself that he could not have endured her to be there, but for the moment her absence struck him like a blow. And what could the Duchess do more than shake hands with him as she did with all her other guests? He thought she gave him a glance of warning, a little smile—but no doubt every man there supposed that for himself individually her Grace had a kind regard. He stood talking for a short time after the ladies had been swept away to their rooms. He knew several of the more important of the guests, and he knew one of the nobodies who was a very prominent figure. But was with an indignant sense the his reception ought to have been a very different one that he found himself following a servant up the grand staircase into those distant regions allotted bachelors, where his non-importance was to be still more forcibly brought home to him. He who ought to have been received

he had time to think about it and to go over as the son of the house—he to whom its confusion of the arrival, the little pause stale hanger-on of the clubs who made a nort of trade of country-houses, was very tion of the people who have never been there bitter to Winton. He was not accustomed to be a new, and he did not like the post. To tell the truth, in the first half-hour in Billings Castle Winton felt his own hopes and dreams come back upon him with a bitterness and sense of ridicule which drove him almost out of himself. Had he not been a fool to entertain any hopes at all? Was not Lady Germaine Indicrously mistaken when she talked of the Duchess's pledge? The Duchess, was she not far too great a lady to care what happened to a simple gentleman? He began to think he had been a fool to come, a fool ever to permit himself to shipwreck his heart and life in this way, and doubly a fool, a ridiculous idiot to go drivelling into decorations and pieces of furniture, as if his little manor-house could ever vie with- All these thoughts were put to flight in a moment by the sudden opening of a closed door which flooiled a dark passage to his right with the glory of the sunset's weeping through it. Some one came out and stood for a moment in the midst of that glory: then Winton heard himself called. The servant disappeared by magic, and he suddenly found himself in a small sittingroom with a broad window flooded by the evening light. The Duchess held out both her hands to him, but he scarcely saw them, for behind her, coming in through another door, a little flush upon her soft cheeks, and that liquid golden illumination in her eyes it was as if some one had said to him out of the glowing west, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

This meeting, however, was III the briefest for the house was very full and the dinner hour approaching. "You must away directly," the Duchess said, "but I could not trust you to meet for the first time downstairs before so many eyes."

"So it was policy?" Winton cried.

"Entirely policy—is not every step I take more or less of that description?-bm Jane could not have borne it," she said, "and neither could you, I think. I did not bring you here to rain you. We must all be on our ps and qs."

"Pa and qs," cried Winton, "become insupportable. Dear Duchess, you will not be too hard upon me. Now at least I must have it out, and know my fate. How can

off in indefinite space?"

Lady Jane touched his arm lightly with her hand, stroking it, with a pretty movement of mingled soothing and sympathy. "Paimpatience. It pleased her delicate sense of what was best.

"Would you prefer, Mr. Winton, to know the worst?--would you rather have a definite

No than an indefinite suspense?"

"Don't call him Mr. Winton," said Lady

Jane in her under tone.

Winton looked from one lady to another keenly, with an inquiry which the Duchess met without flinching, and Lady Jane without being all aware what it meant. Her Grace gave him an almost imperceptible nod, always looking him full in the face. Her eyes seemed to promise everything. that case," he said-"in that case-better the refusal: then we shall see what there remains to do."

The Duchess sighed. " I believe it is the wisest way," she said, "after all: but you cannot suppose it is very pleasant to me. Now, go; you must go, and leave us to dress. You may come here to-morrow after breakfast, or when we come in, in the afternoonbut you must not be always coming. And in the meantime prudence, prudence! you cannot be too prudent. If you betray yourself I cannot answer for the consequences, You must remember that for Jane's sake."

Then they put him out of the room, out of the shining of the sunset in which he thought she stood transfigured, the soft glory caressing her, the level golden radiance getting into her eyes and flooding them—and closed the door upon him, leaving him in the darkness of the passage, which looked all black to his dazzled eyes. Fortunately his guide appeared a moment afterwards and he was d up to his chamber, in the wilds so to speak of the great house, where he came back to himself as well as he could. Winton was only a man like the rest of his kind. He wondered if the women enjoyed, with a native feminine malice such as everybody has commented upon from the beginning of time, the position which they had placed him. Ah, not they; not Jane, who was a world above all jesting-but perhaps the Duchess, who, he could imagine, did not mind making him pay a little in his dignity, in his selfregard, for the promotion he had got through her daughter's love. She would do anything for him because Jane loved him, but perhaps she had a mischievous astisfaction and easy nowadays," he said,

bear to hang on.—to have everything pushed in the little drama which she was arranging round him-the external slights, the sudden bliss, the dismissal back again to humility and the second floor. Was this so? He concluded it was, with a half-amused irritazienza!" she said softly; but she liked the tion, a sense of being played with. She was kind: but was it in mortal suffer without a pang, without an attempt at reprisals, the loss of Jane? And then, perhaps, the Duchess too had a little feeling that he was not one of her own caste, her daughter's equal-not enough to make her resist that daughter's choice, but yet enough to prompt in passing a little prick as with a needle at the too fortunate. As a matter of fact, had Winton been cool enough to notice it, the Duchers had meant him no prick at all. He had been received in the usual way, lodged according to the general rule. She had thought in wisest not to do anything to distinguish him beyoud his neighbours, but that was all,

The evening was full of tantalised and suppressed expectation, yet of a moment's pleasure now and then. Except the German librarian and the man from the clubs, and a young author who had been the fashion and was the protege of one of the great families visiting at Billings, the company was all much more splendid than Winton. Names that were known to history bussed about him as he sat down to dinner, with Lady Adela Grandmaison beside him, who was exceedingly relieved to fall to his lot and not to one of the elderly noblemen who illustrated the table. Lady Adela wore a sacque like a dainty lady of the eighteenth century, but was apt to throw herself into attitudes which were suggestive of the fourteenth. She did not feel at all disposed to be disdainful of Winton. Instead of this she took him into her confidence. Did you ever see such a party of swells?" she said, notwithstanding her mediseval attitudes. " Don't they frighten you to death, Mr. Winton? I am so glad to have somebody I dare talk to. The Duke is too funny for anything, don't you think so? like an old monarch in the pantomime. It is all exactly like the theatre. He says 'My lord '-- listen | exactly as they do on the stage."

"I suppose they did that sort of thing when his Gence was young," said Winton, looking up the great table to where that majestic presence showed beyond the ranks of his guests. A little tremor ran over him when he realised the aplendour of the personage to whom he was going so soon to carry has suit. "Perhaps we are a little too free-

"Don't desert your generation," cried Lady Adela, and then she added significantly, "there I Jane looking our way. Jane is so sweet-don't you think so, Mr. Winton?"

Winton met the soft eyes of his love and the keen ones of this young observer at the same moment; and this, though he was a man of the world, brought a sudden flush to his face. All the fine company, and the gorgeous table heavy with plate and brilliant his face. with flowers, grew like a mist to him, and nothing seemed real except that noftly-tinted, tender-shining countenance, turning upon him the light of her eyes. They were so placed that though they never spoke they could see each other across the table, through a little thicket of feathery ferns and flowers. Lady Jane was too courteous, too self-forgetting to neglect her special companion or to abandon the duty of entertaining her parents' guests. But now and then she would lift her eyes and empty out her heart in one look across the table through that flowery veil. He was not nearly so entertaining in consequence as Lady Adels had hoped.

Next morning there were some moments that were full of excitement and happiness in the midst of a day which was just like other days. Lady Jane agreed fully with Winton, that to be there under her father's roof without informing him of the object of his visit was a thing unworthy of her lover; and she was, like him, entirely convinced that, whatever might come of it, the explanation must be made. The Duchess did not contest this high decision of principle-but she shook her "I have nothing to say against you. I suppose you are right. It must be done sooner or later," she said. "There is only one thing—put it off till the last day of your visit; for this I am sure of, that you will not be able to spend another night at Billings."

"Mamma!" Lady Jane cried, with a fervour which brought the tears - her eyes, "my father will say nothing that one gentle-

man may not say to another."

The Duchess once more shook her head. "When one gentleman saks another for his daughter and I refused—though the one should be the most courteous in the world, and the other the most patient, yet it is generally considered most convenient that they should not continue in the same house."

"I will take your mother's advice, my so plainly without a little feeling of offence. speak to him as you do to me, Reginald-

and notwithstanding the happiness which the Duchess had secured to him by giving him the entry to this sacred little sitting-room into which no stranger ever intruded, and by affording him as many apportunities as were possible of seeing Lady Jane, MI spent the rest of the time with a certain feeling of hostility in his mind towards her, which was thoroughly unreasonable. He began to doubt whether she wished him to succeed, whether she was indeed so truly his friend as she represented herself to be. A man must be magnanimous indeed who can entirely free his mind from the prevalent notions about the love of women for "managing," and their inclination towards intrigue and mystery. A conviction that his own manly statement of his case would tell more effectually with the Duke, who was a gentleman though he might | pompous and haughty, than any semi-deceitful feminine process, began to grow in his mind. And this conviction, in which there was a partially indignant revulsion of feeling-rank ingratitude and unkindness, but of that he was not conscious—from his allegiance to the Duchess. gave him a natural inclination to propitiate the head of the house and see him in his best light, which was not without a certain influence even on the Duke himself, who more and more felt this modest young commoner, though he was nobody in particular, to be a person of discrimination, and one who was capable of appreciating himself and understanding his views. Thus with new hopefulness on one side, and mistrust on the other, Winton counted the days as they went by towards the moment which was to decide his fate. He impressed his own hopefulness upon Lady Jane, who was indeed very willing to believe that nothing but what was noble and honourable could come from They discussed the subject her father. anxiously, yet with less and less alarm. To her it seemed, as she heard all the wise and modest speeches her lover intended to make as to his own lesser importance, but great love-it seemed to her that no heart could hold out against him. That tenderest humility, which was the natural characteristic of her mind, underneath the instincts of rank which were so strong in her, and the sense of lofty position which was part of her religionwas touched with the most exquisite wonder and happiness at the thought that all this dearest," said Winton; but was hardly possible for mortal man to have put before him only. "It is impossible," she said, "if you III had been settled that he was to stay a week, oh, it is impossible that he can resist." "It

is impossible, my darling," said the young man could not stay who had been refused; but man, "when he hears that you love me." Thus they encouraged each other, and on the eve of the great day wrought themselves to an enthusiasm of faith and certainty. The Duchess's limitation of his visits had of course come to very little purpose, and every moment that Winton could manage to escape from the bonds of society below stairs he spent with Lady Jane above, discoursing upon their hopes, and the manner in which best to get them wrought into fulfilment. They talked of everything, in those stolen hours of sweetness; of what was to happen in the future, of all they were to be to each other, coming back again and again to the moment which was to decide all, always with a stronger and stronger sense that the Duke's consent must come, and that to be balked by this initial difficulty was impossible. But cannot be denied that Winton had certain difficulties even about that future in his communings with his bride. He could not get her to understand that very little selfsacrifice would be necessary on her part, and that the house to which he proposed to transplant her was little less luxurious than her own. Lady Jane smiled upon him when he said this with one of those little heavenly stupidities which belong to such women. She did not wish it to be so, and so far as this went put no faith in him. It was a settled question in her own mind. Arabella's famous elucidation had fortified her on that point beyond all assault. It pleased her to look forward to the little manor-house, and the changed world which would surround the Squire's wife. In he had carried her direct to a palace more splendid than Billings she would have felt a visionary but active disappointment. She drew him gently to other subjects when he entered upon this, especially to the one unfailing subject, the Duke, and what he might say. They both grow very confident as they talked it over: and yet when Winton came to tell her, on the evening preceding that momentous day, that he had asked for an interview and it had been granted to him, Lady Jane lost her pretty colour, which was always so evanescent, and her breath, and almost her selfpostession. afraid if you say that to him, Reginald, he cannot resist—but only a little nervous; one is always nervous when there is any doubt. And then to think that this is the last evening ! "

"If things go right it will not be the last evening." cried. "The Duchess said a as soon as her faculties were awake, of what

even she would allow that a man who has not been refused may remain and be happy. Ah, Jane I imagine the happiness of being allowed to belong to each other! no more secret meetings, no further slarms of discovery."

She gave a sigh la happiness and relief, yet blushed almost painfully. The idea of doing anything which she did not wish to be found out hurt her still, notwithstanding that in the stress of the crisis she had yielded to do it. Winton's conscience was not so delicate, and his excitement made him wildly confident. I is a woman's part to fear in such a case as it is her part to encourage in the midst of doubt. "Provided," she said, with a little sigh of suspense, "provided it all goes as we wish."

He took her hands in his and held them fast and stood bending over her looking into her eyes. "Supposing," he said slowly, "supposing"-he was so excited and sure of what was going to happen that he could afford to be theatrical-" supposing all should not go as we wish, Jane-what then?"

Lady Jane did not make any reply. She returned his look, with her hands clasping his, standing steadfast without a shatlow of wavering. She felt as she had done in her youth when she had imagined herself facing the guillotine. She was ready to suffer whatever might be inflicted upon her, but to yield, she would not. It would have been easier by far to die.

All this time the Duchess let them have their way. They were ungrateful, they were even unkind, but she endured it with a patience and toleration to which long experience had trained her. If it was with a little pang that she kissed her daughter, wondering at that universal law which makes a woman, still more than a man, forsake father and mother, and cleave in her husband. She said nothing about it: she left them to themselves and their hopes. She said to herself that they would find out too soon what a broken reed they were trusting to, and her heart ached for the failure of those anticipations which gave Lady Jane so beautiful a colour, and an air of such screne happiness. Better that she should "No," she said, "oh, not have a happy evening, that she should sleep softly and wake hopefully once more.

> The morning of the great day dawned in a weeping mist, the heavens leaden, the earth sodden, and streams of blinding rain falling by intervals. Lady Jane, as she opened her eyes upon the mixty daylight, and thought,



was going to be done, clasped her soft hands, trial. He might deny her lover's suit and and said a prayer for him, and for herself, break her own heart, and yet keep his child's less than a noble father in Lady Jane's eyes. She had not found him out, being scarcely

and still more warmly for her father, who was, respect. But a vague fear lest M should so speak, on his trial. He had never been not do this had got into her soul she did not know how. She waited with a tremor which she could not subdue for the moment: of her generation in this respect, and accept. How fortunate it was that I rained, and that ing unaffectedly what was presented to her it was impossible to go out! For once in as the real state of things; but she could her life Lady Jane failed in her duty. She not help feeling that the Duke was on his escaped from little Lady Adela, who was and from the other guests, who, seeing the and his courage. hopelessness of the weather, were yawning together in the great bow-window of the said the Duke, always more and more gramorning room, gazing out upon the sodden ciously. "Alas, I am in opposition, and grass and dreary avenue, dripping from every tree, and wondering how they were to kill the time till luncheon. Lady lane, instead to you—there is no one for whom I should of helping to solve that problem, as she more willingly stretch a point." ought to have done, fled from them and escaped to the seclusion of her mother's drawing-room, where she sat with the door ajar, listening for every footstep. The Duchess, though she had felt her desertion, and knew that the foolish pair of lovers were in a sort of secession from her, following off." their own way, yet was very magnanimous to their wrong-headedness. She said no word and looked no look of reproach, but gave up her writing and her business, and went down herself among the unoccupied ladies, and did her best to amuse them. This was perhaps of all the sacrifices she made for them the one that cost her most.

It was about eleven o'clock when Winton presented himself at the door of the Duke's room; which was a handsome room, full of books, with a large window looking out upon the park, and some of the finest of the family pictures upon the walls. Over the mantel-had not Winton's mind been so much other-piece hung a full-length portrait, looking wise occupied. "Ah," he said, "I see! piece hung a full-length portrait, looking gigantic, of the Duchess, with Lady Jane, a little girl of eight or nine, holding her hand. It seemed to Winton, as his eye caught this on entering, that there was a reproachful look in the eyes, and that Jane's little face, screne and sweet as it had always been, had a startled air of curiosity, and watched him from behind her mother. The large window was full of blank and colourless daylight, and an atmosphere of damp and rain. The Duke rose as he came in with much graciousness, and pointed to a chair. He came from his writing-table, which was at some distance, and placed himself in front of the areplace, as an Englishman loves to do, even when there is no fire, "I hope," the Duke said, "that you are going to tell me of something in which I can serve you, Mr. Win- knowing what he said; then, taking his There arose in Winton's mind a momentary thrill of indignation and derision. Serve him! as if he were not better off and more 📰 🖿 serve himself than half-a dozen bankrupt dukes! But Winton remembered to think. I come not to ask for patronage or that this was Jane's father, and restrained him-place, but for something a great deal more in his breast left him at no leisure for more so bewildered by the dignified unconsciousthan a momentary rebellion. He replied ness and screne superiority of the potentate "It is true I do appear before your Grace in whose presence he stood that words failed

so anxious to be taken into her confidence, as a suitor -- " but here his voice failed him

"You must not healtate to speak plainly," my influence does not tell for much. Still, if there is any way in which I can be of use

"You are very kind," said Winton. "It is not in that way that I should trouble you, I am not in want of patronage-in that way, I may say that I am rich-not," he hastened to add, "as you are, but, for my position in life : very well off-almost more than well

"I am delighted to hear it, Mr. Winton; but that all the more reason why you should serve your country. We want men who are indifferent pocuniary advantage. I shall be most happy to mention your name to Lord Coningaby or to-"

"If you will permit me," said Winton, "it is your Grace only whose favour I desire to

Here the Duke began to laugh in a somewhat imbecile way, shaking his head with an air of complacency which would have been too ludicrous for mortal powers of gravity, you are thinking of that old story about the Foreign Office. You must know that was mere talk. I do not expect that anything could come of it. But if," his Grace added with another little run of laughter, "when we return to power-be assured, Mr. Winton, that nothing could give me greater pleamire-

What was he to say? Winton knew very well that he himself was as likely, if not more so,-for he was a young man, with the world before him-to be Foreign Minitter than the Duke; and what with the con-Casion of the mistake and the ludicrous character of the patronage offered, he was more embastassed than tongue could tell. "You are very kind," he fultered, scarcely courage with both hands, "Duke," he said, boldly, "it was on a much more presumptuous errand I ventured to intrude upon you. What you will say to me I dare not venture self: and indeed the excitement and suspense precious. I come—" Here he paused,

him, and stood and gazed at that immovable countenance with a sort of appalled wonder to think that anything abould be so great yet so small, so capable of making himself ridiculous, and yet with power to spoil two lives at his pleasure. The Duke shifted his position a little, put his right hand within his waistcost in an attitude in which he had once stood for his portrait, and regarded his suppliant with benignity. "Go on," he said, waving his other hand, "go on."

Ah, how right the Duchess was! Oh, what a miserable mistake the lover had made! But there was no drawing back now. "I am not worthy, no one I worthy of her," he "I am only a commoner, said with agitation. which I know is a disadvantage in your eyes. The only thing, and that is nothing, is, that at least I could make ample provision and

secure every comfort for my wife."

"Your wife | " said the Duke, with a surprise which was ineffable. If any gleam of suspicion came over him he quenched it in the sublime patronage of a superior. "This is very interesting," he said, " and shows a great faith in my friendship me take me into your confidence on such a delicate subject. I am happy to hear you are in such favourable circumstances; but really," he added with a laugh, "when you think how very unlikely it is that I can have any knowledge of the future Mrs. Winton-

The young man grew red and hot with a mixture of embarrassment and resentful excitement, stung by the look and the tone. "It wour daughter," he said, "who has given me permission to come to you. It is of Lady Jane I want to speak. You cannot think me less worthy of her than I think myself."

"Lady Jane!" The Duke grew pale; he took his hand out of his waistcost, and stared the audacious suitor with dismay. Then he recovered himself with an effort, and anatched at a smile as if it had been something that hung on the wall, and put it on "Ah! ah! I see," he added. tremulously. "You think she might render you assistance. Speak a good word for you?-Eh?" The attempt to be jocular which was entirely out of his habits convulsed his countenance. "Yes, yes, I see I that is what you mean," he said.

There was a pause, and the two men looked each other in the face. A monarch confronted by the whole embodied force of revolution—scorning it, hating it—yet with an insidious suggestion of alarm underneath all -on one hand; and on the other the revolution embodied—pale with lofty anger and

regret, a sympathetic pang for the old king about to be discrowned. The mutual contemplation lasted not more than a few moments. though it seemed so long. Then the Duke turned on his heel with a grimace which in his agitation he intended for a laugh. "I prefer," he said, "on the whole that Lady Jane should not be appealed to. My disposition m serve you was personal. The ladies of my family are not less amicably inclined, I am sure; but I do not wish them to be mixed up-In short you will understand that wishing you well in every way. I must advise you to trust w your own attractions in a matrimonial point of view, cannot permit my daughter to interfere."

He had moved about while he was speaking, but at the end returned m his place and fixed Winton with the commanding look, straight in the eyes, of a man determined to intimidate an applicant. It was the least successful way in which he could have attempted to influence the present sultor. Winton's excitement rose to such a pitch that he recovered his calm and self-possession as if

by magic.

"I feel that I have explained myself badly," he said, " and this is not a matter on which there can be any misunderstanding between us. I must ask you to listen to me caimly for a moment."

"Calmly, my good sir! your matrimonial affairs, however important to you, can scarcely be expected to excite me," cried his Grace sharply, with irritation in every tone.

"There can be nothing in the world so exciting-to both of us," said Winton. " My Lord Duke, I come from your daughter,

from lane.

"SIR !" cried the Duke. But no capitals are capable of expressing the force, the fury, of this outburst, which struck Winton like a projectile, full in the face so to speak. He made a step backward in momentary dismay.

"I must finish," he said, somewhat wildly. "Jane sends me to your Grace. I love her and she me. She has promised to be my wife. It is no intercession, it is herself I ask. Jane-Duke | on her account I have a right to be heard—a right—to have an answer at least."

The Duke was beyond the power of speech. He was purple with rage and astonishment, and the same time a kind furious panic. He caught his shirt collar like a man stifled. He had no voice to reply, but waved his hand imperiously towards the door. And Winton, too, was in a degree panic-struck. He had never seen such a blind and helpless a sense of its own rights, yet not without a fit of passion before. Such things had been heard of as that a man should die of rage. She herself, in old days when she first began Jane beyond any power to amend. He drew back a little with an anxiety he could not conceal.

"I have taken you by surprise," he said. "I ask your pardon. Whatever I can do soften the shock—to meet your wishes

"Go, air !- Go, sir !" the Duke stormed

-I will do."

in his fury. "That is all you can do-go! there, is the door." He waved his hand towards it with a threatening gesture. He was transported out of himself. He followed Winton step by step with a sort of moral compulsion, forcing him to retire. The young man's blood, it is needless to say, was in an uproar; his heart thumping against his breast, every pulse going like a hammer. But made a stand again midway to that door which seemed the only reply he was to have, "You will remember," he said, "that I have no answer—you give me no answer; I will leave the room and the house as your Grace bids, but that is not a reply----" "Go, sir," the Duke cried. . He stamped his foot like an enraged fishwife. He had the sense to hold himself in, not to allow the torrent of abuse which was on his lips to pour forth; but how long he would have been able endure, to keep in this vigorous and hery tide, could not have been predicted. He flung open the door with a force which made the walls quiver, and the action seemed more or less to bring him to himself. He recovered his voice at last. "I ought," he panted, with a snarl, "to thank you for the honour you have done my poor house,"

and thus with an explosion of labouring

breath drove the astonished suitor out, as if

by a blast of wind. Winton found himself in

the corridor, while the crash of the great door swung behind him echoed through the

house, with an amazement which words can-

not describe. It had all passed like a scene in a dream. He paused a moment to recover

himself. He, too, was breathless, his whole physical being agitated, his head hot and

throbbing, his heart choking him. He could

not speak in the Duchess, whom he met a

moment after coming along the corridor with a packet of papers in her hand. " It is all

over," he said incoherently, waving his hand

as he passed her. The only idea in his mind

for the moment was of indignity and wrong. CHAPTER IX,-ACTING FOR HERSELF.

That indeed would be a separation from to realise all the circumstances of the life which she had come into, had wept many an unnoticed tear in it; but in after years she had acquired the philosophy of maturity, and had too much to do holding her own amid all the adverse circumstances about her, to be able to indulge in personal lamentations. But Lady Jane had never known any of those burdens which had made her mother's career so full of care. When Winton rushed in, in all the excitement of the scene which he had just gone through in the Duke's library, too much disturbed even to tell her what had passed, it was almost her first experience of the darker side of existence. For the first moment he had not been able to keep some resentment and sense | the indignity to which he had been exposed from getting to light. He told her with a pale smile and fiery eyes that he had scarcely time to speak to her, that he must go instantly, that her father had turned him out. But as Winton came to himself and began merceive the pain which he was inflicting upon her, he did his best to smooth away the first unguarded outburst. Lady Jane's palior, the tears which she could not restrain, the screnity of her countenance turned into anguish, all made apparent to him the fact which he had forgotten, that there were to her two sides to the question. He tried to draw in his words, to smooth away what he had said in the first outburst of his resentment. "After all, we must remember it was a great shock to him. I am nobody, only a simple gentleman, not fit to place myself on a level with the Duke's daughter," he said, though still with that smile of wounded pride and bitterness about his lips. Lady Jane was too heartbroken = say much; she listened like a martyr = the stake, standing silent while spears and arrows were thrust into her. Her father t he had been tried and he had not borne the trial. What she understood by rank was the highest courtesy, the noblest humbleness. A man who would turn another to the door, who would suffer his guest to perceive under any circumstances that he was not as a prince in his host's eyes, Lady Jane did not understand such a being. It hurt her so deeply that she did not even at first realise the fact that it was her lover who was turned away. She tried to ask a few faltering questions, to make out the circumstances to be less terrible; but failing in this, fell into silence, into such shame and consterns-THE Duchess's little sitting-room had not tion and deep humiliated pain as even for years enclosed so melancholy a group. Winton scarcely comprehended. No offer

such a blow at all the traditions of her life. "My dearest," she said, "the crisis has She sat with her hand indeed in her lover's, but in a kind of miserable separation even from him, feeling her life fall away from her, unable to think or realise what was to happen now; until Winton, recovering from his excitement only to fall into a deeper panic, took renewed fright from her silence. "Jane," he said, " Jane! you don't mean | give me up because your father has turned the away." Lady Jane turned her head towards him, gave him a miserable smile, and pressed his hand faintly, then fell, as perhaps had never happened in her life before, into a passion of tears. He drew her into his arms, as was natural, and she wept on his shoulder, as one refusing to be comforted. It was but vaguely that Winton could even guess the entire upheaval of all her foundations, the ruin into which her earth had fallen. He thought it was the tracedy of his own love that was the cause, and that with this heartbreaking convulsion she was making up her mind to see it come to an end.

This was the attitude in which the Duchess found them. She, too, was pale, her eyes bright, her nostrils dilated, as if she had been the wars. She found her daughter in this speechless passion of weeping, with Winton's pale countenance very despairing and tragical, yet touched with a livelier alarm, a frightened incomprehension, bending over her. He gave her a look of appeal as she came in; was it true that all was over, as he had said? The Duchess went to her child's side and took the hand that lay on her lap and caressed it. "My darling," she said, "this is not a moment to give in ; and you are not one to fail in a great crisis, Jane. We have only a very little time to decide what we are to da before Reginald goes away.

She had not called him Reginald before, and there was a faint smile in her eyes as they met his-a smile of forgiveness and motherly kindness, though he had asked no pardon. The sound of her mother's voice broke the spell of Lady Jane's self-shandonment, and it went to Winton's heart with a forlorn sense of happiness in the midst of all the misery, that even her mother exercised a constraint upon her which when alone with him she did not feel. Was I not that he was herself, and that with him nature had free course unabashed? But the scepe grew brighter and more hopeful when the Duchess came into it. She was not surprised nor overthrown by what had happened. She put back the soft hair from her child's fore-

hand, no other proceeding could have struck head, and gave her a kirs of consolation. come which I knew would come. Reginald must go as soon as it | possible for him to go. It is for you now to say what is to be done. You are of age; you have a right to judge for yourself. When you told me first I warned you what was before you. You have never taken the burden of your life upon you hitherto. Now the moment has come. I will not interfere. I will say nothing; neither will Reginald, if I understand him rightly. You must judge for your-

self what you will do."

Winton obeyed her Grace's lead, though with reluctance and a troubled mind. He only partially comprehended what she meant. He would have liked, for his own part, w hold his love fast—to cry out to her once more, "You will not give me up because your father sends me away?" But he yielded to the Duchess's look, though with a grudge, feeling that this was moral compulsion almost as absolute as that with which her husband had turned him out. He rose from the sofa on which he had been sitting with Jane and stood before her, feeling in his hand still the mould of hers which had lain there so, 1; ng, and which left his, he thought, with reluctance. This proceeding brought her altogether to herself. She looked around her with an almost pitiful surprise. "Am I to be left alone," she said, with a quiver in her hip, "when I need support most?" And then there was a pause. To Jane and to Winton it seemed as if the very wheels of existence were arrested and the world stood still. No one spoke. He was not capable of it; the Duchess would not. Lady Jane between, with wet eyelashes, and cheeks still pale with tears, and mouth quivering, her hands clasped in her lap as if clinging to each other since there was nothing else to hold by, and perfectly still for a moment which seemed an hour. When she spoke at last there was a catch in her voice, and the words came with difficulty, and with little pauses between.

"What is it I am 🔳 decide?" she mid. "All was decided—when we found out—in town--- We cannot separate, he and I-That-can never come into question now. Is it not so ?--- I may read it wrongappears—I have already read something wrong -- And then a spasm came over her face once more: but she got I under control. "What you mean is—about details?" said

Lady Jane.

Winton, who had been in so extreme a

state of excitement and suspense that he could bear no more, dropped down upon his knees at the side of the sofa on which she sat, and, clasping them, put down his face upon her hands. Lady Jane freed one to put it lightly upon his bowed head, with something of that soft maternal smile of indulgence of which love has the privilege. "Did he think I was a child?" she said to her mother, with a gentle wonder in her eyes. "Or not honest?" She herself was calm again; steadfast, while the others atill trembled, seeing the complications so much less clearly than the fair and open way. She was a little surprised by Winton's broken ecstasies, by her mother's tremulous kiss of approval. "Is there anything left for me to decide?" she said.

Nobody knew very well what was said or done in the agitated half-hour that remained. was agreed between them that "the details," of which Lady Jane had spoken with a blush, should be arranged afterwards, when all were more cool and masters of themselves-a state to which no one of the little group attained until Winton was hurrying along the country roads towards the station, and Lady Jane and her mother were sented in forlorn quiet alone in that little room which for the last week had been the scene of so many excitements. The Duchess rose with a start when the little French clock on the mantelpiece chimed one. dearest," she said, "we have many things to do which look like falsehood, we women. You and I must appear I luncheon as if nothing had happened. There must be no red eyes, my love, no abstraction. It will be all over the world in no time, if we do not take care. For myself, alas, I am used to it; but you, Jane

Lady Jane did not immediately reply. She said, "There is one thing, mamma, to which I have made up my mind---"

The Duchess was examining herself in the glass to see if she was pule or red, or anything different from her ordinary aspect. She turned round to hear what this new determination was,

"I will speak to my father myself," Lady Isne said.

If a cannon had been discharged into the peaceful little boudoir the effect could scarcely have been greater. "You will speak to your father, Jane? There are some things I know better than you. It will wound you, my derling—for no good."

"But I think it is right. There should be no means neglected to make him give the Duke's door,

his consent. With his consent all would be better. I think I ought m do it. will be no shock to him now-he knows. To think of him like that in the thing that gave me-

most pain."

"But you should see him like that—" " the Duchess said; then added hastily, "I know you are right. But you must set your face like a flint; you must not allow yourself to be made unhappy. Jane, your father does not think as I think in many ways. I have tried to keep you from all opposition; but he is old and you are young; you judge differently. You must not think because his point of view il different that he is wrong, even in this case-altogether,"

Lady Jane lifted her mild eyes, which were almost stern in their unwavering sense of right. "I sometimes feel that you think nothing is wrong—altogether," she said.
"Perhaps not," the Duchess rouled, with

a smile and a sigh.

"It seems noble to me that the should think so, but I cannot. My father will not be like that to me," she added, with a little "Do not be afraid, and I will endness. take a little time-not to-day, unless he speaks to me."

"He will not speak to you," said the Duchess eagerly. She thought that she had

at least secured that.

And then they went to luncheon. A little look of exhaustion about Lady Jane's face, a clear shining in her eyes like the sky after min, betrayed to some keen-sighted spectators that there had been agitation in the atmosphere. But for a novice unaccustomed to trouble, she bore herself very well. And as for the Duchess, she was perfect. Her untuffled mind, her easy grace of greatness, were visible in every movement. What could so great a lady have to trouble her? She was gracious we everybody, and full of suggestions as to what should be done, as the afternoon promised to clear up, proposing expeditions to one place and another. "Mr. Winton would have been an addition to your riding party, but unfortunately he left us this morning," she said in a voice of the most perfect composure. "So that there was nothing in it, after all," little Lady Adela whispered to her mother. But Lady Grandmaison, who was a woman of experience, shook her head.

And next morning Lady Jane, pale, but courageous, with a heart that fluttered, but a purpose as steadfast as her nature, went softly down-stairs in her turn and knocked at

A LOOK.

I SAW it pass from eye to eye, A subtle flash of fine emotion, That bore from each to each the pledge Of the whole heart's life-long devotion.

What wealth was there! what boundless store Lips may deceive, but perfect truth For all the needs of coming years!

The noble sympathy in joy ! The priceless halm for pain and tears!

Just that one look—and straight was scaled The degrest bond that life supplies; Finds glorious speech in honest eyes. JAME C. SIMPSON.

GENERAL COLIN MACKENZIE, C.B.,

The Bast of the Cast India Company's Buritan Soldices.

By GEORGE SMITH, LL.D.

A MID the crowd of heroic men, from Clive to Lawrence, to whom the East India Company owes what is greatest in its history, Lieut.-General Colin Mackenzie, C.B., holds a unique position. To the fearlessness of Clive, which Browning has dramatised in his latest work, and to the desh of Outram, he added the righteourness of Durand and the evangelical fervour of the Lawrences. In Colin Mackensie Chivalry and Puritanism met. The former was the fruit of his early career, the latter was the deliberate choice of his middle and later years; both combined gave his character a charm all its own. such as has been rure since the days of Coligny. When his life is written the world will see what his comrades alone fully understood when, last November, they laid him in the Grange Cemetery of Edinburgh, beside Sir Hope Grant. Then the young Lieutenant, now General Haughton, whom forty years back he had saved from the disasters of the first Afghan war, wrote of him, referring to the death of Vincent Eyre also: "The loss of two old friends and comrades following so closely presses heavily upon me. Sir George Lawtence, Sir J. T. Airey, and myself are now the only surviving officers of the first cam-Kabul. He ministered to my spiritual comfort when none else attempted to do so, and carnest and Christian friend I ever had."

Mackenzies of Redcastle, Colin had to make foot volunteered, with the result of making his own way in the world. The beginning the Madras army as famous in the Afghan of the year 1826 saw him ensign in the 48th war as Colonel Neill did in the mutiny

which made him master of his own language and of French, so that he ever wrote a pure and vigoeous style, and had the poet Pope by He was adjutant of his regiment when Lord William Bentinck, who could tolerate no longer the iniquities of the Rajah of Coorg, sent Sir Patrick Lindsay to remove the monster. As Deputy-Assistant Quartermaster-General, the young lieutenant served with the main column of the force in all the actions which resulted in the taking of Merkara, the capital. After ten years of incessant military experience he sought health at sea. In 1836, and long afterwards, till Rajah Brooke struck at the root of the evil, the Malay pirates were a terror to the commerce which swept to and fro through the Straits of Sunda, between China and the West. The young Highlander volunteered for service against them, with Admiral Sir H. Ducie Chade, in the Straits of Malacca and the China seas, and such were his exploits that he was specially mentioned to Lord Anckland, the Governor-General. On some of those rare occasions when Colin Mackensie could be beguiled into speaking of himself. I have known him keep us sitting many an hour into the night while be told adven paign who were involved in the disasters at tures by sea and land, which he would not allow to be committed to record beyond the brief summary in the Admiral's despatches. I have never forgotten that I have lost the When, soon after, Lord Auckland in India most chivalrous, the most warm-hearted, the and Lord Broughton at home entered on the most public-spirited, and, above all, the most mad policy which shook the empire to its foundation, Colin Mackensie, still an un-Sprung from the cadet branch of the lucky lieutenant, and Major George Broad-Madras Native Infantry, after an education which sprang from its campaigns. Each, in

1840, became the right hand of George Clerk on North-West frontier; Mackenzie, first in charge of the Khaibar Pass, as Assistant Political Agent at Peshawar. But. as if that duty full Wete not enough of danger, he did not rest until he was sent anto the thick of the struggle at Kabul itself, Assistant to the Envoy, Sir William Macnaghten. Even there his fiery spirit would allow no danger present itself which he did not ask to share. The insurrection around Kabul had begun, and Sir Robert Sale had been sent to take the field in the hill coun-

been repulsed at Joolgali. Dost Mahomed seemed to be everywhere, stirring up Mackenzie asked permission the tribes. to join the Sappers; he led the advanced guard at the forcing of the Khoord Kabul Pass, soon to become a place of terrible memory. He was summoned back only to still sterner work with the doomed force in the Afghan capital, when Dost Mahomed personally surrendered to the British Envoy, and was sent on Calcutta, with the confession in which Macnaghten condemned the whole war-"We ejected the Dost, who never offended us, in support of our policy, of which he was the victim.

From this time of preparation in the young licutenant's career, when 🟬 was still under thirty-five, we now come to the four deeds ballads darker ages, all of which duty was this:-



alone led him to face and to do, because he was not only a soldier but a saint. For a great change had passed within Colin Mackenzie. In 1836 his first wife had died on the fourth anniversary of their weddingday, after a happy union. Gradually, and under Bibleteaching, 🧰 had come to see that of all lives life in Christ is alone worth living. His courage received a new motive; his sense of duty the highest inspiration. When he entered Afghanistan, it was without the dogmatic knowledge of Havelock in somewhat similar circumstances, though he grew into that also. In the lull be-

try. Edward Conolly, one of three noble fore the massacre these two stood almost brothers, had fallen at Tootundurah as a alone among the young officers, in the convolunteer, and the 13th Light Infantry had tinence and purity of their lives, while Sir Alexander Burnes was at the head of those who were heaping up wrath against the whole British force, which the imbeculity of its military chiefs was impotent to avert. perfect knowledge of Persian, moreover, and of the Afghan colloquial, Mackensie soon became more closely associated with the natives .oan most of his comrades, being attached the Kizzilbash force of Shah Soojah, the king. So, by friend and foe alike, he was known as the "Moolla," the puritan, the priest, the doer of the law. His life was a mystery to the sensual Afghans, a silent reproach to his own comrades, whom privately he attempted to influence for good. Such was the man, when the horzors of 1841-42 burst on our reduced army of occupation, and financial troubles at Calcutta led the devoted Macof daring and suffering in his life, any naghten to cut down the subsidy of Rs. 30,000 one of which would have made him the a year given to the Ghilzai chiefs to keep the hero of a people and the subject of their roads open. The first of his four exploits

warning the Envoy of the gathering atom, when, on the and of November, a Kabul mob slaughtered Alexander Burnes and other officers in the city, and plundered the treasury within sight of a passive force of 5,000 British soldiers. Having then taken the fort in which all our commissariat supplies were stored, they besieged the camel sheds on the outskirts, where the provisions of the king's force were kept. This so-called fort of Nishan Khan was under Captain Mackenzie's charge. After pressure from Vincent Eyre he wrote what Sir John Kaye justly pronounced "a very interesting and well-written report " of the forty hours' siege. The fort was not capable of defence; it was choked with baggage and encumbered with a host of women and children, and the water was scarce. But held it, a solitary European, at the head of faithful Mahomedan sepoys, whom the Afghans, firing through his own loopholes, challenged to give him up for the sake of In vain for two days did he look for help, "for the glittering beyonets through the trees." All the men were on duty at the same time, but I whenever they could snatch five minutes refresh themselves with a pipe, one or other of them would twang a sort of rude guitar as an accompaniment to some martial song, which, mingling with the notes of war, sounded very strangely." Ever and anon there rose the wild shricks of the women over the dead and dying. After fighting and waiting for forty hours without rest, and on the leader's part without refreshment, the only resource was to march the survivors by night to the British cantonments. It was the Ramadan fast; half a mile had been accomplished when Mackenzie found himself in a narrow lane, met by the cry from a party of Afghans—"Feringhee hust," "Here is a Luropean." "Spurring my horse violently I wheeled round, cutting from right to left. My blows, by God's mercy, puried the greater part of them, and I was lucky enough to cut off the hand of my most outrageous assailant. After a desperate struggle, during which I received two slight sabre cuts, and a blow on the back of the head from a fellow whose sword turned in his hand, which half knocked me off my horse, I escaped out of the crush, passing unburt through two volleys of musketry from the whole picket. To my horror I perceived my path again blocked Cape horse which had before carried him so up by a dense body of Afghans. Retreat well, and when on the ground, lil rose up as was impossible, so, putting my trust 🖪 God, I charged into the midst of them, hoping that party. Then Akbar Khan gave the signal the weight of my horse would clear a way for in the word "Begeer !" "Seise!" and grasped XXIII—15

Mackenzie and Pottinger had been in vain suc, and reserving my sword-cut for the last struggle. I was well that I did so, for by the time I had knocked over some twenty fellows I found they were my own Juzailchees. If you ever experienced sudden relief from a hideotra nightmare you may imagine my feelings for the moment. During the whole business I had under a dozen killed, whereas about thirty of the enemy had bitten the dust and gone to their place." It was like Colin. Mackenzie to spare no pains till " the handful of brave men " who remained faithful to him to the last, though Afghan Mahomedans, received a public reward. Each veteran got a year's pay when Mackenzie's Juzail-chees were disbanded at Jhelam. But before that he led the detachment, as General Elphinstone reported to Government, in almost every fight during the two months' siege of the cantonment, his and their conduct being most conspicuous; and M the disastrous affair of Behmaroo, where he was again wounded, he was publicly thanked for his conduct.

> We come to the second of the four experiences. The siege ended in the massacre of the Envoy, which Mackenzie's knowledge of the Afghans again strove to prevent. He was to have accompanied Sir William Macnaghten to Peshawar, when the unhappy minister had been appointed Governor of Bombay by the same irony of fate which marked the whole policy. That had ended in Macnaghten agreeing to pay Akbar Khan, the treacherous son of Doet Mahomed, 50 lakhs of rupees, and an annuity of 4 lakhs, as Wuzeer of Shah Soojah, on the plea that this would give England time to enter into a treaty with Russia, defining the bounds beyond which neither was to pass in Central Asia. On the fatal 23rd December, 1842, the Envoy went forth to meet Akbar Khan in conference on this precious treaty, attended by Mackenzie, George Lawrence, and Trevor. Mackenne had remonstrated, with the warning that was a plot against him. The deluded Envoy replied hastily, "A plot I let me alone for that, trust me for that !" and so the doomed party proceeded. On the slope of a hillock which hid then from the cantonment, a carpet was spread where the snow My least thickly. They dismounts I and reclined beside Akbar Khan and his chiefs. Mackenzie could hardly prevail on himself to quit his gallant armed men legan m gather around the

past his horrified comrade,

army and its leaders.

Kabul to become the "guests" of the traitor, and, as a matter of fact, survived

the Envoy's left hand with an expression of first had, as Kaye's history tells, eagerly diabolical ferocity, while another secured the sought to redeem the errors of Elphinstone right. They dragged him down the hillock and Shelton, as he had done to prevent the as he uttered the words in Persian, "For infatuation of Macnaghten. The captives, God's sake !" Akbar Khan struck and then besides these three, and Elphinstone, Shelshot him with one of the very pistols which ton, and Johnson, other hostages, were the had once presented to the traitor. Trevor widows, Lady Macnaghten, Mrs. Sturt and too was cut down, and Lawrence was dragged one child, Mrs. Trevor and seven children; Lady Sale, whose husband was holding Jella-Mackenzie had been standing apart talking labad with Havelock under him; Captain with the chief of the Afghan police, an old ac- Boyd, wife and child; Lieutenant Waller, quaintance, who mastered his right arm, held wife and child; Lieutenant Eyre, wife and a pistol to his temple, and amid a shower child; Mr. Ryley, wife and child; Mrs. of bullets hurried him through the snow to a Mainwaring and child; Serjeant Wade and horse. "As I mounted behind my captor, family; and the wounded officers, Colin now my energetic defender, the crowd in- Troup and Mein, Melville and Dr. Macgrath, creased around us and the cries of 'Kill the -twenty-nine, and fourteen children in all. Kafir' became more vehement." After for All were at first placed under the care of the some time, while at a fast canter, warding off one Afghan chief who had proved himself at the sword-cuts, with the aid of his followers, once a patriot and a man, the "good the Afghan wheeled his horse round, made Nawab," as he was called, Zemaun Khan, the last appeal a Mussulman can make by who was moreover of near kin to Dost Mataking off his turban and implored the devotee homed, then in honourable captivity in Cal-Ghazees to respect the life of his friend, cutta. To protect them he raised an army The home fell as it leaped up a high bank, of his own, of three thousand men. For when Mackenzie received a heavy blow on nine months they remained in captivity, his head from a bludgeon and a fanatic hurried from place to place, sometimes for twisted his collar to suffocation. When he their own safety, a others according the recovered consciousness he was being de-falling fortunes of Akbur Khan, now fended by Akbar Khan himself, who then almost within sight of our troops at Jellalarepeatedly taunted him in a tone of trium- bad, again among the fastnesses of Khoolom, phant derision, "You'll seize my country, to be sold to the man-stealing Oosbegs. will you?" Insulted and plundered by the Mackenzie's stories of their prison life, their men who had slain Macnaghten and Trevor, kindly intercourse, their hopes and fears, he and Lawrence were kept prisoners in the their trust in God, their Sunday service, and city, were then ordered to be blown away the use of the one Bible and Prayer-book from a gun, and were rescued with difficulty picked up on the field of slaughter, - the by two chiefs. Dressed as Afghans, they gambols of the children to whose number were sent back = cantonments to encourage more than one birth added, their attempts at false confidence on the part of the doomed recreation, their tricks on the 1st of April, their speculations as to relief and the course of The first day of 1842 saw the beginning events in India, where Lord Ellenborough of the end, when the most disgraceful treaty was so far reversing his predecessor's policy military commanders have ever signed was as to be willing a sacrifice its noble victimsratified, and that retreat began through the *! this and more he could never be persuaded winter snow and the far worse Ghilrai bullets, to put on record, nor to allow his friends which only one man survived out of sixteen to do so. But three years after, when thousand. In all our history only Campone was still vividly printed on the memory, is blacker than Khoord Kabul and Jugdulluk. he was persuaded to tell a loving writer Blacker, because the widows and wives and one episode in his "Recollection of a children and a few of the maimed and Journey to Jellalabad." This is the third of wounded officers were spared from Khoord the deeds to which we referred at the outset.

Major Pottinger, who had succeeded poor " their captivity with honour, though at the Macanghten, learing that the defeat of last sent by their "host" to be sold as slaves Akbar Khan before Jellalabad might tempt Toorkistan. To them had been added him to murder the whole party, proposed to Mackenzie, Lawrence, and Pottinger as hos- him to send one of the captives to treat with tages, on Akbar Khan's demand, after the General Pollock, who had halted at that city.

Mackensie, who was tending the dying from a distance. As he passed along the Ephinstone in a fort III Teseen, the only narrow ridge in the bright moonlight, with drugs available being opium and boiled the mangled remains below and the everpomegranate, was sent for when the old man lasting hills towering in front, he says, "My breathed his last, and told to prepare for a sense of weakness and absolute inability in journey to Jellalahad. No one save Pottinger any way to control the progress of events believed he could survive a mission of such which were rapidly hurrying to a crisis, and danger. The Aighans reasoned that if any of the captives would return in such circumstances would be the English Moolla, whose word they could trust, for when, with some confusion, Akhar Khan asked him if he intended return, Mackensie answered, who put their trust in Him." And this "Are you the son of an Ameer and ask me, an English gentleman, such a question?" Akbar Khan's private request was an amnesty for himself and followers, and a grant of land, which case would help Pollock to reconquer Afghanistan; the public letter proposed an exchange of prisoners and the withdrawal of the English from the country. Dressed in a sheep-skin cloak full of vermin, in the Afghan dress and mounted before him, with his white face hidden up to the eyes, and mounted on Lady Sale's horse with a native saddle, Colin Mackenzie set out. He was attended by two of Akbar Khan's troopers, and guided by the notorious Buttee, "the thief," and three of his gang, on foot. Buttee was the Rob Roy who had eased Sale of several hundreds of his camels, which he resold to the General! The three horsemen and four thieves struggled up the bed of a torrent till they came a cascade, which barred advance. Laughing at the troopers' abuse, Buttee guided Mackenzie up and round by a goat's path till they surmounted hills "to which Ben Lomond is a joke !" tak knew Persian and beguiled the way with Pulhton war-songs, till the Scottish Highfander was lost in sympathetic admiration at the man whose nostrils were not even exbalded as he clomb the tremendous ascents, his heavy matchlock behind his back with the ends resting on the inside of his elbows.

which were fraught with safety or destruction to myself and my fellow-captives, and with honour or dishonour to my country, had the good effect of leading me to Him whose arm is never shortened to uphold and save all follows: "Before we reached the Valley of Zinganch we had to cross a shallow stream, whose pure waters I shall ever remember with gratitude, for my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and there on three subsequent journeys did it quench my thirst." As day dawned and they came to a hostile tribe Buttee carefully smothered the white officer passing him off as a sick chief of Peshawar sent home by Akbar Khan. Every eminence was topped by a robber fort, notably that of the murderer of James Skinner, whose men pursued the party. At the ford of a river, opposite the gate of the chief, Mackenzie, worn out by fatigue, fairly tumbled off among the henchmen who had rushed out with the cry of "Strangers ! " " For the first time," be said, "I felt the anguish of mortal fear, notwithstanding the awful extremity in which I had twice stood before when surrounded by the Afghans, in cutting my way into can-tonments, and again at Sir William Macnaghten's murder." But Buttee, the thief, was equal to the crisis. He harangued his countrymen on the exploits of Akbar Khan over the infidels, while his followers dragged the "sick chief" away up the mountain path.
After a week of hairbreadth escapes and exhausting toil, amid the filth of Afghan surroundings, Colin Mackenzie and his horse, When the anow was reached the danger in- in a state which he used Sootch to describe, creased, for the track sloped to the torrent as "sair furfaughten," rode into Pollock's at an angle of forty-five. Even the Afghan camp. So black and haggard had he become troopers protested they had never seen such that the Sepoy vidette would not believe he a road, while the perspiration streamed off was a European. He was received by the them like rain in spite of the wintry wind, general and his old friend Sir George Mac-So they crossed the Khurkhuchar Pass; but gregor as an apporition. But the camp was III the easy descent on the other side the soon alive with the news he brought, and jcy blast cut through them. To the left each little fact about the captives spread they passed the fatal barriers of Jugdulluk, away over India into every cantonment, and where, untouched by decay, lay the bodies of tautily westward to the British homes where Mackenzie's brave comrades, of whom he hope deferred had sickened many a loving specially mentions Dodgin as having fugalt heart. Mackenzie's information helped the so desperately, though he had but one leg, avenging army to the rapid success which in that the enemy were obliged to shoot him due time enabled the captives to free them-

He did not need to advise Sir of British supremacy. "Don't give up Pesha-Kabul as the first and only step necessary to leaving the people for ever to their own indereturned into captivity, only
be sent back again on a second though less perilous mission, after seven hours' repose, while Pottinger was preparing another letter to the General. The second journey resulted in an attack of typhus under which he nearly sank, so that his friend, Colin Troup, was despatched on the third and last of these missions by which Akhar Khan sought in vain to save himself from the fate which his deeds deserved. His defeat at Tezeon led the Afghan jailor of the captives, who was conducting them over the wastes of the Hindoo Koosh to be sold as slaves, to let them free themselves, on Mackenzie, Johnson, Pot-tinger, and Lawrence becoming personally bound, "in the presence of God and Jesus Christ," for the amount of their ransom, Rs. 20,000 at once and Rs. 1,000 a month, "In our prison at Bameean, 11th September, 1842."

To Kabul, where Pollock's army represented at once the triumph and the atonement of British power, Sale's 13th Regiment led the delivered ones. But work had yet to be done, and Colin Mackenzie must be at the doing of it, though hardly recovered from the Jellalabad perils. Istalif, the virgin fortress of the Afghans, still defied us, and it fell to Henry Havelock to storm it. Mackentle was by his side at the head of a large body of Kizzilbash horsemen. Then, then at last, we sought home, where were his motherless daughters, away out of all the theatrical rejoicings of Lord Ellenborough, to whom the captives were odious. The still youthful Captain was welcomed as the hero he was, for England did not agree with Lord Ellenborough. Wedded to the eldest daughter of Admiral J. E. Douglas, the accomplished authoress, who survives him, m returned to the North-west frontier, raised the 4th Sikh berately disobeyed. The 3rd Cavalry Regi-Regiment in 1847, and with it kept the peace ment, notorious for opium-eating, and for the of the border during the last Sikh campaign. In him the Marquis of Dalhousie, visiting officer, sent a procession quietly along the the new province of the Punjab, found a road to the Brigadier's garden, where it 🛦 man after his own heart. "Colin," as the began making a hideous din. Mackenzie Governor-General always called him, was sent first his orderly and then the sergeant of hastily summoned to council at that critical his guard to warn them. They continued, time when the great Proconsul could not when he himself went to exercise his personal make up his mind whether the Indus River or authority, and, in the last resort, to prevent

George Pollock to scorn all overtures from war," said Mackenzie; "it is the gate of the murderer of Macuaghten. But he went India." Offered a rich civil appointment in further, in urged an immediate advance on the new province, the much-enduring soldier preferred the army still, and in 1850 the Madras Captain was appointed senior Brigapendence. And after twenty-four hours he ther of the Haidarahad Contingent. But a political or administrative duty of the most important kind fell to his lot. Berar, the fertile cotton valley now pierced by the Bombay and Calcutta Railway, was transferred to the British by the Nizam, and the Brigade was ordered to take it over. Mackenzie's junior, Brigadier Mayne, was cager m provoke a collision, that they might win their spurs. Colin Mackensie kept him in check, prepared careful statistics of the districts, advanced on his own responsibility the sums which prevented the peasantry from migrating elsewhere and the State losing a year's revenue, and so acted that Lord Dalhousie declared he had taken possession of the province " without losing a rupee of revenue or spilling a drop of blood." It was at the close of six years of such service that, as if Kabul had not been enough, he was personally forced muppress the mutiny of a cavalry regiment in Bolarum, one of several ominous mutterings of the storm which burst in 1857. This is the fourth of great deeds of daring and devotion to duty.

In September, 1855, on the occasion of the Muharram, or ten days' fast observed. by the Shia Mahomedans, he directed that the usual orders should be issued, under which processions with music and noise were forbidden during the twenty-four hours of the Christians' day of worship and rest. As at turned out that Sunday was the great day when slone the Muharram processions co of take place that year, the Brigadier at rough issued a second order permitting their, Mi only in the lines of their respective corps, and not in the barracks or along the roads. This "usual" police regulation, to prevent a religious procession from interfering with the comfort of the citizens of another creed, as the press described it at the time, was delimarder of both a European and a native the base of the Sulaimens should be the limit all bloodshed but his own. He could not,

as he afterwards said, "skulk under batches," that being contrary his nature and his oath. He would not turn out his Hindoo infantry guard, for that would have led to a widespread conflict. So i walked out quietly, and only after remonstrating in vain, he returned with the small standards carried in defiance of the law. The native, seeing to their lines with shouts of " Deen ! Deen !" (" the faith a danger"), returned with a mob of troopers, who broke in the gate and sprang upon him with sabres. One cut split his skull down to the brain, another severed the outer bone of the left arm, a third cut the deltoid to the bone, and two others took off the middle finger of the right hand. The unarmed Brigadier staggered into and through the house bleeding profusely; the doctor gave up all hope of his recovery, and he himself exclaimed in the pauses of exhaustion, "It is all God's doing, and therefore right." We have Henry Lawrence's verdict on the affair at the time, given in that famous article of his in the Calcutta Review, in which saide of a general mutiny-" Come it will, unless anticipated : a Clive may not then be at hand," That wisest and best of Englishmen who ever went to India, declared the Muhariam order to be perfectly legitimate, looked on the attack as premeditated by fanatics, and, while doubting the wisdom of Mackenzie's personal interference, said of him, " He possesses much of the Covenanter spirit. His wounds were frightful; few men could have survived them. His dauntless spirit sustained him." Read in the light of Ges. Henry Lawrence's eulogy may be a series of the western without his doubt. Then we for the weakness which in 1855

sought m extenuate open mutiny, because Colin Mackenzie was a saint as well as a

The Mutiny found him in England recovering from his wounds and the counsellor of the Daily News and the authorities, on whom he urged at once the dispatch of an army of thirty thousand men-a movement too long delayed. He succeeded his friend Sir George Macgregor as political agent # Moorshedabad. and after that held various military appointments till his promotion be Major-General in 1871. In all he showed the same "gallantry, ability, and endurance " which Lord Dalhousie extolled in the Gazette in 1849. But he would never ask for a reward. It is a satire on the honours which are thickly showered on men now that the age of Indian chivalry is past, that Colin Mackenzie received no more than the first Kabul medal, the Companionship of the Bath, and a special annuity of £300 for his "varied and distinguished services, especially in Afghanistan." Wherever he went, in India, he was the warm friend of Christian missionaries and converts. Wherever he resided, Edinburgh. London, or the Continent, he sought out Christian friends, he helped philanthropio movements, he made himself beloved by the poor, the dependent, the humble. He was a true soldier of Jesus Christ, who ever held in his heart, and rejoiced in the divine saying, " Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." When Canon Liddon heard of his death, he wrote of Colin Mackenzie words which might be carved on his tomb-"Simple, fearless, affectionate, chivalrous, he took possession of people's hearts as a matter of COUISE."

BIBLE TRUTHS AND EASTERN WAYS.

By W. Fleming Stevenson, D.D., Author of "Prating and Worring," &c.

L-THE PALM-TREE.

much the extreme simplicity, plainness, something of the force are wanting. and directness of the Bible, we are never When travelling recently through some allowed to forget that it is an Eastern book, countries of the farther East, Japan, China, that its colouring, its forms of language, and and India, scarcely a day passed that we the setting of its truths are Eastern, not were not reminded how many of the nicer Western. Its parables and illustrations are and finer shades of thought we lose through drawn from common life, but I is Eastern the difference of our Western ways. Over life; every-day life, but not our every-day. and over again we rejoiced in the sudden Those little touches that were familiar to light that some custom of the spot flung any bystander when our Lord spoke have upon a Bible image; and it may, perhaps, be

A/HILE we can never emphasize too truth is not missed, but the freshness and

not the same immediate vividness to us. The worth while to recall some of those impres-

sions, and the circumstances under which of the field shall clap their hands."* It is the

they were made.

It would be impossible within any modest compass to point out the innumerable similarities of manners and customs; for all over Asia would appear that there are lines of habit and fashion in the social life which go back to a time at least as old as Abrabam, and that these are found in countries that are | little biblical as Chipa or India. Travel in any part of the East would, therefore, bring to notice a vast number of resemblances to that most familiar, and yet unfamiliar, world in which we walk when we read the Bible; familiar, because from the time that we can read no book has such a hold upon us; unfamiliar, because it abounds in language for which Western habits furnish us no chee. It is not proposed to do more than to select a few of those that have been used for imbedding in them some biblical truths. When, for example, the creation of the sky is described in the prophecies of Issiah, the idea of mastery and ease is conveyed by the spreading of it out as an Eastern shepherd pitches his tent; and when Hezekinh dwells upon the sudden and complete end which death makes of even a busy or splendid life, he borrows an image from the same source : † "Mine age is departed and is removed from me as a shepherd's tent," as easily as such a tent is taken down. When our Lord bids men lay up treasures in heaven, where thieves do not break through nor steal,! He had in His mind the mud house-walls of the people to whom he spoke, and through which the thief literally broke. Such simple exhortations as "Having your loins girt about with truth," § and "Gird up the loins of your mind," [fail in their due impressiveness unless we connect them with the use of the girdle in Oriental costume. There is nothing in our Western ways to make the handing of a cup of cold water to a thirsty traveller a symbol of hospitality, but in the East it would be more welcomed than costly wines. When Isaiah describes the redeemed going out with joy and led forth with peace, I much of the vivid beauty of his picture is lost if we do not see with him a marriage procession to a stately bridal feast, "the feast of fat things" ** which he elsewhere describes the Lord making for all people; and while the wedding march goes past through the streets of the world, inmusic, "the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees " Isaiah zi. 22. | Eph. vi. 24. † Ioniah zazvilt. 22. 2 Matt. vl. sa. I z Peter i. zp.

of the field shall clap their hands."* It is the same festival that we see in the background of our Lord's words to the faithful servant, "Enter thou into the joy III thy Lord." If we even turn to such a Psalm as the Twenty-third, every line of which II like "some dear familiar strain" for which "untired we ask, and ask Jain," we find the "leading," the "paths," the "anointing," and the "over-running cup," convey meanings that lie by

Eastern ways.

An illustration occurs in another Pagim that we may pursue into more detail. "The righteous," it is said, "shall flourish like the palm-tree." † There are trees mentioned in the Bible with which we are already familiar, the oak and the poplar, the cedar and the willow, the olive and the almond, and even the fig-tree. We can readily fall in with the parable of King Jehoash about the cedar and the thistle; we can conceive Zaccheus peering down through the thick leaves of the banyan-like "sycamore;" we can gather the glorious clusters of spiritual truth with which our Lord has hung the vine and its branches. Our orchards help us munderstand the barren fig. the axe laid at the root of the unfruitful tree, and the withered branches cast into the fire. The tree of life in Eden, and the tree of life that in the imagery of the Apocalypse borders the crystal river in the city of the Lamb, are no more mysterious to us than to the Jews. And we who rejoice in the motion, and greenness, and shade of summer woods, the hum of insects in the branches, the sunlight slanting on the trunks, the moss that cushions itself among the tangled roots, the nestling of the primrose and the violet, and the nodding plumes of ferns, we as well as the Jews can feel as if "fruitful trees and all cedars"! should praise the Lord. But with the palm-tree we get from the West into the East, to sights that we can realise only by books and pictures.

we saw the palm-tree first at Singapore, bol of hospitality, but in the East it would be more welcomed than costly wines. When Isaiah describes the redeemed going out with joy and led forth with peace, I much of the vivid beauty of his picture is lost if we do not see with him a marriage procession to a stately bridal feast, "the feast of fat things" at a marriage procession to a stately bridal feast, "the feast of fat things" but in the streets of fat things and narrow straits, they fringed the roads, they at an animom straits, they fringed the roads, they at an animom straits, they fringed the roads, they at an animom straits, they fringed the roads, they and narrow straits, they fringed the roads, they are the transparent water, they shaded the house, they grew in the garden, and they imparted a wonderful richness and dignity. It was like being transported into some higher and more gracious world. The southern coast of India is a long fringe of palm-trees over a long fringe of surf, and inland it is not uncommon to meet with stately avenues of palms, or pass through woods of them;

^{*} Insiah be, an. f Punha neil, an. f Punha calvill. 9.

and they tower above the hedgerows and the tall stem of the palm shooting high above above the bananas in the orchards.

They can never have been so abundant Palestine, for Western Palestine at least was not a land of woods; but they were familiar to the people, and familiar by their stateliness. Tamar, which was the Hebrew name of the date palm, occurs in Haussentamar, the felling of the palm-tree, and in the closing chapters of Ezekiel as the point from which the southern border of the land was be measured. † As Bahany means the house of dates, it would seem that palm-trees must once have grown upon the Mount of Olives; a palm-tree, or perhaps a grove of them, is linked in our memory with the brilliant exploit of Deborah; and Jorcho was known for hundreds of years as the city of palms.

A tree so striking and beautiful as this could not fail to impress itself upon the language of the people, and therefore of the Bible. The symmetry and straightness of its tall taper atem became a frequent image for beauty among women. There are three Tamars mentioned in the Bible, and two of them are said to have been fair; "How fair and how pleasant art thou," we read in the Song of Solomon, "thy stature is like to a palm-tree." I

"The righteous shall flourish like the palmtree," which is a royal tree, the prince of the vegetable kingdom, Linnaus called it; for the righteous man, of no matter what humble degree, is a kingly man, and righteousness is

the sum of kingly qualities.

Flourish" is applied with emphasis to the palm in this passage, and it could not be applied more fitly. Once it has taken root it not merely grows and yields fruit, but it grows in sterile-looking soil, and it does not droop or wither in the glare of the sun. The sunshine may fall down upon it like hot min, but its leaf is always green and it yields its fruit in M season, yields it with a rich and even abundance to which we have , no parallel. The righteous shall flourish. The life of God's children is a beautiful life. It has all the symmetry of duty. In Christ it is the stature of the perfect man. There should be nothing dwarfed in Christian thought, nor feeble in Christian action. The Christian life is all over noble, and if we compare the Christian man with his simple aims, not aims that are inflamed by ambition, or pride, or the love of wealth, or the love of mastery. but the aims of doing justly, loving mercy and walking humbly with God, is he not like * Gen. siv. 7. 4 Emil. zbel. zp.

the tall stem of the pake shooting high above the lower ground into the open sky and the sunshine? He shall flourish: for God loves him, and eternal sunshine settles on his head."

But there are other features of the palm that would appeal to those familiar with it. There is its great strength. Heavy weights hung at the top will not deflect it. We have often watched men climb the branchless trunk for sixty or seventy feet in the South of India; for that is their business, to climb it twice a day in the season and empty the vessel that a filled with the sweet sap taken from the crown; and it was more like climbing an iron pillar. And have we not all seen Christian men and women carry great burdens of duty that would have bent others down, and yet with such erectness of purpose and such simplicity and cheerfulness that it might have been thought easy? The palm-tree grows slowly moreover, and it is long before | yields its fruit. The early dates are not the best: they are never so good as when the fruit of other trees would begin to fail; for the palm is reported to be at its best from twenty-five years up 📟 one hundred; and, indeed, an Indian proverb declares that it takes a thousand years to grow. And is it not true that the life and strength and spirit of an aged Christian are the most beautiful of all?

"And in old age, when others inde, They fruit still forth shall bring. They shall be int and full of say, And age be fleurahing."

And there is another merit of the tree to which the natives of palm-growing countries attach the largest importance: I mean the multitude of uses to which it can be put. There is a saying in the South of India that there are three hundred and sixty uses of the Palmyra palm; and it is no exaggeration to say that it meets half the wants of a peasant household. The sap and the fruit are excellent food, and ripe or unripe the fruit is wholesome; the beams and rafters of the house are made of the trunk, the roof of the leaves; but the leaves also make the mats and baskets of the home. the vessels for drawing water, and the pages of the books which until lately were the only books known among the Tamils, the writing scratched upon the firm surface with an iron pen. Is not true Christian life the useful life? Christians may or may not have brilliant endowments; the greatest number of them are probably persons of commonplace lives; but they are useful and helpful, helpful to their neighbours, of infinite use and blessing to the great world about them; and they are this simply because they are living a loving

to direct their conduct.

I have said that the polm-tree will flourish There are districts of upon sterile soil. Tinnevelly, in Southern India, where the soil is so dry and sandy that it surprising anything will grow. Yet where this powdery red sand prevails for miles we have walked through plantations of the stately Palmyra palm, the great stems rising to an immense beight, and the trees in the most vigorous health. Here, as elsewhere, the sap flows most freely at the hottest time of the year, and when the soil is without vegetation and almost without substance, when the only shade is that cast by these branchless trees from their narrow crowns of leaves, when the only clouds are clouds of dust, "when the streams are dry and the wells are exhausted, and the largest rivers are only a bed of glowing sand," there is the singular speciacle of these stately trees flowing continually with their fountains of sweet water. How it possible? we often asked. Bishop Caldwell, whose house lies close to such a desert, tried to answer that question for himself. He dug into the ground to observe the course of the roots, but as deep as he dug "the thread-like roots of the palm burrowed deeper," until at last, " when forty feet below the surface, he came upon water; and here the room, drinking in the refreshing moisture, penetrated even farther among gravel and stones, till he could follow them The riddle was solved; and no more. any one may feel what a new beauty it gives to the comparison here. The roots of the Christian life sink down into the living waters. They are fed from the perennial fountains of the Spirit far out of sight. And the service and freshness of that life, and all the influences that flow from it, do not depend on what we see, for the soil where such a life grows is often spiritually barren, but they depend upon its roots striking down among the living waters.

But the righteous is not only like the palm, but like a tree "planted in the house of the Lord." There are open courts about the temples of the East, not paved courts, but lawns, and these are often planted with trees. We have seen them in some of the great temples at Peking of enormous size, more like parks than anything else; both their shade and their greenness are grateful in the temples of India; and they make avenues and squares in the temple courts of Japan, where keen observers notice some resemblances III the forms of the Jewish the palms of victory in our hands. worship. Solomon himself planted pulm-

tife for Christ, and because they suffer Christ trees round the inner temple wall, and we can easily suppose that they flourished there. tended by the priests and guarded by the sanctities of the place. And returning to the image used, Christian lives should flourish most that grow up among the influences of the sanctuary, that are planted in the house of the Lord?

It will be enough here to group together other Scriptural allusions to the palm. It was part of the decoration of Solomon's temple. Palm-leaves and stems were figured on the walls and doors.

was part of the decoration of the mystical temple in Ezekiel. In Ahmedahad, in Western India, there are exquisite windows with this very decoration, that are famous through III the East. The tracery of the window springs from the stem of the palm, and the leaves are wrought into every cunning form, while in one of the windows there are two side palms besides the central, and all this delicate and lovely work is wrought in hard sandstone.

The palm-hranch was the sign of joy. was of branches of palm-trees as well as willow that the Israelites were told to construct the booths at their first feast of tabernacies; and when they kept the feast of the captivity, Ezra proclaimed "Go forth unto the mount and fetch palm-branches."+ And before the last Passover of our Lord it was with palm-branches gathered on Mount Olive that the much people went forth to meet Him. The palm had now become the emblem of victory. Its stately leaves waving high above the earth, crown-shaped also and like a caronal, suggested triumph. And those who appear in the New Jerusalem and have overcome tribulation, are represented with palms in their hands.

First planted in the house of the Lord, with roots that strike down into spiritual waters; rooted in Christ, rooted in the Word and doctrine, rooted in Divine graces, rooted in the love of the Father, in the life of the Son, and in the fellowship of the Holy Ghost: then, as the palm-tree wears no dust upon its leaf and bears no fruit save at its very crown, and in the heavenly sunshine, so we, not gathering upon our life the soil of earthly care, nor the dust of all these highways where men crowd and jostle, but with clusters of graces and Divine experiences that have the beavenly bloom upon them, shall pass through the strife of temptation and the old long fight with sin, and shall enter into the kingdom of perpetual light, white-robed, and with

QUEBEC.

P cintes from Ala Hartfolis.

By H R.H. THE PRINCESS LOUISE

F QUAL gallantry, and very unequal for long odds, the I tench language might have the French and the English for the New World, than the Province of Quebec or the State of Had the French Court sufficiently backed Louisiant. I'wo fruitless victories crowned

boking the great St Law roice River. It is always

tune, characterized the contest between been spoken now over regions more extensive their gullant general, who was fighting against their arms, and two defeats brought about



View from the Wandows of the Governor General a Quartera

understood to be one of the finest riches in the world, an ere rooting scene of beauty. On the right bank of the river is Point Letis (named after the callant French general Marquis de Let is) At this place the Royal Engineers created wooden huts some years ago, and these are now used by the Canadian Artillery Militia in the number time. To the left is the Island of Orleans, situated almost midst eam six miles below the town of Onches. The hills beyond rite over St Anne's, a favourte blace for piles mages.

the treaty, the results of which were so that there is no population more attached loyally accepted by the French Canadians than a them. In the British Constitution.

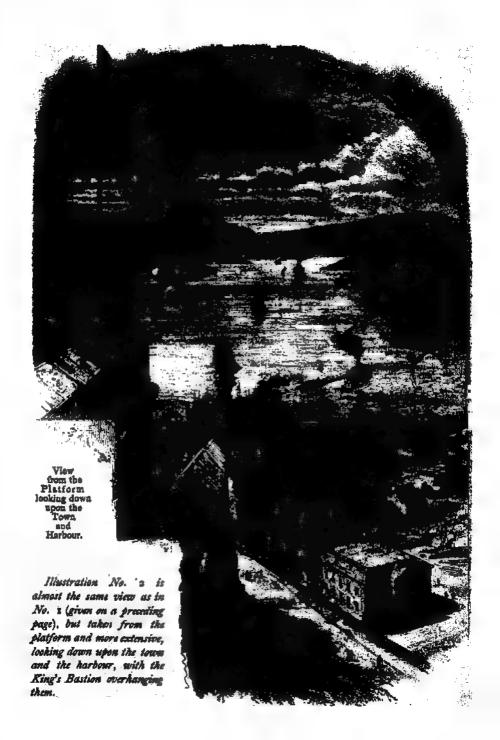
High as were the hopes of the gallant com- to Quebec in his hands, Wolfe waited until troops to justify confidence that resistance the so-called Plains of Abraham. could not be prolonged. The first remarkable the walls of which rise steeply to action was that at Louisburg. It was one of feet above the water. The p the two decisive British successes. The place difficult one water, and ? shows no striking natural features. Low rocky soldiers who, if they had by shores almost encircle a wide bay. Domi- ported by the Governor nating the recesses of this bay, and to the left would have rendered it is as the first entered, rose the strong ramparts with a few of the finest regiments of the Royal army of France.

back, thinking he attempt to land too peril signal for a den-on they row amid the

chief of the British forces in North America. ...nd poured his troops through the town on Wolfe's next chance was given him in the to the plateau. Impetuously attacking, he summer of 1759, when Montealm, calmly was driven back and mortally wounded, watching his enemy's movements from the almost at the same moment that Wolfe also ridges near the Falls of Montmorenci, was fell, happier than his rival, who lived long enabled to crush a brigade too hastily enough to feel that the desertion of himself thrown on shore, and compelled it to and of his army by the French Court, must tetreat, leaving many killed and wounded, cause the surrender of the town. But But the hold gained by the invader was not possession was again atoutly contested the to be easily shaken off. Already masters of next year, and the Marquis de Levis revenged the Island a Orleans, with the banks of the in 1760, too late and unclearly, the disaster of river below the Falls, and also those opposite the previous year.

manders of the English in 1758, they could the autumn. His able opponent lay in the hardly have expected that, within a brief lines he had successfully defended. They period, the sons of the brave men who stretched along the left side of the St. Lawconfronted them would be fighting side by rence as far as the Isle of Orleans, and enside with the redcoats - repel the inva-circled the city, which on its commanding sion which threatened absorb Canada in cape presented one steep front the great the neighbouring Republic. But the atma-river and another to the wide valley of a ment equipped against the French colonists small stream named the St. Charles. On the was imposing enough in number of ships and third side the citadel batteries looke' across

of a citadel, garrisoned by some of the best of the Veterans of the wars ents composed were gallant bands of hardy of King Louis, The fleet advances, a cloud of small boats had proved that they confrovincials, who cover the water, between the ships and the efficient aid to the Regularid render most shore. The surf is heavy, and the position of a chance for the English to But there was the garrison looks most formidable. A slight near the town and on a leveplace themselves figure in the leading boat stands up amid a before the French reinful with its garrison, storm of shot, and is seen we had a the property of shot, and is seen to we had a the property of shot and standard of seen to we had a the property of shot and standard of seen to said afternoon and shot and standard of seen to said afternoon to lead to said afternoon to lead to said afternoon to lead to said seen to said afternoon to lead to said seen to lead to said seen to said afternoon to lead to said seen to said seen to said afternoon to lead to said seen to said afternoon to lead to said seen to said seen to said afternoon to lead to said seen to said afternoon to lead to said seen to said men-of-war and of transports. These he well ous. But his gant followers think it is the employed. Making as though he would spinsh of balls d roar of artillery, and, as vainly attacked in the summer, he caused each boat touch land, the crews leap out, the mass of his enemy's forces to remain one and slipping, strading through the suif, form autumn afternoon on the Beauport shore, and amid the traffe are, and rush to the assault. then under cover of night, swept up with the Thrapture of the place was an extraordinary tide above the city. Quickly scaling the feat of arms, and the slightly-built man who high bank, he drew up his men without waved his cocked hat in the leading boat moeting with resistance. Montcalm in the that day, was soon afterwards nominated grey of morning hurried over the St. Charles



QUEBEC.

By His Exculency THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

O FORTRESS City, bathed by streams
Majestic as thy memories great,
Where mountains, floods, and forests mate
The grandeur of the glorious dreams,
Born of the hero hearts, who died
In founding here an Empire's pride;
Prosperity attend thy fate,
And happiness in thee abide,
Fair Canada's strong tower and gate!

May Envy that against thy might
Dashed hostile hosts to surge and break,
Bring Commerce, emulous to make
Thy people share her fruitful fight,
In filling argosies with store
Of grain and timber, and each ore,
And all a Continent can shake
Into thy lap, till more and more
Thy praise in distant worlds awake.

For all must drink delight whose feet
Have paced thy streets, or terrace way;
From rampart sod, or bastion grey,
Have marked thy sea-like river greet
'The bright and peopled banks that shine
In front of the far mountain's line;
'Thy glittering roofs below, the play
Of currents where the ships entwine
Their spars, or laden pass away.

As we who joyously once rode
So often forth to trumpet sound
Past guarded gates, by ways that wound
O'er drawbridges, through moats, and showed
The vast St. Lawrence flowing, belt
The Orieans Isle, and sea-ward melt;
Then past old walls by cannon crowned,
Down stair-like streets, to where we felt
The salt winds blown o'er meadow ground.

Where flows the Charles past wharf and dock,
And Learning from Laval looks down,
And quiet convents grace the town,
There swift to meet the battle shock
Montcalm rushed on; and eddying back,
Red slaughter marked the bridge's track:
See now the shores with lumber brown,
And girt with happy lands that lack
No loveliness of Summer's crown.



Quaint hamlet-alleys, border-filled
With purple lilacs, poplars tall,
Where flits the yellow bird, and fall
The deep cave shadows. There when tilled
The peasant's field or garden bed,
He rests content o'er his head
From silver spires the Church bells call
To gorgeous shrines, and prayers that gild
The simple hopes and lives of all,

Winter is mocked by garbs of green,
Worn by the copses flaked with snow,—
White spikes and balls of bloom, that blow
In hedgerows deep; and cattle seen
In meadows spangled thick with gold,
And globes where lovers' fates are told
Around the red-doored houses low;
White rising o'er them, fold on fold,
The distant hills in asure glow.

Off in the woods we long delayed,
When hours were minutes all too brief,
For Nature knew no sound of grief;
But overhead the breezes played,
And in the dank grass at our knee,
Shone pearls of our green forest sea,
The star-white flowers of triple leaf
Which love around the brooks to be,
Within the birch and maple shade.

At times we passed some fairy mere,
Embosomed in the leafy screen,
And streaked with tints of heaven's sheen,
Where'er the water's surface clear
Bore not the hues of verdant light
From myriad boughs on mountain height,
Or near the shadowed banks were seen
The sparkles that in circlets bright
Told where the fishes' feast had been-

And when afar the forests flushed
In falling swathes of fire, there soared
Dark clouds where muttering thunder roared,
And mounting vapours lurid rushed,
While a metallic lustre flew
Upon the vivid verdure's hue,
Before the blasts and min forth poured,
And slow o'er mighty landscapes drew
The grandest pageant I the Lord:

The threatening march of flashing cloud, With tumulta of embattled air, Blest conflicts for the good they bear! A century has God allowed

None other, since the days He gave
Unequal fortune to the brave.

Comrades in death 1 you live to share
An equal honour, for your grave

Dade Engage take Love as hou?



Dutch and Ramparis

Unstruction No 4 shows one of the district, with its samparts on either side, into wall at the end near the small house closes the distri, at a place where the drops steeply doton in a socky examplment to the sixer.

We watched, when gose day's quivering haze.
The loops of plunging foam that beat
The tocks at Montmorenci's feet
Sub the deep gloom with moon-hi rays,
Or from the fortress saw the streams
Sweep switty o'er the pillared beams;
White shone the roofs, and anchored fleet,
And gramy slopes where nod in drams



Illustration No. 5
shows the interior of the
citadel plateau, looking
over the St. Charles
valley, with part of the
Laurentian range in
the distance, as seen
from the GovernorGeneral's windows.

The present citadel was built in the early part of this antury. The old French fortifications extended rather farther than the present works, and their lines can be most distinctly traced. Large military stores are kept in the citadel.

Illustration No. 6 (facing page 217) is Wolfe's Cove. now filled with timber stores belonging to the lumber merchants. Under the steep diffs are picturesque small villages along the riverside, inhabited mostly by lumbermen and fishermen, The road passing through these villages, having on the one side the great river, and on the other the deep-enved houses, is one of the prettiest in the innediate neighbourhood of Quebes.

Or when the dazzling Frost King mailed,
Would clasp the wilful waterfall,
Fast leaping to her snowy hall
She fled; and where her rainbows hailed
Her freedom, painting all her home,
We climbed her spray built palace dome,
Shot down the radiant glassy wall
Until we reached the snowdrift foam,
As shoots to waves some meteor ball.

Then homeward, hearing song or tale,
With chime of harness bells we sped
Above the frozen river bed.
The City through a misty well
Gleamed from her cape, where sunset fire
Touched Louvro and Cathedral spire,
Bathed ice and anow a rosy red,
So beautiful that men's desire
For May-time's rival wonders fled;

The glory of a gracious land,

Fit home for many a hardy race;

Where liberty has broadest base,

And labour honours every hand.

Throughout her triply thousand miles

The sun upon each season smiles,

And every man has scope and space,

And kindliness, from strand to strand,

Alone is born to right of place!

Such were our memories. May they yet
Be shared by others sent to be
Signs of the union of the free
And kindred peoples God hath set
O'er famous isles and fertile zones
Of continents! Or if new thrones
And mighty States arise, may He
Whose potent hand yon river owns,
Smooth their great future's shrouded Sea

THE GOLDEN SHAFT.

By CHARLES GIBBON, AUTHOR OF "ROBER GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," FIG.

CHAPTER XV.—A GUARDIAN ANGIL.

WHEN she entered, Thorburn turned quickly to the minister.

Does she know?"

The minister looked at her for a moment, and then responded:

"Yes, she knows."

Thorburn drew back, and laid his bag on the table. There was a twitching about the lips which indicated pain, and a nervous movement of the hands suggestive of the excitement he was using all his strength to control. He could not resume the singular coolness of manner which he had shown to Mr. Moffat, but he maintained the show of a caim demeanour.

"I had not forgotten my promine to wait for you, Miss Musgrave, but I had resolved in break it," he said in a subdued voice; but the tone was firm as that of one convinced of the rightness of his course.

He placed a chair for her, and there was a gentle courtesy in the manner of the act as well as in the act itself. There was something more in the man's expression, tenderness—that most pathetic tenderness with which one utterly hopeless regards the person—man or woman—who is vainly striving to bring back to him the spring of life, Hope. He knew that she could not do it for him with XXIII—17

all her generous efforts and all her goodness. But he was grateful: he loved her for the endeavour, and wished that he could help her. That, however, was impossible; what he had to do was clearly fixed in his mind, and she must not know anything of it if he could prevent her.

Thorburn, who was the object of all their care, was, outwardly, the least moved of the three. Eilie and the minister were much agitated, and the former showed it in the paleness of her face and the evident effort she was making to speak very quietly.

"I have come to you as soon as I could, Mr. Thorburn—ke says that you wish that we should call you so still. Of course I am very much surprised, but I am somehow pleased, for you know you and I have become great friends. Why did you not tell me what it was all about when we met this afternoon?"

These words she added playfully, seeing the utter amazement which was expressed upon his countenance. Then there was a strong light on his face as he said:

"Because I was afraid. You cannot know yet what harm cowardice can do. The minister will tell you---it's his business."

"I have a sermon on that special subject, and it seems to me that the application of meets the present case most admirably.

The minister drew a chair towards him, posed himself as if were speaking from the pulpit, and proceeded with much deliberation as the were really in one.

"Now, my friends, what I have got to tell you is this: A man or a woman may be frightened by a dog, or a cow, or a horse, or a steam-engine; and fear is an element of good. I believe all the victories in the world have been gained by fear. You think that strange; I is not so. The brave man is always afraid-afraid of doing wrong. His fear is only that in doing his duty he may do it wrongly, and so he seeks out and finds the right course. The real coward is the man who does not fear himself; but as soon as he begins to fear himself, the remedy is at hand-avoid the things which cause the fear. The hopeless coward is the one who, seeing and knowing his danger, will not avoid it. . . . That's you, Thorburn."

The minister closed his little harangue with a look in which there was a minghing of something like stern carnestness with his

customary good-humour.

Thorburn only bowed his head, avoiding

Kilie's anxious eyes.

"But what is the danger?" she inquired,
"and why will be not avoid it?"

"You must answer that for yourself, Thor-

burn."

The latter was evidently becoming excited, but he still managed to control himself, and

replied calmly enough:

"There is a difference of opinion between Mr. Mossat and myself on this subject. What he calls my danger I regard as the only proof it is now in my power to give, that my wish is to help John Armour, not to harm him."

"And I say that the proof of your good intentions which you meditate giving will hurt him and your mother more than anything you have yo done. When the lover wrote—'For bonnic Annie Laurie I would lay me doon and dee,' he proved that he did not know what true love was: that makes a man live for the woman of his choice—and a hard task he often finds it."

But Mr. Thorburn does not mean to do

anything so wicked," exclaimed Ellie.

"I hope not, and do not believe he means it, but self-murder was what he was meditating, and I fear it is in his thoughts still, although he knows that such a crime would leave a legacy of cruel misery to those he really wishes to serve."

"They would not have known," muttered

the man a low, troubled voice.

"That is what every criminal says to him-together."

self: "others have been found out, but they will not find me out! I can do this thing so much more eleverly than the other folk!"

It has been the self-excuse for wrong-doing since the world began."

"You are bard upon me, Mr. Moffat, and

rightly so from your point of view."

"Well, then, will you promise me that you will give up the idea for all our sakes? Remember, I am talking from your point of view—that you wish to be helpful."

"There can be no difficulty in promising

all that you require."

"That's right. I knew you were a reasonable being," was the minister's gratified exchanation. "I want you to promise something more, that you will stay amongst meliping your son in the mill; for meliping your lesp greatly."

"I can't do that—I can't do that | "

He looked nervously out at the window as if he expected to see some one; and indid see his son and Dr. Johnstone approaching. He took up his bag again and made a movement towards the door: Ellie playfully stepped between him and it.

"You are not going away, Mr. Thorbum: I have quite made up my mind on that

Bubject."

He drew back and somewhat sullenly took

a seat.

"I cannot promise," he repeated. "There is one man who makes this neighbourhood unbearable to me, now that it is known who I am."

"And who may that dreadful creature be?"
He besitated: then answered with much

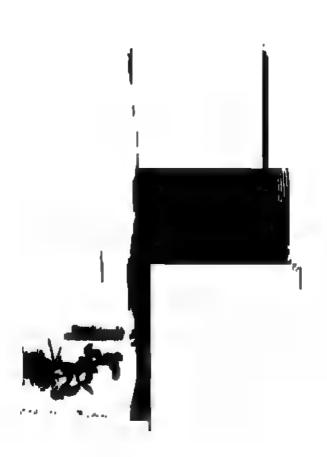
reluctance:

"The Fiscal."
"My father!"

"Yes, your father;" and his eyes brightened with fierceness as he observed her amazement. "He is my enemy,— one I fear, and I know that he would not spare me fear, and I know that he would not spare me reason than that is, I cannot now bear in look upon him: he reminds me of the past too bitterly."

"You don't know my father, Mr. Thorburn," said the girl quietly, "and when he hears about all that has happened, I am sure that he, too, would wish you to stay."

"I know him well," was the excited response; "do not let us speak about him—forgive me for having done so. I did not wish to do it, but now that you know our feelings towards each other you will own that it is better we should not be brought together."



"I still ask you to stay with mour son and your mother. It I their wish, and they bade me tell you, thinking my voice might have influence over you."

"Yes, yes, it would in anything else. Ask your father what he would say and he will

tell you the same."

"I can answer for him. Whatever may have happened between you long ago, he has

forgotten it."

And I can say a word, too," the minister joined in: "our Fiscal is a man of kind heart and good sense, and not likely to keep up an old gradge, although he does keep up an old love. Not one of the friends of his youth but remains his friend still. You are the only exception to that rule, Thorburn, and it seems to me that it it you who keep up the grudge."

"Old love-old friend-you don't know, Mr. Mosfat, how near you hit the reason for the dislike we cannot overcome," cjaculated Thorburn. "No, no, tell him nothing of my existence or you will ruin John Armour's

happiness."

He became suddenly calm on the entrance of Almour with Dr. Johnstone. 'The latter was a portly gentleman with a broken nose: he always announced himself as Dr. Sam Johnstone, and insisted that the Dr. Sam Johnson's name ought to be written with a It' and an "c."

"Well, sir," he et A addressing Thorn-. . all the comburn, "how is this, a mands your physician and wishes of your friends? Do you want to be on my . wishes of daily list again? What is the use of being such a thrawn Deevil?—begging your pardon, Miss Musgrave, for such language."

"I had business mattend to, Doctor,"

was the answer.

"Well, sir, your pulse is bad, you are looking bad, and your business just now is to come away up to Mr. Armour's house where a room is ready for you, and if you want to save trouble and to live, you will not go out again before I say it is safe,"

Thorburn looked as if he would decline

to obey, but Ellie held out her hand.

And went quietly away speaking no further word,

As soon as he had gone with his fair

escort Dr. Johnstone said decisively:

"There not the slightest doubt of it, sir, from what I see now and have seen before, he is cracked. That I to say, he is in a high state of cerebral excitement, I which you fear he has in his mind."

"He has promised not to harm himself,"

explained the minister.

"That may be, sir, but I would not give much for the promises of a man in his condition. At any rate it will be well to keep a strict watch upon him for two or three days."

CHAPTER XVI.—" CLISHMACLAVERS."

"It's just the maist extrordinar thing that was ever heard tell o' in my day-an' that's a gey lang ane," said Tawtie Pate, posing him-self for a good "crack" with the smith who was busy at his anvil.

"I got some word o't yestreen, but I canna mak' it out, ava," was Gow's answer, his face brightening-like his fire when he blow the

bellows—at the prospect of news.

"An' what did you hear?" queried Pate, with the air of a man who, having exclusive information, wishes to know how much his gossip has learned in order to triumph afterwards in the display of his superior know-

"Od man, I can hardly tell what it was, it was a' that navelt an' fearsome that I was clean dumbfoundert and couldna tak' in a

"What did you bear?" persisted Pate.

Gow was as cannie as his neighbour, and was not going a commit himself. So again

he answered evasively:

"I'm thinking you ken mair about it nor me, for the soutar tauki me you were speaking wi' John Armour this mornin'. Ony way there was enough in't to gar me think that gin the half be true, this is a bad day for him.

"An' that's nae lee—it's a bad day for John Armour an' for mair nor him. I dinna think the puir auld Grannie can get ower't."

"Then what was it, in the name o' guid-

ness? Folk say there's murder in't."

" Ay," rejoined Pate, solemnly, and dwelling long on the monosyllable, "there's murder in't, and Jock Thorburn is no Thorburn

"Wha is he then?"

"You didna' hear that ! Weel, mour's father, an' he murdered a man a' back, an' I'm gaun to the Fiscal's house & wi' a letter. I suppose it's to bid him come down an' see about it.'

"Think o' that !-- an' him sic a blithe crony ower a tumbler when he cam' out wi' his stories about America an' the queer things he had dune there. I whiles wonder't how mackle was true, but I'll believe onything noo. should say very likely to make the attempt I would never hae thought he could hurt a fice he was sy that kind among the bairns. But tell us a' about the affair, for onyhody could see that you ken the rights o't."

Pate's vanity thus appealed to, he begun, with becoming caution and modesty, how-

"Weel you see I'm no just sure that I hae the rights o't a'thegither, for Armour didna' say muckle. He speirt if I would tak' a letter to Torthorl, an' I said I would. I was wae for him, puir sowl, for I could see by his looks that it was a matter o' life and death for him."

Ay, how's that?"

"Weel, frac what I can mak out this is the way o't. His father murder't somebody, as I tauld you, an' was awain hidin' for years, an' now he's come hame when the thing was forgotten amaist, an' he might hae bided lang enough without onybody kennin', but he's gane clean crack and wandered about telling everybody."

"Conscience is an awfu' thing," said Gow, blowing his bellows and looking wise. "What will happen now do you think? Will they

hang him?"

"There's nae doubt about it, for he owns till't himsel', and plenty folk will be howket up to make the thing clear."

"They were sayin' that there was some awfu' daeings at the cottage yestreen."

Gow was unconscious of his own caution when he gave the indefinite "they" or "folk"

as his authority.

"Aye, an' at the house tac," continued Pate, proud it might seem of the horrors "When Thorburn had he had to recount. tauld upon himsel', he was wanting to cut his throat wi' a gully knife, but the minister just grippit him in time, and then the Fiscal's dochter came in. She has been rael guid to him, you ken, an' she got him coaxed awa to the house. Armon had got the doctor by this time, and they sent to the Crichton for a keeper, so they barred him into a room, an' the keeper and Lawson keepit watch on him the whole night through."

"An' what did he do?"

Ow, he just gaed on yellin' an' swearing' rge, an' Miss Musgrave hensel' even uldna' quiet him."

Was she there a' the time? "

She was there gey late, an' that was anither grand collieshangie, for her mither thought she was lost and sent the carriage fleein' doon for her, and she was whippit awa frae Armour's house. The coachman Bryce up and tauld him without ony com-

to come there again. The lass was greetin' like as her heart would break. Armour aye keeps a calm sough, you ken, an' he just ordered Bryce to hand his tongue and said to the lass that she wasna to greet. Syne

the carriage gaed off at a gallop.

"That's hard on the chap to lose his lass for one faut of his ain. But the Fiscal's lady was aye high-handed, and I dinna believe would have let him marry her ony way. Maybe she's glad o' a guid excuse for sendin' him about his business. What's to happen next?"

"Guid kens what'll happen next. Thorburn's to be sent to the asylum the-day as soon as they can get the order for lettin' him

in."

Gow gave strong, meditative blows to the iron he was holding on the anvil. Then:

" It's my opinion they should have let the billie hae his ain way an' use his gully as he liked. I canna see what use there was in stopping him."

"That's a question no sac casy settled as

you might think, Gow."

"It's a' ane to me. I hae settled it, an' I'd like to ken what you hae to say to the

contrar."

Then as the discussion began Descon Simpson joined them, and the wonderful story, with its wonderful exaggerations and grains of truth about Thorburn, Armour, and Ellie, was resumed with new lights and additions. So it went about, gathering embellishments according to the humour of each speaker, as it flew from mouth to mouth. was quite settled that Thorburn was to be hung, that Atmour was disgraced for ever, and could not dare even to look at the Fiscal's daughter again. He was pitied, but in the pity there was always some unexpressed feeling of shame cast upon him for being what he could not help, the son of his father.

CHAPTER XVII.-THE TRUTH OF IT.

Tawrie Pare's version of what had happened was exaggerated enough, but still more garbled versions obtained currency because the truth was me yet known to few, and they were too much pained by the actual state of affairs to speak of it. This was what had occurred.

Ellie led Thorburn to the room which had been prepared for him on the upper floor of the house where Grannie was waiting to receive him. As went in me observed that the key was on the outside of the door, and that there was no fastening on the inside. pliments that her mither said she was never. He pulked quietly in the window, and saw

ground. He looked round, and noted that somebody in pain, the whistle of the wind various preparations for his comfort had been a scream—worse then we be haunted by the hastily made. They were trifling in them- ghosts of one's own thoughts and deeds. selves, but suggested to his mind that he was expected to remain there some time.

Then he turned | Ellie and said with a queer smile-tender, yet half-pitying, half-

mocking her:

" Delilah . . . I never thought I could be betrayed a second time by a woman."

Ellie-only smiled at this charge, for she regarded it as nothing more than a satincal

jest on his part.

"Yes, I am a wicked creature, and I have coaxed you to come to your son's house, where you can be better cared for than in your own cottage. You know that you are not well,"

"This is a prison," he said, still with that queer smile, "and I understand what it means. You are my good friends, and like good friends you think that because my ways are a little eccentric I am insone, and wish to guard me against myself. Well, it is very kind of you, and I hope I can be grateful. But being insano and of no use to any one, why not let me go my way? I am not likely to harm anybody."

"Speak to hun, Grannic, tell him why we

are all so anxious."

"It's nae use, lassie, it's nae use. I ken him, and he'll hae his ain way nae matter what we say."

"It is not a bad way, mother," he said, piteously, and her heart leaped at the sound of the name she had not heard for so many

us," she answered, her voice trembling a

"I wish I could do something to please you-I was insane to come back here to cause you all so much distress."

"You wish to please us!" exclaimed Ellie: "I thought you would like to do that. Come then and sit down and talk to us quietly. Here is a cosy chair, and Grannie and I will keep you company until you teel sleepy.

She gleefully wheeled an easy-chair forward close to the motuer, and he sat down. She

took a place herself in front of them.

"Sleepy," muttered, "I don't think I shall ever feel so again, and it | horrible in the night when everybody is at rest to feel as if one were the last man in the world, and to be haunted by the ghosts of those who are for herself that night at any rate. gone. Worse, in that hideous silence in which the others rest and yield to her the natural

that it was a considerable height from the the creaking of a chair is like the cry of But this is not the way to please you." he interrupted himself suddenly, observing the frightened expression which was dawning on Ellie's face. "Will you tell me why you are so kind to a creature like me?"

Both Ellie and Grannic were relieved by this abrupt change, and the former answered;

"Is kindness so rare to people who are in trouble that there should be anything wonderful in what I have done?"

"It has been so in my case."

There was a long-drawn breath like a suppressed sob from Grannie. He turned to her with nervous haste, saying excitedly;

"I am not forgetting you; don't think

that. But-

Armour came in, and Thorburn instantly ccased speaking, but he listened eagerly

all that passed.

"The carriage has come for you," said Armour, and there was a note of sadness in his voice; "and you are wanted home im-mediately. I suppose your mother is annoyed at your being here so long."

Ellie rose quickly, and flushed as she remembered the conversation she had had

with her mother.

"I am very late," she said uneasily.

They went out together, and Thorburn, placing his hands on his head, whispered to Grannie in a frightened tone:

" "They have taken her away from him, and

it is because of me."

"It may be," she said calmly, "but you'll no make things ony the better for him by

giein' folk mair to say about you."

Thorburn did not speak again. He was docile to Grappie and Armour as a welltrained dog to its master. There was an undercurrent of excitement in his manner at moments, but he seemed to have no wish to do anything except obey them. He was resigned apparently to submit himself entirely to their guidance, although he coulded not approve of it-

He went to bed, and Grannie, who cupied the next room, was to keep watch night. This she insisted upon in spite of remonstrances, asserting that she could detect the alightest movement on the floor much more quickly than any one else, and could give the alarm if he attempted me get away. Besides, she had no hope of obtaining sleep place of a mother by the bed of a sick metaphor; his life was staked upon it whether

Armour yielded, but he, too, kept watch in the room below, and Lawson was at hand ready to give assistance should force be required to restrain Thorburn from attempting to make his way out of the house against their will

But there appeared no symptom of any He lay perfectly still, but auch design. Grannie knew that he was not sleeping.

The wind was soughing gently round the house, and a branch of the climbing rosetree which overhong the window tapped softly m intervals upon a pane. The yellow blind was whitened by the light of a full harvest moon, and the deep silence of the night, clear to students and to weary workers, had come.

Thorburn had professed to dread this hour; but he still lay quiet, now watching his mother's face by the dim light made in the room by the moon shining through the | found-to endure, to overcome for her sake | blind.

How calm that face was! No reproach upon it, only sadness, and thus most re-proachful. But it could only be her hard phlegmatic way that produced this calmness. She must be cursing him in her heart.

At last, deceived by his long silence and fancying he slept, Grannie crept down on her knees by the bedside.

In the room below, Armour was seated at his desk. Letters and papers lay on each side of him in orderly heaps, and there was letter paper before him as if he had intended to occupy the hours of his vigil in correspondence or writing of some kind. But his elbows rested on the desk, his face on his two hands, and his eyes were closed.

Aslcep? No: even if he had not had a duty to perform in keeping wakeful throughout the night in order guard against any attempt to escape on the part of his unfortunate father, he would have found it difficult to sleep.

He was seeing beautiful visions of Ellie sitting in that arm-chair, or standing up bravely by his side with the red glory of the sunset full upon her, and for him a greater more resolutely to the affairs in hand." glory in her face as she told him her place was there in sortow, even in shame !

He-he, John Armour, papermaker, Thosniehowe, had heard these words uttered by you with what happiness you have filled me the woman he loved—the woman he now even at this time. I feel almost ashamed of knew loved him! And she would keep her being so lippy when Grannie is so sad. But word whatever might betide: he would stake it makes me the stronger to comfort her. his life on that. Staking his life upon it was no "Everything in this room is changed. A

he would or no, for he felt that a she should falter or draw back there would be nothing to live for. Without her now, he knew that he would be like a ship without rudder or sail, drifting at the will of wind and wave, to break upon the first rock that came in the way.

So he could be calm concerning this storm about Thorbura. He could almost be grateful to him for providing by the accident to him the opportunities of frequent meetings with Ellic. And in those meetings they had been drawn more and more closely together, until now they had joined hands to make the best of

the world together.

Yes, he could be and ought 📖 be grateful to him for all that, and do his utmost to save him from himself. Whatever shame might come through him could be borne now; for the something noble we do for which he had cried despairingly had been There was brave work, and he would do it.

He knew the silly scandal which would flit about : he knew the exaggerations which many tongues would publish: but he would stand his ground calmly, and face it all-

endure and overcome for her sake!

What a man the minister was ! But for his advice he would not have spoken that day: he would have waited for Musgrave's return. and he would have been sitting there groaning in dread of what might be the result of this revelation, instead of seeing beautiful visions of Ellie, his princess.

Why this was only following out the legend: the magic lantern, love, had been found, and its power for good was unbounded,

"Go," the minister had said, "tell the lass of your love and your sorrow. I am a love; and constantly in love. I hope to be in that condition to the end of my days, for my with is that women—camsteerie creatures though they be—are as often won by misfortune as by fortune. Go, my man, and God speed you. If you prosper, the joy of it will steady you in the present hour; and if your fate is 'No,' then the knowledge of it will enable you to give your thoughts the

And so John Armour went and prospered. He took a pen and began to write:

"I want to speak to you, Ellie, and to tell

little while ago it was so dark, and now it comes back, so that I may the first to tell seems ablaze with light, although there is only my lamp burning. Everything I touch seems sensitive and give response; the pen and the paper are most responsive of all, for they communicate directly with you.

"I do not know what it is I want to write, except it tell you how glad you have made me; how impatient I am for the return of your father, and yet how I fear it. I am waiting for the verdict of life or death, and so, like a wise man, I write a love letter. But it wonly my craving to talk to you, to feel myself near you, that makes me write.

"Your father, having made up his mind that he would let you follow your own wishes in this matter, I not a man to change his mind readily. There is the more hope for us that he will not, seeing that when he gave his consent he knew all the circumstances, although I did not. That was the meaning of his strange hesitation in answering me, and of some of his questions which puzzled me much at the time. But he cannot help being influenced by this exposure; and your mother's words must have all the more weight with him in consequence of it, if she really means to stand between us."

There he stopped: the pen hung over the paper for a few moments; then he quietly Lud it down. The mother and his own position were against him; and they weighed heavily in the balance.

He rose and drew aside the curtains. The moonlight was fading and the first flush

of dawn lit up his earnest face.

Daylreak! How fast the night had gone and peacefully! He had not thought the morning was so near. Was the new light for him? Should be accept the symbol and rejoice, or draw the curtains and return to the night

He opened the window and heard the awakening notes of the birds, graduating

rapidly into a joyous chorus.

He left the window open and the curtains

drawn and returned to the desk,

"You said when you were going away last night, 'Nothing shall separate us.' I take these words as my talisman. I am content is live for you and hope,—the minister says I is nobler to live for those we love than to die for them.

" Having written all this I do not think I will send it; maybe you will get it from my own hand. But I must send a line to ask him of what has happened."

It was this line which was intrusted to Tawtie Pate, and that tardy messenger at length brought back the answer.

"My father away about that great burglary at Kirkhope House. He may be home late to-night, but perhaps not until to-morrow. I will let you know as soon as he comes. I fear you will not see me to-day.

That was her first letter to him! In was practical and brief enough. But then it was from her, and he read it often, finding each time new signs of affection underlying the

simple words.

Throughout the day Thorburn was still docile and quiet. He showed no desire leave his room, and appeared to be perfectly content with all that was being done for him. He professed to feel much better and occupied himself in reading. Dr. Johnstone called and was received with a calmness which did not deceive him, knowing the case, but it puzzled him,

"I don't think it is necessary to do anything more than keep your eye on him," he said to Armour, "and there seems to me every sign that he is coming to reason.

We'll see what Gilchrist says,"

Dr. Gilchrist also had an interview with the patient, and declared that he could find nothing the matter with him farther than that he was suffering from the effects of nervous prostration due to long-continued excitament.

Armout and Grannie were relieved by this good news, and she was permaded to take a

During her absence Howison was to remain in charge of Thorburn. He continued to read, apparently taking no note of all these things. It was about dusk when he said :

"I want you to go down, Howison, and tell the master I would like to see him. If he is over at the work, send Lawson or some-

body for him."

The direction was given so naturally that the woman, accustomed obey him, did as he told her.

When she returned to the room, Thorburn was gone.

CHAPTER EVIIL-A DAY OF RECEONING.

He made no attempt | hide himself, and for information as to the return of your so he got away. He simply followed Howison father: I want to see him the moment he down-stairs—ecurcely even trying to step lightly—took a felt hat from the stand in the hall, and walked calmly out at the front door.

The servants and Lawson heard the door close; but there was nothing in that circumstance to attract special attention. Then Howison, finding that the master was not in his room, went to Lawson, who was in the kitchen at his early supper, to tell him he was to go over to the mill with Thorburn's message. The message threw them completely off their guard.

"Ay, an' hoo is in noo?" inquired Law-

son, continuing his meal.

" Jist as quate as a lamb, an' rendin' at his

book as though it was the Bible."

"He'd he a' richt in a day or twa if they'd let him be," rejoined Lawson, with his mouth full. "I had seen him a hantle want nor he menoo, an' jist because there was nachody to meddle wi' him he cam' round himsel'; but noo that a' body's concerned for him he'll no come round to please them. He's a thraun cr'ature."

"I maun say he hasna been thraun wi' me," said Howison, in defence of her charge; and then, putting in a word for her own merits, "but, nze doubt, me kennin' hoo to

dael wi'm had something ado wi't."

So a little time was lost in gossip before Lawson went to the mill. There he delivered the message, and reported the patient safe and quiet. Consequently Armour, having before the mill closed for the night, did not instead to obey the summons. Thus more time was lost, until the arrival of Howson with the startling intelligence of Thorburn's disappearance.

Then search was made throughout the house; next m the cottage and at the Inn. These were the only places he was likely to go to, and when m was not found at either the probable direction of his flight came to

be considered.

The man was proceeding along the coach road in the direction of Lockerby. At first he had proceeded man casy pace, as if only taking an evening "daunder" for his amusement, then more rapidly as he got further away from the village, and the glosming deepened into a brief struggle of darkness with the rising moon. At last he quickened his steps almost to a run.

But that soon exhausted him, and he halted a warrant; he by a gap in the hedge, through which he could be delay crawled into a grass park and lay down, panting and trembling. He crouched close his face again, ander the shadow of the hedge, listening. The fool, wi

eagerly for any sound of pumuit.

The rattle of a farmer's gig and the loud voices of its occupants as they drove home from some distant market reached his ears, becoming louder, louder as the vehicle approached and passed; then fainter, fainter as the distance lengthened between it and the lurking fugitive.

These people were happy. No doubt they had been roystering in the inn at the market-place, or in the bright, warm parlour of some friend; and now they were speeding home to sound sleep and a comfortable awakening to the daily round of pleasant labour.

Why could not he be as one of them? . . . Too late, too late, Jock Thorburn, and there is no use thinking about it. The footing missed on the threshold has been too long unrecovered for there to be any chance of regaining in now. Bah, what good bathering about what was beyond help and hope? No use crying over spilt milk. What's done is done, etceters, etceters.

Yet many a man had done worse than he; few had suffered so much. Why was it then? What was the difference which enabled these men who had just passed to be jovial and enjoying life, whilst he, lurking there under a hedge, was so miserable? Fate had been in their favour and against hine that was all.

The strong, sturdy step wil? ploughman, whistling blithely as he passeptalong, having stolen an hour from the nightono go a wooing some bonnie lass stealthily the back door of a neighbouring farm. Tramp, tramp, tramp! Why, there was laughter in the fellow's footstep, and Strephon's poetic pipe to his Phyllis was never sweeter than this poor swain's whistle to his decrie.

He turned away from these things; he had

no part in them.

With a kind of melancholy glee he reflected upon the cunning way which he had escaped in spite of all their precautions. It is a evident that the pursuit was being made in the wrong direction. They would be searching the river, no doubt. Aha, he knew better than in that direction; he had turned his back upon as soon as the road permitted. For that night he could count himself safe; but in the morning they would telegraph in all directions, and every constable would be ready to stop him. Of course, no one could stop him long without a warrant; was aware of that; but could be delayed until perhaps Armour overtook him, and could not bear to look on his face again.

The fool, why could be not see that all he was doing was for his aske, and to make the

father might consent if he knew that Thorburn was dead; but not whilst he was there

living amongst them.

This was his plan: he would find some barn or haystack to shelter him for the night; in the morning he would walk on to Lockerby and take the first train he could get, no matter where it was going to, and proceed as far as the money he had would allow. When he came the end of that journey he would not require any more money. No one would guess who he was, there would be silence over his fate, and John and Grannie could be happy.

Meanwhile he must get on a little farther from Thornichowe. He was weak and tired, and could not go much farther, but every step between him and the place was a gain.

He rose slowly and passed through the gap on to the road. It was clear aimost as daylight, and the outlines of the long black wall of hedge, of the tree-tops and the distant hills, were sharply defined. The branches of the trees formed in shadow fairy lace-work on the ground, and solitary bushes presented curious shapes to the eye in the intense white and black around him.

The stillness was profound: he did not like it; and the light was too much for him -his own shadow was so big that it might be seen from a long distance and recognised.

He hurried forward, and he did not realise until then how very weak he was. The immediate excitement of the escape and of the certain chase had supplied him for the time with artificial strength. But whilst he rested behind the hedge all that had passed away, and when he tried resume the quick pace at which he had performed the latter part of the journey to the spot at which he had halted, he tottered and was compelled to adopt a more deliberate step.

By-and-by he reached the steading of Campbell's farm, which was close on the roadside, and again he sat down to rest on the water trough, sitting on which the minister had found him. How long ago was that? he wondered in a wearied way. Ages 🖩

seemed.

The steading consisted of an irregular group of buildings, barn, byre, and stable forming three sides of a square, the fourth side being made up by a wall and a large gate giving to the cattle court.

Against the wall of the stable and open to the road was the cart-shed. Although specially designated the cart-shed, it was also the ware-

way clear for him . Ellie's hand? Her house of any agricultural implements that might be brought in from the field. present, hesides three carts, it sheltered two ploughs, and a harrow carelessly tilted against the wall with the teeth outward.

> From his seat Thorburn had a clear view of the interior of the shed, and he perceived that in one of the carts there was a pile of straw. That he thought would be a satis-

factory resting-place for the night.

He heard the sound of a horse approaching at an easy trot. Sitting there on the trough, he would be in full view of any one coming from either direction; so he decided to get into the cart, and after the horseman passed he could continue his journey if disposed. But on rising he found his weakness had so increased that m had difficulty in making his way into the hiding-place before the horseman came up.

He did not think he had been seen, but he knew that the horse had stopped, and he burrowed into the straw, Presently he heard a man's foot on the ground, and an

authoritative voice said:

" Come out."

It was the Fiscal, who had been riding home from Kirkhope House when he saw the man crawling into the cart. It was known that the burglars about whom he had been inquiring were still lurking somewhere in the neighbourhood, being unable to get away with the heavy booty of silver-plate which they had secured. Seeing a man at this time of night skulking in the outhouse of a farm steading, and evidently desirous of concessment, it at once occurred to the Fiscal that he might have fallen upon one of the thieves.

He was a strong man, cool-headed and brave; and on several occasions he had played the part of special constable in arresting malefactors with whom accident had brought him in contact. The case into which he had just been inquiring was a particularly bad one, and likely to result in a charge of murder, as one of the servants had been so beaten that he lay in a very precarious condition.

Under these circumstances the Fiscal did not for a moment healthte to put his dignity in his pocket and endeavour 🖿 find out what this skulker might be. He therefore dismounted, fastened the reins of his horse to a ring placed in the stable-wall for that purpose, and gripping his riding whip firmly with its loaded handle ready for use if necessary, he advanced to the shed and commanded the supposed culprit to come out.

Thorburn did not instantly recognise the

voice, but, afraid of being recognised by any one and taken back to Thornichowe, he hesitated to obey the summons.

"Come out," repeated the Fiscal sternly, "or I'll drag you out and it'll be the worse

for you."

"I'll come out," said Thorburn feebly; and putting the straw aside, he raised himself, but shrunk back with a half-suppressed

The Fiscal was standing in such a position that the moon was shining full upon his strong, hard-featured face. Even in his pleasantest humour there was something cold and stern in his face, but at that moment, white in the moonlight and distorted by some sudden impulse of passion, it was terrible. The same impulse had caused a quick movement of the right arm as if he were about w strike. In that position he stood for several moments.

He had recognised Thorburn.

Calmness, peace, and beauty all around them; a sense of rest in the atmosphere; and the silence only broken by the occasional thud of a horse's hoof in the stable close by, and the gratings of its halter as its head moved.

The two men scarcely breathed during those few moments in which their souls were living in the past. At last the Fiscal's arm slowly went down to his side; he gave his head a jerk and his whole body a shake as a huge mastiff does on coming out of water, and his face resumed something of its ordinary expression — but harder and colder than usual—whilst he endeavoured mapeak in his dry-humoured, jocular way :

" It's you-Thorburn. On the tramp ngain, oh? Well, you always were a roving blade; but where away now? I thought you were in comfortable quarters enough, and you're not so young as you once were, you know-neither am I for the matter of that. Only I'm the stone that likes to gather moss; you're the one that likes to roll, and you don't seem to have made much

of it. Well?"

Fiscal's voice was not so clear as usual, was even occasionally husky, and the words came out as if discharged from an airgun rather than from a man's throat. He had twisted the lash of his whip round his forefinger, and now stood swinging it in much the same way as it was his custom to vacant stare in his eyes. He did not see the do with his umbrells. The mechanical action passionate face he expected, but one perfectly apparently soothed him, for his expression calm, only the brows knit.

gradually because more and more that of his every-day self.

Thorburn had got out of the cart. The first shock of the meeting over, we appeared to have recovered a little strength, but he

rested heavily on the cart-wheel.

"I wish we had not met, Musgrave," he said buskily and without looking at him; "I have tried avoid it, but Fate or Providence or Ill-luck, which has followed the all through my life, seems I have decreed that I should not have my way in this either."

It was a curious contrast, the slim, brokendown man, all nerves, and the healthy giant, all muscle and sinew: and yet these two stood as if they were duclists preparing for mortal combat, although the advantages were apparently all on one side. The place. too, was fitting for a duel of such a nature as theirs was likely to be.

The night in its strange stillness seemed to hold its breath in anticipation of the coming storm; the cold clear light of the moon suggested to the minds of both a pale sweet face watching them; and the deep black shadows around them were like the trappings of a funeral.

"On my word, man, and with all my heart, I wish so too. The meeting has not been of my seeking."

"Nor of mine,"

"That I can understand; but that being the case, what in the name of all that is infernal, brought you to Thornichowe?"

There was an indication of suppressed irritability which the Fiscal rarely displayed. Thorburn replied in the subdued, distressed manner in which he had first spoken:

"Accident, and I found there those I was

secking.

"And one you were not seeking, I suppose—that's me. What made you remain when you knew that I was there too?"

"The craving to be near some creature that some creature that I might

care for; and I did not think that after all

these years you would know me,"

"Know you!" exclaimed the Fiscal with Whilst attering this satirical banter the a strange, harsh guttural sound which might have been intended for a laugh, but had turned into a growl, "Man-if we had both lived for a thousand years, each at opposite sides of the world and then met, I would have kenned you fine."

Thorburn looked up at him with a weary

I thought you had recognised me. I am going now. Can you not mount your horse and pass on ?"

The Fiscal moved slightly as if to follow the suggestion at once, but checked him-

self.

"Does Armour know you?" he queried thoughtfully.

"I told him as an excuse for my leaving."

"You told him-when?"

He spoke sharply, for a suspicion crossed his mind which was instantly dispelled by the ARSWET :

"To-day,"

"Oh-that's all right. And I suppose it was as a parting gift him that you told him the miserable story of the past in order that you might help to make his future happy?" said the Fiscal, resuming his tone of sarcastic banter. "You always were a clever chiel in souring other folk's milk."

Thorburn writhed under this, keenly sensitive to its truth. Reproach stings deepest

when it is deserved.

"I did not mean him to know when telling him that it had anything to do with him-

self."

"Bah-how could you tell him without his guessing? He knew nothing about it, and need have known nothing; for like a sensible fellow he had made up his mind go on his way without bothering about you or what you had done. But I expected something of this sort, and blame myself for not having spoken when you first came to Thornichowe.

"You knew me then!" exclaimed Thorburn, rousing in his surprise from the lethargic manner in which he had hitherto spoken.

"Ay, from the first-it's my business to ken the folk that are about me, you know."

And you did not speak—why? **

"Is there a laugh left in your wretched body? If there is, bring it out now and laugh when I tell you why I did not speakwas because I was afraid of you."

He spoke the words through his clenched teeth, and again there was that harsh, guttural sound as if he were laughing at the absurdity of the reason for his conduct. Thorburn did not laugh.

" Afraid me !" he echoed.

Well, afraid of myself when I came near you-as I am now. Look here-Thorbura. I must call you by that name: to use the other would bring me too much into the feeling of the time when, if we had met as now, I would have—well, done more than reason to think of her with something more

"I made up my mind la leave as soon as would have been good for either of us. I am not supposed to be a man who likely to lose all self-control in a hurry; but I am not so sure of that myself. At any rate I have a fear that my temper would get the upper hand | you and I were together and happened to discuss old times. So I wanted to keep out of your way as much as you wanted to keep out of mine. Maybe, too. I had some sort of notion that it was best to leave you to follow your own course, and to get as much good out of it as you could, You were not likely to come in my way, as I thought, and having some regard for Atmour, I did not want him to be fashed about things in which he had no part. It seems to me now that you have spoiled all."

" It seems strange that you should be so considerate m him and so hard upon

"Strange? I dare say it does-to No doubt it would to most folk unless they knew the whole ins and outs of it.

am kind to him for her sake."

The Fiscal turned his face towards the interior of the shed, and, becoming quite black in the shadow, its expression was masked.

Thorburn started, raised his head quickly, and his eyes seemed to gleam with massion. His lips trembled and he spoke meeringly:

"And I presume it is for the same reason

that you detest me.

"Ay, partly so. You took her from me and you betrayed my friend," replied Musgrave very slowly, but without turning his bead.

"Reason enough why there should be illblood between us; but you forget that the woman was deceiving both of us, and that had you taken my place, Graham would have betrayed you as he did me, so far as she was concerned. It was a toss up which of us was to be the victim. There are times when I think of her with pity; but that cannot be in your presence, Musgrave. Had I known that she had pledged herself to you whilst she accepted me, things would have gone differently. I you cared for her-

" If !" interrupted the Fiscal, stung by bitter memories as much as by Thorburn's meer; but he controlled himself. "Hoots! that's neither here nor there now. You and I are not likely to foregather again, and there is no need for us being longer together than

we can help."

"That's my opinion."

"But before we part I want to give you

at the time, and maybe if I had been a little in the manner described in books and con more sensible in regard to you both, everything would have been explained to you. It's an auld sang, but the tune o't is ringing my lugs yet—I could not speak to either of you then. So, I hold myself partly to blame for what happened. That is no excuse for your madness, however, in acting as you did before you knew all."

" I did know all-she deceived me-she

lied to me,"

"It was your own fault that she did so, and it was because you did not know all. She never cared a hodle more for Graham than for any ordinary friend; but he did care for her sister. When he got into his trouble and was in hiding she became the messagebearer between him and her sister. That was all; you and your mad folly misunderstood it, did not seek any explanation in the right way, and the rest followed."

There was a pause. Quiet as the Fiscal's words were, and calm as his outward bearing was, his tone and occasional besitation indicated that the tenderest and most passionate depths, of his nature had been stirred.

Thorburn suddenly seized him by the arm and with spasmodic strength wheeled him round so that he faced the light again, whilst on his own face there was an expression of wild horror as he gasped :

"Why did she lie to me?"

"Chiefly to save you from being mixed up in an affair which might have got you into trouble; partly because she could not trust you."

"This is not true, I saw them kissing, and she told the lie," cried Thorburn, "You say this to whiten her memory and blacken me. You loved her."

The volcano burst.

Ay, I loved her, and you murdered her! Curse you !"

The Fiscal suddenly grasped him by the throat—and there was silence.

CHAPTER XIX .-- AMONG THE BOSES.

SHE ought to have been awake all night thinking of him, and she was not. She ought at least to have been dreaming about himbut without seeing him, as according to the best authorities on the subject we never in dreams see those we love best-and she had not done anything of the kind.

These were Ellie's first waking thoughts as, blushing and smiling with quiet happiness, she remembered what had occurred at the sluice and in Armour's room. What sort of

than pity. If you had been a little patient a love was this?—it did not affect her at 📰 fessed to her in confidence by young ladies who read poetry and could recite whole pages She began 🔳 fear of Romeo and Juliet. that she must be a very commonplace person indeed, with very ill-tuned nerves and incapable of experiencing a thorough-going, dreaming, sighing-laughing, joyful-miscrable, trusting-jenious love !

But she was not in the least disturbed by the discovery of her own shortcomings in this respect; indeed she rather enjoyed tho fun of reviewing them. It was enough for her that he was pleased. Aladdin had called ber his princess; and she felt that she was one-if being content in herself and satisfied with everything and everybody around her

could make her so.

She went out to the garden that morning to gather some flowers for the table, and knew that her step was lighter than usual as she walked. The place looked more beautiful, the flowers smelt more sweetly than they had ever done before.

She was clipping roses from the wall; and there was one particularly fine blush rose-bud which she at once decided to send to kim, but it was a little above her reach, and she was straining up to it when a long shadow crossed the path and a voice said :

"Let me get it for you."

At that moment she made a little spring and the rose-bud fell into her hand. Thanks to her efforts there were additional roses in her cheeks when she turned, smiling, to the friend who had proffered his assistance.

"Thank you, Mr. Fenwick, I had just

reached it when you spoke."

"I wish you would give it to me."

"Oh, I will give you one, with pleasure," and she took another from her basket.

"But not that one?" he said, laughing, as he took the flower which was presented to nim and placed it in his button-hole. "I suppose you want m keep it for yourself, having had so much trouble in getting it? Funny that—we always like best the things which give us the most bother."

"There is nothing special about that bud to you, is there?" the roses growing brighter

in her cheeks as she spoke.

"Oh, no, one flower is as good as another to me, except when it comes from your hand. then of course it is ever so much better than any other flower."

His compliment was a little confused in expression, but I was quite comprehensible. "I don't believe we have said good morning," was her way of changing the sub-

ject

"No, but we can do it now, and I think I would like to do it often-in fact to keep on doing it for ever."

"What a ridiculous notion! Why then

we should always be-

" Exactly, hand in hand as we are now," he said quickly, completing the sentence for her. "That I dare say you will regard as a more ridiculous notion than the other. I don't."

"You are very droll this morning, Mr. Fenwick," she said, making a movement

towards the house.

"Recause I am so delighted to see you looking so well. I see you are tired of my chatter, but you must not get tired of me, for you are to have me with you for an hour or two that morning-all day if you would let me stay. I was going out for a few hours' shooting with Maxwell, but I can easily send a message to him. I told him to start without me at any rate, as Mrs. Musgrave had asked me to breakfast."

"You would lose the whole day's sport."

"And gain a whole day's - maybe a whole life's happiness. I should be with

"That would be too severe a punishment

"Then condemn me 🖿 it at once—I deserve it."

"It is well to be aware of one's own deserts," she said, laughing, and not quite certain how she ought to answer him: "but I should condemn myself at the same time, and I do not feel that I deserve any punish-

" It would be too much for you, you fancy?

I should be very good !"

His eyes brightened and his face beamed with pleasure as he spoke : in his smart shooting costume he looked handsome enough to appear a formidable rival to John Armour. But Ellie's simple straightforward nature was as incapable of consciously encouraging rivalry as Armour was of comprehending how there could be such a thing for a woman's affection. To him the woman was incapable of love who could make a shuttlecock of her affection, and but it from one to the other according to the humour or whim of the moment. So she said frankly:

"It would never do. If you did not tire of us, we should be tired of you long before

the day was out."

"But you will let me stay as long as you can," he urved, not in the least offended.

"Oh, yes, you may stay as long as you can with mamma."

Fenwick had a great respect for Mrs. Musgrave; he liked her because she liked him, flattered him, made him feel that she was conscious of his talents, and anticipated a great career for him in the near future. Altogether she had the knack of keeping him in good homour with himself, and the woman who can do that will win the heart of any man. But having me get over the positive refusal of Ellie to allow him to share her society during the day, the prospect of spending it alone with her mother did not appear to him so tempting as to make it preferable to spending the same time on the moors.

"Thank you: I think there will be no

need to send a message to Maxwell."

"That is a compliment for mamma," said Ellie, drily, as they entered the breakfast-

Mrs. Musgrave unbended more of her state with Feawick than with any one else. And after breakfast, Ellie having left the room, she took him into her confidence.

"One of the reasons why I sent that hasty note yesterday," she said with an air of belief in his wisdom, "was to ask your advice about a matter which is causing me much anxiety."

"I shall be gled to do anything in my power to serve you, Mrs. Musgrave, as you

"I knew quite well I could count upon your aid, especially when I tell you that the matter concerns my daughter." -

"That, of course, gives the subject a double interest for me."

"I thought it would," she said, smiling maciously, and well pleased. "You know these Armour people of the paper-mill-very respectable people doubtless, but I think belie is becoming much too familiar with them, and-and-really I find it difficult to express myself clearly. But it amounts to this—that there is no saying what might occur to Mr. Armour, and I would like Ellie's visits to them to be stopped."

"I fear that you can have no useful advice on this matter from me, Mrs. Masgrave. As you say, the Armours are respectable people, . Ithough there are some curious stories in

the air about them at present,"

"Curious stories? I do not as a rule listen gossip or scandal about any one, but under the circumstances I should like to know what is being said about the Armours."

Mrs. Musgrave looked as if she were making a great sacrifice for her daughter's she was most anxious to hear. Fenwick, had said in reply to her mother's inquiries. however, could tell her very little; he had only heard a few hints of something wildly to ask for details.

"I'll hear all about during the day."

"Come this evening to Idinner. will be no one but my daughter and myself, and perhaps the Fiscal may arrive before you. Fenwick company. leave. He says he will be home some time

to-night."

Fenwick was delighted to have the opportunity of dining with them alone, and of course would come. But he was a good deal puzzled to make out why Ellie, who, as he understood, knew everything, had not told her mother about what had happened. This was why:

"Mr. Armour is coming 📦 see papa, and | into it in the morning."

sake, in consenting to listen to the stories he will then explain everything himself," she

Feawick arrived with the strange news he wrong with the Armours, as he pessed had gathered, and Mrs. Musgrave found an through the village, and he had not stayed opportunity to see him in the drawing-room alone. She pressed him to wait until the Fiscal returned, so that he might be at once he said, "and will tell you when I come informed of the character of the Armours.

At a late hour Armour himself arrived, There seeking Mr. Musgrave, and Ellie persuaded her mother to ask him to wait we keep Mr.

It was long past midnight when the Fiscal returned. Fenwick was half asleep, but Armour was awake and quick to tell the main facts-that Thorburn, who II was feared meditated suicide, had escaped and could not be found.

"This is a remarkable affair," said the Fiscal with grave deliberation of manner: "a very remarkable affair. We must inquire

CHEERFUL CHRISTIANITY.

A Wath to the Wise.

BY MRS. L. B. WALFORD, AUTHOR OF "DICK NOTHERBY," &c.

IT is to the wise and the wise alone that and the waves, with the sure and certain this little word is addressed. It is to hope of a blessed immortality when this those who, in all humility, sincerity, and truth, world's little play shall be played out, truly are leading a life above the world, that we with all this as the basis of his faith, nought venture to put the question, Has it over but a deep sense of thankful, all-pervading occurred to you in the light of a duty, a real | happiness should characterize the Christian and practical thing to be undertaken as part soul. of your profession, the endeavour to be cheerful, attractive, pleasant Christians? We say advisedly "endeavour to be." It is not given 🖿 all, however good and estimable, to the few to charm instinctively; and it is only some that buoyant spirits, fine health, and prosperous circumstances render general amiability easy; but this a different thing altogether from that kind of serenity and lightheartedness which springs from a soul at peace with God, and which we should wish to see overflowing III fountains of gracious kindliness towards all around.

God does not wish His people to be dull folks. He gives them every cause, every right shadow when we might be basking in the to be otherwise. With the consciousness sunshine? Surely God ■ honoured and that the eye of One who never slumbers nor religion gains much credit by the bright eye, sleeps is over them by night and day, with the clastic step, and the smiling, open, conthe surrender of every earthly care into a tented countenance of the youthful be-Hand which holds in its hollow the winds liever.

What, we may venture to suggest, what can be a more acceptable sacrifice, a more conclusive sign of repentance for sins, than a cheerful, hearty, resolute rejection of the be by nature pleasant: ■ is the privilege of world, the ffesh, and the devil? The tin blotted out, God's forgiveness implored and obtained, it not indeed something very like waste of time in be ever grieving and - saning over past unprofitableness, writing down lamentations by the yard in diaries which are seldom, we may suspect, re-read, and which to our mind would be far better ampublished (and why have we so many of these doleful records nowadays?)—is I not a pity, we say, to be perpetually lurking in the

people, you who shake your heads and feel of an agreeable, engaging, taking manner, and that such a bearing out of the question that mart not aside, fair reader !-- of a befor you, to you may we suggest that you should at least step out a little more briskly on your daily path, shake off your spiritless manner, raise the tones of your voice, show more interest, animation, alertness of sympathy your intercourse with others, and have more hopeful views of yourself than many of you possess? Give no excuse for the remark to be made as soon as your back is turned, "I never care to meet such-andsuch of our acquaintance, they have never anything to say; they always seem to have the blues."

Now Christian people have no business with "the blues," and they are wronging their cause by having their names associated with such an idea. How different would the general estimate be of all who profess to be, who are, truly religious, if each one in his or her sphere would look upon it as a past of their daily concern in life to diffuse cheerfulness, sweetness, pleasantry on all around I

You may not think very highly of a visitor who chances to call, and he may have come at an inconvenient season besides, but meet him in the Chustian spirit, hasten to extend the welcoming hand, show hospitality without grudging, give a little of your time and your temper towards making a favourable impression, and the result cannot fail to be eminently honourable alike to yourself and the Master you serve. Men and women of the world, wise in their generation, aim at an all-embracing affability in their desire to court a good opinion and their craving for universal homage; but let a Christian be polite, attentive, attractive, from a nobler motive. Nay, even the minor points of dress and domestic surroundings this principle may and ought to extend. We hear it said now and again, "What a pretty room Mrs. So-and-So has! How nicely it is arranged! It is quite a treat to look round." This in contradistinction to "How can Mrs. Such-another-one endure to sit so dismal and untidy a den? How uncomfortable I looked! Nothing attended to, but everything uncared for and neglected, frampish and disagreeable." Very well; we may be tolerably sure that the feelings inspired by the contrasted scenes are extended towards the ladies themselves. The former will be to a certainty the more popular, the better liked and respected: a grain of good seed let fall from her lips will outweigh oceans of morality emitted by her neighbour; and should she women's clothes is good), and which create,

And to you middle-aged and toilworn add to her household attractions the charm coming dress, she wields in her hand a magician's wand whose power, subtle and fragile though it be, cannot be denied.

> So then we find among the lawful arts of Christian conquest the much-abused art of dress. But let us hasten to explain ourselves, We are not advocating, we would distinctly reprobate, the following of every whim of foolish fashion, we would deplote as much any the extravagance of the times in this respect, but we would say, we do say this, "Be as well dressed, as nicely dressed as you can afford, without the need for spending an undue amount of your time, your thoughts, or your money on the subject." Recollect that time and thought are more precious than gold, therefore far be it from us to commend any of whom it can be said, as we hear it not unfrequently said with envy or admiration, "They have next to nothing we dress upon, yet they always contrive to look as sinart as anybody." We know what that means. Smart dressing is for long purses (and is only suitable to certain stations), and to be gaily and finely attired at a small cost of money means ill-spent hours, overwrought eyes and brain, and miserably misdirected energies. But we address those who are not thus tempted, who have higher and purer aims, and who are more likely to under-estimate than over-estimate the importance of dress. Nay, they not improbably consider the subject as altogether frivolous and beneath their notice. It is nothing of the sort-in its proper place. Why should you think it so? Why should you disdain to study, in moderation, your personal appearance, so as | let it harmonize with your bonnet and your gown, when I certain that by so doing you are rendering yourself more pleasing to the eyes of all who love you, of all who look on you? Why should you go on and on wearing an out-of-date shabby piece of apparel which would be a boon to many a poorer neighbour, but in which your family is tired of the sight of you and in which you annoy them by appearing? Fathers, husbands, and brothers, old men as well as young, invariably dislike being seen in company with a badly attired, unpresentable woman. Why then force them to consider it—as some do—as inseparably connected with your religious profession wear nely, ill-fitting, cheaply run up garments which jar on their taste (and men's taste in

we fear, secret disgust at the so-called family prayers, or think it hard to have to go

You did not think of that? But I is so. and that | enough. Joined to a pleasing air and bright winsome manner, a neat and well-chosen robe is an accessory which no Christian woman need think it beneath her have entered on the Christian life and some

to adopt.

Men have not the same opportunities on this point, but they can make the most of what they have. They need not be slovens in appearance, they need not have their hair badly cut, their coats too long or too large, and their chins and hands unattended to. They, too, can make it their part to be always as they like to be sometimes, and in addition to keeping up an attractive exterior, they can exercise a cordial manner, a general geniality which shall testify to the desire to make friends, put out their feelers as it were, more freely and unrestrainedly than women can, and it is surely incumbent on them to make the affort in cases where it is an effort. The married man, the head of the family who -may we say it?-keeps a good table, and cheerly welcomes to his hearth lonely, and perchance tempted youths, cut off from family ties, alone in lodgings, responsible to nobody, yet not willing go wrong if a helping hand were only held out to keep them to feel themselves intruders at his board, who bids them " Come again " at each "Good-bye," who treats them to no fuss of of plassaulness;" that "the Lord loveth a welcome, but is at pains to make them feel cheerful giver;" and that His "yoke is easy, at home in the family circle, provides for and His burden is light." their amusement, houses them snugly, and feasts them plentifully, what a warm place will he not hold in these poor hads affections through all life! They do not mind kis

to church twice on Sundays when staying with him. It is too good a house to stop at, So much may not be said, may not even be for them not 🔳 accept every invitation with consciously thought, but it I felt all the same, sest, and look back on every visit with plea-

And let the young men also come out to each other if they can, supposing that some have not. It 📕 a mistake to withdraw into a shell of reserve and silence when so much might be gained by a free and frank address, by joining in every healthy innocent sport, by entering into the joys and sorrows of companions, who will only yield their confidence by obtaining confidence in return. Why not be open about yourself, your views, and your aims? Why not, on suitable occasions, and if opportunity offers, speak of it as an accepted fact, that you have before you a different end and object in existence to please. They can show courtesy strangers, that which the world approves; why not avow this cheerfully and pleasantly, the while your words and actions manifest that for all the best part of this life, for all things that are pure, and good, and wholesome, you have as keen a relish as any one?

Come then, Christians, let your light shine before men. Do good, and be good; but be pleasant and comely withal. Let the eye love to rest upon you, and the car to hear your voice. Rouse yourselves to be, each in his own way, in his own place, and after his them right—the kindly host who never allows own fashion, magnets to attract, instead of cold, unsympathetic forces to repel. Remember that the ways of wisdom are "ways

"The heart that trusts for ever sings, And tends as light as it had wangs, A well of peac within it agrings Come good or ill: Whatsfee books, to mourse brings, Ill is its will."

ADVENTURES ON THE ROVUMA.

Retters in conrae of an Exploration.

BY JOSEPH THOMSON, AUTHOR OF "TO THE CENTRAL AFRICAN LAKES AND BACK."

East Africa.

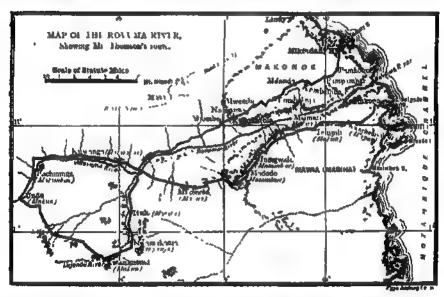
is beyond the ken of the P.O. authorities. two branches. One of these comes from the

Italè, on the river Lujendè, If, however, you are anxious to "spot" me EAR —... The heading of this letter Coast of Africa till you find a large river will, I fear, give you a very hazy notion known as the Royuma. Tracing it inland as to my whereabouts at this present moment. for about one hundred and twenty miles, you You may certainly take for granted that it will come to a point where it divides into west; the other from an unknown direction space and are making the woods re-echo with however, this second branch flows from the while every now and then the song resounds miles along its hanks and you will reach, all in a very jolly mood round the ruddy with the mind's eye, Itule, on the Lujende.

We are delightfully situated on a small some days' rest in prospect. island in the middle of the river. Here we have formed our camp to secure ourselves cussed my cup of coffee, and made every from molestation. The usand is well sup- preparation for commencing my corresponplied with large shady trees, though it is very dence. Yet I feel tempted by my surround-narrow—so narrow that my tent stretches ings to linger and dream. A certain delinearly right across, and three steps from the cross feeling of comfort and safety invites door bring me to deep water in which I me to sit by the rushing river and, with feet have my daily bath. The men have scattered elevated in American fashion, so gaze at the

so far as the map is concerned. In reality, their loud laughter as the story goes round; south. Continue your search twenty-five sharp and clear in the night air. They are camp fires, for antelope is abundant and

As for myself, I have lit my lamp, disthemselves over the test of the available stars, become sentimental, and on the swift



and Afric's joys. My reverie, however, is wise dreamy elements of the night comes a sound which only too pointedly reminds me where I am. A lion has caught the scent of our antelope's meat and stands smid the shades of the opposite bank vainly longing tical. Therefore let us to busine at Taking effect, I was beginning seriously to consider up the rele of Valentine to your Proteus, I how a sinecure might a made tolerable in XXTIT-18

wings of fancy hurry far away from Africa shall endeavour to give you, as a "homekeeping youth," some notion of the "rare noteworthy objects in my travel" hither.

After my arrival at Zangibar, I set about trying to get dispatched once to the mainland in prosecution of the mission I had undertaken. The somewhat eccentric machinery of an Oriental government, however, to join the feast. Just as I am getting most was bard to be moved. During the first sentimental a savage roar resounds through formight nothing could be done. First "I the forest, making me start and shiver as if must rest after my voyage;" then "I must cold water were being powed down my wait till the mail was gone; "finally "everyback, and producing a creeping sensation at thing would be arranged when something else the roots of my hair. The interruption is a was settled. After about a hundred comrather abrupt reminder that I must be punc- munications had been sent without visible Zanzibar, when suddenly my calculations creepers," and a more appropriate title could days m proceed up the Rovums and examine the reported rich coal-fields in that region.

This was coming the point with a yengeance. To get ready a caravan for the interior in three days was a task by no means easy. But, thanks to my previously acquired knowledge and experience, I was equal to the emergency. In two days I had completed my arrangements, made all necessary purchases, and got together sixty of my former followers under the world-famous Chuma

and the energetic Makatubu.

At the last moment, however, my plans narrowly escaped wreck and failure. The men had somehow got the impression that they were not to go on board till the morning of the fourth day; so, on the third, they indulged in a grand carouse. They all got drunk, to a man; and when the time for starting arrived, the whole military and police force of Zanzibar had to be employed in the ludicious task of hunting them out and carrying them to the ship. The chase was one of the most exciting finaginable, and lasted till Incidents, curious and absurd, midnight, abounded. Two of the men, for instance, had just got married on that day, and at the "witching hour of night" they had to be "spirited away" from their disconsolate mates, leaving these either to mourn till their return or get new husbands. Such is the reakless character of the Waswahili porters.

At suntite on the following morning we sailed out of the harbour, bound for Mikindany Bay, near the mouth of the Rovuma. In the voyage south I went in, as usual, for "the intense," in the shape of sea-sickness, and hung over the ship's rails in various hmp and esthetic attitudes. Mikindany was reached on the morning of the third day. Having landed, we forthwith commenced our final preparations. The Arabs tried to throw the customary obstacles in our way: but, finding me unexpectedly acquainted with their little ways, and backed up by the authority of the Sultan, they soon desisted.

The 17th of July found us on route once more for the Interior. My feelings were very much akin to those of Livingstone, when he set out from this same place on his last journey. I had a delightful sense of exhibaration. Every nerve seemed thrill with pleasure as I strode along with buoyant footsteps. For the first eight days we journeyed nearly W.S.W. through the country of

were interrupted by a message from the not be given to the district. The whole Sultan. My orders were to get ready in three landscape is apparently one dead level of tangled vegetation, over which it is no exaggeration to say that one could struggle for miles without once touching the ground beneath. Through this dense bush our road, if such it could be called, literally burrowed. The interlacing creepers overhead made it almost impossible for us to get even a glimpse of the sky. With bent back and torn clothes, inward groans and copious perspiration, we struggled along in this vegetable tunnel. Now we ran our head against a creeper overhanging our path; anon we tripped over another treacherously prepared for our feet. Occasionally a "wait-a-bit" thorn captured us, and held us prisoner in spite of our impatient ejaculations of annoyance; and worse still, the porters frequently stepped upon caltrops, in the shape of sharp bush stumps, left in the middle of the path, which cut their feet to the very bone. The enormous labour involved in carrying a weight of sixty pounds, in a constrained attitude, for several hours per day, cannot easily be realised. Though I am now conversant with most forms of travelling in East Africa, I certainly have nowhere experienced anything more trying both to our temper and our staying power.

> The days succeeded each other with unvarying monotony of painful toil. There was ever the same dense bush, the same apparent dead level-no streams, no rocks, no valleys or hills. Except in the cultivated patches around villages, which were so many breathing holes where we were permitted to look upon the face of heaven and feel the cooling freshness of the breeze, our view was circumscribed to a few feet. A landscape so uninviting affords little scope for description, and I gladly leave it to speak of a subject much more interesting-namely, the people

of Makondè.

Yet, if I describe these people as I found mem, I fear you will suspect me of practical joking, or of indulging in absurd "travellers' When I remember how the first description of the Australian Ornithorhynchus was received, I fancy I see your smile of incredulity when I introduce the duck-billed and tapir-lipped natives of Makondè.

The Makonde people are, without doubt, as ugly a set as are to be found in Past Africa. Certainly they occupy a very low grade in the ladder of humanity. Nor need the fact be wondered when we consider their Makonde. The name means "bushes, or environments and the nature of their country.

DVENTURES ON THE ROVUMA.

Moreover, their nat Aust cowardice causes konde women. This is a circular piece of them to isolate them; leives in small clearings wood variously carved and adorned, and in the bush, and in the bush, and ntil very recently they have held hardly wany intercourse with the people outside the fir immediate district. They have low squat figures of the deepest chony lye, faces of the most forbidding aspect, low foreheads, brid cless noses their line and foreheads, brid eless noses, thick lips and wrinkled skin. They leave their hair in its native furzings as a rule; but sometimes they work i irge red beads into it until the whole as umes the appearance of a huge mulber mass. This, however, involves an operation so long and trying that it is quite mahionable to wear wigs got up in a similar style. These head-dresses weigh from six eight pounds each. So much value do they attach to them that I was baffled in every attempt to secure a specimen, though I offered an enormous price.

As their strong point is their ugliness, they make a business of enhancing it by ever? possible means. They cover themselves with coarsely executed figures in bas-relief. This is accomplished by cutting out the desired patterns with a knife three consecutive times, rubbing in charcoal and allowing the wound to close between each operation. figures eventually appear raised about onesixteenth of an inch above the general surface of the skin, and are of a darker shade. Fashion leads people indeed to undergo many painful ordeals; but few, however enthusiastic, would care to submit to a beautifying process so exerneiating as that of the

Makondè. Yet here, as everywhere else, the object of the hidrous adornment is to attract and captivate by adding to their charms, "She cuts to conquer," may be said of the painfully embellished Makobde damsel. While a European would praise the beauty of his mistress' figure, the irresistible charm of her eye, the softness of her skip, or the delicate richness of her complexion, a Makonde beau would fall into raptures over the variety and abundance of her tattooing, the size and brilliancy of her pelelè (of which more anon), her energetic movements in the dance, and the ear-piercing sharpness of her screamnot speak of the splendid development of her muscles, which generally show great working power. In the moonlit nights, when his soul with beer and the dance is wrought to gladness within him, his affection expresses itself most foudly in stroking her sculptured

generally about two inches in diameter. is worn in the upper lip, which, of course, becomes enormously extended merceive it. and which appears simply like an india-rubber band round the ornament. Of course, the insertion of so large a piece of unyielding material is a prolonged operation. The process commences in childhood by the intertion of a wooden pin. As the girl grows this is removed and a larger one put in, until, at the age of eighteen, the pelele has attained its full size. In early womanhood the upper lip with its strange embellishment sticks straight out from the face, and when seen a little way off appears not unlike a duck's bill. In more advanced years, however, the lip hangs down, quite covering the mouth—indeed, actually reaching below the chin. At this stage it irresistably reminds one of the snout of the tapin; and the resemblance is made still more spriking by the flatness of the nose and the thickness of the lips.



Makeodé Chief with petelé-

These extraordinary ornaments are highly prized by the Makonde, and I found it quite impossible to obtain more than a single specimen, and that had not even been worn. It was believed that if a pelele fell into my possession I would certainly work some black magic on the seller, and produce dire mischief generally. Doubtless they are all the more prized by the wives because they are invariably the affectionate handiwork of their husbands. A Makonde lady would no more think of disposing of her pelele than a European lady of her marriage ring. woman dies this much-prized adornment is always most religiously preserved by her hus-The pelelè is, however, the most extra- band or near relatives, and when they go to ordinary addition to the charms of the Ma- water the grave-with beer, not tears—the

memory is still faithfully cherished.

order that the beauty marks may be shown to full advantage. Their houses are of the large, but on the whole tolerably clean. Otherwise their social condition presents no

(eatures calling for particular notice.

Their domestic customs, however, are interesting and curious; quite as much so as their system of personal ornamentation. In the case of a marriage the bride I not, as in many East African tribes, sold to the bridegroom. Her will is left free, and she is even allowed to have the chief voice in the arrangethe narrow path is invariably visited with condign punishment. From the time of a child's birth until it is able to speak the mother halds not the slightest communication with her husband. It is firmly believied that some dire mischief would be all the little innocent were its father even menter the hat during that period. As soon as it is able to utter words the child is carried to some point where two cross-roads meet, There it is washed and rubbed with pa, and finally, handed over to the father, who may thenceforth resume his domestic and marital rights. The point of junction of two roads is always in East Africa cornsidered to have some special virtue or lignificance. There good or bad spirits take up their aborle. When a man dies the sweepings of the but he occupied are carefully carried out and deposited there in some old broken pot.

The want of intelligence is very noticeable occasion of some grand fête; then they yours to account for these curious phe-huddle it on in voluminous folds. They are nomena; but in reality they result simply rich enough to get many desimble articles from the deaudation of the surrounding to do, as their fathers have done, without the wearing influences at work, and hence them. They have abundance of food, but standing out in the manner referred to. they won't sell it. They prefer to dispose of their surplus grain in making pombe (native well populated) but present it lies utterly beer). At certain times the whole popula- waste, owing
the devastating slave wars tion goes in for a debauch which lasts not which were so lamentably rife about fifteen unfrequently a week or more. When a years ago. It was on this very plain that Makondè dies he "waked" right royally; Livingstone, then on his last journey, got such

pelelè is likewise taken to show that her and every one for milesier round gets gloriously

In the matter of dress both men and women wear the simple loin-cloth; not from any noverty or lack of material, but merely about to take observation of the sun or stars. As the artificial horibution was being put in order, and the sextant, with at its complicatedcommon bechive shape. They are seldom looking appearance, producetou from its box, an expectant hush of awe well uild fall upon the crowd. With eyes and more ould opened to their widest they would gaze in helpless wonderment may mysterious pres parations. When, finally, the instrument was to aken in hand and directed in the heavenly bod) ... the climax of excitement was reached. All the women usually decamped in hot haste, and the children raised a howl of terror, while the men showed their consternation by ments. The behaviour of the women, both promptly standing clear of the apparent line before and after marriage, is said - be seru- of vision, and talking wildly. They could pulously correct. The slightest straying from scarcely have been more nervous if I had actually accomplished the sensational feat of bringing down a star.

Let us now take leave of the Makondè

and masten on our may

I have spoken of the country as a seeming dead level. In reality, however, it mes steadily in altitude as we proceed westward. At eighty miles inland we reach a height of no less than two thousand feet. Beyond this point we abruptly descend again to a great plain only three hundred feet above sea-level, This plain is distinguished by being quite free from bushes and creepers, though it is covered with a thin open forest of small trees. Its most remarkable feature, however, is the number of extraordinary isolated hills which rise precipitously on all hands, and assume the most fantastic shapes. An imaginative describer of scenery might almost exhaust his fancy in comparing them with a variety of objects. There are Cleopatra's needles, among the Makonde. They do not beirgy saddle-back towers, domes, cones, columns, the slightest sign of desiring to rise above &c. An inexperienced observer would protheir present position. They have abundance bab! se apt revel in volcanic cruptions, of cloth, but will not use it except on the and other grand convulsions, in his endeafrom the coast; but they are quite satisfied country—the solid compact cores defying

This great plain has, in former times, been in his grain stores are converted into pombe, a hornfying glimpse of these fearful raidssucceeded in rousing the interest of civilised wives. Under this vain expectation they

the Slave Traffic in East Africa.

formed the notion that the Treaty had really relish. The sad day of retribution, however, been carried into effect, and that the infamous trade had locen practically extinguished in the coast regions. You may imagine my surprise, then, in discovering that I was labouring under a complete delusion. In crossing this tract of country I found slavery csaried on in the most open and unblushing / manner. The appearance of a slave caravan was one of the most common occurrences. During my brief stay on the Rovuma I personally saw four of considerable dimensions and heard of several others which, through suspicion of our intentions, cautiously avoided us. They were all in charge of natives. I am happy to say, however, that I witnessed none of the sickening horrors described by many travellers, and still more frequently by imaginative sentimentalists who revel in the sensational. One of the caravans had, when I met it, been on the march for more than a month. Yet, strange to relate, there were no signs of starvation or disease. None could said to be overloaded, neither was there anything to indicate ill-treatment. Naturally, after so long a journey, there were a few with sore feet, though not so lame as to imply positive cruelty.

Most of the men and some of the women were in slave-sticks. The slave-stick is a pole two inches thick, forked at one end so as to receive the slave's neck, round which it is the fascinating influence of the chase, and securely fastened. There are various ways in which the unhappy prisoner travels with this awkward appendage. If he is single and has a load, the free end of the stick is tied behind to the load (which is always cylindrical in shape), and thus if he falls he runs an imminent risk of strangulation or of dislocation of the neck. Sometimes a small boy carries the free end; but the most common practice is to tie two slaves together by their sticks. At night these are taken off, but to prevent their escape, each has the one arm tied down on the leg and the other fastened to the neck. In this condition they

cannot even rise from the ground.

The most unpleasant sight me was the incidents which are worth describing. appearance of several women, well dressed, and with a profusion of ornaments, in various parts of the caravan. These poor creatures were slaves like the others, but had been deluded by their owners into the belief that frighten any game within a mile of them.

an experience by the description of which he they would not 🖿 sold, but retained as Europe, and in ostarting a movement that were placed as spies and keepers over their culminated in the Treaty for the Abolition of unfortunate companions. Feeling thus a Feeling thus a certain sense of ownership, they fulfil the In common with most people I had duties of their office with great apparent comer only too soon. Whenever the coast is reached they find to their dismay that their anticipations were simply "such stuff as dreams are made of." They are monce stripped of their short-lived finery, and sold with the rest,

> If slaves are treated more considerately now than in former times, let it not be supposed that it is owing to greater natural humanity on the part of the masters. There is another very obvious explanation of the fact. The difficulty of getting the victims shipped to Zanzibar or Pemba has naturally raised their value. Thus slaves being more precious animals than they once were, it is manifestly the interest of the owners to get them down to the coast in good condition.

> I suppose I have written enough on this sad subject, and you will be glad to pass with me to something less depressing. I have remarked that the plain which we are now traversing is a vast uninhabited waste. For eight days we saw no sign of humanity, with the solitary exception of one small village situated on an island in the river Rovuma. If the country, however, was destitute of human beings, it speedily became evident to us that it was perfectly awarming with game. Forthwith I was entirely under gave promise of developing into a veritable Nimrod. Now I was after exocodiles or hippopotami in a rickety canoe on the Royuma. Anon, in the early morning or afternoon, I was eagerly tracking out the antelope or wild boar, while the night was given up to an exciting watch for lions and hyenas. The adventures I have had, the number of big game I have shot, and the thousand other matters of interest connected with my sport on the Upper Royuma it is quite impossible to detail at length. Just think of the variety! Giraffe, buttalo, quagga, zebra, cland, gnu, harrisbuck, hartebeest, &c. Let me, however, mention two

> According to my usual habit, I had started off with two of my men at the first streak of dawn, so as to get well in advance of the porters, who are usually noisy enough to

Shortly after leaving camp, and while stealthily moving along the beautifully wooded banks of the river Lujende, we sighted a fine boar. I fired immediately and was certain I had hit it; but, much to my surprise, it bolted off with incredible speed. I started after it, however, and soon had the satisfaction of accing it suddenly drop dead. It had actually been shot through the heart, but had sufficient vital force left for its swift rate of a hundred yards or more. Having secured its fine tusks, we proceeded once more on our way. For the next half-hour anything we saw was too far off to be easily got at. This was rather slow work; so I detached my two men to the right and left to make a reconnaissance, while I proceeded forward with my good double-barrelled rifle. Passing through a fine clump of trees I suddenly emerged on a charmingly retired grassy glade, in the centre of which grazed a small herd of waterbuck-a male and three females. Instinctively withdrawing behind a tree I forgot the landscape at the sight of the game. Making a swift mental calculation of the distance, and almost involuntarily adjusting the sights, I hurrieally aimed and fired. The roar of the gun echoing through the solitude sounded the death-knell of one of the females. The other three jumped forward simultaneously as if they themselves had received a Then, like inanimate statues they stood transfixed, gazing to ascertain the cause of the unwonted sound which had burst upon their ears. Taking advantage of this I ruthlessly fired once more and a second dropped. The remaining two again bounded forward; but a plaintive pathetic cry from the last one shot brought the male back instantly to her side. In his ignorance of the terrible nature of the danger, his first instinct apparently was morect his mate. With a look of obvious distress he began smelling her all round, while I, having no more cartridges, stepped forth from my hiding-place, In a moment the beautiful creature saw me, and again it stood as if petrified, in one of the most magnificent attitudes conceivable. Its side was towards me; its head, erect, was turned so as to face me, while its large lustrous eyes seemed almost bursting from their sockets. It was the very personification so struck with the sight that I could only stand and admire the aplendid Asse and feel repentant at my morning's work. After we had thus gazed for a moment at each other open forest. Here we felt quite secure, as I began to marvel that the animal made no we could easily see some distance ahead, and

it remained stations round gets gloriously began to suggest the

ing me; but the thotense amusement to missed, as it was onlynd me when I was poor brute was simply as of the sun or Still I approached, and son was being put less. I was within fifteen its complicatedit gathered its wits togethl from its box, the forest. Just as reaculd fall upon the glade, however, a cry waouth opened dying mate, and so much st in helpless natural affection than | fear, thanarations. checked its flight and turned once ken in felt so remorseful and impressed the touching scene that I hurried away from ? spot to avoid witnessing the butcher's glee of my men, who just then appeared, and I shot

no more that day.

My second adventure was of a different description, and of a much more exciting character. We were still pushing along the banks of the Lujende, and, as on the occasion just referred to, I was far ahead of my caravan, accompanied by my attendant and a guide. It was an hour since we had left our last camp, and we had seen little game. Suddenly we heard a sound which made us instinctively pause and exclaim, "Simba!" (hon). Another minute, and the roar was repeated nearer and clearer than before, sending a cold shiver through our very hones, though we felt quite safe. Following the direction of the noise, we got near enough to make out that there were two lions, probably playing with each other. My companions were evidently becoming nervous, and were anxious to make a diffour for the sake of avoiding the vicinity of the dreaded animals. But meantime my imagination was busy and my blood was fired. I pictured myself as a lion-hunter indulging in various deeds of daring, and encountering all sorts of thrilling experiences. To the men's consternation I pulled myself up (I suppose in a striking attivide) and heroically declared my intention c. hunting up the monarch of the wilds to his very hir! If they were frightened they might leave me to go alone! The good fellows, finding that I was bent upon adventure, and feeling a measure of confidence behind my heavy express rifle, protested that they would on no account desert me. To of grace and dignity. I was in the moment tell the truth, I felt in my secret heart considerably relieved by thit loyal declaration, and on we pressed-I in front.

The first part of the way led through the attempt to fice. I moved forward, and still could not be taken by surprise. This space we stealthily though swiftly traversed, when, my first rashness. upon an expanse of dense jungle grass, in which the lions were evidently located. This was more than I had hargained for. I had counted upon getting at least an open field where the game could be sighted without being disagreeably near. But, manifestly, in this jungle no such chance was possible, and my valour began wooze away. I was rapidly realising how sapient and acceptable was the philosophy of the epigrammatist who argued that

" Those who fly may light again,
Which III can never do that's slein,"

when, observing the satisfaction of the mon at my apparent hesitation, I threw prudence to the winds, and plunged obstinately in amongst the grass, determined not to be baffled.

Now began the dangerous part of the programme. We could not see a yard ahead. Our only guide # the position of the dangerous creatures was their occasional growling as they continued their savage If that stopped our predicament would be by no means an enviable one. Our every mep had to be studied. slightest sound would have put the lions on the alert, and all our labour would have been lost. Thus, then, with an uncomfortable sense of growing excitement and palpitation of heart, we slowly advanced The perspiration trickled some distance. down my face and body till my clothes were quite drenched. At intervals, as the deepmouthed growl or terrific roar filled the air, we would icel the cold shiver of intense awe and 'stand staring till it was over. We had laboriously glided to within twenty yards of the lions, when we were startled by a audden cessation of the sounds which had hitherto guided us. The silence brought with it a feeling of dismay, for it plainly told us we either had been scented or heard. We uttered not a whisper, but anxiously looked the question, "What I now to be done?"

If I had been alone I should certainly have given up the adventure at once; but in presence of the men my false pride stifled the inward impulse. With eager, beseeching looks they gesticulated to me to go back; but, remembering how heroically I had said "Forward!" I once more braced up my perves see the enterprise to the bitter end—though **m** my heart I secretly regretted

Once more, then, we to my disappointment, we suddenly came moved onward. Our precautions had to be redoubled. We progressed inch by inch. Every sense was on the alert, and each rifle was held ready for instant action. My feelings were wrought a pitch of extreme pain. It seemed as if the violent beating of my heart would be heard. The moments were like minutes. At any instant we might be upon the lions, or, more probably, they upon us. The suspense became unbearable, and once more my resolution wavered under the overpowering excitement. Suddenly there was a crash behind me, which almost froze my blood. Mechanically my rifle leapt to my shoulder, and I turned in the full expectation of seeing one of my men in the clutches of the lion. You may imagine my relief when I perceived how much less tragic was the occasion of the noise. My followers had, in their uncontrollable terror, taken to headlong flight. I had just time by a glance to take in the situation, when a still louder crash in front recalled my attention to that quarter. One lion and then the other bounded from their playground so swiftly that I got the merest glimpse of them. Ere I could raise my rifle they were out of sight in the long grass. They were not more than ten yards distant when they fled, and, if it had not been for the panie-stricken retreat of the men, one minute more would have brought the noble animals in tight, and given me a chance of two good shots. The dinonement brought a curious conflict of I was extremely relieved and intensely disappointed. Returning to my men, I vented my excitement in the form of indignation, under which the poor fellows were, of course, becomingly humble. Thus, with a comical sense of having done my duty, I returned to the footpath and rejoined my

Two days after this adventure we arrived at Itule, whence I now address you. Tomorrow I go out to begin the inspection of the much-talked-of coal-fields, with which rumour has enriched this district. I venture, however, to give you a quiet hint, for which I hope you will be sufficiently grateful. Don't by any means buy up shares in any present or prospective Rovuma Coal Company, or you will have your fingers burnednot by the coal, but by the absence of it. Such, at least, a my suspicion. A few days will test the truth of it.

> Yours, &c., JOSEPH THOMSOM.



The New and the Old Towers.

LIGHTHOUSES ON THE EDDYSTONE ROCKS.

THE reef of rocks included under the found in all the European ports, and were name Eddystone is situated about fourteen miles in a S.S.W. direction from Plymouth, nearly in the fairway of vessels bound up or down the English Channel. The danger consists of a number of rocky peaks showing only above low-water, and scattered over an area of about half an acre. These projecting peaks are in reality the summits of a submarine hill or hills, gradually rising up from a surrounding depth of twenty-four fathoms, and the area of the sea bed occupied by the basis of the hill or hills is about one square mile. The danger of these treacherous tocky peaks is increased by the uncertain, conflicting, and eddying movements of the tides in the immediate vicinity, from whence the name Eddystone probably originated, and which have always been sadly bewildering to mariners not familiar with the locality.

British ships and British seamen were to be and escaped, and ships the better come into

continually encountered upon the high seas. This development of navigation brought with increased knowledge of the assistance desirable for mariners voyaging through the dangerous fringe of shoals and rocks surrounding our coasts. Lighthouses and beacons were set up on prominent points of land, and, at last, the attention of the maritime public appears to have been fixed on the possibility of indicating by a light at night the position of the much-dreaded Eddystone. By a statute of Queen Elizabeth, "the Master, Wardens, and Assistants of the Trinity House at Deptford Strond, being a company of the chiefest and most expert masters and governors of ships," were empowered "to make, erect, and set up such and so many beacons, marks, and signs for the sea in such place or places of the sea-During the seventeenth century the ship- shores and uplands near the sea-coasts or ping trade of this country began to be de-forelands of the sea, only for sea-marks, as to veloped, and after the naval wars with the them shall seem most meet, needful, and Dutch were ended it rapidly extended, requisite, whereby the dangers may be avoided

their ports without peril." This Corporation, he could only wish a be there in the greatest in his mind, was selected for the undertaking Accordingly, in the year 1696, the first I'd dystone lighthouse was commenced Mr at low water, and that in bad weather they could not land upon the tocks Mr Wm Firmley selected the rock with the largest this pointed to the desirability of setting up exposed area, and the first season (1696) was principally occupied in haing twelve great iron stanchions in the rock, the accond screen (1697) was devoted to the erection around these stanchions of a solid body or round pillar, presumably of stone, twelve feet high and fourteen feet in diameter, in the third season (1698) the diameter of this pillar was increased to sixteen feet, a tower of wood and masonry was raised upon it to a height of eighty feet, with living rooms and lantern, and on the 14th November, 1698, a light was t exhibited During the following wanter the structure appears in have suffered from the effects of the sea, and Mr Winstanley encompassed the build ing with a new work of four feet thickness from the foundation. He also enlarged the upper put, and mised it forty feet higher them it was before, and in 1699 the building was completed. From the drawing it will be seen that this strucornamentation and by a number of useless odds and ends which ill asserted with its building, and with a re violence of winds and waves to which it swould be exposed But not with standing its fautastic adjuncts, it stood, and a light was shown from it for five years, to the great joy of passing manners. In November 1703, Mr Wm stanley was at Plymouth on the point of going out to the lighthouse Some doubt

appears to have been clast on the stability of the tower His friends expressed their

feeling the influence of public opinion in storm that ever blew under the face of the regard to the marking of the Pddystone, re-licavens Winstinley had his wish gratified solved to make an effor to have it indicated, On the night of the soth November, 1703, and with that object obtained a special Act a terrific storm, which for violence and de of Parliament in 1694. At that time it was vasiation appears to have been without its probably impossible to find an engineer experimental in such work. However, Mr Henry the ill fated architect, the keepers and work Winstanley, a gentleman who had achieved a men, not one of whom was saved, and all high reputation for mechanical ingenisty, but that remained were some of the iron stan which had taken a somewhat fantastic turn chions which had been at first fixed into the rock Thus ended the first light tower on the Eddystone

But the practicability of erecting such a Winstanley and his workmen toiled ener building upon the rock was demonstrated by generally for four seasons, and it must not be Winstanley's work. It had endured for five forgotten that work could only be carned on years. Also the value of such a sea mark was made evident, for the light had been found to be a great security to sailors



belief that one day of other it would certainly another tower, in the erection of which the be overset. To this he replied that "he was experience in connection with Winstanley's so well assured of the strength of his building structure would be of the greatest value

from the Eddystone rocks, until at the urgent representation of the I muity House a special Act of Parliament (4 and 5 Anne, c 20) was passed, empowering that corporation to rebuild the lighthouse consequence of the powers so conferred the Irinity House agreed with a Captum Lovet that for a term of ninety nine yeus a light should be exhibited from a tower Captain Lovet ungaged on the rock Mr John Rudyerd as his architect and engineer for the building of the new tower The records do not indicate why the silection fell upon Mr kudyerd, who at the time was a silk mercer on Luclgate Hill, and who had not apparently distinguished himself by any special mechanical ability But whatever IIII previous expensence in such matters may have been in July, 1706 in forthwith set about the work in t masterly manner, ruded by two ship wrights from the Ling a yard at Woolwich Profiting by the errors of his predecessor, Mr Rudyerd's principal aim seems to have been practical utility combined with simplicity, avoiding needless external orna-I get he very carefully fixed thirty six upright iron bolts into the rock in the form of a circle 24 feet in diameter, then he stepped the rock so as to adapt it to receive a basement of solid oak balks the alternate layers of which were placed This basement was carried a CTOSEWIE few feet above the top of the rock, the whole was covered with patch. It seems possible the being fitted together and to the rock as close recognise in this the influence of the slab of the state of the slab of above, helow, and at the sides by iron strictive with a simple bill cramps, then two more courses of solid. From this were a light cramps, then two more courses of solid

From this of the tower, reaching about 9 fect above the

asth July, 1708, altituding was
t actually completed the real 709, the light top of the rock From thence space was left for a well hole in the centre with a passage for the entry door, the alter

For two and make years no hight shone



being fitted together and to the tock as close recognise in this the limitence of the life.

" nosable, besides being fastened to the from which assistants. The upper part is in the upper part is the building consisted of four rooms one and the about 4 feet. "Let then put on five comes another, enclosed within the entirely the port of Cornish mooratone, its stones being laid, right tumbers, above these rooms Mo. 18 upof Cornish moorstone, to stones being laid right timbers, above these rooms Months upwithout cement, but fastened to each drik verd fixed his lantern, and car all a Kun-

From this wer a light way a shown on being maintained with tweenty four candles of three to the pound. This tower fulfilled passage for the entry door, the after nate courses of stone and wood being continued up to 37 feet above the top of the rock. Around the structure were then fixed seventy one upright timbers, scarfed together and strongly fastened to the oak courses, which timbers reached up to a handle of the fast thin suchture. its functions with much success until Decemto a height of 61 feet, thus exclosing a they were obliged to take refuge in a hole circular space above the solid portion of the or cave on the east slide of the rock. It structure aiready completed. All the outside as and that one of the Leepers swallowed seams of this wooden casing were well some molten lead and livited six days aftercaulked with cakum, and the whole surface wards, and that after his t death a piece of

high A weighing 7 oz. 8 dr. was found in his mitted to the proprietors his plans for a Thus in 1755 ended the second tower on

This brings us to the memorable structure which is now to be superseded. In 1756 the lease for ninety-nine years granted to Captain Lovet had passed by his decease into other hands, and the then proprietors, among whom the name of Mr. Robert Weston is worthy of remembrance for his disinterested a. d energetic efforts to benefit navigation, forthwith set about the erection of another lighthouse. On the nomination of the Earl of Macclesfield, then President of the Royal Society, Mr. John Smeaton, F.R.S., was plected by the proprietors for the under-This gentleman had made his ark in the world by his habit of exceedagly careful observation and his power of igeniously and practically applying observed Acts. In connection with the work intrusted to him he appears from the first to have fixed his mind upon a structure entirely of stone, as being heavier, stronger, and more lasting than any composite or wooden structure could be. His idea was that "the sea must give way to the building," and in pondering over the question of form, he tells us, "the natural figure of he waist or bole of a large spreading oak " presented itself to his imagination. Now although Mr. Alan Stevenson has effechively shown that the reasons given by Smeaton in support of this notion are both obscure and fallacious, it will at once be evident that the shape is one certainly suggestive of great stability. Again as regards fastening the stones together so as to make the structure one entire monolithic mass, the idea occurred to Smeaton of forming the blocks with large dovetails in such-a manner that they might mutually lock one another together, the stones of the lower courses being primarily engrafted into the rock. The question of an effective cement was also one which occupied a great deal of Smeaton's consideration. At that time no trustworthy cement which would harden in water was known, and Smeaton undertook a series of exhaustive experiments on this subject. world an invaluable treatise on water cements.

in every part to the stress it was likely to found at a distance of forty yards in the bear."

stone tower in July, 1756, which were unanimonsly approved, the time and methods of accomplishing the work being left entirely to him. On the 3rd August, work at the rock was commenced; and during the season the site was prepared for the foundation courses, suitable dovernils being cut in the rock to receive the stones. The following winter was devoted to preparing the granite stones and doing all that could be done to minimise labour on the rock. Smeaton's view was that in building the tower it was necessary "to be in a condition to resist a storm at every step," so the blocks in each course were fitted together in the yard, in the same positions as they would occupy on the rock, and every precaution was taken to insure safety and firmness for the structure as it progressed. The next year, 1757, saw the six foundation courses laid, the work being brought to the level of the top of the rock. In 1758 the solid portion of the tower, consisting in all of twenty-four courses, was completed, and also a portion of the building intended for the living-rooms of the keepers. In 1759, such rapid progress was made with the upper part of the tower that by the 17th August the main column, containing forty-six courses, was finished; the lantern was then set up, the fixing and glasing of which occupied some weeks; and on the 16th of October the light was kindled, and thus, as Smeaton says, "after innumerable difficulties and dangers was a happy period put to this undertaking without the loss of life or limb to any one concerned in it."

In reference to the permanence of his structure, Smeaton observes that his ideas of "what its duration and continued existence ought to be were not confined within the boundary of one age or two, but extended themselves to look towards a possible perpetuity." The year 1882 has found Smeaton's grand work still standing, but his "possible perpetuity" is unfortunately disposed of by the discovery that the rock itself has for some years past shown indications of giving way, causing the tower, notwithstanding strengthening measures adopted, to vibrate which resulted in his obtaining what he and even to oscillate in a somewhat required, and in providing for the engineering alarming manner. In consequence of this, in 1877 the Trinity House Corporation re-His opinion was that "the building should solved = erect a new tower upon a firmer be a column of equal strength, proportionate and more durable foundation, which was south-west of the rock on which Smeaton's After numerous examinations of the rock tower stands. Accordingly the matter was and the surrounding locality, Smeaton sub-placed in the hands of Mr. Jas. N. Donglass,



Smeaton's Tower, 1759-180a.

the Corporation's Engineer, who prepared designs and made the necessary arrangements for carrying out the work. The Mesars. Douglass in England and the Mesars. Stevenson in Scotland have had great experience in the building of lighthouses. The towers on the Bell Rock, Skerryvore, Wolf Rock, Smalls, Bishop, Hanois, &c., attest the ability and perseverance which have been displayed in this respect by these distinguished lighthouse builders; but they have all had the benefit of Smeaton's efforts and have not had to contend with the difficulties of ill-found appliances and of comparative ignorance in regard to the necessities of such structures. Of course this is not in the slightest degree disparaging to our modern lighthouse engineers, but is mentioned merely to give a fair impression of the extraordinary genius of John Smeaton.

In July, 1878, operations were commenced at the new site, under the directing super-

in-chief. During the first season, which consisted of forty landings and one handred and twenty-nine hours of work, the rock was partly excavated and prepared to receive the foundation courses of the new tower. In 1870, the coffer-dam was completed, and on the 10th August the foundation stone was laid by H.R.H the Duke of Edinburgh, Master of the Trinity House, in the presence of the Prince of Wales and many of the members of the Corporation; after which eight courses were laid. During this season one hundred and thirty-one landings and five hundred and eighteen hours of work were accomplished. In 1880 the masonry of the tower was carried up to the thirtyeighth course, there-having been one hundred and ten landings and six hundred and fifty-seven hours of work effects In 1881 the tower was completed, co sisting of two thousand one hundred an seventy-one stones, containing 63,020 cubic feet, or 4,668 tons of masonry, The top stone was laid on 1st June by the Duke of Edinburgh. The total amount of time worked on the rock up to this stage was fifteen hundred and ninety-two hours, for which four hundred and twenty-one landings had been made. The extraordinary rapidity of the execution of the work is due mainly to the special steam machinery and appliances for pumping, rock-drilling, landing

and hoisting materials with which the steamer in attendance was fitted; but of course considerable credit is due to the vigour and manly energy displayed by the whole of the staff employed upon the work. By the end of the 1881 season great progress had been made with the lantern fittings and the internal arrangements, the particulars of which it is not possible to give in this paper. sufficient to say that every detail has been most carefully considered with a view to practical utility, durability, and suitableness for the service.

The openness of the weather during the past winter has enabled the remainder of the work to be pushed on rapidly, that it will be possible to light up about the time announced in the following notice to mariners :-

NOTICE **HEREBY GIVEN**,

THAT the new Lighthouse which has been for some vision of Mr. Jas. N. Douglass, the works at the rock being in charge of Mr. T. Edmond and Mr. W. T. Douglass, son of the engineer-light early in the month of March, 188s.

ht will be at an elevation of 133 feet above ; and will be a powerful where nothing HALF-MINDTE LIGHT, showing two sno-Flashes of about 2 Seconds duration, divided Eclipse of about a Seconds, the account Flush is followed by an Eclipse of about 2 Seconds. Light will be visible all round the horizon, and in clear weather at a distance of 17} miles.

That a WRITE FIXED subsidiary LIGHT will also be shown from a window in the Lighthouse below the Plashing Light, to mark the HAND DERFS. This will extend over a sector of 16° from N. 32° W. II N. 48°

W. (Magnetic, from the Lighthouse).

ALIO,
That a large Bell will be sounded during Foggy
Weather Twice in quick aucression every Half

usinate; thus amissibiling the Character of the Sound Signal to that of the Light,

NOTE.-Mariners will observe that the Light on the Cashet Rocks, 18 Miles S.S.E. from the Eddy-stone, a similar in character, but shows THREE Flashes in quick succession instead of TWO.

It is anticipated that the ceremony of lighting up the new tower will take place before these pages are published, and will be graced by the presence of Her Royal and Imperial Highness the Duchess of Edinburgh with her husband, who with the Master of the Ancient Corporation of the Trinity House.



Building of the New Tower.

and that the Prince of Wales, with other disto be hoped that fair weather will smile upon ciated with a triumph of a royal nature, is highest positions in the kingdom.

greater elevation than the old one. The one burner only will be used. light from Smeaton's tower was 72 feet above. high water, which gave a range of visibility tower is to be taken down to half its height, in clear weather of 14 miles. The new tower but the atmos will remain as a sort of

shows a light 133 feet above high water, tinguished members of the Corporation, will commanding a range of visibility in clear also be present on the occasion. It is much weather of 171 miles. The new light is of vastly increased power as compared with so fair a ceremony, which, being one of the old one, which had a lamp with four national interest and importance and asso-wicks only; while for weather when the penetrating power of one light is likely in be fittingly inaugurated by those occupying the impaired, two six-wick oil burners superposed, each associated with a glass dioptric The new tower, will be seen, is of much apparatus, are available. In ordinary weather

Much the regret of many, the old

unlighted beacon. It will thus serve as completed. But although Time, the ru tion of the old tower.

sight, perseverance, and courage which cha- we may confidently hope that in its existence racterized the man. Most gladly would we will be perpetuated the name and fame of have had the tower last for ages, as an our earliest lighthouse builders, as well as enduring monument of a great trumph, a of those who have so worthily followed III splendid example of work well and faithfully their footsteps.

an auxiliary guide to shipping by day, destroyer, effaces the external record which and the upper part can be re-creeted on heroism, as well as those of less no hunthe mainland a a permanent memorial of qualities, yet we know that the enterprise Smeaton's original tower. Moreover, it is and determination which achieved the greatest intended to add to the stump of the old work are not dead; still in our hearts the'e building a ladder and railing, so that facilities memory of Smeaton's work cannot fail to may be offered to those making excursions to live, and the story of his manful efforts will the rock to inspect the site and the solid por- be handed down from generation to generation. Moreover, the splendid new structure. The necessity for the demolition of Smea- with its perfected arrangements for guiding ton's tower is naturally a source of general the mariner, is merely a prolongation of the regret. With its stones were knit the force efforts of those who have gone before, and

E. PRICE EDWARDS.

A SOLDIER'S MARCH.

STIR of merry music through the street: Quick, quick, and quick, the resonant notes reply, Sound answering sound to link one melody And time the springy rhythm of marching feet. Look out upon the pomp. Lo, what doth meet The eager question of the expectant eye? The bier whereon some coffin late did lie: And these that mourned return, their task complete.

Peal, peal, triumphant notes, what use for woe? One that was with us rests as we shall rest: And, if a void for his sake vex our breast, Yet must we pass the way life bids us go, And tune our feet to speed and make brave show. Peal on, rejoiceful music: so 'tis best.

AUGUSTA WESSTER.

OUR BLUE PATIENT.

By A LADY SUPERINTENDENT.

THERE is a delightful spot in the North of which I write, overflowed by flocks of London district where five roads meet-bewildered and footsore sheep, and no less ing each other, at a variety of acute ar a tired, but more often angry, oxen, who loudly obtuse angles, give to the luckless foot- bleated and bellowed out their woes as passenger at least ten different streams of they strayed about in the specially helpvehicles to confuse and affright him, when- less manner peculiar to cattle going through ever his business obliges him to cross the town, getting under the horses' feet and in carriage-way at that particular point. Along between the wheels, despite the shouts of two of these roads omnibuses roll in many-their own drivers and of the enraged cabbies coloured streams, with a due proportion of and the yelping of their attendant dogs. cabs and light carts; a third road contributes Add to this chronic state of things a shower a heavy traffic of waggons and drays; while of hansom cabe cattling Hong, at certain the two other roads supply an admixture of hours of the day, as thick and fast as stones vehicles both heavy and light, in shabby and in a hailstorm, in obedience in the shrill all driven in haste. On Mondays and Thurs- summons of the railway terminus bell; and

days, moreover, the place was, I the time a steam road-engine snorting along at inter-

monster, and you have a rough idea of some the remaining ankle still looked blue."-

period of my story.

It is not surprising that, under these untoward circumstances, patients should from time to time be brought into some of the adjacent hospitals-for there are several in that locality—gasping out, as well as broken bones and bruises will let them, that he or she has been "caught between two caris," or "knocked down under the wheels of a cab." Sometimes they cannot even gasp, but lie blankly insensible while others tell how they came by their injuries.

Of this last sort was a man brought into us one bruary afternoon just as the light A dull February afternoon it hat en; a grey leaden sky above, greasy mud underfoot, and a raw, damp

here in between. In the hospital receiving wom, although it was but four o'clock, the gaslights were doing duty for the authorities—and ere another half-hour had clapsed gas was barning brightly also in the operating-room. The surgeon of the week had been and for, and also the patient's wife, and it was decided to proceed at once with the operation necessary for the injured man's safety. Close under the gaslight stood the surgeon and his assistants, also the head nurse ready to hand instruments and sponges. In a few moments the administrator of the chloroform gave the word to begin, and swiftly and deftly the operator commenced. Briefly spoken directions alone broke the silence, as with bended head, never swerving hand, and intent eye, he prosecuted his responsible task—no less a task than the amputation of the sorely injured foot. At length all was duly concluded, the limb " put up," and the still unconscious patient borne back to bed. After awhile he woke up out of his chloroform sleep, unusually brisk, very restless, in some pain, but 📕 still more excitement, being evidently of a naturally excitable temperament. His chief trouble was somewhat peculiar. It was not that he had lost a foot, was not that he was thrown out of work by the accident, it was not that he was suffering enough pain to make most men grumble, if not gross. I was that his daily labour being about indigo, his limbs were stained with a deep blue tint, and he was afraid that the doctors and numes would think him a dirty patient. The poor little man's anxiety upon the point became quite table, whereon were the remains of her

..., and usually preceded by an affrighted ludicrous. "Had we washed his foot before dray-horse flying in terror from the steam it was taken off? He feared not, because of the special charms of the spot at the "Had we told the doctor that was not dirt, but only the stain of his daily work, which he could not help?" and a dozen other like questions. He was very hard be soothed, was this odd, excitable little man; very hard be convinced that we had no doubt as his due attention cleanliness and the personal proprieties; very absurdly persistent in impressing upon our minds that the colour of dirt proper was mostly black, whereas the prevailing hue of his skin was very decidedly blue. And thus it came about that by universal consent, and apparently much to his own satisfaction, he was dubbed our "blue patient," and that his legitimate patronymic, though I appeared on his certificates of incapacity for work, and on his diet-board, was never otherwise used :

during his stay in hospital,

Eleven o'clock sounding out from the sleepy-toned clock upon the staircase, some sun-absent without leave from the hospital four or five days after the admission of our blue patient, proclaimed that another dull February day had nearly ended, while soft moonlight, struggling through a yet hazy atmosphere, seemed to promise that the next morning might be of a brighter and cheerier sort. Hark! what unlawful and improper sound was that which I heard? Voices talking in the men's ward at eleven o'clock at night! I was in the inner ward, from which a door opened out into the room from which the sound proceeded. No one suspected that the lady superintendent was in that inner ward; she was supposed to be fast asleep up-stairs in her own bed-chamber. They did not know that the "extra," engaged that night to watch the insensible and rapidly sinking head case in that small ward, had failed to come, and that the head nurse was, therefore, doing duty there instead. "Ha, ha, my friends," said she to herself, "you ignorantly think that it is a case of 'when the cat's away !' " And, so saying, she crept softly to the intervening door, opened it just half an inch, and, peeping through, beheld those naughty mice of hers play after a fashion calculated to the mind of a nurse with indignant horror. There, at eleven o'clock might, were the gualights flaring away at full cock; they had, with wicked ingenuity, turned them up by using the ends of their crutches; there was the Irish night-nurse—dismissed the next day -peacefully snoring with her head on the

supper; there, in the mingled glare of fire- you that | last they seemed | me to be light and gas-light, were some dozen pale, eager faces belonging to the maimed and crippled recusants, who were sitting up in their beds, their heads all inclined in one direction, and apparently listening with great attention; and there, in the bed by the fire, was the prime mover of the mischief, our blue patient, haranguing his companions with fluent speech and great energy. He had turned himself partly round out of his bed, and was nursing the injured leg with both arms across the other knee, while he very discreetly warmed it at the fire. Now, I frankly confess that, as a conscientious nurse, I ought to have interrupted the man then and there, broken up this picturesque scene, turned down the gas, and given them a good scolding all round for such a glaring violation of hospital rules. But the picture was so striking that I paused for a moment to contemplate it, and then I found myself listening, with involuntary interest, to what the blue patient was saying, and I paused still longer to listen, intending each moment to go in and give them that scolding which was their due, but delaying ever a moment more ere I did it. These were the first words that I chanced to hear when I opened the door.

"Ay, but it's a terrible thing, mates, to be tried for your life. I can never think of it without a shudder, and I can't somehow help a-thinking of it most always. I had to stand still and silent and hear the gentleman were, and w you'll hear presently-if he'd that was prosecuting of me put everything against me in the worst light his elever tongue could find to put it in, and I mightn't say a seemed to make out that I and nobody else no I no !' from bursting out of my mouth as God forgive me !-but his wickedness 'most he went on making out his side of the tale. I had to keep quite quiet as if I'd naught to I reads my Bible, mates, and it says that if a say, and hear him suppose this and suppose man hates his brother-that's any of his the other to fill up the breaks in the story that made against me, and show that I'd had a plenty of reasons for doing of it, when I see him dead-well, then, if he does that, it had no more reason than for climbing to the says he's as bad as a downright murderer. top of St. Paul's. And then he called the And I did hate him," added the little man, witnesses—Ais witnesses—to say where him high-pitched, excited voice dropping to been seen, and how I'd looked, and what an awed whisper, "I did hate him—just so. I'd said, and what I'd done, likewise what 📜 I saw him awhile since quite unexpected, just not said nor done too. It was astonishing to afore I was knocked down by that there cab see what a fine story that there clever gentle- and got my foot done for he'd got tools man made out of all, and it was frightening with him and seemed going work sometoo to me who knew there wasn't really a where nigh. The Lord help me! but though story at all to be made out anyhow. How the things that had happened, and the words that had been said, seemed to gather round me against him as if it would choke me!" me and hem me in! Mates, I declare to

somehow live things with a cruel purpose in 'em-rising up, rising up one after another, pointing at me with their horrid fingers, pressing upon me to crush the life out of me. And I as innocent as a new-born babe. Still I wasn't wholly down-hearted. Said I to myself, 'You may hem me in and press me hard, but I've got my facts to fight you off with yet, and you arm't prove that I've done the horrid deed, for sure what's not been done can't anyhow by any clever talk be made out to have been done clean against the truth of things.' And just as I says so to myself, they calls their last witness, I knew him directly he stepped into the box, A man as owed me a guidge became he'd been doing unfair by the master; is and mine-and I'd felt I my duty to DWAk up to the master about it."

"And so be forswore himself agains broke in one of the auditors in a

indignant scorn. "No, mate, he did not quite do that. But he did nigh as bad for me. He was a fad with a mighty clever tongue, and he spoke that way and this way, round about the truth and never straightforwardlike, and he somehow managed to forget all that went to prove me innocent, and to remember hard and sharp two awkward-looking facts that looked to go dead against me, worse against me than anything else that had yet been said. They'd have looked right enough—as they said the whole story straight through, but . taken by theirselves, the way he put 'em, they word, though I could hardly keep the 'No! must certain sure have been the murderer. made me what he wanted to prove me. For mates, I take it, and I take it, too, that it -leans hates him so as he would light light the trial's over and gone this twelve years and more, I felt all the old anger rise up in

"But you got off? You got off, didn't



"And I paused still jouger to listen "

you?" here broke in one of his auditors. Tell us the rest of the trial."

"Yes, yes, lagot off," he made answer;
"it was prove clear enough at last that I was not the arten that had done it. But that follow's evidence hunted me hard into a corner, and nearly got me hanged. What hours the jury talked. 'It seemed as if I'd lived to be an old man before they comed out and said as how they'd agree "Not guilty." And then—and then—" The guilty.' And then-and theneager high-pitched voice dropped off here suddenly into a vaciliating whisper, and the narrator stretched his hands out quickly yet feebly. For a moment he seemed to be feeling about for something in the air, while he stared vacantly before him, and then he abruptly collapsed and fell back among his pillows. Our little blue friend had fainted. I stepped hastily forward. A thin stream of red flowing from the overheated and pendent leg was meandering slowly along the snowy boards. As I thus unexpectedly appeared the change III the aspect of the do not think that batch of patients ever XXIII—19

group of invalids would have provoked my laughter had I not been too anxious to be tempted to mirth. Everybody vanished under their respective coverlets with the swiftness of magic; they might have been all dead for the sudden stillness and silence that prevailed.

"Hope as there's not much amiss with him, ma'um?" one, bolder and more alarmed for his commade than the rest, ventured to ask, in a sufficiently affrighted tone.

"No thanks to you if there is not. This comes of breaking hospital rules," I answered, speaking, I fear, with the more asperity because I was annoyed with myself, and felt myself very much to blame in the matter for not having stopped the man's talk before. ■ turned out, ■ my great relief, that there was not any serious harm done. A few sample measures stayed the hæmorrhage and recovered the patient from his swoon, and in the end no appreciable retardation took place in his ultimate recovery. But I again broke the smallest rule during their in. Ah me! I knew the sound well; the with that exaggerated susceptibility which seemed part of the little man's nature, was profoundly and even inconveniently conscientious for the future. He would do nothing without asking leave, and required special permission for the most obviously innocent trifles.

"There, hold your tongue," the undernurse would at last exclaim in a pet, "there's the hospital rules printed out large and clear, hanging against the wall. Just you learn 'em right off by heart, and all that they don't say you mayn't do just you do, and don't go bothering me no more." which lucid and concise direction she extinguished the blue patient whenever his scrupulosity flamed up afresh. On the point of finishing the story of his trial he was deaf to all entreaties. "No, no, I got into trouble once telling that. Besides, where would be the good? It's not mighty interesting to any one but me. And maybap it would make me feel angry again. Best everyway to let it be." And so we never learned any further particulars of that episode in his life.

Several weeks passed quietly after this incident, and apring was gaining softly on us. As I sat at my early breakfast one morning. sipping my codes and listening to that everlasting railway bell and the rattle of the cabs, a seductive vision of the country stole before me, growing stronger and stronger as the bell rang more urgently and the cabs came laster and more noisily. The vision grew into a longing thirst, then into a decisive scheme. "Yes, I would go into the country for a few hours that afternoon. There was nothing critical in the hospital, the blue patient was the only operation case, and he was now quite convalescent. I would work hard all the morning, and get my dressings done early. Linton was a steady, capable woman, and I would leave full directions, together with supplies of possibly needful stores, while I paid a short visit to my friends. My cyes were rather tired of looking at the brown-washed walls and the blue coverlets of the beds; I would gaze for an hour or two upon the fresh budding green of the country elms and the bright hues of early would be singing sweet welcomes to the opening year; I would---" but there I the entrance-hall below and along the passage as of a small regiment tramping heavily—beyond recovery, I still hoped and specially

stay in hospital, and the blue patient him- half regular tread of many feet going in pairs of two, each two pairs keeping scrupulously even step together, regardless of all the other couples: and then the dull grating sound of some beavy wooden things laid cautiously down on the wooden floor. The vision of snowdrops and singing-hirds dropped out of my thoughts as if they had been children's toys, and, crushing down the great trembling that rose within me to an ontward semblance of composure, I ran down the broad staircase

to face my newly-arisen duties.

I had, of course, seen many bad accidents whilst learning in other hospitals the art of surgical nursing. But to have a ghastly procession of stretchers ushered into your own house; to stand by white the surgeons examine the mangled forms laid thereon, each one in turn seeming more dreadfully mutilated than the other; to see the jacket or the handkerchief laid with hopeless gesture over the faces of men who went forth from their homes that morning-hardly two hours ago -hale and hearty labourers at some peaceful toil; to hear the sorrowfully expressive order, "Take it away, and do not let the relatives see it without due preparation;" to have the rest of these bruised and battered figures, with still just a spark of life lingering in them, laid in your own wards and to know that you have to take a responsible part in the coming struggle between life and death; to have the weeping, distracted wives and daughters of the dead and dying pressing around you for some small scrap of hopeful news when you have no hope to give, or pleading to be allowed to see what you know will strike them helpless with horror to behold; -all this I found a very different thing to only looking on while others did the work.

This accident proved to be a very bad one. Of all that were brought in to us, four men only were carried on into the wards, which, all through the long morning, and many times also in the afternoon, were full of the quiet, quick footsteps of surgeons coming and going with grave faces and watchful care. A few hours more, and one of the four injured men-a railway navvy-had passed beyond the reach or need of the surgeon's skill; and a second man—a platelayer crocuses and snowdrops, where the birds was being just kept alive from minute to minute by continual small doses of stimulant. They were both under my own immediate stopped abruptly in my flowery reverie. For care in the inner ward before mentioned. just at that moment there came a sound into And though from the first moment the surgeons had pronounced both these cases to be

the soil of his just commenced morning's angry still with a dead man." his labour-hardened hands—he that should as well as startled by this unexpected recognever work again in the dawning light of nition, but after a moment's thought, I spoke this world's sun—one could not but wonder, to him soothingly.
with reverent awe and a certain sympathizing
"Your very anxiety," I said, "may surely
joy, what kind of occupation it would be that be its own relief. If you were still cherishing this son of toil should find to do in the long a lurking anger against him, you would be surely, higher and more spirit-satisfying than Be comforted-I do not think you hate him who an hour ago possessed a wider in- not already—wholly and freely forgive him." tellectual field of vision and a more varied ing out some great scientific discovery, or his case treatment, and diet. "It's he, sure drinking in the lofty teachings of some great enough," he marmured; and with that he her dead; and I sat me down between the evidently wishing to be left alone with his the railway navvy-trying as I looked to a tap came I my door, and, in answer to my which were conspicuous in the countenance appeared in the doorway. of the plate-layer. Suddenly I became aware that some one was standing near me she, "the navvy's wife. She's terrible cut looking over ay shoulder, and, turning my up—though not like the broken ribs's wife head, I say the blue patient. He was gazing was. This one seems most cur up about fixedly at the dead navvy. I have said that the children. She's got five 'em. Two he was a very excitable person, therefore when twins, and the eldest of the V only six."

vearned to save this second one, for the sake I saw his face grow almost as pallid as the of his wife, a sweet-faced, middle-aged woman, one he looked upon, and his limbs tremble who sat by the bedside stunned by the so that I mechanically extended my arm to sudden calamity that had fallen upon her, support him in his forward progress to the and wailing out from time to time the praises bedside of the dead man, I only took I for a of the dying man as the "best and most fresh evidence of his nervous temperament, God-fearing man, the kindest, dearest hus- sympathetically shaken perhaps by the thought band that ever any woman had." Alas! the of how near he too had been a short while surgeon's prognosis was but too correct. He since to peril of life as well as limb. But too sank rapidly, and ten minutes had not after a minute's awed silence he spoke, and elapsed since his comrade in the adjoining the cause of his agitation was made clear, bed had breathed his last, ere this one also "It's him," he said, in a low voice, "it's the kind, lamented husband—all unconscious of his wife's fast-flowing tests, lay
motionless with grey set face, like a dun
new Oh God, forgive me!—I was feeling
motionless with grey set face, like a dun
new Oh God, forgive me!—I was feeling
motionless with grey set face, like a dun
new Oh God, forgive me!—I was feeling
motionless with grey set face, like a dun
new of the set of th blotted out all sunshine from the sky and III inward dread seemed to freeze them there colour from the earth. I was a face pos- and they never fell. "I'm a-trying I think," sessing a certain dignity and goodness about he said, after a pause, "if I'd got over it—its rough lines and homely contour which if I'd forgiven him—if I'd put that wicked seemed to justify the poor wife's loving anger quite away out of my mind. God belp ises of his life; and as he lay there with me l--it would be a dreadful thing we be

work still fresh upon his coarse jacket and I was much moved by his evident distress

bright future before him. Something, most almost sure to seek to justify yourself in it. the making of a railway; something which I, now. I believe you will soon-if you do

The little man, usually m loquatious, made range of mental enjoyment than this my toil- no answer, except by a wan smile cast hastily worn brother, could not even understand if in my direction, which died away almost I were told of it, any more than a child of a before it began. He bent towards the board few years old could be made to understand hanging at the bedhead, and read the patient's the keen delight of some mature mind work- name, which was written there together with poet. After awhile the stricken widow went turned ailently away, tottered back to the out to break the news to those at home and outer ward, and there lying down on his bed, to make her sad preparations for taking away drew the curtains close about the bedhead, two beds in a dreamy mood which was half own thoughts. As for myself, tired and fatigue and half meditativeness, and looked hungry, I went to my own room to get a at the face of the man who had died first- little rest and food. In about half an hour repel the ungracious thought that there was "Come in," assistant-nurse Linton's broad some lack there of the dignity and goodness good-humoured face and short round figure

"The other wife has come, ma'um," said

"Poor thing | and enough too to make her feel 'cut up,' isn't it, Linton?" I answered. "I will be down to see her in a moment.

How are the other two men?

"Oh, they are doing finely. They are asleep. No fear of them. Got a bit of a shock, that's all." Linton was always as confident in her diagnosis as if she had been a physician of many years' standing. "And do you know, ma'am," she went on, evidently brimming over with news and curiosity, " that there blue patient has been very odd behaved, and has put himself uncommon forward about it.'

"About what, Linten?" asked I, hoping to pick up a grain of desirable information

out of her bushel of gossip.

"About the wife-the navvy's wife, ma'am. No sooner does he hear who she is, than up he gets off his bed, and he walks straight into the inner ward as silent and as bold as you please, and never says a word to me nor asks any leave at all. And he's mostly such a chattering frightened little body, like a sparrow a-chirping and a-hopping about the place all day. And there he is with her now, comforting her like, it seems. And she's a-crying and a-thanking him by turns. I heard so much, and then I come away to tell you, ma'am, as in duty bound."

"Very well, Linton; quite right. I will be down directly, as I said just now. And, Linton, you had better not disturb the poor wife and the blue patient. He and the husband knew each other, I believe, so it's natural enough they should like to talk together

about her trouble."

"Very good, ma'am. If them's your orders I won't go in." And therewith Linton departed. But I confess that I was not quite easy in my own mind as to what that excitable little man's discretion might be allowing him to say to the poor widow, and therefore in a few minutes I went down-stairs, taking in my hand the dead man's purse, pipe, and all the little odds and ends which were found in his pockets when he was brought in.

They were not talking when I went in, but sitting quietly one on either side of the narrow bed, and I noticed that the blue patient's hand was clasped gently but firmly upon the folded

hands of the dead man.

The woman rose and curtaied to me. pretty, though thin and anxious-looking young woman, but at this moment wearing a radiant smile on her careworn face, which contrasted strangely with the signs of recent tears still visible there.

"Oh, ma'am !" she burst out eagerly, "do wide to them with glad motherly affection.

you think I may trust him? Do you think he really means it? He has offered—he that's sitting there-to take two of my poor fatherless children, and bring 'em up for his own. He says that he and my poor dear man that's gone, were acquaintances ever so long ago, before I knew Tom. And I don't know which way to turn 📟 get bread for them all, now Tom's gone, for I'm but weakly, I am, and always ailing. Oh! to think that God should have sent such a help!—such a help!—just at the worst!"

"You see, ma'am," said the blue patient, in explanation, "I thought that if I could make the poor fellow that's dead and gone some sort of good return for the past, I should feel easier in my mind. And the missis here, she's willing | let me have her six-year-oldthat's one o' two-" ("Twins, ma'am, he means," said the widow, parenthetically)—"and her three-year-old, and that's a girl. That is but one boy and one girl, and I've got none o' my own; and my good woman she's very fond o' children. We are easy off, we are; for my missis is a fine manager, and we've been making and saving together for pretty nigh fourteen years. And Mr. Bruce -that's the foreman up at our place, ma'am -he was here yesterday, and he's promised me a light place at the same wages as soon as I go out from here, so I shall be able to do well by the little ones. And don't you fear," he added, turning to the widow, "but that I'll be a father to them, true and steady, so help me God, when I'm in my greatest need of Him." He spoke quite simply, without any affectation or pomposity, but wit' little tremulous depth in his tone, as if, felt the far-reaching vow he was mile

"It is a noble deed!" I bea y and there I stopped. Mere we do of praise seemed paltry beside the hand of that lofty action. Silently I passed in the bed, and hald out my hand to the bed wattent, who grasped it heartily, with a hand. Famile. And so the matter was settled without more words. and the widow went her way home-for there were the children there needing her carewith a heart comforted and overflowing with gratitude; but the blue patient went about for many days after with an air of quiet gladness and screne satisfaction, very enigmatical to all those around him, save the one or two who knew or partly guessed the secret.

He was as good as his word. As soon as he was able to leave the hospital he took the two little orphaned children to his own home, and the heart of his childless wife opened

Nor was there any fickleness of purpose in cherished the children of his ancient enemy with a care and tenderness as unfailing as if they had been his own, while both he and his wife, with scrupulous delicacy, kept the original reason of his adopting them a profound secret. He gave them plenty of schooling; plenty of that even better thing, some education; and plenty of that best thing of all, an atmosphere of hearty human love and sincere religious feeling live in. And no doubt be reaped a rich reward in the gleeful sunshine which happy children always shed through a household, and in the warm affection which they gave him and his wife, as well as in his own approving conscience, free from all shadow of doubt.

I often saw him afterwards, and found him carrying out his intentions. Year after year just the same as ever, odd, fussy, and excitable; as Linton had not inaptly said, "like a sparrow chirping and hopping about all day long." The temporary exaltation of the first effort was past and over, and his nervous temperament, his small stature, and his many peculiarities of manner, were again conspicuously prominent. But never again did that small chattering little man, with his blue-tinted skin, seem undignified to me, for I knew what grand capabilities lay beneath. And he that has mastered the hard lesson of the "seventy times seven" is following the luminous footsteps of our divine Lord, and sheds a glory of reflected light upon the common paths of everyday life, as Moscs did when he came down from Mount Singi.

THE SACREDNESS OF PROPERTY.

By R. W. DALE, M.A. (BIRMINGHAM).

SECOND PAPER.

L began the discussion of our Lord's theory of Property, as illustrated in the parable of the Unjust Steward. The only point on which I was able to insist in that paper was our Lord's clear assertion that our wealth-whether we have much or little-is not ours, but God's. With Christ this was not a mere metaphorical way of speaking; He meant His words to be taken seriously and in their obvious and natural sense. We are stewards—not owners.

It is necessary to lay a firm hold of this conception of Property, if we are to make any right use of what our Lord says about the duty of charity and about making to ourselves friends who will receive us into "the

eternal tabernacles."

Charitable gifts are too often spoiled by Lord had to maintain so severe and incessant defended by more awful sanctions. a polemic. Men have become accustomed grave as any that was ever condemned by perfect conceptions of what we call Christian Council or Synod—to remain uncorrected Doctrine. They worshipped the Lord Jesus and unrebuked. In appropriating a part of Christ as their Prince and Saviour; and they supposed that they were exhibiting an illus- great gift of eternal life. But their creed was

IN a paper on this subject last month I trious virtue and have plumed themselves on their magnificent generosity. But they were simply discharging a duty, using the property as its true Owner intended, showing fidelity to Him. It would be quite as reasonable for the trustees of a great educational endowment to claim credit for personal generosity because they appropriate the revenue of the trust to the maintenance of schools. The money is not theirs; they are bound appropriate it according to the terms of their charter. And according to our Lord's conception of Property, all Property belongs to God: we are not owners, but trustees. purposes to which it appropriated are not rigidly defined in any legal instrument; nor can the obligations of the trust be enforced by an appeal to any earthly court; but for the Christian man "the law of liberty" | as that spirit of Pharissism against which our real a law as the law of the land, and

We see the effect of our Lord's teaching, to regard their property as every sense or of the spirit of His teaching, in the action their own. The Christian Church has per- of the Pentecostal Church. I suppose that mitted this unchristian heresy-a heresy as the members of that Church had very imtheir property to the relief of the poor, to the trusted in Him for the remission of sins, for development of the intellectual life of their access into the kingdom of God, for the country, and to other public ends, they have inspiration of the Holy Spirit, and for the

probably a very short one. They would have been very unsuccessful in defining the doctrine of the Trinity, the doctrine of the Atonement, the doctrine of the New Birth. Their moral life, as a whole, was probably ruled by Jewish rather than by Christian law. Most of them—perhaps all of them—thought it necessary for men to submit to circumcision and to honour all the institutions of Judaism if they were to be saved. But either under the control of Christ's teaching, or more probably at the instinctive impulse of the new and wonderful life which they had received from Him, they obeyed some of Christ's laws which the Church of later ages

has forgotten.

They looked at Property as Christ looked They believed in its "sacredness." They were all God's children; their property belonged m their Father, and they were ready to share it with all that were in their Father's household: "Not one of them said that aught of the things which he possessed was his own." There was no want among them: "For as many as were possessors of lands or houses sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold and laid them at the apostles' feet, and distribution was made unto each according as any one had need." I do not believe that they established a system of communism. No man on submitting to baptism came under any engagement is surrender his property to the Church. Every man had a perfect right to retain as much of his property as he thought fit; if he chose he might retain it all. Not was there any law requiring men to bring their weekly earnings and pay them into the Church account. But Christian men who had property held it with a light hand; looked upon it as a trust; and since many of their brethren were in great need, they sold houses and lands to create a fund for their support.

This sudden and startling illustration of the spirit of the new Faith must have had an immense effect. It was the visible sign that a new idea had come into the world of the relations between men and God, and between men themselves. It was a decisive proof that a Divine order was emerging, which was destined to transform the social condition of all nations. It was the gospel of the kingdom taught in picture-lessons, and the simplest

mind could catch its meahing.

The circumstances of the Church in those great days were, however, wholly exceptional. There were large numbers of persons baptized on the Day of Pentecost who had travelled

They would from distant countries to be present at the Jewish Festival, and who, having discovered that the Christ for whose coming their fathers had been waiting so long had now come, remajored in Jerusalem to learn all that the apostles could teach them about His Kingdom, about the new truths He had taught, about the new laws which were given to those who acknowledged His authority, and about the new hopes which were to be their soluce and their strength. In the case of many of them probably, the famils which would have been sufficient for a shorter stay were exhausted long before they had the heart to return home. Some of the Christian men and women who lived in the city and its neighbourhood may have lost their ordinary employment by becoming disciples of the crucified Jesus of Nazareth. Others may have been so excited by the new revelation which had come III them. that they could not follow their trades. Nor were these the only reasons which made a common fund necessary. There was a most vivid sense of brotherhood among those who had passed together into the Kingdom of God; they were not satisfied with meeting together two or three times a week to talk about the great deliverance which God had wrought for His people, and to unite in worship and thanksgiving; they wanted to live together, and so they had common tables in many houses in Jerusalem, and for these provision was made at the common

> There have been times when many kindly enthusiasts have imagined that the true remedy for the physical miseries of mankind and for many of the worst moral evils which menace the stability of nations. I to be found in giving a complete organization to the spirit of the early Church, and making it the legal order of society. The inequalities of human condition are appalling—appalling in memselves, appalling in their effects on the intellectual, the moral, and the religious life of men. I do not wonder that great socialistic schemes should have filled the imagination and kindled the enthusiasm of many noble and generous souls. Such schemes have, again and again during the last half century, excited the hopes of a social millennium among the working people of the great cities of France. They have more recently touched the imagination of the working people of the great cities of Germany, In Russia there exist the foundations on which a system of Socialism might be built up, and many speculative Russians have believed that in the village communities of the empire they

have the elements of a social order, which would solve the perplexing questions created by the physical sufferings and social discontent of the poorer classes in all the greater nations of Europe. Forty or fifty years ago projects of the same kind attracted some

attention in England.

Whether the time will ever come when it will be safe on economical grounds to attempt a social organization, founded on communistic principles; whether such an organization would be friendly to industry, to personal independence, to originality of character; are questions into which it is unnecessary to enter. Monasticism is the only form under which a communistic scheme of life has achieved any considerable and enduring success; and as Monasticism involves celibacy, its success has no value in relation to our social troubles. A communistic social order had a brief existence in the early history of some of the American colonies. In Virginia the experiment was tried under conditions which prevented the possibility of success. In New Plymouth the conditions were exceptionally favourable, but there, too, the experiment was a failure.

The scheme of a community of goods requires a height of virtue to which as yet no considerable portion of the human race has ever attained. To give it a chance of success men must have a noble public spirit, must be free from personal ambition, must be willing do disagreeable work for the sake of the work itself, and without the constraint of the relentless law-if any man will not work neither shall be eat. No cunningly contrived system of regulations, no ingenious organization of the varying forms of aptitude and faculty, will be of any avail unless all men are both heroes and saints. A revolution so immense as this in the social order, implies a revolution equally immense in buman nature; nor is it rational to suppose that this change in human nature can be effected by any change in mere external institutions. If under our present social order those virtues could be created and disciplined which are necessary to the very existence of a communistic system, whatever is unjust and unequal in our present social life would soon disappear. The great problem after all not, How can we improve our institutions? but, How can we improve men?

What concerns us II the present discussion is that the Lord Jesus Christ never suggests that private property should be abolished, but tells us to use it as God's stewards. A great German defined the difference between the "sacredness of Property" is extremely

Socialism and Christianity in a very clever epigram. Socialism says, "What I thine is mine;" Christianity says, "What I mine is thine;" the difference is infinite. But the epigram needs correction. Christianity really teaches us to say, "What seems thine I not thine; what seems mine is not mine: whatever thou hast belongs to God, and whatever I have belongs to God; you and I must use what we have according to God's will."

The "sacredness of Property" determines what uses of Property are legitimate. God intends us, first of all, provide for our own wants and the wants of our children and dependents. These wants vary with the circumstances of men, with their training, with their occupation, with the functions they have to discharge to society. Every man must form his own judgment as to what expenditure on himself and on his own house God will approve. He is God's servant, and may use his income in meeting whatever expenses are legitimately incurred in doing God's work. He may move from a modest house into a mansion, with greenhouses, vineries, stables, and a park, if his income is large enough to cover the increased expenditure, and if he thinks that by the change he will serve God more effectually. But to those who believe in the "sacredness of Property," it is clearly unlawful to incur a large increase of personal expenditure without the prospect of securing any corresponding increase in the efficiency of their service. Every man whose income will cover more than the necessities of his own life and work, is also required to use part of it, how much he must judge for himself, in The form in which this serving others. service is to be rendered must be determined by a man's position, circumstances, and faculty. One may be specially "called" to shelter the homeless, another | care for orphans, another to promote scientific discovery, another to contribute to the development of art or of literature, another to strengthen great movements for the social and political improvement of mankind. All Christian men will desire to have some share in relieving the common misfortunes of human life, and in making known the gospel of the Divine righteousness and love. The general law is clear and definite: our money is God's money, and we must spend for nothing for which God does not want I spent.

And now I can imagine that some of my readers practical, augacious, religious men -will be ready to say that this theory of visionary—the kind of theory likely to commend itself to an enthusiast unfamiliar with the business and affairs of the world, but absurdly useless for the guidance of conduct. That is exactly what the Pharisees thought about our Lord when they heard this theory of Property from His lips. "The Pharisees who were lovers of money heard all these things; and they scoffed Ilim."

And how did He answer their scoffing?

It was against the spirit which leads us to regard our property as our own—not God's—that the awful parable of the rich man and Lazarus was directed. The Pharisees scoffed at His "visionary" account of Property; this parable is His reply. The intense and natural curiosity of men about the future life has led them III pass over the tremendous moral and practical lessons of the parable in their endeavour to discover what it reveals concerning the fate of the impenitent. But what was III that our Lord meant the parable III teach?

It is a parable about a rich man and a beggar. The rich man is not said to have been a bad man, in the current sense of the word. He was rich, but he may have got his wealth honestly. He was "clothed in purple and fine linen," but I suppose that he paid for them. He fared "sumptuously every day;" but for anything that is said in the parable, he was neither a glutton nor a drunkard. He was rich and he enjoyed his riches. That is all. He thought that his wealth was his own, to spend as he liked.

Lazarus, the beggar, was laid at the rich man's gate and was glad to get the broken meat which came from the rich man's table. On the sufferings and misery of Lazarus it is not necessary, for the immediate purpose of this paper, to say anything. He died and "was carried away by the angels into Ahraham's bosom"—to a place of honour at the great festival of the blessed.

The rich man also died and was buried; and after we are told of the rich man's death and burial there follow immediately these startling words: "And in Hades he lifted up his eyes being in tornnent, and seeth Abraham afar off and Lazarus in his bosom. And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus that he may dip the tip of his linger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am in anguish in this flame."

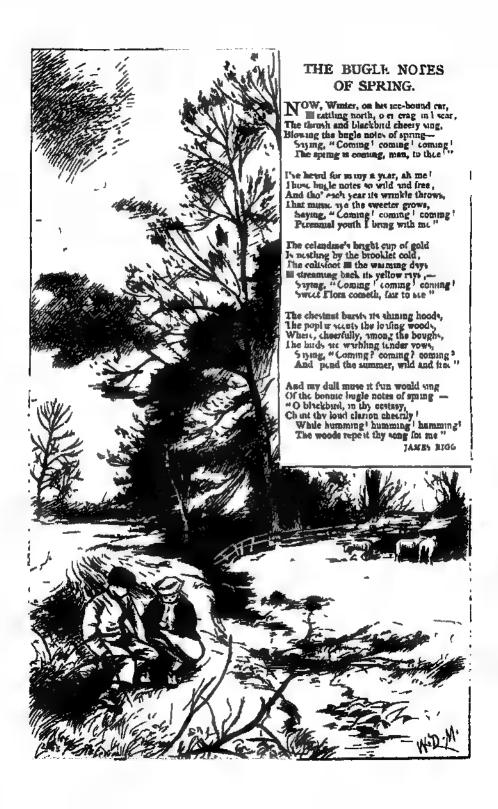
Instead of discussing the questions which are suggested by this account of the rich man's doom, we shall do well to consider

how he incurred it. The doom was terrible, and, apparently, without hope. There is no need to suppose that he was condemned to material flames, any more than there is need to suppose that Lazarus was literally reclining in Abraham's bosom. But whatever may be the nature of the suffering represented by the "torments" and the "flame," Christ means us to understand that the suffering is appalling, intolerable; and the "great gulf" seems to suggest that there is no escape from the fiery anguish to the happy seats of the saints.

Does any man dare us suggest that this parable is an illustration of the severity and mercilessness of the Christian conception of God? It is an illustration of precisely the opposite of that. We see here the indignation of Infinite Love at white heat. The "rich man" thought that his property was his own, and that he had a right to use it for the purposes of self-indulgence. He clothed himself in "purple and fine linen;" he kept a sumptuous table. He had no active, earnest pity for Lazarus who was lying at his gate or for hundreds of others as miserable as Lazarus. He never thought that since his property belonged to God he was guilty of a flagrant breach of trust in not using it for the relief of those whose sufferings touched the Divine heart and to whom he should have been the minister of the Divine pity. God this was intolerable. The "flame" is the fiery displeasure which God feels at his selfishness; and to soothe the anguish which the consciousness of the Divine displeasure inflicts, no saint or angel will dip his finger in water and try to cross the tremendous gulf.

This awful menace needs nothing to heighten its terror. It is just as truly a part of the revelation which Christ has made to our race, as the gentlest words of His compassion for human sorrow, or the largest manners of His eagerness to forgive human sin. It belongs, indeed, the very substance of the Christian gospel, or, at least, it is the deep shadow cast by its intense and glorious splendour. For the divinest element of the gospel the declaration that Christ came to make His very life our own. If His life has not become ours, His great purpose has failed, and He has not saved us.

But in those who have received the life of Christ, there will be the "mind" which is also in Him. His estimate of riches, of earthly honour, of all the pleasant things of this world, will be theirs. They will call nothing their own; they will hold everything as a trust from God.



ARTEMUS WARD.

3 Shetch from Mite.

By H. R. HAWEIS, M.A., AUTHOR OF "MUSIC AND MORAIA."

HIS LIFE AND LECTURES,

HARLES FARRER BROWNE (alias Artemus Ward) was born at Waterford, United States, in 1836. He began life as a type-setter, then took to newspaper reporting, and soon (like Dickens) made a mark with jokes, which went the round of the papers. The circus presently caught up the new vein of wit. Artemus was always fond of the circus; but he did not care to sit and applaud his own jokes; he thought he might contrive to get the applause and the cash himself. A lecture, to be constructed on peculiar principles, flashed across his mind. Was not the public worn out with dull lectures? Had not the time of protest arrived? What very excellent fooling it would be to expose the dull impostors who passed up and down the land, boring mechanics' institutes and lycoums with their pretentious twaddle, and bringing art and science into disrepute! Artemus Ward felt that the man and the hour had arrived. He would bring about a mighty reaction in the public taste; under these circumstances he conceived the appalling notion of constructing a lecture which should contain the smallest possible amount of information with the greatest quantity of fun. It was to consist mainly of a series of incoherent and irrelevant observations, strung like a row of mixed beads upon the golden thread of his wit.

Ward started in California with an announcement that he would lecture on "The Babes in the Wood." He said he preferred this title to that of "My Seven Grandmothers." Why, nobody knows, for there was, of course, to be as little in the lecture about baker, in or out of the wood, as about seven or any other number of grandmothers. "The Babes in the Wood" was never written down; a few sentences only have survived of a pertionize the comic lecturing of the age.

The "Babes" seem only to have been alluded to twice first at the beginning, lasted from an hour to an hour and a half, surprise gleams of his quaint nature, or he concluded with, "I now come to my flashes of his wit, humour, and adventure.

subject-'The Babes in the Wood.'" Then taking out his watch, his countenance would suddenly change—surprise, followed by great perplexity 1 At last, recovering his former composure, and facing the difficulty as best could, he continued: "But I find I have exceeded my time, and will therefore merely remark, that so far as I know, they were very good babes; they were as good as ordinary babes." Then, almost breaking down, and much more nervously, "I really have not time to go into their history; you will find it all in the story-books." Then, getting quite dreamy, "They died in the woods, listening to the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree." With some suppressed emotion, "It was a sad fate for them, and I pity them; so I hope do you. Good night!"

The success of this lecture throughout California was instantaneous and decisive. The reporters complained that they could not write for laughing, and split their pencils desperately in attempts | take down the jokes. Every hall and theatre was crowded to hear about the "Babes," and the "Lyceum" lecturer of the period, "what crammed hisself full of high-soundin' phrasus, and got trusted for a soot of black clothes," had nothing to do but to go home and destroy himself.

Artemus was an insatiable rover. At one time, being laid up, he read Layard's "Nineweh." The Bulls excited his fancy; the Arabs and the wildness of the scenes, the ignorance, stupidity, and knavery of the natives, the intelligence and enthusiasm of the explorer, the marvellous unlooked-for results -Il this suited him. He must m Limeveh and have a look and come back, and speak a piece. Alas I cut short at the early age of thirty, how many "pieces" had to remain unspoken, and a trip to Ninerch amongst them I

Passing from San Francisco III Salt Lake formance which was destined to revolu- City, Ward becomes his own raconteur. Of course he lectured by the way, and his progress was somewhat slow and roundabout, like that of the ant who, in order to cross the when the lecturer gravely announced "The street, chose to mover the top of Strasburg Babes" as his subject, and then, after a Cathedral. But the longer the journey the rambling string of irrelevant witticisms, which greater the gain to those who are anxious to

In California his lecture theatres were more varied than convenient. Now he stood behind a drinking-har, once in a prison, the cells being filled with a mixed audience and Artemus standing the end of a long passage into which they all opened, then in a billiardroom, or in the open air. On one occasion the money being taken in a hat, the crown fell out and spilt the dollars. Ward said he never could be quite sure how many dellars were taken that night, no one seemed to know.

All who knew Ward knew there was much truth in his saying, "I really don't care for money." He was the most genial, generous, free-handed of men, and, like other kindly souls, his good-nature was often imposed upon by unprincipled and heartless adventurcrs, who are his dinners, laughed at his okes, and spent his money. Had it not been for Hingston, his faithful agent, 📖 would have fared far worse, for Ward was

not a man of business.

If his anecdotes by the way are not all strictly authentic, they are far too good to be lost. He tells us how he visited most of the mountain towns and found theatres occasionally, to which he invariably repaired. One was a Chinese theatre; when he offered his money to the Chinaman at the door that official observed, "Ki hi hi ki shoolah!" "I tell him," says Ward, "that on the whole I think he is right." On entering one he finds the play is going to last six weeks; he leaves early. It is in this rough mountainous region that some of Ward's best jokes were manufactured. To this period belongs the famous man who owed him two hundred dollars and never paid him.

"A gentleman, a friend of mine, came to me one day with tears in his eyes; I said, 'Why these weeps?' He said be had a mortgage on his farm and wanted to borrow two hundred dollars. I lept him the money and he went away. Some time after he returned with more tears. He said he must leave me for ever; I ventured memind him of the two hundred dollars. He was much cut up; I thought I would not be hard upon him, so I told him I would throw off one hundred dollars. He brightened up, wrung my hand with emotion. 'Mr. Ward,' be exclaimed, 'generous man | I won't allow you moutdo me in liberality, I'll throw off

the other hundred."

ADVENTURES AT THE SALT LAKE.

But the Salt Lake had to be reached, and a wild and to some extent perilous journey it was.

In the greatest trepidation Artemus length beheld the trim buildings of the Mormons shining in the distance, and entering the spacious thoroughfares studded with gardens, and lively with a very mixed, active, and always industrious population, sought out with Hingston a retired inn and gave

himself up to his own reflections,

These were not pleasant. He certainly meant to see Salt Lake and the Mormons, and there he was. But in his book he had been unsparing in his sarcasms on the Mormons, Brigham and all his works, and if there was one thing he felt quite certain of. was that he was now in the absolute power of the most unscrupulous man in America, whom he happened make grossly insulted. Hingston advised him not to venture abroad rashly, and went out himself to see which way the wind blew. Artemus sat smoking moodily at home expecting, as he says, "to have his swan-like throat cut by the Danites."

At last enters a genial Mormon Elder, who assures him of the general good-will of the Mormons, but also pulls out a book (" Artemus his book!") and reads to its author a passage which he admits to have somewhat hurt their feelings; and certainly it is a little strong, as coming from a man who had never been in Salt Lake City, or seen the people. This is the passage, and it occurs in

the Showman's papers.

" I girded up my lions and fied the seen; I packed up my duds and left Salt Lake, which is a second Sodom of Gomorrah, inhabited by as thievin' and unprincipled a set of retches as ever drew breth in any spot on

the globe!"

On hearing these awful words, of which up to that moment their writer had never felt in the least ashamed, Ward declares that his feelings may be more easily imagined than described! He was forced to admit further that the Mormons might not be quite such "unprincipled retches" as he had described, and he parted at last with the mild and conciliatory Elder pleasantly enough, instead of having his swan-like throat cut.

Coals of fire were soon III be heaped on

his devoted head.

Worn out with the excitement and fatigue of many days and nights of travel, he was struck down with fever. "The thievin' and unprincipled retches" by whom he was surrounded now vied with each other to do him service, they nursed him patiently, treated him with the utmost kindness, procured him every comfort, and Brigham Young sent him his own doctor.

was fearfully wasted, and on those dismal days a Mormon lady-she was married, he had fifteen other wives she used to sing a ballad commencing, 'Sweet bird, do not fly away!" I told ber I would not; she played the accordion divinely, accordionly I praised her."

Of course Artemus could not exactly eat his own words, or recant his deeply rooted opinions, of which he was quite as tenacious as some other men; but he pays a warm tribute the friendly courtesy of Brigham, adding-" If you ask me how pious he is, I treat it as a conundrum and give it up.

The moment at last arrives for him to face a Mormon audience and speak his plece. They place the theatre at his dis-posal, and "I appear," he says, "before a galt Lake of upturned faces!" He is listened to by a crowded and kindly audience. Whether it was the "Babes" or "Africa, we know not, but he mentions that some odd money was taken at the door. Mormons, it appeared, paid at the door in specie, and that of all kinds; such as 5 lbs. of honey, a firkin of butter, a wolf's skin; one man tried to pass a little dog-a cross between a Scotch terrier and a Welsh rabbit; another a German - silver coffin plate -"both," he adds, "were very properly declined by my agent."

HIS DEATH.

Artemus had a great longing to come to London and give his lecture at the Egyptian Hall. 'That longing was destined to be gratified; but it was the last. He thought The Mormons" would do very well, and did. He knew his lungs were affected, and he knew he must die; but he did not quite know how soon.

He came here in 1867. He was soon unable to continue his entertainment. "In the fight between youth and death," writes his friend Robertson, "death was to conquer." His doctor sent him to Jersey; but the sea breezes did him no good. He wrote, genial and sympathetic to the end, that "his loneliness weighed on him." He tried to get back to town, but only got as far two at a time. Hingston never left him,

"The ladies," he says, "were most kind, can had offered the Prince of Wales a hand-I found music very soothing when I lay ill some American-built yacht. "It seems, with fever in Utah; and I was very ill, I old fellow," said poor Artemus, = he made his last joke to Hingston, who sat by him-"it seems the fashion for every one me present though not so much married as her husband, the Prince of Wales with something. I think I shall leave him my panorama." His cheerfulness seldom left him, except when be thought of his old mother, and then he would grow terribly sad. But the end was hand. "Charles Browne," writes his friend Robertson in modest but feeling terms, "died beloved and regretted by all who knew him, and when he drew his last breath there passed away the spirit of a true gentleman."

CHARACTERISTICS.

One of the many charms and surprises of Ward was his double character. Between the rough showman of his book and the refined-looking, intellectual master of wit, without a touch of personal vulgarity, the chasm seemed immense, and yet on his appearance it was instantly bridged.

Before parting with Artemus I would fain try to fix the shifting kalcidoscopic colours as they melt and change, to analyze what is no sooner present than it is past, to set down the characteristics of a mind the qualities of which have surely never been seen in such singular and fascinating combination before, which we are never likely to see in the smallest degree reproduced, and which has now for some twenty years defied a host of plagiarists and imitators as successfully as the music of Chopin or the brush of Turner.

First I note his spontaneity. He was quite as good at home as abroad-in private as in public. This was his charm. He never knew how many odd things he was going to say, and often forgot them afterwards. In his entertainments he was constantly personal, yet without ever giving offence. In public he had the quickest tact, the kindliest numour, and the gentlest delicacy of any

man I ever saw.

Then his mind resembled the retina of the eye, in which everything appears naturally upside down. Other people, like Dickens or John Parry, went out of their way to reverse ideas; to Ward the reverse order scemed always the natural one; from his point of view the whole world stood on its head, men thought backwards, and words as Southampton; there many friends went invariably meant their contraries. The shock down from London to see the last of him- of this incessant and easy inversion is irresistible; as when describing a temperance and the consul of the United States was fall hotel, where, he says, they sold the very worst of the kindliest attentions. A wealthy Ameri- liquous he ever tasted. He goes on to say :

"I don't drink now; I've given all that up. though brief, includes a greater variety of I used drink once; but when I did, I humour than any single passage I could select. never allowed business to interfere with it." Or when in remarks that in had always been of opinion that an occasional joke improved a comic paper. At first we suppose it is a kind of lapsus lingues. Not at all; it is merely common sense backwards—a ludicrous and make a Mormon of me while I was in Utah, usually satirical reversal of ordinary ideas.

placement of atmosphere; as when his organgrinder dies he says he never felt so ashawai but it alipped in mechanically, like a dropscene that has got out of its right place, and provides a churchyard instead of the altar-

rail for a marriage ceremony.

Ward's subtle trifling with words, as well as atmospheres, is reduced almost to a fine art, and results in quite a new and peculiar coinage. "'Let m glide,' I said, 'in the "I told them that when I got re many dance.' and we glode," "Let 'm leave a place I usually wentested. secesch!" "He's caught a tormater," which is quite in Mts. Gamp's style, with her "Not all the tortoises of the imposition"—for "tortures of the inquisition." But in America the Malaprop seedling comes up with an odd American twist, and the Artemus variety of it is certainly unique. Sense, grammar, terminations, spelling, all go awry-we hardly notice how. We receive a series of mental back-handers, and keep laughing, a little too late, as the new method begins to gain on us.

With one more example from his life amongst the Mormons, which, perhaps, muchness that I declined."

I must conclude my memorial glimpses of this incomparable and lamented humorist.

THE SEVENTEEN YOUNG MORMON WIDOWS.

"I regret to say that efforts were made to

"It was leap year when I was there, and Closely akin
this I note a steady dis-seventeen-young widows—the wives of a deceased Mormon (he died by request)--offered me their hearts and hands. I called in his life. Shame in the wrong emotion; upon them one day, and taking their soft, white hands in mine—which made eighteen hands altogether-I found them in tears. And I said, 'Why is this thus?--what is the reason of this thusness?

"They have a sigh-seventeen sighs of

different size. They said-

"'Oh, soon thou wilt be gonested away!' "I told them that when I got ready to

said-- Doth not like us?'

"I said, 'I doth, I doth! I also said, 'I hope your intentions are honourable, as I am a lone child, and my parents are far, far

"They then said-'Wilt not marry us?"

"I said, 'Oh, no; it cannot was,'

"Again they asked me to marry them, and again I declined. When they cried-

"'Oh, cruel man! This I too much-oh,

too much!'

"I told them it was on account of the

MAN AND THE GOSPEL.

BY THE RIOHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH,

mr.

" Forgive us our debts as we forgue our debtoes."—RARTHUW W. 24-

HE who taught us these words of prayer ever been the teaching of His Church. She is more than a Teacher. He is more to has ever placed Him where He has claimed us even than a divinely inspired Teacher, to place Himself—between the human soul We regard Him-in common with the whole and God. The doctrines of atonement and Catholic Church throughout the world—as of intercession are inseparably connected in our divine Redeemer and Mediator. We all her teaching with the great central doc-believe that He has come amongst us not trine of her creeds, the incarnation of our only tell us that we may approach the Lord Jesus Christ. Christianity does not call Father, but to make that approach possible. upon us to believe in the stupendous mystery We believe that He has come not only to of God becoming man without an adequate reveal to us the way to God, but to be Him- reason for it. The publication of a new self that way. "I am the way, the truth and religion would be no such adequate reason the life. No man cometh unto the Father —that might need an inspired teacher, not but by Me;" and, "Whatsoever you shall an incarnate one; it might need a Moses, ask the Father in My name, He will give | but it could not need a Christ. The Church,

you," is the teaching of our Lord, and has therefore, when she proclaims her belief in

the world unto Himself, and not imputing their trespasses unto men;" she declares that it was "for us men, and for our salvation," that tion and Atonement. Inseparably these two ideas are linked together. Take away one, and the other will not long remain. Take away the belief in the divine and eternal Christ, and we lose the true ground of the Atonement. Take away the idea of the Atonement and we lose the sufficient reason for the Incarnation. The time would then come, and come very soon too-as many of our modern seers and prophets are anticipating-when men would no more care to discuss the nature of Christ, than they care now to discuss the nature of Socrates; and in truth it would concern them very little more to do so.

Closely related, however, as these two great Christian dogmas are, they are rejected by modern thought on very different grounds. One of them, the Incarnation, is rejected as impossible; the other, the Atonement, as immoral. Incarnation is a miracle, and modern science, we are told, pronounces miracles be impossibilities. Of course for those who so think there is an end of the question. It would be absurd to expect them to discuss the moral bearings of an event which they believe, not only never happened -but never could possibly have happened. Not so, however, as regards the doctrine of the Atonement; that is impugned not on scientific but on moral grounds. It rests, we are told, upon a low and unworthy conception of the moral nature of God. To say of Him, that He requires, as the condition of His forgiving our offences against him, the sufferings and the mediation of Christ, is to represent him, it is urged, as less merciful and forgiving than we expect an ordinarily good man to be. good man is, before all things, merciful and compassionate, he forgives fully and freely those who offend against him, and the more fully and freely he does so, the better and the nobler man we hold him to be. How then can we suppose the perfectly good God to be less placable than we feel we go, as it were out of our way, to mar the forgiveness to the divine forgiveness, because barbarous, and superfluous idea, of an appa- regards this. It never can be true when

the incarpate Christ expresses her belief in ratus of sacrifice and incercession, which are the doctrine that "God is in Christ reconciling somehow to induce Him to be merciful. What is this doctrine of atonement and mediation but a survival of the old pagan conception of angry deities, whose grudges against "the very God of very God of came down offending mortals could only be satisfied by from heaven, "and was incarnate, by the suffering, or bribed away by gifts? Why, we Holy Ghost, of the Virgin Mary." Incama- are asked, if you cannot advance with modern thought, will you not at least me back to the older and better teachings contained in your own Bibles? Why cannot you rise to the sublime ideas of the Hebrew prophets and Psahnists, who, in their protest against the sanguinary and barbarous ritual of their day -could take their place beside the altara, smoking with the blood of innocent victims, and proclaim a God who "desired not sacrifice," else would they give it him? A God, who could not "eat the flesh of bulls, or drink the blood of goats." A "merciful and compassionate" Lord, who only bid the wicked "forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts" in order that he might "abundantly pardon him," If our Christianity had only caught the true spirit of such teaching as this, it could never, we are told, have retained in its creed the Pagan, old-world notions of sacrifice and atonement that now disfigure it.

> Now such an objection as this, resting as it does on moral grounds, is a far more formidable one than any that rest on merely

scientific grounds.

These, even if now unanswerable, need not be regarded as final. Science has not yet spoken her last word. It is quite conceivable, at least, that some new scientific discovery might place science on the side of miracles. Not so, with the decisions of the conscience; these are final and unanswerable, and the grounds for them lie fully within the ken of all men. Once prove that the God of the Christians is not a perfectly moral bring—and he ceases for ever ■ be our God, our supreme good. Most carefully therefore does it behove us to weigh any objection against our creed which appeals, as this does, to the moral sense of mankind.

And in dealing with this objection as I propose now to do, let us above all things do so honestly. Let us attempt no theological evasion of the difficulty; let us not lie for God; let us not say, for instance, that we that we ourselves ought to be? Why should cannot argue from the analogy of human grand and noble conception, of a Loving God's ways are not as our ways, nor His Father of all men freely forgiving the sins of thoughts as our thoughts. That may be his penitent children, by adding to it the true in some respects, but it is not true as ways are not like His, then the words which He uses are not so much misleading as utterly unmeaning—they have no meaning whatever. They are merely arbitrary and unintelligible symbols. If the words forgiveness, mercy, and compession do not mean, when they are used of God, at least as much as they mean where we use them of men, they have for us no meaning whatever. Let us be sure then that-when we are told that God loves, that God forgives-we are to understand by those words just what we understand by the words man loves, and man forgives. Other and deeper meanings they may have, but at least they have this. Let us then, as I have said, deal honeatly with this difficulty; let us see whether, taking it for granted, as we are bound to take II for granted, that there is an analogy, a close and real analogy between divine and human forgiveness, we may not find in that very fact good reasons for our belief in the great truths of the Atonement and Mediation. Let us see, in one word, what is the true idea of human forgiveness, by what difficulties, if any, it is beset, and what are the laws which really govern it amongst men as we try to forgive our debtors, and then let us proceed to see how these laws apply to God's forgiveness of our debts to Him.

In the first place, then, let us see what in our Lord's teaching concerning the forgiveness of sin, in the words - Forgive us our debts." What does our Lord there tell us of sin? He tells us it is something that needs forgiveness. That is to say, that sin is not merely a disease to be healed, nor an imperfection to be remedied, but an offence, and an offence entailing a penalty, that cleaves to the offender as a debt cleaves, until it is remitted, to the debtor. And then he tells us further that for this debt there is a possibility of remission—the forgiveness of sin being analogous to the remitting of a debt. That is to say, our Lord gives us this as the popular, ordinary, human alen of forgiveness, namely that it is the letting off to a man of the debt he owes; it is the putting of him by the creditor, as far as he can do so, in the position he would have occupied, if he had never contracted that debt. Briefly then our Lord's statement this; first, all sin there guilt; secondly, a debt of penalty for that guilt; thirdly, the possibility of the remission of that debt; and fourthly, a close analogy between the remission of that debt by God to us and our remission of debt to one another. See, then, already begins to rise up and to project itself

God uses the same word to describe His where this brings us. I brings us to the ways and our ways; for if in that case our question how lat and under what conditions it possible for us to forgive our human debtors, those who have offended against us. this idea of human forgiveness then such a very simple one for man? Let us take it in its simplest form. Let us suppose that an offence is committed between two equals, who have no other relation between them than their common humanity. Let us suppose that any one of us has been so unfortunate as to have committed some wrong against a fellow man. The instant you do that the man becomes, in spite of you and of himself, your creditor. You are his debtor for two great debts—the debt of penitence, and the debt of reparation. You feel that you ought to be sorry for what you have done, and that you ought to make amends; and you owe this by virtue of a law which either he or you may set in motion, but which neither he nor you can restrain-by the law of your own conscience. There is that within you which when you have wronged another, claims from you at once the double penalty of repentance and restitution. There is an advocate of the man you have wronged within your own breast. There is a voice within you crying against you to the throne of God. It your adversary until you have made amends, and you cannot agree with it it gives you over to the torments of your own remorae and shame, that abide in your own heart, and will not depart from it, until you have paid the uttermost farthing of that debt. That is the nature of the case as it arises instantly and necessarily between you and him, between your human creditor and you, his debtor. Now it is quite true the creditor may remit that penalty to you, and you hold. it to be the very noblest charity if he does, He forgives you then, we will suppose, fully, freely, unconditionally, lovingly, nobly if you will—what then? is all the penalty remitted? Have you escaped all the punishment of your act? He has forgiven you; but have you for that reason forgiven yourself? Nay, is not the very fulness and freeness of his forgiveness that heaping coals of fire upon your head, kindled and fanned into a flame by the very breath of his compassion? You know that it is so, and in all finer and better natures is ever most keenly so. Already, then, we have discovered this-that there is, even between equals, no absolute and entire remission of sins possible. Behind the figure of the cre-ditor, even of the forgiving creditor, there

upon our path the shadow of law—of law creditor to punish, and the debtor to which, because it law, pitiless, unfor-suffer. In this aspect then we begin to see in this simplest and most rudimentary case of forgiveness, there I no absolute remission.

Now let us pass one step further-let us pass to the case of social forgiveness. Let us suppose the wrong-doing has had speciators. Suppose that you and I are spectators martyr, with his dying breath, breathing out his forgiveness and blessing on his murderers. They are fully forgiven by him. Would any one of us feel disposed to take up that legacy of forgiveness, and to repeat the blessings we had just heard the martyr pronounce upon his tormentors? Should we not rather feel our hearts stirred with the deepest and most righteous indignation, calling, in a very passion of justice, for vengeance upon his murderers? Should we not feel that the blessing of forgiveness he pronounced, though in him it were the highest expression of charity, in us were the lowest and most exquisite baseness? Should we not feel that we could never know rest nor peace until we had avenged him of his cruel wrong; and that this would not after all be revenge, but righteous judgment? But why is it we could not forgive such a wrong upon another? Just for this reason: It is his wrong and not ours; we are not merely spectators of the fault; we are, by the very fact of our being members of a society to which he and we belong, judges of the crime, and we feel that we have no right to remit the penalty.

And there is another reason, too. The instinct of self-preservation is strong in our hearts, as | strong in the heart of society. Society cannot afford to suffer martyrdom; still less to court or submit to martyrdom. The myriad interests that are entrusted to its guardianship, would be sacrificed if it were to allow crime with impunity. A society . founded upon the basis of true and pure benevolence, and universal forgiveness of offences. could not hold together for a single day. Society dure not, society cannot and must not forgive its debtors. You see, we have now advanced a step further; we have still the debtor to be paid, and we have still the law and the person or persons who are to enforce the law; but you observe to what small dimensions the personal element in this equation has shrunk. You see how great already looms the idea of law; you see the debtor and creditor are already becoming, both together, debtors to a great,

giving, unchangeable, and inevitable. Even that human forgiveness II not such an easy thing. The criminal may have little ifear from the anger of his judge, who is enforcing the law, but for that very reason 🖿 has nothing to hope from his compassion; that to say, it is law which we are coming more and more in contact with, and less and less of some cruel martyrdom, that we hear the with personality. And now let us take one step, and only one step further. Let us suppose the offender to have paid the penalty for his offence; such penalty as he can pay, and yet live. He has given, we will suppose, in the way of reparation, all that society claimed from him; but he thereupon freed from all further penalty? Does Society that torgives him give him back what it was compelled to take from him? Can it give him back the happy promise of his now wasted life? Can it bring him back the opportunities, the vanished hopes, and joys, of the past? Can it restore to him the honour, love, obedience, that once were his? Can it compel men who shrink from his contact as they would from the touch of a leper,—to give him the honoured place, as a guest at life's banquet, which he might once have been entitled to? Can it cut off the consequences of his sin, as that ain continues to injure others by its example or natural results, and so goes echoing and re-echoing on through the ages, multiplying and replenishing the earth with its evil progeny, while the birth of every fresh sin that springs from its parentage multiplies guilt against him? Can it do this? Never. And thus you see, by the very condition of things in which we exist, we reach at last a point which the personal elements of pity, compassion, justice even, seem to vanish altogether, and man is face in face with a stern, impersonal, mechanical, universal law, certain as death, pitiless as the grave; which proclaims that for sin in such a constitution of things there I no possibility of remission. So, then, human forgiveness is not quite so simple; the idea of human remission of all penalty for an offence in not quite so natural and easily intelligible as it appears to us when we first hear these words, "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors."

And now let us proceed, in the next place, to apply these analogies as briefly as we may to the great doctrine of Divine forgiveness of sin-to the Divine Creditor and human debtor. God will forgive us, we assume, as casily as we forgive our fellow-men; and we have seen that the very idea of the forinexorable, universal law which binds the giveness of a fellow-man is only conceivable

on one condition-namely that we com- ment and mediation be such conditions too. all other relations, and regard them as equals, as wrong-doer and sufferer-and yet is it not quite clear that that is just the very position in which God can never stand to any one of us? If there he one thing more clear than another, it is that by no ill deed of ours can we wrong or hurt God. Our "goodness extendeth not unto Him, and how can our wrong-loing hurt Him? Can He be supposed to cherish against us a passion of revenge which needs to be appeased? Can He keep a debtor and creditor account of vengeance with us the creatures of His breath? The one condition in impossible. which we cannot stand to God I that of an equal dealing with an equal for offence and wrong-doing. But as regards our other relations, what we He to us? He is the ruler of all that complex system of society in which wrong produces endices debt. He is the judge of that vast multitude of humanity which He has created, every one of whom has a claim at His judgment-seat against his fellow who has wronged him. There has been no drop of blood that has ever been shed on this earth, since the blood of rightcous Abel, that has not cried for justice the Lord God of Sabbaoth. There has been no groun of suffering, there has been no complaint of wrong, there has been no cry from wounded and agonised hearts, smarting under the wrongful dealing of fellowmen, that has not echoed in the ears of our righteous Ruler; and if the earthly judges He appoints bear not the sword in vain, how can we suppose that this eternal crying and wailing of suffering humanity for justice to Him shall be in vain? Is it alleged that God forgives, not of mere compassion, but on condition of penitence, and that he who truly repents has satisfied God's requirements and may claim to be forgiven, while he who remains impenitent does so of his own act and choice and which surround us can be suspended, or therefore deserves his fate? Surely the turned aside by some power or other, there answer to this is obvious, the refusal of the is no hope of forgiveness? And what do we impenitent to repent is either a sin or a defect: call the act that suspends and turns aside either he will not or he cannot repent. If it some natural law by the introduction of a is a sin, why not forgive it like any other sin? supernatural law? We call a miracle; it is only an imperfection, why punish it at and miracle a word which modern science all? In it not clear that if God forgives of forbids religion to speak. But a mitacle, mere compassion only the penitent He is less nevertheless, is needed in order in the possicompassionate than He bids us to be when bility of forgiveness; a miracle, in regard to He tells us forgive all our debtors? And the mosal laws of the universe, as real if, on the other hand, penitence is a neces- as any miracle in regard III the physical sarily antecedent condition of forgiveness, laws of the universe. Yes, as needs as arising out of the constitution of things, then much a moral miracle on the part of God equally so, for aught we can tell, may atone- to save the sinner from the consequence XXIII-20

pletely isolate the debtor and creditor from Then there in this further difficulty. God is the author of that very constitution of things, of those inexorable and unalterable laws, under which, as we have seen, forgiveness is scarcely conceivable. Are we suppose, then, that He will deflect these laws, at our bidding? Are we to suppose that those mills of God, which grind so slowly, and yet so surely so very small that nothing escapes them, will be stilled at our prayer, after He has set them in motion? Can we suppose that the great red presses of the vintage of the wrath of God, that are ever crushing out the less of sin and judgment, will be stayed because some trembling peni-tent asks that they may be stayed? Where there room in this moral constitution of the universe, ruled by m Moral Ruler, where is there room for forgiveness of sin? Where then can we find room for the idea of the easily-forgiving God, which in first we pictured to ourselves? Do you not see that all this magnifoquent and windy talk about a merelful and compassionate God, so facile and easy in His forgiveness, is a pure conception of modern Theism; that it is, after all, the poorest and lowest conception we can form of God; that it does not rise above the low thought of the savage, which pictures Him merely as an angry and offended man? Rise but one degree above that, rise up in your thought to the conception of Him as the Judge of the earth; rise one degree higher to the idea of Him as the Author and Controller of the moral universe, and all this talk about easy, good-natured forgiveness vanishes in your nobler conception of God, as the cloud-wreath at the rising of the sun,

And now let us see what hope there remains, on the gospel theory, as to the possibility of forgiveness. What does our reason tell us as we contemplate this state of things? Does it not tell us that unless these laws physical miracle to snatch him from a storm or ah earthquake. The one is as necessary as the other, and the one is as easy or as difficult to imagine as the other. A miracle it does need, and thank God for the fact which Revelation assures us of that, to accomplish it, mirracle has been wrought. What is it that Revelation tells us concerning the atonement and mediation of Christ but this, that taken together with His incarnation they make the divinest and mightiest of all miracles; that the God who has framed this inexorable moral constitution of things has entered this natural world, where men sin and suffer by the operation of its terrible laws, has taken unto Himself that sinful and suffering humanity, and made it, in the person of His dear Son, a new, a divine, and perfect man? Does it not tell us how that Son has died and risen supernaturally to heaven, and that, in so doing, He miraculously created for every one who dies and rises with Him, a new world, a supernatural kingdom in which they who enter are no longer under the law of sin and an natural penalty, death, but are under the supernatural law of forgiveness and of overlasting life? Les, that is what Revelation reveals to us. It reveals to us the miracle of a new world, even the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ, into which we may fice, and be delivered from the operation of those terrible laws of inevitable natural justice and punishment from which otherwise there is no escape. And is this, then, to be regarded as a barbarous addition to the idea of forgiveness? Is this thought of the mediation and atonement of Christ a different system of forgiveness from that described in the story of the Prodigal Son, for instance; or is it not rather the eternal basis and ground that makes that story, with its eternal promise of free forgiveness, possible and true? Picture to yourselves for one moment the Hebrew prophet standing accept the offering of his contrite heart one doctrine, and one only-there is one instead-imagine that on the heart of that revelation, and one only that meets and bling hope there had descended some pitiless answers these three cries from the troubled demonstration of the intellect which should nature of man. To the conscience which clearly prove to him that without miracle speaks of penalty Revelation answers, "There conclusion fell coldly and chillingly upon for an offence against the Father of our spirits,

of his sin, when it transgresses the moral his heart, quenching all ht hopeful aspiralaws of the universe, as it would need a tions as some windy storm of rain might have quenched the brands upon the altar of his sacrifice-imagine that to such a heart, chilled with terror by the proof that for sin there no remission, there had come the revelation which Christ has given to us in Himself, and in His gospel; that there had come the assurance that the forgiveness, which his intellect so clearly demonstrated to him could not be had without miracle, was to be had by miracle; that there had come to him this revelation of marvel and mystery, "God so loved the world, that He sent His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life;" and that he had seen the might of Omnipotence holding asunder, as nothing but the might of Omnipotence can do, sin and its consequences. Can we imagine that this would have been an obstacle and hindrance, instead of an encouragement and joy to him, in drawing nearer to his Father? True, there might still, there would still, have been for his intellect the question which is ever the question of the sceptical understanding, as to the bow and the why of this great miracle of forgiveness; but such intellectual difficulties would not have hindered his approach, and need no more hinder our approach to the mercy-seat of the Father, than the unfathomed depths of the waters that rose right and left for the passage of the ransomed people of God could have hindered their passage between their dark walls on to the safe shore beyond. And so we gather up the lessons that this great word of our Lord's concerning God's and man's forgiveness has brought us to contemplate. We gather them up finally thus :-

To the contemplation of the idea of man's forgiveness there come three different parts of man's nature—the conscience, which tells him of a certain and just penalty for sin - the understanding, which tells him cather that there is no such thing as sin at all, or that for sin there can be no forgiveas we supposed him stand by the altar of ness; and the heart that cries, as the sacrifice and declaring his conviction that human heart will ever cry, "O God, be sacrifice was worthless, and that God would merciful me a sinner." And there prophet thus glowing with love and trem- answers, and justifies itself as it meets and there is no possibility of his contrite heart is a penalty," and deepens the voice of con-being accepted of God. Imagine—as this science by telling us that this penalty is due cast out of the supernatural kingdom of forgiveness into the natural kingdom of penalty and vengeance. To the reason which demands miracle as the essential condition of forgiveness, gives one; it speaks of the mightiest of miracles, the Incarnation and the Atonement. And then the heart, the trembling, anxious, yearning human heart, which still refuses to believe that man is a mere victim of soulless, mechanical law, and persists, in spite of demonstration, in believing that there is a compassionate heart in Him who has fashioned us after His image—to that heart gives the answer-" Verily there is forgiveness with Him. Rise up and go to your Father that He may forgive!" And so we clasp our gospel to our heart; we kneel before the divine presence of the Sou of God and of despair that is offered 🖿 🗰 stead.

and that the penalty must consist in our being and Son of man, in whom we see incarnated the miraculous might of divine forgiveness and divine love; so, spite of all hindrances that would bur us from our Father's presence, spite of the sword turning every way that the sceptical understanding still waves between man and his lost Paradise, spite of the remorsefulness of our memory, spite of the terrible accusations of our conscience, we can still say this thank God, we can say-"I will arise and go to my Father, and I will say Him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee." Such is our Gospel! a Gospel of hope and of joy, and we hold it to be not only more hopeful, but more truly scientific, more in accordance with the facts of man's nature and of his place in God's workl, then is that other Gospel of fate

LADY JANE.

By Mrs. OLUHANT.

CHAPIER X .-- A MOMENTOUS INTERVIEW.

TIR Duke, like his wife, was too high-bred to allow any sign of disturbance to be seen in him; but nevertheless 🏬 was very greatly disturbed. Such a thing had never happened to him in all his life before. He had come in contact indeed with many men of lower social metensions than Winton. But a person who is absolutely nobody is always easier to deal with than one who, without reaching at all to the level on which you can regard him as an equal, is still by the unfortunate and levelling privileges of English society supposed to be as good even as a duke; whereas nobody but a duke can be, in reality, as good as a duke, though a peer of old creation may approach him near enough for most social purposes. But a Mr. Winton! His was precisely the kind of position which is most perplexing and disagreeable to the great man who is nevertheless obliged **allow**, deference to the folly of society, that there can be nothing higher than an English gentleman, and that princes themselves must consider their right to that title as their highest qualification. There are commoners indeed with whom even a duke might make an alliance and find himself no loser. We have already pointed out that been seriously thought of as a suitor for Lady

raised above the necessity of working for his living, whose ancestors had been no better than little squires before him, who was nobody, of a race unheard of out of their parish, that he should take it upon him to walk quietly up to the Duke on his own hearth and ask from him the hand of Lady Jane! He did not venture to permit himself to dwell upon the thought. When it came back to his mind it set his blood boiling as at first—his head grew hot, his veins too full, his respiration difficult. To allow himself to be driven into a fit by such canaille would be unworthy of him; and therefore the Duke put force upon himself, and when the recollection came back took the wise step of flying from it. He would not risk himself on such an ignoble occasion. To allow a Mr. Winton to bring on an illness would be almost as bad as accepting him for Lady Jane. Therefore he sent for his steward, or had an interview with his head groom, or seized upon some other caternal aid to save himself from the thought. He was unusually stately during the evening and mubbed the man of the chibs, who had gained some favour before by his advoitness and the interest 🖿 took in the house of Billings. The Duke turned his back upon this candidate for favour in the midst of an account he was Mr. Roundell, of Bishop's Roundell, had giving of some discoveries he had madediscoveries for which the entire race of the Jane. But a little squire with a little manor- Altamonts ought, he believed, to have been house somewhere in the Midhard Counties... his debtors—as if the House of Altamont a man whom only a chance inheritance had could have been advantaged by any discovery

made by man who was nobody, or indeed wanted any new glorification. The Duke turned round in the very midst of the tale, turned his shoulder the discoverer and began to talk to the next of his noble visitors. This snub direct made everybody stare, and quenched the victim for the evening. It gave his Grace a little satisfaction to mortify somebody: but after all | did not do much for his own wounds. And after a disturbed night, when malicious recollection presented him with the souvenir of Winton almost before he was free of his disturbed dreams, it may approsed that the Duke's uprising was not a pleasant one. Heaven and earth l a little squire! a nobody! He got up precipitately-if the Duke could be supposed to do anything precipitately—and hurried his dressing, and plunged himself into business. To allow himself to be drawn even into a bilious attack by an assailant so contemptible would have been beneath him. His Grace was very busy checking the steward's accounts, and just had started what he thought was an error in the balance sheet, and was about with much enjoyment to hunt it back to its origin-for he loved to think that he was cheated, and I find out the managers of the estate in an inaccurate sixpence was a great gratification to him-when there suddenly came a low and somewhat tremulous knock at his door. He knew in a moment that it was some new annoyance and connected with the Winton affair, though it did not occur in him who the applicant could be who made this gentle demand for admittance. His first thought was so little wise that prompted him to make as though he had not heard. But he heard very well, and through every fibre of him. Then as he waited, keeping very quiet, with perhaps a hope that the interruption might thus be diverted, the knock was repeated a little louder. The Duke rose in great impatience. He knew as well as if he had been in all their counsels what it was, but he did not know who it was. When it was repeated for the third time he made a stride across the room, and with his own hand flung the door open. "WELL !" he said in a voice of thunder, then fell back appalled. For there, in her white morning dress, and whiter than her dress, save when she was crimson, her soft countenance inspired with something which her father had never seen there before, her eyes meeting his steadfastly, a slight tremor in her, which rather added to than detracted from her firmness-stood Lady Jane.

one moment III failed in politeness towards the Princess Royal. " You! " he cried, with something of that intonation of supreme surprise and horror, with which he had said Sir to her lover. But he paused, and a better inspiration returned to him. A spasmodic sort of smile came over his face. "Ah, Jane!" he said, and put out his hand. "You want to speak to me? This I an unusual visit—and perhaps I is rather an unfortunate moment, if you have much

"Not very much, papa," Jane answered with an agitated smile. She took his hand, though he had not meant this, and held it, as she closed the door behind her. would not have allowed her do as much as this herself, had he noted what she meant, but he was agitated too in spite of himself. He recovered, however, and shut the door, then led his daughter to a chair and placed her in it. It was—but he noticed that only after it was beyond mending-the very chair in which her presumptuous suitor had placed himself yesterday. The Duke stood up before her in front of the fireplace exactly as he had done with Winton. The coincidence alarmed him, but now he could not help it. "Well, my love?" he said. He put on an air which was jaunty and light-hearted, the false gaiety with which a frightened man faces unknown danger. "Well, my love! I have just found Whitaker out in some serious miscalculations. I am robbed on all hands by my servants. It is one of the penalties of our position. But I warn you I have my head full of this and will be a poor listener. Whitaker, you see-

"What I have to say will not take much But it is very important to time, papa.

me."

"Ah, ah 1" said the Duke, with a laugh. "Chiffons, ch? Money wanted? you must talk that over with your mother. I am not rich, but whatever my Jane may require, were it to the half of my kingdom——"

He made her a bow full of that deference and almost reverential respect with which was one of the Duke's best points to have surrounded his only daughter—with a smile in which there was more tenderness than his Grace was capable of showing to any other creature. He loved his daughter, and he venerated her as a sort of flower of humanity and of the Altamonts, who were the best that humanity could produce,

"I will not ask so much as that," said Lady Jane, tremulous, yet firm; "and yet I The Duke was so much excited that for have come to ask you for something, father. I am older than girls are usually when they-

marry."

*Older, nonsense! Who has told you that?" cried the Duke, his veins beginning swell, and his heart thump with rising excitenent. "You are in the bloom of your youth. I have never seen a girl look sweeter, or fairer, or younger, for that matter, than my child has been looking. Who has put such folly into your head?"

"It is not folly, it is true; and no matter—that is nothing; but only to show you that I am serious. I am no longer a girl, papa. Ah! do not interrupt; I shall always be a girl to you. I am a woman. I have had a great many thoughts before I came to speak—for myself. That is the last thing one wishes to do. To have others do it is much the easier. But one must at last. I have come to speak we you for myself."

"Jane, you had better pause and think," said the Duke, with threatening looks. "What can you have say about yourself? Don't bring down my respect for my daughter. We are driven out of our respect for women in most cases early in our career; but most men have a prejudice in favour of their daughters. Don't force me to think

that you are just like all the rest."

She looked at him wondering, but with eyes that did not falter. "My mother, I am sure, can have forfeited no one's respect," she said softly; "neither shall I, I hope; but perhaps more than she. I must speak to you, tather, about my own life. Oh!" she cried, clasping her hands, with a vivid colour coming m her pale cheeks, "speak you for me! do not let me have to do it. There are things that can only be said when the case me desperate, and surely—surely it cannot be desperate between you and me. Speak for me, father, to your own heart."

"So far as I can see, this is melodrama," said the Duke, with a feeble smile of agitation that looked like a sneer, for his lips were dry. "What am I to say? Come, must we be brutal? That Lady Jane Altamont, like any poor milliner, is beginning to be

straid----*

Her eyes opened a little wider with a scared look, but she said nothing, only gazed more fixedly on her father, her whole soul bent on what he was pext say.

"Afraid," he said, with a little forced giggle of a laugh, "because she is twenty-five, and her check is hollow—afraid that she is growing an old maid, and will never get a husband? There I nothing more natural than that," he cried, bursting out into a mocking laugh.

Lady Jane rose from her chair. coloured high, then became white as a ghost. Astonishment, consternation, painpain indescribable, a kind of horror and dismay were in her eyes. She opened her lips, but only to give forth a gasp of sound which was marticulate. She did not take her eyes from him; but gradually there grew in them, besides the pitiful suffering of a creature outraged and insulted, a gleam of indignation, a flash of contempt. When mian, even a duke, has taken that fatal step between resentment and fury, between what is permissible and what is unpermissible, the other steps are easy enough. Her father forgot that she was Lady Jane, and the first of womankind. He let his passion go. The more he had loved and elevated her, the more did he trample all her superiority under his

"Ah, you thought I should say something mettier, something more pleasant," he cried. "Poetical! but I am not poetical, and that is the short and long of it. Afraid to lose your chance altogether, and determined to have a husband, that is the meaning of it! I know now why the man was brought here. I never could make out what we wanted with him at Billings. A last chance

for Jane! Ah! I see it all now."

Lady Jane stood and received all this as if the words had been stones. She put her hands upon her breast to ward them off. She shrank backwards now and then with a faint moan, as one after another was discharged at her. Her eyes grew larger, and more and more pitiful, wet, appealing as if to earth and heaven; but she never withdrew them from her father's face. And now that he had lot himself loose, he raved on, expending upon her all his wrath, putting himself more and more fatally in the wrong with every word, showing, alas! that nothing, not a coalheaver, could be more vulgar than a duke when he put it. Lady Jane stood still before him and never said a word, This was worse than the guillotine. She had dreamt of facing the insults of the mob, but never the insults of her father. As she stood there, to all appearance so full and painfully occupied in sustaining the storm of words thus poured upon her, a hundred reflections were passing through her mind. She almost smiled to herself to think how small had been the terrible scenes presented me her by her imagination, in face of the reality. The Constitution might have gone to pieces, the guillotine might have been raised without shaking her confidence in her class, or disturbing her lofty inconscious superiority to have been mistaken. Come, let me hear all the rabble could do-but her father—this was what she had not thought of. Ah, it is not any rabble that can shake the foundations of the earth: but when your father, when those who are most dear to you, Liy hands upon the pillars of the house—she stood so atill, and looked at him with such a steadfast gaze, that the Duke was driven out of him-self. He said—who can doubt?—a thousand things he never meant to say. He turned himself outside in before her, displaying weaknesses which even his wife did not know. But at last his wrath exhausted itself. He began I stammer and heritate, then stopped short suddenly, with all the consciousness of his self-betrayal on him. There was a moment's silence, during which they looked at each other without a word said-and then he made a step forward closer to her, and asked, "What have you got say?"

"Nothing," said Lady Jane. Her eyes were wet, and shining all the more for the moisture in them, but she had not cried nor felt any impulse to cry. "Oh nothing-

nothing now."

"You are convinced then?" he said hurriedly, trying to assume his usual aspect. "Come, come, that is well. And perhaps I have been hasty. But you know what is the point upon which I feel most strongly. There must be no descent out of your rank. I have trained you in the sentiment of your rank, above all things. What have we else?" cried the Duke, "everything fails us-the masses pour in everywhere—they have ruined the kingdom, they are ruining the Church: but," he said slowly, "they shall never ruin the house of Altamont; that shall be kept sacred whatever goes. Pardon me, my love, if I have failed in respect I the last daughter of the house. I know my Jane will not fail,"

But still Lady Jane did not make any reply. She stood as if she had been struck dumb, regarding him with a kind of serious wonder which confused him more than he could say. The desire to explain herself, to ask him for him consent, to get his sympathy, seemed have died in her. Was she Was she stunned only, or convinced, or what was it had done? The Duke grew alarmed at last. He waited a moment longer, and then he added, "I have been hasty. After all, my dear, whatever it is, it would be better that you should say what you meant to say."

She shook her head, still looking at him. "No-no-there would be no advantage in now."

what it was," the Duke cried with an air of sudden amiability, ignoring all that had gone before.

"Father," said Lady Jane with a certain solemnity, " there was a great deal asybut not now. Certain things were uppermost in my mind. I thought my father would listen, and perhaps feel for me, though he might not approve. But I do not wish it now. There is nothing it is over-"

She put her hand upon her heart, pressing it as if to keep down a sigh. Her eyes so wet, but not weeping, were strangely pathetic, with a resignation in them which it was not wonderful perhaps that he should interpret In his own way. He put out his hand and laid it caressingly upon her arm.

"My good child ! In that is so you may be sure it is far the best. I knew there was that in my Jane that would respond 🔳 what I said. And I thank you, my love, not only for myself, but in the name of the race,"

She looked at him again with a penetrating gaze. "The race is everything to you then,

she said.

"Everything, my love! everything.

have no other thought."

"To keep it honourable and true-above all unworthy thoughts, above dishonesty and untruth," she said slowly, telling over the words like beads.

"That is what I desire," said the Duke. Then he added his gloss. "To retain our old nobility unbroken, to sully the name with no misalliances. Your brother has disregarded my wishes; but though I would never have sanctioned it, he has secured another kind of advantage, and perhaps I have no right to complain. But you, my Jane, nothing must touch you: you must remain the pride of your family. And," he added soothingly, "do not lose heart, my love. Lady Jane Altamont will not want for opportunities. Do not think from what I said that you are considered passes by any one, or that a good marriage is less likely than before. We are not come the length of putting up with an inferior, trust me, my dear."

Lady Jane's pallor changed into an overwhelming blush. She turned away from him, almost shaking his hand from her shoulder. "In that case," she said, with a muffled voice full of some emotion which he did not quite understand, nor yet feel comfortable about, "in that case there is certainly no more to

And without any little civility, such as, "What do yog mean by som !—perhaps I though not indispensable, it ■ pretty to keep up between the nearest relations, no little in these regions there is not a Little Bethel out of the room, auddenly and noiselessly. The Duke did not like it; he felt there was something in which had not belomed. He stood in the place where she had left him, his hand still stretched out where she had shaken it off, his mouth and his eyes open, a bewildered slarm in his mind. What did she mean? was there more meaning than one in those simple-seeming words? Was this real submission as he hoped, or a something else? He could not tell. But a cold chill got into his veins; he did not know what to make of it. After a while, however, he reasoned with himself, and recovered his comfort. Jane, who had always been so docile, so ready accept his views, why should she turn against him and all his traditions now?

CHAPTER XI .-- A NEW AGENCY.

IT is bad art to introduce a new agent towards the end of a history, but when the historian is clogged by bonds of fact which he cannot disregard, what is he to do? A was not drawn down, and the upper part of new agent there was who is not to be ignored, the window was full of a grey and dingy but the reader may be assured that there London sky, without colour in it at all, a shall be | little of him as is compatible with | sort of paleness merely, against which the the part he plays in this little drama. We must, therefore, proceed at once to a room, as different as it is possible to conceive from the halls of Billings, a small sitting-room in a small Rectory-house in the heart of London, belonging to one of the old parish churches which has been abandoned there by the tide of habitation and life. The church was close by, a fine one in its way, one of Wren's churches, adapted for a large Protestant congregation more solicitous about the sermon than is usual nowadays: but left now without any congregation at all. The Rectory, a house of warehouses and offices, had little air and less light in the gloomy November days. The Rector and his wife had just returned from their yearly holiday, and it was not a cheerful thing to come back to the fog, and the damp, and the gas lamps, and the din of the great carts that lumbered round the corner continually, and loaded and unloaded themselves within two steps of the clergyman's door. How was he to write his sermon or meditate over his work in the midst of these noises? his wife often asked indig-

bow or smile, or glance of pleasant under- always handy, and the inhabitants must take standing, she turned from him and went what they can get and be thankful: which it would be a good thing, Mrs. Marston thought, if they could a oftener obliged in other places ■ do.

Mr. Marston was in his study. I was a small room on one side of the door, chosen for its handiness that the parish people might be introduced without trouble, to the Rector: but there were but few that ever troubled him, At the present moment his verger had just brought him the parish news, with an intimation of the fact that a marriage was to take place to-morrow at eleven o'clock, at which Mr. Sayers, who had taken the duty in his absence, hoped the Rector himself would officiate. The one parish duty that was occasionally necessary in St. Alban's was to perform marriages, and accordingly the Rector was not surprised. He had the gas lighted, though it was still early in the afternoon, that he might look at the book in which the notice of the bans was kept, in order to make sure that all had been done in order. The gas was lighted, but the blind leafless branches of the poor little tree which flourished in the little grass-plot stood out with a desolate distinction. Inside the room was unpleasantly warm. The Rector sat with his back to the fire; he read the entry of the bans in the book, and saw that all was right. Then after he had closed the book and put it away, a sudden thought struck him, and he opened it again. Where had he seen that name before? It was a strange name, a name not at all like the parish of St. Alban's, E.C. What could she want here, a person with a name like that? very moderate duncasions, jammed in among like put down the book the second time, but always turned back and opened it again. Pendragon Plantagenet Fitz-Merlin Altamonti one does not often hear such names strung one after another. Was it perhaps some player-lady keeping the fine names of her rifer in the theatre? Or was it—could it be?--- Mr. Marston could not slinke off the impression thus made upon him. He had two churchings to-morrow which ought | have occupied him still more, for new members of the congregation were the most interesting things in the world in the Rector. But nantly. But to be sure the fifty people or he was haunted by the other intimation, and so who quite crowded St. Alban's when they the churchings sank into insignificance. He all turned out, were not very critical. Down pondered for a long time, disturbed by the



bhi termed and went out of the room?

questions which arose in his mind, and at and pointed his finger to the entry length, not feeling capable of containing them longer, he took the book in his hand and went across the hall, which was still in the afternoon gloom, to his wife, whose little drawing room on the other side was lighted by the flickering firelight, and not much more She was very glad to see him come getting worse and worse."

no hight to see it by."

and no trouble There !

The gas kaping up dazzied them for a moment, and then Mr. Marston opened his book

here, Mary-look | that-did you ever see a name like that before? What do you sun

pose it can mean?"

Mrs Marston had to put on her spectacles est, and they had always me be looked for before they could be put on She had just adopted spectacles, and did not like them, "Did you think it was tea-time?" she nor to have to make, even to herself, the con-"I am sure I don't wonder, but it's fesmon that she wanted them and they were only three o'clock Deat, dear, to think of always out of the way. The Rector was the fine sunset we were looking at an hour shortsighted, and had the exemption which later than this yesterday. But London is such persons enjoy. He looked upon the magnifying spectacles of his wife with con-"Why don't you have the gas highted?" the tempt, and it was always irritating to him to Rector asked in a querulous tone "I have see her hunting about, saying, "Where have brought something to show you, but there is I put my glasses?" as was her wont "Can't you the them round your neck," he said, "or "You shall have the light m a moment," keep them in your pocket—or something?"

When, however, they were found at last, he heard of any one of that name in this parish; with his finger on the place, waited while she at Mullins and Makings-orread Then two heads stooping over the book

apread the book out upon the table and, stay, I might be the new care-taker perhaps

" That's not the name," cried the Rector. under the gas, with the pale sky looking in. He would have liked to pinch her, but reat the window, made a curious picture, he frained. "This is no care-taker you may be eager, she still fumbling a hitle to get on sure; but it is the other name-look at the her spectacles without further comment, other name. Where have you seen it be-"Reginald Winton," she read hesitating, fore? and what I the meaning of it?" Mi.
"bachelor, of this parish." I never certainly Marston cried with excitement. He had



"There!" mad Mry Marston.

worked himself up to this pitch and he forgot that she was quite unprepared. She read, stumbling a little, for the handwriting was crabbed, "Jane Angela Pendragon Plantagenet Fitz-Merlin Altamont, spinster, of the parish of Billings. Dear, dear," was good Mrs. Marston's first comment-" I hope she one person."

"And is that all that strikes you?" her

husband said.

"Well-it an odd name-is that what you mean, William? very silly, I think, m give a girl all that to sign. I suppose if she uses at all at will be only in initials. She will sign, you know, Jane Angela, or very likely only Angels, which is much prettier than Jane; Angels P. P. F.—or F. M.—Altamont, has names enough and syllables enough for that how it will be. Angela Altamosilli it 15 hke a name in a novel."

"Ah, now we are coming it at last," cried the Rector; "names in novels, when they are founded on anything generally follow the names of the aristocracy. Now here's the question: I this a secret marriage and the bride some poor young lady who doesn't know what she is doing, some girl running away with her brother's tutor or some fiddler or other, to her own ruin, poor thing, without

knowing what she is about ?"

Dear me, William 1 what an imagination you have got!" said Mrs. Marston, and she sat down in her surprise and drew the book towards her; but then she added, "Why should they come . St. Alban's in that case? There are no musicians living in this parish. And poor people do give their children such grand names nowadays. That poor shirt-maker in Cotton Lane, don't you remember? her baby Ethel Sybil Celestine Constantia

you recallect how we laughed."

Family Herald," said the Rector with a careless wave of his hand, "and all Christian names, which makes a great difference. It was her last batch of heroines, poor soul; but do you think a poor needlewoman would think of Pendragon and Plantagenet? No; mark my words, Mary, this is some great person; this is some poor deceived girl throwing away everything for what she thinks love. Poor thing, poor thing! and all the formalities complied with so that I have no right to stop it. Sayers is an idiot," cried Mr. Marston, "I should have inquired into it at once had I been at home with a name before my eyes like that."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Marston; there not much in it, but she repeated the exclamation several times. "After all," she go that length; and who knows, William, whether that is not better than all their gentleman is of this parish couldn't you send for him and inquire into it?" The Rector was pacing up and down the room in very unusual agitation. It was such a crisis as ia his peaceful clerical life had never happened

to him before.

"You know very well he is not of this parish," Mr. Marston said. "I suppose he must have slept here the requisite number of nights; and besides he knows I have no right that he should tell me."

"Dear, dear!" repeated Mrs. Marston. "A clergyman should have more power; what is the good of being a clergyman if you cannot stop a marriage in your own church? I call that tyranny. Do you mean to tell me you will be compelled marry them, whether

you approve of it or not?"

"Well, Mary, I is not usual to ask the clergyman's consent, is it?" he said with a laugh, momentarily tickled by the suggestion. But this did not throw any light upon what was to be done, or upon the question whether anything was to be done, and with a mind quite unsatisfied | retired again to the study, seeing that was out of all reason to ring the bell at half-past three for tea. He drew down his blind with a sigh as he went back to his room, shutting out the colourless paleness which did duty for sky, and resigning himself to the close little room though I was too warm. Mr. Marston tried his best to compose himself, to take up his work such m it was, to put away from his mind the remembrance of a world which was not wrapped in fog, and where wholesome breezes were blowing. St. Alban's was a good living; it had endowments enough to furnish two or three churches. and to get it had been a wonderful thing for him; but sometimes he asked himself whether two hundred a year and a country parish with cottages in it instead of warehouses would not have been better. However, all that was folly, and here was something exciting to amuse his mind with, which was always an advantage. He had laid down his book (for he thought it right to keep up said, "it must be true love or she would not his reading) for the fourth or fifth time, to ask himself whether sending for the bridegroom as his wife suggested, or going out in grandeur? Dear, dear me, I wish we knew search of him, might not be worth his while, a little about the circumstances. If the when Mrs. Marston came suddenly bursting into the study with, in her turn, a big volume in her arms. The rector looked up in surrise and put away his theology. She came in, he said to himself, like a whirlwind; which was not, however, a metaphor at all adapted to describe the movements of a stout and comfortable person of filty, with a great respect for her furniture. But she did enter with an assured, not to say triumphant air, carrying her book, which she plumped down to interfere. The bans are all in order. I before him on the table, sweeping away some can't refuse to marry them, and what right of his papers. "There!" she cried, breathhave I to send for the man or to question less and excited. The page was blazoned him? No doubt he would have some plan- with a hig coat of arms. It was in irregular sible story. It is not to be expected, espe- lines like poetry, and ah, how much dearer . cially if it is the sort of thing I think it is, than poetry to many a British soul! | was, need we say, a Peerage, an old Peerage without any of the recent information, but still not too old for the purpose. "There !" said Mrs. Marston, again flourishing her forefinger. The Rector, bewildered, looked and read. He read and he grew pale with awe and alarm. He looked up in his wife's face with a gasp of excitement. He was too much impressed even to say, "I told you so," for to be sure a duke's daughter was a splendour he had not conceived. But his wife was more demonstrative in the delight of her discovery. "There i" she cried, for the third time. "I felt sure of course it must be in the Peerage, if it was what you thought; and there it is at full length, 'Lady Jane Angela Pendragon Plantagenet Fit Merlin Altamont. It fairly took away my breath. To think you should have made such a good guess ! and me talking about Mrs. Singer's baby t Why, I suppose I is one of the greatest families in the country," Mrs. Marston said.

"There is no doubt about that," said the Rector. "I have heard the present Duke was not rich, but that would make it all the worse. Poor young lady—poor misguided—for of course she can know nothing about life nor what she is doing. And I wonder who the man is. He must be a scoundrel," said Mr. Marston hotly, "to take advantage of

the ignorance of a girl."

"My dear," said Mrs. Marston, "all that may be quite true that you say, but if you reckon, up you will see that she must be twenty-five. Twenty-five is not such a girl. And Reginald Winton is quite a nice

name."

"Just the sort of name for a tutor, or a music-master, or something of that sort," said the Rector contemptuously. He had been a tutor himself in his day, but that did not occur to him at the moment. He got up from his chair and would have paced about the room as he did in his wife's quanters had the study been big enough, but failing in the great danger of his coat-tails and increase of his temperature, but in his excitement he paid no attention to that. "And now the question is, what is to be done?" he said.

"I thought you told me there was nothing to be done. I shall come to church myself to-morrow, William, and II you think I could speak to the poor young lady——: perhaps if she had a woman to talk to—most likely she has no mother. That's such as old book one can't tell; but I don't think a girl would do this who had a mother. Poor thing! do you think if I were there a little before the hour and were to talk to her, and try to get

into her confidence, and say how wrong

"Talk to a bride at the altar t" said the Rector; the indecorum of the idea shocked him beyond description. "No, no, something must be done at once, there is no time to be lost. I must write to the Duke."

"To the Duke!" This suggestion took

away Mrs. Marston's breath,

"I hope," said her husband, raising his head, "that we both know a duke is but a man: and I am a clergyman, and I want nothing from him, but to do him a service, It would be wicked to hesitate. The question is, where is he to be found, and how can we reach him in time? He I not likely to be in town at this time of the year; nobody is in town I suppose except you and me, and a few millions more, Mary; but that doesn't help us—the question is, where ■ he likely to be? Thank heaven, there is still time for the post," Mr. Marston cried, and threw himself upon his chair, and pulled his best note paper out of his drawer.

But, alas! the question of where the Duke was puzzled them both. Grosvenor Square; Billings Castle, —shire; Hungerford Place, in the West Riding; Cooling, N.B.; Caerpylcher, North Wales. As his wife read them out one after another, with a little hesitation about the pronunciation, the Rector wrung his hands. The consultation which the anxious pair held on the subject ran on to the very limits of the post-hour, and would take too long to record. Now that it had come to this Mrs. Marston was inclined to hold her husband back. "After all, I it was

a real attachment," she said, between the moments of discussing whether it was in his seat in Scotland, or in Wales, or at his chief and most ducal of residences that a duke in November was likely to be. "After all, it might be really for her happiness—and what a dreadful shock for them, poor things, if they came to be mauried, thinking they had settled everything so nicely, and walked into the arms of her father!" Her heart melted more and more as she thought of it. No doubt, poor girl, she had been deprived early of a mother's care: and, on the other hand, at twenty-five a girl ought to know her own mind. She could not be expected to give in

young lady's happiness was concerned——
The Rector made short work of these arguments. He peoh-peohed the real attachment in way which made Mrs. Marston angry. What could she know of poverty?

to her father for ever. And if it should be

that this was a real attachment, and the poor

tastes and habits. How could a fiddler or a tutor have the same habits as Lady Jane, "or Lady Angela, if you like it better?" He went on, as Mrs. Marston said, like this, till she could have boxed his ears for him. And the fact was that he had to pay an extra penny on each of his letters to get them off by the post; for he wrote acveral letters-to Square. Scotland and Wales were hopeless: there was no chance whatever that from either of these places his Grace could arrive in time. Indeed, it would be something very like a miracle if he arrived now. But the Rector felt that M had done his duty, which always a consolation. He retired to rest late and full of excitement, feeling that no one could tell what the morrow might bring forth-a sentiment, no doubt, which is always true, but which commends itself more to the mind in a season when out-of-the-way events Mrs. Marston had been a little are likely. cool towards him all the evening, resenting much that he had said. But it was not till all modes of communicating with the outer world were hopeless that she took her revenge and planted a thorn in his pillow. "If you had not been so disagreeable," she said, "I would have advised you not to trust to the post, but to telegraph. I dare say the Duke would have paid you back the few shillings: then he would have been sure to get the news in time. At present I think it very unlikely, And I am sure for the young people's sake I should be sorry. But I should have tele-graphed," Mrs. Marston said. And the Rector, strange as say, had never thought of that

CHAPTER XIL-HALF-MARRIED,

NEXT morning everything was in movement early in St. Alban's, E.C. Orders had been sent with the verger to have special sweepings out and settings in order, a thing which took that functionary much by surprise. For the marriage: but then marriages were not so uncommon at St. Alban's-less uncommon than anything else. Churchings were more rare events, and demanded more

he asked; and how was a duke's daughter grow up in it, and promote the good works to scramble for herself in the world? As for of the parish, or be candidates for its charities, love, it was great nonsense in most cases. which was also very desirable—for the The French system was just as good as the charities were large and the qualified appli-English. People got I like each other by cants few. But it was for the marriage that living together, and by having the same all this fuss was to be made. "It must be a swell wedding," the verger said to his wife, "You had better put on your Sunday bonnet and hang about. Sometimes they want a witness to sign the book, and there's half-crowns going." Accordingly all was expec-tation in the neighbourhood of the church, The best altar cloth was displayed, and the pinafores taken off the cushions in the pulpit Billings, to Hungerford, and to Grosvenor and reading-desk, and the warming apparatus lighted, though this was an expense. Mr. Marston felt justly that when there was a possibility of a duke and a certainty of a duke's daughter, extra preparations were called for. He came over himself early to see that all was ready. There was no con-cealing his excitement. Ilas any one been here?" he asked, almost before he was within hearing of the verger. Simms answered "No"-but added, "Them churchings, Rector. You'll take em after the wedding, sir?" "Oh, the churchings," said the Rector: "are the women here?—oh, after the wedding, of course." But then a sudden thought struck him. "Now I think of it, Simms," he said, " perhaps we'd better have them first-at least, keep them handy ready to begin, if necessary -- for there is some one coming to the marriage who—may be perhaps a little late——" "Oh, if you knows the parties, sir," said the verger. And just at that moment Mrs. Marston came in, in her best bonnet and a white shawl. She came in by the vestry door, which she had a way of doing, though it was uncanonical, and she darted a look at her husband as she passed through and went into her own pew, which was quite in the front, near to the reading-desk. The white shawl convinced Simons without further words. Taless she knew the parties Mrs. Marston never would have appeared like this. Respectability was thus given to the whole business, which beforehand had looked, Simms thought, of a doubtful description, for certainly there was nobody in the parish of the name of Winton, even if the bridegroom had not looked "too swell" suit the locality. But if they were the Rector's friends !

They arrived a few moments after eleven. consideration: for probably the married pair o'clock, in two very private, quiet-looking once united would never trouble St. Alban's carriages, of which nobody could be quite more; whereas there was always a chance sure whether they were humble broughams, that babies born in the neighbourhood might of the kind which can be hired, or private

one man accompanying him, who looked even more "swell" than himself. The bride came a little after in the charge of a respectable elderly woman-servant, and one other lady whose dress and looks were such as had never been seen before in St. Alban's. Mrs. Simms was not learned in dress, but she knew enough to know that the simplicity of this lady's costume was a kind of simplicity more costly and grand than the greatest anery that had ever been seen within the The bride herself parish of St. Alban's. was wrapped in a large all-enveloping grey cloak. The maid who was with her even looked like a duchess, and was far above any gossip with Mrs. Simms. Altogether it was a mysterious party. There was a little room adjoining the vestry which the ladies were taken wait till all was ready, while the gentlemen stood in the church, somewhat impatient; the bridegroom looking anxiously from time to time at his watch. But now came the strangest thing of all. The Rector fellow, after twelve o'clock." who had ordered the church to be warmed and the cushions to be uncovered on purpose for them-he who had known enough about their arrangements to calculate that some one might arrive late—the Rector, now that they were here, took no notice. Simms hurried took no notice: then hurried back a second time to announce that "the gentleman says as they're all here and quite ready; " but still Mr. Marston never moved. He had his watch on the table, and cast a glance upon it from time to time, and he was pale and neryous sitting there in his surplice. The clergyman all ready and the bridal party all ready, and a quarter after eleven chiming! "We'll take the churchings, Simms," said

the Rector, in a voice that was scarcely

audible.

"The churchings, sir | " cried the verger, not believing his ears. Of all the things to keep a wedding party waiting for : But what could Simms do? To obey the Rector was his first duty. He went with his mind in a state of consternation to fetch the two poor women from the pews where they sat waiting, wrapping themselves in their shawls, rather pleased with the idea of seeing a wedding before their own little service. But they, too, were thunderstruck when they heard they were to go up first. Are you sure you it was, did her best m pay a little attention, ain't making a mistake?" one of them said; to follow the prayers and lessons which were and as he walked up the sisle followed by so curiously out of keeping with the circumthese two humble figures, the ekler gentle- stances. Winton, standing by her, crimson man, who were an eyeglass in his eye, shnost with anger and impatience, could scarcely

property. The bridegroom was first, with assaulted Simus. He said, "Hallo! hi! what are you after there?" as if he had been in the street and not in a church.

> Simms passed, and came closer than Lord Germaine, who was Winton's attendant, thought agreeable. He curved his hand round one side of his mouth and under its shelter "Two ladies, sir, to 🖼 whispered,

churched-

"Churched | what's that?" cried Lord Germaine, with a sort of fright-and then he recollected himself, and laughed. But, my good fellow," he said, " not before the marriage. Take my compliments to the clergyman-Lord Ger-- I mean just my compliments, you know," he added hurriedly, "and tell him that we are all waiting, really all here and waiting. He can't keep a bride and bridegroom waiting for-two ladies"and then he glanced through his eyeglass at the two poor women, who dropped a humble cautsey without meaning it-"who can be churched, you know quite well, my good

"I'll tell the Rector, sir," said Simms—but he took his charges to the altar steps all the same, for the Rector was a man who liked to M obeyed. Then he went in and delivered

his message,

The Rector was sitting gazing at his in inform him that they had come, but he watch with very anxious and troubled face. "Has any one come?" he said.

"Please, sir, they be all here," said Simms. "You'll not keep the bride and bridegroom

waiting, surely, the gentleman says."

"I hope I am a better judge as to my duty than the gentleman," said the Rector tartly; and without another word he marched into the chancel, and advancing to the altar rails, signed to the two women to take their places. During the interval the bride had been brought from the waiting-room and divested of her cloak. She was dressed simply in white, with a large veil over her little bonnet. Lord Germaine had given her his arm and was leading her to her place, when the voice of the Rector announced that the other service had begun. The bridal party looked at each other in consternation, but what could they do? Lord Germaine, though he was one of the careless, had not courage enough to interrupt a service in church. They stood waiting, the strangest group. Lady Jane, when she divined what

with feverish anxiety. Lord Germaine, adjusting his glass more firmly in his eye, regarded the Rector as if he was a curious animal. Lady Germaine, after carefully examining the whole group for a moment, fell, as it was evident to see, into convulsions of secret laughter. If | had not been so serious it would have been highly comic. And as for the poor women kneeling at the altar, the service so far did them very little good. They were shocked to the very soul to think of standing in the way of a bride; they could not resist giving little glances from the corners of their eyes to see her, or at least the white train of her dress falling upon the carpet on the altar steps, which was all that was within their range of vision as they knelt with their hands over their faces. They were very well meaning, both of them, and had really intended of do their religious duty-but there are some things which are too great a trial for even flesh and blood.

All this time was Mrs. Marston's opportunity if she could have availed herself of it. She ant in her place in her front pew, in a tremble, meaning every moment to put force upon herself to do her duty. All the time she was reminding herself that she was a clergyman's wife; that she ought not to be timid; that it was her duty to speak. But how much easier it had been last night in intention than it was to-day in reality! For one thing, she had not foreseen the presence of Lady Germaine. She had thought only of the poor girl who probably had no mother, to whom it would make all the difference in the world have a woman to speak to. But the presence of the other lady confounded the Rector's wife. She sat and looked on in a tremor of anxiety and timidity, unable move, yet with her heart pricking and urging her. And so pretty and modest as the bride looked, poor thing; and surely he was fond of her. He would not look at her like that if it was an interested marriage. But when she saw the laughter which "the other lady" could not suppress, horror overcame all other sentiments in Mrs. Marston's mind. To laugh in church; to laugh at one of the church services. She had gone down on her knees, but neither did she, it is to M feared, give even the Rector's mind was disturbed. He

keep still. He held his watch in his hand After all, it was not much more than the halfhourwhen the two poor women, scarcely knowing what had passed, got up from their knees. He had read more quickly instead of more slowly in the confusion of his mind. Twenty minutes yet! and the two poor mothers going down the altar steps, stealing into the first vacant seat to sate their eyes with the ccremony follow, and the other little group ranged before him, Simms putting them in their places very officiously, and no help for it, and no sign of any one coming. Well! a man can do no more than his duty. The Rector came forward with the sentiments of a martyr, and opened his book and cleared his voice. He was so much excited and nervous that he could hardly keep his arriculation clear. He had to clear his voice a great many times in the first address; the figures before him swam in his eyes. He had an impression of a sweet but pale face, very solemn and tremulous, yet calm, and of a man who did not look like an adventurer. It occurred to him, even as he read, that if he had not known anything about them he would have been interested in this young pair. Was no one coming, then? He hardly knew how he began. Three-quarters chiming, and nothing more that he could do to gain time! He went on, stumbling, partly from agitation, partly for delay, lifting his eyes between every two words, committing more indecorum in the course of five minutes than he had done before in all his clerical life. When he came to the words, "if any man can show any just cause," it came into his head what a mockery it was. He made almost a dead stop, and looked round in a sort of anguish-" any man!"-why, there was not a creature, there was nobody but Simms, waiting behind obsequious, thoughtful of the half-crowns, and Mrs. Simms staring, and the two poor women who had been churched. Who of all these was akely to make any objection? And everything perfectly quiet; not a sound outside except the ordinary din. Then he put on his most solemn aspect and looked fully, severely, in the face of the bridal pair. "I requireand charge you both—as ye will answer—at the dreadful day of judgment." Tremendous words; and he gave them forth one by one, pausing at every breathing-place. Surely there never was such an officiating clergyman. Lord very much attention to the prayers. And Germaine kept that eyeglass full upon him, gravely studying the unknown phenomena of stumbled twice in what he was saying; his a new species, Lady Germaine, entirely eyes were not upon the book, but upon the overmastered by the for rire which had door, watching for some one to come; and, seized her during the churching, and fully good heavens I how slowly the time went. believing that I was all eccentricity of the

into her mouth, and stood behind Winton when so rudely awakened she was not sure that her half-hysterical scieure of mirth might that the hand of the bridegroom seeking hers not me perceived. And now even that adjura- was not in the course of the service. She tion was over. Slow as you can say the words, there are still but a few of them to say. The Rector was in despair. A little more, and they would be bound heyond any man's power to unloose them. He had begin, "Wilt thou have this woman-" At this point he stopped short altogether; his eager cars became conscious of something strange among the outside noises with which he was so familiar. He made a sign to Simms, an angry, anxious gesture, pointing to the door. Lady Germaine was almost beside herself; the little handkerchief now was not enough; n moment more, she felt, and her laugh must

peal through the church.

But it did not—another moment something else pealed through the church, a loud voice calling "Stop!" and Lady Germaine's disposition to laugh was over in an instant. She gave a little cry instead, and came close to Lady Jane to support her. Lord Germaine dropped his eyeglass from his eye. He said, "Go on, sir; go on, sir; do your duty," imperatively. As for Winton, he turned half round with a start, then, bewildered, pronounced his assent to the question which had been but half asked him. "I will," he said, "I will!" "Go on, sir." cried Lord Germaine: "go on, sir." In the meantime some one was hurrying up the aisle, pale, breathless, in a whirt of passion. Even in the excitement and horror of the moment Mrs. Marston could not help giving a second look to see what like a duke was in the flesh. The new-comer was white with fatigue and fury. He came up to the very altar steps where those two poor women had been kneeling, and thrust Mrs. Simms and the alarmed verger almost violently out of the way. "Stop |" he cried, "stop, I forbid it-stop-Jane I" and clutched his daughter by the arm. Lady Germaine in her excitement gave a loud shrick and grasped the bride tighter, holding her round the waist, while Winton in a kind of frenzy seized her emgloved hand, which was ready to be put into his. Lady Jane thus seized on every side awoke only then out of the abstraction of that solemn and prayerful seriousness in which she had been about perform the greatest act of her She had not noted the breaks and pauses in the service, she had not thought of anything extraneous, noises or voices. All that occupied her was the solemnity of the moment, the great thing she was doing, the

most novel kind, crushed her handkerchief oath she was about = take. Even now gave it to him, withstanding the grasp upon her arm. "Go on, sirt" shout.d Lord Germaine; "do your duty." But the Rector could not help for the moment a little sense of triumph. He made a step backwards and closed his book. And m this moment there was the little rustle in the throat of the church tower, and one, two, three,-noon struck, filling the church with successive waves of sound.

The Duke had begun, "Jane!" and Winton had exied out, echoing his friend, I tho Rector to "go on, go on," when this sound suddenly fell upon them all, ringing slowly, steadily, like a doom bell. Something in the sound stilled every one, even the angry and unhappy young man who saw his marriage broken and his hopes made an end of in a moment. Lady Germaine took her hand away from Jane's waist and sank down upon the vacant bench and burst out into sobbing, she who felt that she must laugh five minutes before, and Mrs. Marston cried in her pew, and the two poor women looked on with so much sympathy. The Duke's hand dropped from his daughter's arm. The only thing that did not alter was the attitude of the two chief figures. They stood with clasped hands before the altar rails. Even now Lady Jane only half understood what had happened. It began to dawn upon her as she saw the closed book, and felt the silence and the sound of the clock. She turned round to Winton with a questioning look, then smiled and gave a little, the slightest, pressure of the hand she held. In this way they stood while the clock struck, no one Then there arose several saying a word. voices together.

"I thank Heaven I arrived in time," the Duke exclaimed. "Jane, let there be no further scene, but leave off this silly pantomime, and come home at once with me."

"Your bishop shall hear of this, sir!" said Lord Germaine, shaking his fist, in spite of

himself, at the Rector.

Winton, on his side, was too sick at heart to find any words. He said, "It is over," with a voice of anguish; then added, "but we are pledged = each other-pledged all the

"Let go my daughter, sir," cried the Duke. "We are pledged to each other," Winton repeated. He took the ring out of his pocket, where it key ready, and put a on her finger, trembling. "She I my wife," he said, halfturning round, appealing the group.

Lady Jane withdrew her right hand, putting it within his arm. She held up that which had the ring upon it, and put her lips to it. "I don't know what this means," she said, tremulous and yet clear, " but I am his wife."

"Let my daughter, sir," cried the Duke. They were all speaking together. The pair who were not wedded turned round arm-in-arm as they might have done had the ceremony been completed. Once more the Duke caught hold of his daughter roughly. "Jane, leave this man, I command you to leave him! Come home at once," he cried, "Mr. Winton, if you have any sense of honour you will give her up at once. My God i will you compromise my daughter and pretend to love ber? Jane, will you make your family a laughingstock? Come, come! You will cover us with shaine. You will kill your mother." He condescended to plead with her, so intense was his feeling. "Jane, for the love of Heaven-

Lady Germaine rose up from the bench on which she had flung herself. "Oh, Duke!" she cried, "don't you see things have gone too far? Leave her with me. She will not be compromised with me. Have pity upon your own child! Don't you see, don't you see that it is too late to stop it now?"

"Lady Germaine | " cried the Duke, "I hope you can forgive yourself for your share in this; but I cannot forgive you. tainly my daughter shall not go with you. There is but one house to which she can go -her father's." He tightened his bold on her arm as he spoke. " Jane!-this scene is disgraceful to all of us. Put a stop to it at once. Come home; I the only place for you now."

Then there was a pause, and they all looked at each other with a mute consultation. The little ring of spectators stood and listened. Mrs. Marston, with the tears scarcely get out of his surplice, and now came out true. But the Rector said nothing. He in his mind.

said, "It is cruel for us all; but perhaps my that he hoped they were having a pleasant father is right, things being they are. I day, those fine people in Grosvenor Square.

cannot go with you, Reginald, to our own house."

Winton's voice came with a burst, halfgroan, half-soh, uncontrollable. "God help us! I don't suppose you can, my darlingtill to-morrow."

"Till to-morrow! Then I will go home to my father's now. Oh, no," she said, shrinking back a little, "not with you. Reginald will take me home."

"Let go my daughter, sir," the Duke said. "He shall not touch you. He shall not come near you. What, do you persist? Give her up, Winton; do you hear me? She says she will come home."

"Father," said Lady Jane very low, " it is you who are forgetting our dignity. I will go home, Reginald takes me; but not with you. I suppose no one doubts our honour. It is not the time for delay now, after you have done all this. Reginald will take me home."

What the Duke said further it is scarcely necessary to record. He had to stand by at last, half-stupefied, and watch them walk down the aisle arm-in-arm, bride and bridegroom, to the evidence of everybody's senses. He followed himself as in a dream, and got in, cowed but vowing vengeance, into the cab, which was all his Grace could find to reach St. Alban's in from the milway,—and in that followed the brougham which conveyed his daughter and her-not husband, and yet not lover-to Grosvenor Square. But when he had once got her there I

The Rector and his wife stood openmouthed to see the pageant thus melt away. The Duke whom they had done so great a favour, took no more notice of them than of the two poor women who vaguely felt themselves in fault somehow, and still kept crying, looking after the bride. Not a word to the poor elergyman who had almost done wrong for his sake-not a look even, not the faintest acknowledgment any more than if he had nothing to do with it! Simms dried from her eyes, watched them with and his wife stood gaping, too, at the church fluttered eagerness, expecting the moment door, looking after the party which had been when the Duke should come and thank her far too much preoccupied to think of halffor the warning he had received. She was crowns. "This is how people are treated compunctions for the sake of the young after they have done their best. I always people; but yet me have the thanks of the told you not to meddle," Mrs. Marston said, - The Rector had made haste to which was very ungenerous as well as unwith a little importance and the same idea was mortified to the bottom of his heart. But when the excitement had a little died away Lady Jane was the first to speak. She he mid to himself with vindictive pleasure

KEPT IN THE DARK.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER L-CECILIA HOLT AND HER THREE FRIANDS.

Cecilia Holt which it sessential should first be told. When she was twenty-two Exeter. Mrs. Holt was a wislow with comand her daughter to supply them with all rewith a garden and a gardener and two boys, joint care of the gardener and the boy inside been less disturbed or more happy than their lives. No doubt there was present in Cecilia's mother,—of which all the world was aware, unless it was her mother and herself. The mother was not blessed by literary tastes, whereas the mother thought more of the delicate providing of the table. Cecilia had daughter, and Miss Altificria, the daughter of an Italian father, who had settled in Exeter with her maternal aunt,-in poor circum-

love, or the necessity of having a lover. She and Miss Altifiorla had been of one mind on that subject. Maude Hippesley had a lover HERE came an episode in the life of and could not be supposed to give her accord. Mrs. Green had had one, but expressed an opinion that it was a trouble well over. A years old she was living with her mother at husband might be a comfort, but a lover was "a bother." "It's such a blessing be fortable means,-ample that is for herself able to wear my old gloves before him. He doesn't mind it now as he knows he'll have quired by provincial comfort and provincial to pay for the new." But at length there fashion. They had a house without the city, came the lover. Sir Francis Geraldine was a man who had property in the county but and they kept a brougham, which was the had not lately lived upon it. He was of an old family of which he was very proud. He and the boy outside. They saw their friends was an old baronet, a circumstance which he and were seen by them. Once in the year seemed to think was very much in his favour. they left home for a couple of months and Good heavens! From what a height did he went-wherever the daughter wished. Some-affect to look down upon the peers of the times there was a week or two in London; last twenty years. His property was amali, sometimes in Paris or Switzerland. The but so singular were his glits that he was able mother seemed to be only there to obey the to be proud of that also. It had all been in daughter's beheats, and Cecilia was the most the possession of his family since the time of affectionate of masters. Nothing could have James I. And he was a man who knew everything though only forty, and by no means old in appearance. But if you were manner a certain looking down upon her to believe him he had all that experience of the world which nothing but unlimited years could have given him. He knew all the Courts in Europe, and all the race whereas Cecilia was great among French and courses,—and more especially all the Jacks German poets. And Cecilia was aesthetic, and Toms who had grown into notoriety in those different worlds of fashion. He came to Exeter to stay with his brothertwo or three female friends, who were not in-law, the Dean, and to look after his property for a while. There in fell in love quite her equals in literature but nearly so. property for a while. There is fell in love. There was Maude Hippesley, the Dean's with Cecilia Holt, and, after a fortnight of prosperous love-making, made her an offer. This the young lady accepted, averse as she was to lovers, and for a month was the stances, but with an exalted opinion as to happiest and proudest girl in all Exeter. The her own blood. Francesca Altifioria was happiness and pride of a girl in her lover 🖿 older than her friend, and was, perhaps, the something wonderful behold. He is surely least loved of the three, but the most often the only man, and she the only woman born seen. And there was Mrs. Green, the Minor worthy of such a man. She is to the Canon's wife, who had the advantage of a depository of all his secrets, and the rehusband, but was nevertheless humble and cipient of all his thoughts. That other retiring. They formed the kille of Miss young ladies should accept her with sub-Holt's society and were called by their mission in this period of her ecstasy would Christian names. The Italian's name was be surprising were it not that she is so truly Francesca and the married lady was called exalted by her condition as to make her for a short period an object to them of genuine Cecilia had no lovers till there came in worship. In this way, for a month or size an evil hour into Exeter one Sir Francis weeks, did Miss Holt's friends submit to Geraldine. She had somewhat scoffed at her and bear with her. They endured to

with Cecilia Holt herself.

The greater the adoration of the girl the deeper the abyss into which she falls, -if she be doomed in fall at all. A month of imperfection she can hear, even though the imperfections be very glaring. For a month, or perhaps for six weeks, the desire to subject herself to a newly-found superior being supports her spirit against all trials. Neglect when I first comes I not known to be neglect. The first bursts of ill-temper have about them something of the picturesque,-or at any rate of the grotesque. Even the selfishness is displayed on behalf of an object so exalted as be excusable. So it was with Cecilia Holt. The period of absolute, unmistaken, umensonable love lasted but for six weeks after her engagement. During those six weeks all Exeter knew of it. There was no reticence on the part of anyone. Sir Francis Geraldine had fallen in love with Cecilia Holt and a great triumph had been won. Cecilia, in spite of her general well-known objection lovers, had triumphed a little. It is not to be supposed that she had miscarried herself outrageously. He is coldhearted, almost cruel, who does not like to see the little triumph of a girl in such circunistances, who will not sympathise with her, and join with her, if occasion come, in her exaltation. No fault was found with Cecilia among her friends in Exeter, but it was a fact that she did triumph. How it was that the time of her worship then came to an end it would be difficult to say. She was perhaps struck by neglect, or something which appeared to her to be almost scorn. And the man himself, she found, was ignorant. The ill-temper had lost its picturesqueness, and became worse than grotesque. And the selfishness seemed to be displayed an an object not so high as to render it justifiable. Then came a fortnight of vacillating misery, in which she did not dare to tell her discomfort to either of her friends. Her mother, who though she could not read Schiller, was as anxious for her daughter's happiness as any mother could be, saw something of this and at last ventured to ask a question. "Was not Francis to have been here this morning?"

be considered but as the outside personages his tryst now for the third time; and thinking of an indifferent outer world, whereas Cecilia also that she knew him to be untrue not herself with her lover were the only two in- with any valid excuse, not with the slightest habitants of the small celestial empire in cause for an excuse, but with a pre-determi-which they lived. Then there gradually came nation to show the girl to whom he was to be a change. And II must be acknow-engaged that it did not suit him any longer ledged here that the change commenced to be at the trouble of serving her. "Oh, mamma, how foolish you are! How can I tell what Sir Francis Geraldine may be doing?"

"But I thought he was to have been

bere."

"Mamma, please understand that I do not carry him about tied to my apron-strings. When it pleases him = come he will come." Then she went on with her book and was silent for a minute or two. Then she broke out again. "I am sure there ought to be a rule in life that people when they are engaged should never see each other again till they meet in the church."

"I don't think that would do at all, my

dear."

"Perhaps things were different when you were young. The world becomes less simple every day. However, manma, we must put up with Sir Francis whether he come or

whether he remain away,

"The world may be less simple," said Mrs. Holt after a pause, "but I don't think it half so nice. Young men used to think that there was nothing so pleasant as a young lady's company when,-when,-when they were engaged, you know." Then the con-

without the coming of Sir Francis.

After that a week passed,-with great forbearance on the part of Cecilin. She thought herself at least to be forbearing. She thought much of her lover, and had no doubt tried to interest herself in the usual conversation of her friends. But they by the end of the week perceived that Sir Francis was never first spoken of by herself. To Maude Hippealey it was very difficult m avoid an expression of her doubts, because Maude was niece to Sir Francis. And Sir Francis was much talked about at the Deanery. "My uncle was not down here this morning," Maude would say; and then she would go on to excuse the defalcation. He had had business requiring his immediate attention,-probably something as I the marriage settlements. "But of course he will tell you all that." Cecilia saw through the little attempts. Mande was quite aware that Sir Francis was becoming weary of his lover cares, and made Cecilia was at that moment thinking of her the best excuse she could for them. But lover, thinking that he had been untrue to Mande Hippenley never had liked her uncle.

let him do what he pleases with himself in was expected to m humble. When, therethese the last days of his liberty. When he fore, she volunteered a little advice to Cecilia has got a wife he must attend her,-more or less. Now he as free as air. Pray let him do me he pleases, and for heaven's sake do not bother him." Maude who had her own lover, and was perfectly satisfied with him though she had been engaged to him for nearly twelve months, knew that things were not going well, and was unhappy. But at the moment she said nothing further.

"Where this recreant knight?" said Francesca. There was something in the tone of Miss Altifiorla's voice which grated against Cecilia's ears, and almost made her angry. But she knew that in her present condition it behaved her to be especially careful. Had she resolved to break with her betrothed she would have been quite open on the subject to all her friends. She would have been open to all Excter. But in her present condition of mind she was resolved,—she thought she was resolved,-to go on with her man-

Why you should call him a recreant inight, I cannot for the life of me understand," she said. "But it seems that Sir Francis, who is not exactly in his first youth, is supposed in be as attentive as a young

turtle dove."

"I always used to think," said Miss Altifiorla gravely, " that a gentleman was bound

keep his promise."

"Oh heavens, how grave you all are! A gentleman and his promise! Do you mean to assert that Sir Francis is no gentleman, and does not keep his promises? Because if so I shall be angry." Then there was an end of that conversation.

But she was stirred absolute anger by what took place with Mrs. Green, though she was unable to express her anger. Mrs. Green's manner to her had always been that mother, who would have put up with a very of a somewhat humble friend,—of one who lived in lodgings in the High Street, and who expeted dinners without returning aware that things were not as they should be them. And prince this engagement with Sir Her three friends, whom she had not Francis had become a fact, her manner had opened her mouth in the way of expressing become perhaps a little more humble. She used to say of heuself that of course she was That Maude Hippesley and Miss Altifiorla poor; of course she had nothing to give, had noticed I did not strike her with Her husband was only a Minor Canon, and much surprise, but that Mrs. Green should had married her, alas, without a fortune. It have expressed herself so boldly was startling. I not to be supposed that on this account. She could not but turn the matter over in Cecilia was inclined to ill-treat her friend; her own mind and ask herselt whether she but the way of the world is such. People were ill-treated. And it was not only those are taken and must the taken in the position differences which the ladies noticed which

"Oh, my dear Mande," said Cecilia, "pray Cecilia Holt's humble friend, and as such about her lover, was not taken altogether in good part. "My dear Cecilia," she said, "I do really think that you ought = say something to Sir Francis."

"Say something 1" answered Cecilia sharply. "What am I to say? I say every-

thing to him that comes in his way."

"I think, my dear, he is just a little inattentive. I have gone through it all, and of course know what it means. It is not that he is deficient in love, but that he allows a hundred little things to stand in his way,"

"What nonsense you do talk!"

"But, my dear, you see I have gone through it all myself, and I do know what I am talking about."

"Mr. Green——' Do you mean to liken Mr. Green to Str Francis?"

"They are both gentlemen," said Mrs. Green with a slight tone of anger. " And though Sir Francis is a baronet, Mr. Green

13 a clergyman."

"My dear Bessy, you know that is not what I meant. In that respect they are both alike. But you, when you were engaged, were about three years younger than the man, and I am nearly twenty years younger than Sir Francis. You don't suppose that I can put myself altogether on the same platform with him w you did with your lover. is absurd to suppose it. Do you let him go his way, and me go mine. You may be sure that not a word of reproach will ever fall from my lips,"--"Till we are married," Cecilia had intended as say, but she did not complete the sentence.

But the words of her comforters had their effect, as no doubt was the case with Job. She had complained to no one, but everybody had seen her condition. Her poor dear old moderate amount of good usage on the part of such a lover as Sir Francis, had been Her three friends, whom she had not her grievance, had all seen her trouble. they frame for themselves. Mrs. Green was struck her as ominous, but a certain way

which Sir Francis had when talking to hercontempt if begun now would certainly not be dropped after their marriage. He had assumed an easy way of almost laughing at her, of quizzing her pursuits, and, worse still, of only half listening to her, which she felt to promise very badly for her future If he wanted his liberty he happiness. should have it,-now and then. She would never be a drag on her husband's happiness. She had resolved from the very first not to be an exigeant wife. She would care for all his cares, but she would never be a troublesome wife. All that had been matter of deep thought to her. And if he were not given to literary tastes in earnest,-for in the first days of their love-making there had been, as was natural, a little pretence,—she would not harass him by her pursuits. And she would sympathise with his racing and his shooting. And she would interest herself, if possible, about Newmarket,-as which place she found he had a taste. And, joined to all the rest, there came a conviction that his real tastes did take that direction. She had never before heard that he had a passion for the turf; but if it should turn out that he was a gambler | Had any of her friends mentioned such an idea to her a week ago, how she would have rebuked that friend! But now she added this to her other grievances, and began to tell herself that she had become engaged to a man whom she did not know and whom she already doubted.

Then there came a week of very troubled existence,-of existence the more troubled because she had no one to whom to tell of her trouble. As to putting confidence in her mother,-that idea never occurred to her. Her mother among her friends was the humblest of all. To tell her mother that she was going to be married was a matter of course, but she had never consulted her mother on the subject. And now, at the end of the week, she had almost resolved to break with the man without having intimated to any one that such was her intention. And what excuse had she? There was excuse enough to her own mind, to her own heart. But what excuse could she give I him or to the world? He was confident enough,-so confident as to vex her by his confidence. Though he had come to treat her with indifference, like a plaything she was quite sure that he did not dream having his marriage broken off. He was secured,—she was sure that this was his feel-

Lady Geraldine! Was it be supposed self which troubled her. That light tone of that she should not wish to be Lady Geraldinc? He could take what liberties he pleased without any danger of losing her | It was her conviction that such was the condition of his mind that operated the strongest inbringing her to her resolution.

But she must tell some one. She must have a confidante. "Maude," she said one day, "I have made up my mind not I marry

your uncle." " Cecilia 1"

"I have. No one as yet has been told, but I have resolved. Should I see him tomorrow, or next day, or the next, I shall

tell him."

"You are not in earnest?"

"Is it likely that I should jest on such a subject ;-or that if I had a mind w do so I should tell you? You must keep my secret. You must not tell your uncle. It must come to him from mysclf. At the present moment he does not in the least know me, -but he will."

"And why? Why ! there to be this break ;-why to be these broken promises?"

" I put it to yourself whether you do not know the why. How often have you made excuses for him? Why have the excuses been necessary? I am prepared to bear all the blame. I must bear it. But I am not prepared to make myself miserable for ever because I have made a mistake as to a man's character. Of course I shall suffer, -because I love him. He will not suffer much,because he does not love me."

" Ob, yes!"

"You know that he does not," said Cecilia, shaking her head. "You know it. You know it. At any rate I know it. And me the thing has to be done, it shall be done quickly. There was much more said between the two girls on the subject, but Maude when she left her friend was sure that her friend was in earnest.

CHAPTER IL -- SIR FRANCIS CERALDINE,

On that same afternoon, **a** about tea-time, Sir Francis came up to the house. He had said that he would be there if he could get there,—and III got there. He was shown into the drawing-room, where was sitting Mrs. Holt with her daughter, and began to tell them that he was to leave the Deanery on the following morning and not be back till a day or two before his marriage. "Where are you going?" Cecilia asked, meaning nothing, ing,—by her love, by her ambition, by his, only gaining time till she should have deter-position in the world. He could make her mined how she should carry out her purpose.

"Well ;--if you must know, I am going to Goodwood. I had not thought of it. But some friends have reminded me that as these are be the last days of my liberty I may as well enjoy them."

"Your friends are very complainant to me," said Cecilia in a tone of voice which seemed to imply, that she took | all in earnest.

"One's friends never do care a straw for the young lady on such an occasion," said Sir Francis. "They regard her as the conquering enemy, and him as the conquered victim."

"And you desire a little relaxation from

your fetters."

"Well; just a last flutter." All this had been said with such a mixture of indifferent badinage on his part, and of serious anger on hers, that Mrs. Holt, who saw it all and understood it, sat very uneasy in her chair. "To tell the truth," continued be, "all the instructions have been given to the lawyers, and I really do think, that I had better be away during the making of the dresses and the baking of the cake. It has come to pers by this accident of my living at the Deanery that we have already become almost tired of each other's company."

"You might speak for yourself, Sir Francis

Geraldine."

"So I do. For to tell the truth a man does get tired of this kind of thing quicker than a woman, and a man of forty much quicker than a woman of twenty. At any rate I'm off to-morrow."

There was something in the tone of all this which thoroughly confirmed her in her purpose. There should come an end to him of his thraldom. This should not be by many the last of his visits to Goodwood. should never again have to complain of the trouble given to him by her company. She sat silent, turning it all over in her mind, and struggling to think how she might best get her mother out of the room. She must do it instantly; -- now at once. She was perfectly resolved that he should not leave that house an engaged man. But she did not see her direct way to the commencement of the difficult conversation. "Mrs. Holt," said Sir Francis, "don't you think a little absence will be best for both of us, before we begin the perilous voyage of matrimony together?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said poor Mrs.

"There can't be a doubt about it," continued the lover. "I have become so stupid, that I hardly know how put one foot before the other, and Cecilia is so majestical not know how to excuse myself. Your friends

that her dignity is growing w ke almost

teclious."

"Mamma," said Cecilin after a pause. " as Sir Francis is going to-morrow, would you mind leaving us alone for a few minutes. There is something which I have say to

"Oh, certainly, my dear," said Mrs. Holt

as she got up and left the room.

Now had come the moment, the difficult moment in which Cecilia Holt had memodel for herself the course of her future For the last month or two she had been the affianced bride of a baronet, and of a man of fashion. All Exeter had known her as the future Lady Geraldine. And more than that, she had learned wregard herself as the owner of the man, and of his future home. Her imagination had been active in drawing pictures for herself of the life she was to live,—pictures which for a time had been rosy-hued. But whatever the tinta may have been, and how far the bright colours may have become dimmed, it had been as Lady Geraldine, and not as Cecilia Holt, that she had looked in the glass which had shown to herself her future career. Now, within the last four-and-twenty hours,-for the last crowning purpose of her resolution was hardly of longer clate, -she had determined to alter it all. But he as yet did not know it. He still regarded her as his affianced bride. Now had come the moment in which the truth must be told to him.

As soon as her mother left the room, she got up from her seat, as did also her lover. He, as soon as the door was closed, at once attempted to put his arm round the girl's waist, as was his undoubted privilege. She with the gentlest possible motion rejected his embrace and contrived stand at a little distance from him. But she said nothing. The subject to be discussed was so difficult that words would not come to her assistance. Then he lent her his aid. "You do not mean that you're in a tiff because of what I said just now. Of course it le better that we should not be together for the few days before our marriage.

"I do not think that I am in a tiff, Sir Francis. I hope I am not, because what I have to say 📕 too serious for ill-humour." Then she paused. "What I have got to say of some importance;—of very great importance. Sir Francis Geraldine, I feel that I

have to ask you to forgive me." "What on earth is the matter?"

"You may well ask. And, indeed, I do

will say that I am frivolous, and vaip, and discontented."

"What the mischief is it all about?" he

demanded with an angry voice.

She knew she had not as yet told him. She could perceive that he had not gathered from her first words any inkling of the truth: and yet she did not know how to tell him. If it were once told she could, she thought, defend herself. But the difficulty was to find the words by which she could let him know what was her intention. "Sir Francis, I fear that we have minunderstood each other."

" How misunderstood? Why Sir Francis? Am I to understand that you want to quarrel with me because I am going away? If so speak it out. I shall go just the same."

"Your going has no bearing upon my present purpose. I had made up my mind before I had heard of your going; -- only when I did hear of it it became necessary

that I should tell you at once."

"But you have told me nothing. mysteries, and secrets, and scenes. nothing goes against the grain so much with me as tragedy airs. If you have done anything amiss that it is necessary that I should know let me know it at once." As he said this there came across his brow a look of anger and of hot ill-humour, such as she had never seen there before. The effect was to induce her to respect him rather than to be airuid of him. It was well that a man should have the power and the courage to show his anger.

But it encouraged her to proceed with her She certainly was not afraid of him personally, though she did dread what the world might say of her, and especially what "I do not might be said by his friends. know that I have done anything amiss of which I need tell you," she said with quiet dignity. "It is rather that which I intend to do. I fear, Sir Francis, that you and I

have made a mistake in this."

"What mistake?" he shouted. "While you beat about the bush I shall never understand you."

"In our proposed marriage."

" What ?"

" I fear that I should not make you happy."

"What on earth do you mean?" Then he paused a moment before he continued, which he did me though he had discovered suddenly the whole secret. "You have got of your temper," she said. another lover."

There was something in the idea so shocking 🔳 Cecilia, so revolting,—so vulgar in the gave her the strength necessary m go on with her task. She would not condescend to answer the accusation, but once told her story in plain language. "I think, Sir Francis Geraldine, that you do not feel for me the regard that would make me happy as your wife. Do not interrupt me just at present," she said, stopping him, as some exclamation was escaping from his lips. " Hear me to the end, and if you have ought to say, I will then hear you. Of my own regard for you I will say nothing. But I think that I have been mistaken 🖿 to your nature. 🔚 fact, I feel sure that we are neither of us that which the other supposed. It is lamentable that we should have fallen into such an error, but it is well that even yet we can escape from it before it is too late. As my mind is altogether made up, I can only ask your pardon for what I have done to you, expressing myself sure at the same time that I am now best consulting your future happiness,"

During this last speech of Cecilia's, bir Francis had sat down, while she still stood in her old place. He had seated himself on the sofa, assuming as it were a look of profound case, and arranging the nails of one hand with the fingers of the other, as though he were completely indifferent to the words spoken to him. "Have you done yet?" he

said as soon as she was allent.

"Yes, I have done."

"And you are sure that if I hegin you will not interrupt me till I have done?

"I think not,—if there be ought that you

have to say."

"Well, considering that ten minutes since I was engaged to make you Lady Geraldine, and that now I am supposed to be absolved from any such necessity, I presume you will think it expedient that I should say something. I suppose that I have not been told the whole truth." Then he stopped, as though in spite of his injunction as to her silence, he expected an answer from her. But she made none, though there came a cloud of anger upon her face. "I suppose, I say, that there 📕 something of which it 🖿 not considered necessary that I should be informed. There must be something of the kind, or you would hardly abandon prospects which a few days since appeared to you to be so desirable.

"I have not thought I necessary to speak

"Nor of your own."

" Nor of my own," she added.

"But there is, I take it, something beyond mode of expression, that the feeling at once that. I do not think that my temper, bad as

position justifies me in asking. Have you another lover?"

" No." she exclaimed, burning with wrath, but with head so turned from him that he

should not see her.

"Nor have ever had one? I am entitled to ask the question, though perhaps I should have asked it before."

"You are at any rate not entitled to ask it now. Sir Francis Geraldine, between you and me all is over. I can only beg you to understand most positively that all is over."

"My dear Miss Holt, you need not insist upon that, as it is perfectly understood."

"Then there need be no further words. If I have done you any wrong I ask your partion. You have wronged me only in your thoughts. I must take what consolation I can from the feeling that the injury will fall chiefly upon my head and not upon yours." Then without a further word of farewell she marched out of the room.

Sir Francis, when he found himself alone, shook himself, as it were, as he rose from the sofa, and looked about the room in amagement. It was quite true that she was gone -gone, as far as he was concerned, for ever, It did not occur to him for a moment that there could be any reconciliation between them, and his first feeling undoubtedly was one of amazed disappointment. Then. standing there in Mrs. Holt's drawing-room, he began to bethink himself what could have been the cause of it. Since the first week of his engagement he had begun and had continued to tell himself what great things he was about to do for Cecilia Holt. With her beauty, her grace, her dignity and her accomplishments, he was quite satisfied. It was expedient that he should marry, and he did not know that he could marry much better. Cecilia, when her mother died, would have twenty thousand pounds, and that in his eyes had been sufficient. But he was about to make her Lady Geraldine, and the more that he thought of this, the more grateful it had appeared in him that she should be to him. Then by degrees, as he had expected from her expressions of gratitude, she had rebelled against him. Of the meaning of this he had not been quite conscious, but had nevertheless felt it necessary that he should dominate

may be,-nor your own,-would have suf- was learning to do so. She had not dared to ficed estrange you. There must be some- ask him questions which would have been so thing more painable than temper to have natural, or to demand from him services to occasioned it. And though you have not which she was entitled. It was thus that he thought fit to tell me, you must feel that my had regarded her conduct. But he had never feared for a moment but that he was on the road to success. Up to the moment at which he had entered the room he had thought that he was progressing His Cecilia was becoming favourably. tame in his hands, as was necessary. He had then been altogether taken aback and surprised by her statement to him, and could not for some moments get over his feeling of amazement. At last he uttered a low whistle, and then walked slowly out of the house. At the front door is found his house, and mounting it, rode back into Exeter. As he did so he began to inquire of himself whether this step which the girl had determined to take was really a misfortune to him or the reverse. He had hardly as yet asked himself any such question since the day on which he had first become engaged to her. He had long thought of marrying, and one girl after enother had been rejected by him as he had passed them in review through his thoughts. Then had come Cecilia's turn, and she had seemed to answer the purpose. There had been about her an especial dignity which had suited his views of matrimonial life. She was a young woman as to whom all his friends would say that he had done well in marrying her. But by degrees there had come upon him a feeling of the general encumbrance of a wife. Would she not interfere with him? Would she not wish to hinder him when he chose to lead a bachelor's life? Newmarket for instance, and his London clubs, and his fishing in Norway,-would she not undeavour to sot her foot upon them? Would it not be well that he should teach her that she would not be allowed to interfere? He had therefore begun to teach her-and this had come of it ! III had been quite unexpected, but still he felt as though he were released from a burden.

He had accused her of having had another lover. At the moment an idea had passed through his mind that she was suddenly prompted by her conscience to tell him something that she had hitherto concealed. There had been some lover, probably, as to whom every one had been silent to him. He was a jealous man, and for a moment he had been hurt. He would have said that his her spirit. Up to the moment which this heart had been hurt. There was but little of interview had begun he had thought that he heart in it, for it may be doubted whether he

had ever loved her. But there was something pricked him which filled him for the instant with serious thoughts. When he had asked the question he wished to see her at his feet. There had come no answer, and he told himself that he was justified in thinking the surmise to be true. He was justified to himself, but only for the moment, for at the next had come her declaration that all was to be over between them. The idea of the lover became buried under the ruins which were thus made.

So she intended to escape from him! But he also would escape from her. After all, what an infinite trouble would a wife be to him,--especially a wife of whose docility in harness he was not quite assured. But there came upon him as he rode home an idea that the world would say that he had been jilted. Of course he would have been jilted, but there would be nothing in that except as the world might speak of it. It was gall to him to have to think that the world of Exeter should believe that Cecilia Holt had changed her mind, and had sent him about his business. If the world of Exeter would say that he had illused the girl, and had broken off the engagement for mere fancy,as she had done,—that would be much more endurable. He could not say that such was the case. To so paipable a lie the contradiction would be easy and disgraceful. But could be not so tell the story as to leave a doubt on the minds of the people? That question of another lover had not been contradicted. Thinking of it again as he rode home he began to feel that the lover must be true, and that her conduct in breaking off the engagement had been the consequence. There had been some complication in the way of which she had been unable to rid herself; at any rate it was quite out of the question that he should have held himself to such an engagement, complicated as it would have been with such a lover. There would be some truth, therefore, in so telling the story as to leave the matter in doubt, and in doubt he resolved that he would leave it. Before he got back to the Deanery be was, he thought, thoroughly glad that he should have been enabled so easily to slip his neck out of the collar.

CHAPTER III.-THE END OF THAT EPISODE.

CECILIA during the following day told no one what had occurred, nor on the morning of the next. Indeed she did not open her mouth on the subject till Maude Hippesley came to her. She felt that she was doing wrong to

her mother by keeping her in the dark, but she could not bring herself tell it. She had, as she now declared to herself, settled the question of her future life. To live with her mother,—and then to live alone, must be her lot. She had been accustomed, before the coming of Sir Francis, speak of this as a thing certain; but then it had not been certain, had not been probable, even her own mind. Of course lovers would come till the acceptable lover should be accepted. The threats of a single life made by pretty girls with good fortunes never go for much in this world. Then in due time the acceptable lover had come, and had been accepted.

And to what purpose had she put him? She could not even now say of what she accused him, having rejected him. What excuse could she give? What answer could she allege? She was more sure than ever now that she could not live with him as his wife. He had said words about some former lover which were not the less painful, in that there had been no foundation for them. There had in truth been nothing for her to tell Sir Francis Geraldine. Out of her milk-white innocency no confession was to be made. But what there was had all been laid bare to There had been no lover,-but if there had, then there would have been a lie told, She had said that there had been none, and he had heard her assertion with those greedy ears which men sometimes have for such telling. It was a comfort to him that there had been none; and when something uncomfortable came in his way he immediately thought that she had deceived him. She must bear with all that now. It did not much matter, she assured herself, what he might think of her. But for the moment she could hardly endure to think of it, much less to talk of it. She did , ot know how to own to her mother that she was simply a jilt with-out offering anything in excuse. The truth must be told, but, oh, how bitter must the truth be! Even that accusation as | the lover had not been made till after she had resolved to reject him; and she could not bring herself to lie to her mother by pretending that the one had caused the other.

After lunch on the second day Maude Hippesley came down and found her amongst the trees in the shrubbery. It will be remembered that Maude was niece to Sir Francis, and was at the present time living in the same house with him. "Cecilia," she said, "what is this that has happened?"

"He has told you then?"

"What is it? He has told us all that

you have quarrelled, and now he has gone me. No doubt at time goes by we shall talk away."

"Thank God for that !"

"Yes ;-he has gone. But he told us only just as he went. And he has made a mystery of it,—so that I do not know how has happened,-or why."

"Did I not tell you?"

he that has rejected you now!"

" Has he told you that?"

"He has told us all so just as he was leaving us. After his things were packed up he told us." Cecilia stood still and looked into her friend's face. Maude she knew could say nothing wither that was not true. "He has made a mystery of it, but that has been the impression he has left upon us. At any rate there has been a quarrel.

"Yes ;-there has been a quarrel."

And now our only business is to make it up. It is impossible that two people who have loved each other as you have done should be allowed to part in so absurd a manuer. It is like two children who think they are never to be friends again because of some momentary disagreement." Maude Hippealey who had not lived in the same town with her lover and therefore had never quarrelled with him, was awfully wise. is quite out of the question," she continued, "that this thing should go on. I don't think it matters in the least whether you quarrel with him or he with you. But of course you must make it up. And as you are the woman it is only proper that you should begin,"

How much had Cecilia to do before she could prove to her friend that no such begioning was possible. In the first place there was the falsehood, the base falsehood, which Sir Francis had told. In order to save himself he had declared that he had rejected her, It was very mean. At this moment its peculiar meanness made her feel doubly sure that the man was altogether unfitted to be her hasband. But she would allow the false assertion to pass unnoticed. If he could find a comfort in that let him have it. Perhaps upon the whole it would be better that some such story should go forth in Exeter. It could not be told by her because it was untrue; but for the moment she thought that she might pass it by without notice, "There can be no fresh beginning,"

of it all again. But just at present, circumstanced as you are with him, nothing but silence between you and me can be fitting. I hope that you and I at any rate will never quarrel."

After that she told her mother and her two other friends. Her mother was for a week "Yes;—you told me something,—some- or two in despair. She endeavoured by thing that made me think you mad. But it means of the family at the Deanery bring about some reconciliation. The Dean, who did not in truth like his brother-in-law and was a little afraid of him, altogether refused to interfere in the matter. Mrs. Hippealey was of opinion that the lovers would be sure to "come round" if left m themselves, Maude who, though she had not liked her uncle, had thought much of his position and had been proud of the idea that he should marry an Exeter girl and her own peculiar friend, was in despair. But the Deanery collectively refused to take active steps in the matter. Mrs. Green was of opinion that Cecilia must have behaved badly. There had been some affair of pride in which she had declined to give way. According to Mrs. Green's ideas a woman could hardly yield too much to a man before marriage, so as to secure him in order that her time for management might come afterwards. With Miss Altifiorla, Cecilia found for awhile more comfort; but even from this noted hater of the other sex the comfort was not exactly of the kind she wanted. Miss Altifiorla was of opinion that men on the whole are bad, but seemed to think that among men this baronet was not a bad specimen. He did not want a great deal of attention and was fairly able to get about by himself without calling upon his future wife to be always with him. Then be had a title and an income and a house; and was in short one of those who are in a measure compelled to marry. Miss Altifiorla thought it a pity that the match should be broken off, but was quite ready to console her friend as to the misfortune.

There was one point as to which Cecilia was quite decided, and in this Miss Almforla bore her out altogether. That question of marriage was now settled once and for ever. Cecilia, much in opposition to her friend's wishes, had tried her hand at it and had failed. She had fallen grievously I the ground and had bruised herself dreadfully in making the attempt. It had perhaps been necessary, as Miss Altifiorla thought, I is not given to she said. "We two have already come to all to know their own strength in it had been the end of all that is likely to take place be- given to her. They had often discussed these tween us. Dear Maude, pray do not trouble matters and Miss Altifiorla had always been,

then she had given way, had broken down, had consented to regard herself as a mere woman and no stronger than other women. She had given herself to a man in order that she might be the mother of his children and the head servant in his household. She had shown herself to be false for the moment to her great principles. But Providence had It may be surmised that Miss intervened. Altifiorla in discussing the matter with herself did not use the word Providence. Nor was it Chance, And as the rejection had come from the gentleman's hands,—so Miss Altifiorla was taught to believe,—she could not boast that Cecilia had accomplished it. But some mysterious agency had been at work which would not permit so exceptional a young lady as Miss Holt to fall into the common quagmire of marriage. She had escaped,-thanks to the mysterious agency, and must be doubly, trebly, armed with resolution lest she should stumble again. think," she said one day to Cecilia, "I think that you have great cause to be thankful that he should have repented of his bargain before it was too late."

Flesh in flesh after all and human nature no stronger than human nature. Cecilia had consented to bear in silence the idea that she had been jilted, and had endured her mother's tender little sympathics on the subject. But there was a difficulty to her in suffering this direct statement from her friend. Why would not her friend let the matter be passed by in silence ! "It is well," she said,

"that we both repented."

Now the subject had been much discussed in Exeter,-whether Sir Francis had jilted Miss Holt or Miss Holt Sir Francis. It had been always present to Miss Hippesley's mind, that her friend had told her of her intention at a time when she was quite sure that Sir Francis had no such notion in his head. And when, on the day but one following, she had told Cecilia of the statement which Sir Francis had made at the Deanery, Cecilia had not contradicted it, but had expressed her She therefore had resolved to decide the question against her uncle, and had given rise to the party who were on But the outside world were strongly of opinion that Sir Francis had been the first offender. It was so much the more probable. Miss Altifiorla had always taken was desirous of receiving such solution as to be made modestly comfortable during

very firm. So had Cecilia been firm; but Cecilia could give her. She was determined now to push the question. "But," said she, "I suppose I originated with him? III is a great thing for us to feel that you have not been to blame all in the matter."

"I have been to blame," said Cecilia.

"But how? The man comes here and proposes himself; and is accepted, and then breaks away from his engagement without reason and without excuse. It is a thing to be thankful for, that he should have done so: but we have also to be thankful that the fault has not been on our side." Miss Altifiorla had almost brought herself to believe that the man had made love to her, and proposed to her, that she in a moment of weakness had accepted him, and that she now had been luckily saved by his inconstancy,

"I think we will drop that part of the question," said Miss Holt, showing by her manner that she did not choose to be crossquestioned. "In such cases there is generally fault on both sides." Then there was nothing further said on the subject, but Miss Altifioria pondered much over her friend's weakness in not being able to confess that

she had been jilted.

All this had happened in the summer. During the gala days of the projected wedding plans had been made of course for the honeymoon. Sir Francis with his bride were to go here and to go there, and poor Mrs. Holt had been fated to remain at home as though no airangement had been necessary for her happiness. Indeed none had been necessary. She was quite content to remain at Exeter and expect such excitement as might come to her from letters from Lady Geraldine. To talk to everybody around her about Lady Geraldine would have sufficed for her. And when all these hopes were broken up and it had been really decided that there should be no wedding,-when it became apparent that Cecilia Holt was to remain as Cecilia Holt, still there was no autumn tour. Cecilia had declared that in no place would life be so quiet for her as at borne. "Mamma," she had said, "let us prepare ourselves for what is to come. You and I mean I live together happily, and our life must be a home life!" Then she applied herself specially to the flowers and the shrubs, and began even look after the vegetables in the fulness of her energy. In these days she did not see much of her three friends. In that side, and had spoken everywhere of him August Maude was married and became Mrs. as the great sinner. Still however there was Thome. Mr. Thome was the eldest son of a doubt in her own mind, as to which she a Squire from Honiton for whom things were

had taken place. Between Miss Altifiorla situation without a doubt as soon as she had and Cecilia there had come, not a quarrel, learned her mistake as to the man's character, circumstances she was entitled by their age. seeing it, interfered. She became sick, cap-Cecilia cared nothing for equality, but would tious, and querulous. The old family doctor Though Miss Altifiorla declared that her taken away from Exeter. manner; and this Cecilia could not endure. to let the house for a year and go elsewhere still clung to the idea that with proper let, and the first of January saw Mrs. Holt management the baronet might be made to, and her daughter comfortably established in come back again. With a lady holding a pension at Nice. Mrs. Holt at any rate such ideas as these there could be no declared that she was comfortable, though

self-conscious. She did not think, but felt, subject to living ears,—she herself told her-that the world all around her was suffused self that she had been driven abroad by the by a Holt-Geraldine aspect and flavour. She | falsehood which Sir Francis had told. She could not walk abroad without an idea that could not bear to live in Exeter as the girl the people whom she saw were talking about that had been jilted. den without a conviction that the passers- Holt which it is necessary should be first by were saying that the girl living there had 'told.

his father's life. Moude's coming marriage been jilted by Sir Francis Geraldine. She had not been counted as much during the bad been well aware of the greatness of the days of her friend's high hopes, but had position in which she was I have been risen in consideration since the fall which placed; and though she had abandoned the but a coolness. The two ladies did continue still she felt the fall, and inwardly grieved to see each other occasionally, but there was over it. She had not known herself at first. but little between them to console misery. -how grievous would be her isolation when Miss Altifiorla had attempted to resume her she found herself alone. Such was the case position of equality,-unreasoned and ima- with her now, so that she fretted and made ginary equality, - with perhaps a slight herself ill. By degrees she confined herself step in advance to which in their present more and more to the house, till her mother not consent to be held to have lost anything, interfered and advised that she should be "For ever?" friend had risen very highly in her sentiments, asked Mrs. Holt. The doctor did not say there was too evidently a depreciation in her for ever. Mrs. Holt might probably be able Consequently the two ladies were not, at this for that period. Then there arose questions period, of much comfort one to the other. as to all the pretty furniture, and their house-With Mrs. Green matters might have been hold gods. Cecilia herself was most undifferent; but Mrs. Green too manifestly, willing. But before Christmas came, arrangethought that Cecilia had been wrong, and ments had been made, and the house was sympathy.

In owning the truth it must be confessed that Cecilia at this period of her life was too though she had whispered no word on the

her. She could not shut herself in her gar- This is the episode in the life of Ceculia

CHRISTIAN WORLDLINESS.

By R. W. DALE, M.A. (BIRMINGHAM).

THE title of this paper is a parador. According to one conception, our environ-Between Christianity and "Worldliness" no terms; even a temporary truce is imposlaws of an invisible, eternal, and divine kingdom.

But there are two wholly different concentions of the relation between the kingdons of God into which, if we are in Christ, we have already passed, and the interests,

ment in this present world ought to have there is perpetual conflict; they can make no attraction or charm when once we have seen the face of God and have learnt that sible. The ideal Christian life is a life in God we are to inherit immortal righteousness, -a life under the absolute authority of the wisdom, and glory. The light should lake which once shone on the mountains and the sea. Flowers should lose their grace; winds and running streams and the tustling leaves their music; stars their lustre. Delight in literature and in art should become languid. The passion for scientific discovery should pleasures, and pursuits of the earthly life, be quenched. Interest in the political affairs of nations should be suppressed. All pleasures except those which flow from the springs of eternal joy should cease to afford even transient satisfaction. The right temper to cultivate in relation all that once seemed fairest, purest, noblest in this present life, is a temper of indifference or even of discontent. This conception of the true place of the world in Christian thought is sanctioned by great traditions, by many manuals for the conduct of the Christian life; and there are certain morbid moods of exalted religious feeling in which it appears be the necessary result of a real and habitual faith in

God and in Immortality. But "for everything there is a season." At present and until our mortal years are spent, our place is among these visible and transitory things. We are here "by the will of God." Our feet are in the dust though our eyes may be made glad by the shining heavens. We are surrounded by an infinite and eternal universe; our relations to it are real, intimate, and enduring; the springs of our life and strength are there; and yet we cannot dissolve our relations to another and infurior order. And according to the Christian faith this inferior order also divine. The fires of the sun are to burn themselves out and we shall see them sink and disappear, but God kindled them. This wonderful world,-with its beauty and its terror,-its green pastures and still waters, its deserts and its stormy seas,—its luxuriant and fertile plains, its wide wastes of snow and ice—is to pass away; but God made it. It was He who created what Paul describes as "our outward man," which is "decaying," as well as "our inward man," which # "renewed day by day;" and all our physical necessities, instincts, and sensibilities on the one hand, with the boundless provision for their gratification on the other, are the expressions of the divine thought and the effect of divine volitions. The loftier powers and finer capacities which find their exercise and their satisfaction in the discovery of truth and in the vision or creation of all forms of beauty also came from Him. "Discontent" with conditions of life which God has appointed can hardly be the legitimate and necessary result of the supreme revelation of God's righteousness and love. "Indifference" to the pleasant things which are the gifts of the divine goodness can hardly be the right temper for those to cherish who have been " made partakers of the divine nature." What God gratefully and heartily enjoyed.

The revolution of thought concerning this present life produced by an intelligent and devout acceptance of the Christian revelation corresponds to that which was produced by the discovery of the true theory of the physical universe. The Earth has ceased be the centre round which sun and stars revolve, but it retains its place among the hosts of God. Its relative magnitude has been reduced, but the actual height of its mountains and the actual breadth of its contipents and oceans have not been diminished. And although we are environed by immensity, and know that many of the stars which shine in its awful depths are burning suns, each one of them, perhaps, the centre of vast and undiscovered worlds, this earth is still our home, and the laws which govern the most august of the principalities and powers among the luminaries of heaven are the laws which govern the motions of this inferior orb. To the Christian man this life I not an outlying waste, forsaken of God and unblessed; it is one of the provinces of the divine kingdom; the most trivial of our occupations, the most transient of our joys and sorrows ought to find their place in the divine order. I must be possible for us, with a clear vision of eternity and of the great glory of God, to stand in friendly and kindly relations to this present world. This is what I mean by "Christian Worldli-Dess. 17

M. Renan's account of the Galilean ministry of our Lord is an idyl, a romance; but there are elements of truth in it which had disappeared from the traditional conception of our Lord's earthly life. The four Gospels give us the impression that Jesus of Nasareth had a great personal charm which was felt by all sorts of people. I think that they also give us the impression that, at least in the earlier years of His ministry, this charm was partly derived from His buoyancy of spirit, His animation, His innocent delight in pleasant things, in trees and flowers and birds, in the ripening corn, in the fresh air of the hills and in the shining waters of the lake. The charm was increased by His frank and alert interest in the common affairs of common people, in their sowing and reaping, in their building and fishing, as well as in what we should call their "religious life." No one that wanted a wedding to pass off cheerfully would have invited John the Baptist; our Lord was a welcome guest. Sometimes He went into mountain solitudes to pray, and thought worth giving should be received His home was always with God; even in the early months of His ministry the shadow of

His final sorrows seems to have fallen on Him; the waywardness of the changing winds, but He did not remain on remote heights, weary of the monotony of the rivers which apart from the ordinary interests of men; were always running into the sea. por did the premonitions which came to Him of His supreme agony prevent Him from sympathizing deeply with the common troubles of mankind or from rejoicing in their gladness. There is a kind of spiritual detachment which, even when a man is surrounded by crowds, separates him as completely from the interests of the rest of the race as though he were surrounded by thick monastic walls through which no sound of the stormy winds and restless waves of the outside world could penetrate; but this seclusion is not illustrated and enforced by the example of Christ. and II III plainly condemned by the genial, generous, cordial spirit of His teaching.

may be alleged that in all ages noble and devout men have come to regard the world with dissatisfaction and discontent, and that this temper is formally sanctioned, not by a few scattered texts in Holy Scripture, but by a whole Book, the twelve chapters of the Book of Ecclesiastes being successive variations on one thenne-"Vanity of vani-

ties, all is vanity."

But in it quite clear that the Book of Ecclesisstes contains the Christian theory of human life? Does it illustrate the spirit with which a Christian man should regard the pleasant things of this world? Whoever the writer may have been, and whether or not he has given us the record of his own experience, the Book is to be read as containing the confessions of a man whose life has been a mournful failure and disappointment. He had become weary of everything-weary of knowledge, weary of greatness, weary of penalty of self-indulgence, and irreligion—wealth; weary of his palaces, his parks, should be sought and cherished as though his gardens, and his vineyands; weary of it were one of the elements of Christian his men-singers and his women-singers; weary of observing the sorrows of men, he had seen folly set in great dignity and the poor man's wisdom despised; all things came alike to all; there was one event to the righteous and I the wicked, to the religious man that offered sacrifice and to the irreligious man that offered none: "as is the good, so is the sinner and he that sweareth as ne and despondency of a wasted life. rising and the setting of the san, weary of the mood to write it, we half suspect that

dead, so he thought, were better off than the living, for they had done with life; it would have been better still if they had never lived at all. "Vanity of vanities, all

is vanity."

This was how the world looked to the writer of this Book; whether this was how God meant it to look in him is another question. This is how the world looks to many of us in some moods. And if we are to believe very much that appears in our current literature, this bitter melancholy, this profound discontent with all things in heaven. above and on the earth beneath, is becoming more common than it used we be. brilliant age of ours a asking whether life is worth living. The confessions of the ancient Jew are being translated into our modern English speech. There is less of poetic grace, of pathos, and of dignity in the English translation than in the Jewish original, but the substance is the same.

Now, I do not wonder that men who have given up the four Gospels come to believe in the Book of Ecclesiastes. That is a just Nemesia. A man may be sure that sooner or later the Bible will find him somewhere. Let him refuse to believe what it tells him about God, and he will be startled at discovering how much truth it will tell him about himself. But that this bitter and humiliating theory of human life should have found way into the Christian Church, that this restless dissatisfaction with the world and all that is in it—a desatisfaction which was plainly the should be sought and cherished as though it were one of the elements of Christian perfection, is almost unintelligible. Some Christian people have made the autonweary of observing their joys. He was ishing mistake of binding up the Book of weary of the moral order of the world, for Ecclesiastes with the New Testament; they have put it somewhere between the four Gospels and the Revelation of John-an impossible place. They treat I as though it had been written by Paul in his last days mstead of by Solomon, or by some unknown writer who wanted to represent the weariness that feareth an oath;" the just man penshed too, are required write this melancholy in his righteousness and the life of the epitaph over all our wisdom, strength, honour wicked man was prolonged. He was weary and joy, over our libraries, over our gallenies of the earth itself, which lasted on while of art, over the laboratories of science. All one generation came and saother passed is vanity and vexation of spirit; vanity of away; he was weary of the regularity of the vanities, all is vanity." And if we are not we are not as devout as we should be. I deny altogether the legitimacy of this appeal the Book of Ecclesiastes, as though it contained the Christian theory of human life: the book was not written by a great

saint, but by great sinner.

But our false concention of the relations of the Christian man to the world is not really derived from this ancient Jewish book; it is part of that miserable inheritance which has descended to us from the worst days of Christen-It is quite time that we Protestants got rid of the traditional saint of Romanism—the saint that we see on the walls of every picturegallery in Europe, the saint that still haunts the imagination of hundreds of thousands of devout men who regard the Romish apostacy with horror. Every one knows the kind of figure I mean—the thin, pale face, the eyes red with tears or weary with watching, the transparent hands, the wasted form. That was the Roman Catholic saint, the saint of the Middle Ages, the saint, too, of those early Christian centuries, when the Christian faith was coloured by the dark superstitions and philosophical speculations of races that were just emerging from heathenism. We have given up the theology of Rome; we have forgotten to revise the Romish conception of the religious life. 'The Romish ideal of sainthness was the creation of Romish theology; all that was true and noble in it-and there was much that was true and noble in itcame from those cternal principles of the Christian faith which were not altogether suppressed or forgotten even in the darkest and most evil times; all that was artificial, ignoble, and unlovely, came from those Romish errors which we renounced at the Reformation. It was the theology of Rome that developed the characteristic type of holiness in the Roman Church, and now that we have parted with the theology, we ought to have a different type of sanctity.

But we are still mastered by the spell of the ancient tradition. We can hardly think of a man as a saint unless he is very quict, placid, and subdued; if there a touch of inclancholy in him we are better pleased. He must not be too strong; he must be a little pole; and must not have too much flesh on him. A man of another sort, with plenty of muscle in his arms and plenty of colour in his face; with a ringing voice, a broad chest, sound lungs, a vigorous pulse, and a firm step; with a healthy appetite and a good digestion; with a cheerful satisfaction in the pleasures of life, and a buoyancy of spirit that rises above most of its troubles;

with an elasticity of temper that refuses III be chained to gloomy memories and to be vexed by common cares, that prefers the glad open sunshine to the shadows of solemn cloisters: -such a man hardly satisfies us. Without knowing exactly why, we find it hard to think of a man like this as a saint. A keen delight in common work and common pleasures seems to most of us inconsistent with the great life of Faith and with unbroken com-

unnion with God.

The late Canon Mozley, who is better worth reading when he is wrong than most other men are when they are right, has said some very suggestive things on this subject in his essay on the late Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, and they illustrate rather strikingly the point on which I am insisting. He thinks that in what he describes as Arnold's "vigorous, youthful, eager, intense, lively, affectionate, hearty, and powerful character," there was a certain deficiency; that there was not enough of sadness in it to touch our deeper sympathies. He says that we are sorry when our friends are unhappy, but that "we do not like them less, but more—yes, more, for being so "—a sentence which, I think, is not true without considerable qualifications. everything depends on the cause and the temper of their unhappiness; there is a kind of discontent and frettulness which repels and is likely to quench affection. A wilful absorption in sad memories, an excessive anxiety about personal interests, a retural to be happy, make cordiality of love and friendship almost impossible.

Cenon Mozley goes on to say, "Arnold's character is too luscious, too joyous, too luxuriant, too brinful. The colour is good, but the composition | too rich. Head full, heart full, eyes beaming, affections met, sunshine in the breast, all nature embracing him-here is too much glow of carthly mellowness, too much actual liquid in the light. The happy instinct \ despotic in him; he cannot help it, but he is always happy, likes everything that he is doing so prodigiously—the tail wagging, the bird whistles, the cricket chirps." This is a caricature, and there are lines in which are not to be found in the original. Arnold's strenuous energy, both in work and play, was, perhaps, his most remarkable quality, and the idea of energy is hardly suggested by describing his character as "luscious" and "luxuriant." But though a caricature, the sketch is suffi-

ciently accurate to be recognised.

Mozley thinks justly that Arnold was a representative of high, joyous Lutheranism rather than of Catholicism. Not that Arnold was slavish unbelieft Listen to the parable of the altogether a Lutheran in theology, but he was a Lutheran in temper and character; and therefore he was not a saint of the true Catholic type. Mozley would not admit that such a man, however good and excellent, could be a saint at all. The saint must be less brilliant. in colour; sad, neutral tints must predominate: there must a great depth of shadow. Mozley hit the mark exactly in this contrast between the ideal of Catholicism and the genuine growth of Lutheranism. He preferred the Catholic. Heart and soul, with the full concurrence of all that I have learned from the New Testament about the will of God. I prefer the Protestant.

The principal cause of the difference between the Lutheran or Protestant type of the religious life and the Catholic, is to be found in that central truth concerning the infinite love of God and the freedom of God's salvation, which Luther preached under the name of Justification by Faith. It has been said that Luther rediscovered God: with God he rediscovered the gospel. He came to men fresh from the presence of Christ, whose mission it was, not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance, and who the propitiation for the sin of the world. He declared that neither by fasting, nor by punful self-discipline, nor by protracted and successful struggle with temptation, are men to obtain the divine forgiveness and to pass out of darkness into the clear light of the divine presence, but by Faith. Redemption is God's free gift conferred on every man that consents to receive it.

It was a wonderful gospel. Men listened to it with the agitation of a great joy and with immeasurable hope. Luther said to them :-You are troubled by the consciousness of guilt; you look back upon years stained with sin; you are sinful still; your conscience tortures you and refuses 🖿 give you peace; you are sure that God must regard our ain with a deeper abhorrence than that

which you regard it yourself, and you "it; you look forward with terror to the 77 you will appear before His judg-

How are you to obtain forwith forgiveness deliverance of eternal death? The Church nonfess to a priest, to do to pray, to mortify the flesh. line, by mental torture, and of the sacraments you may in eternal fires,--This I the utch. Away with all these

Prodigal Son. His father saw him "while he was yet sfar off," and "was moved with compassion, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him; forgave him at once and brought him home." Was there a hair shirt for him, an iron girdle, a cruel scourge, long fasting? That is not God's way of receiving a penitent child. "Being forth quickly the best robe and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet; " kill the fatted calf; and fill the house with music and dancing.

That is the Lutheran gospel, and you see the joyousness of it. Catholicism keeps the penitent in painful suspense. Having forfeited the complete remission of sins granted him in haptism, he can never be certain that he has recovered it. As long as life lasts he is in trouble; he must still be clearing off old scores; when this life is over he may have to pass through fierce purgatorial fires.

But for the Lutheren, as soon as he saw the righteousness and power and infinite love of God which were revealed in Christ, the guilt of past years vanished away and left the blue heaven without a cloud.

Nor was this all. Lutheranism was happy in the present and confident about the future, as well as at rest about the past. Its temper was a temper of unmeasured faith in God. It was the antithesis of the despondency which had prevailed in Christendom for many conturies. It taught every man to have unmeasured confidence in the divine mercy for the forgiveness of his past sins, and unmeasured confidence in the divine inspiration for the strength he needed in the future = live devoutly and righteously.

The second element of confidence had as great a place as the first in the creation of a new type of the religious life. For the ideal Catholic saint is the monk, and monasticism in its best times and its highest moods sprang from a noble despair. The world was so full of evil, that for a man who wanted in live in God, the only safety seemed to be in flight; to master it completely seemed impossible. Its pleasures were very pleasant—so pleasant that the mank was afraid that while he was within their reach he would be unable to resist their charm, and therefore he fled from them. It is always hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven; and the monk thought it so hard that he stripped himself of everything and accepted a voluntary poverty. Wife and children-they may become our chief care and our chief delight, Ations of superstition and and the monk, being afraid that I he had wife and children to love they might lessen as he sat down to breakfast, what there is to the passion of his love for God, took vows of perpetual celibacy. Robust physical vigour and the physical enjoyments of life sometimes refuse the control of the divine will, and therefore the monk wasted his strength by fasting, watching, and prayer. It all came from a vehement desire to please God perfeetly, but the desire was not associated with a confident faith in the power of God to enable us to please Him perfectly in the com-

mon paths of men.

Protestantism, with its clear, strong, happy consciousness of alliance with God, gave men courage to face the world—to fight its evils instead of flying from them. It believed in the great idea of the noble prayer-"Thy will be done"-not in the Church merely, not in the monastery merely-but " Thy will be done on earth"-in the family, on the farm, in the workshop, in the counting-house, In the courts of kings, in parliaments, in the army, in the painting-room, in the college, in the school-" Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," The world, with its complex social order, its intellectual activities, its material wealth, is not me be given over to the devil: God made it, and Christian men have to win it back to God again.

This element of Protestantism was, no doubt, greatly invigorated by the influence of the Renaissance. Something of the old pagan delight in physical strength and beauty was associated with the fresh enthusiasm with which the intellect of Europe recovered the immortal monuments of the genius of Greece; and to the Catholic conception of human life the movement was a serious peril. Reconciliation was impossible. But the healthier and nobler forces of the Renaissance found their natural home and received religious sanction in Protestantism; and in its turn the new learning contributed to the triumph of the

new faith.

Not yet do we Protestants thoroughly understand the immense revolution which Protestantism must ultimately being about in the whole sphere of the moral and religious life of man. What is there, some good men persist in asking,—what is there to satisfy the immortal soul, in music, in painting, in literature, in travel, in the mystery and peace of lonely glens, in the majesty of mountains, in the shining sea? That is all very true, but nothing to the purpose. I might as well ask a poor ill-clothed wretch, shivering the snow, what there would be to saisfy his immortal soul **a** greatcoat or a blazing fire. Or I might ask the questioner himself.

satisfy his immortal soul in coffee and broiled ham. We are not merely immortal souls -at present. To relieve the physical necessities of men is an act of divine charity. The cup of cold water will not do much for "the immortal soul," but it will not miss the divine reward. I decline to follow the example of . some over-refined commentators who spiritualise the petition in which Christ taught His disciples to ask for their daily bread. He who wrought a miracle to satisfy the physical hunger of men will not think that I am forgetting my "immortal soul" if I offer the prayer in its plain sense. But my physical wants are the poorest and meanest of all the cravings of that wonderful nature which God has given me. The intellect has higher necessities. These, too, I may ask God m re-

member and to supply.

It is mere cases or a morbid form of the religious life which induces a man | turn away with disgust from the pleasant things of this world. There is a worldliness which is Christian, and a distaste for the world which is very unchristian. Given a healthy body and a healthy faith in God, and eye and ear will find a thousand delights. The morning light will be beautiful and the perfume of flowers and the songs of birds. The verses of poets will have an infinite charm; and the voices of noble singers and the pictures of great artists will be to us among the dear gifts of God-dear for their own sakes and dear for the sake of Him from whom they came. We shall value the wisdom of ancient conturies and shall watch with keen and sympathetic excitement the brilliant intellectual achievements of our own time. We shall be thankful if we are able wisit famous cities, and the rivers and mountains of remote lands; we shall be still more thankful for the dearer joys of home. The music of our children's voices will be sweet to us, and the light in the eyes we love.

And yet we shall not be Pagans, finding our rest in visible and transitory this so They will satisfy the powers and care bird to which they are related, and 4 a carinot in a spirit of querulous discentch are not to enjoy the satisfaction they d's strenuous to bring. We shall take then was, perhaps, are, rejoicing in them, beind the idea of them, acknowledging them describing his divine love and care. But rd "luxuriant." earth will bend the Heave sketch is suffi-

streams of earthly joy, belod, selves, will carry us onward mold was a reeternal blessedness. Sometieranism rather



THE HOME OF THE RAGIN.

impatience for the more regal powers and the diviner peace of the infinite future; but this will not be because we find no satisfaction in the pleasant things of this world, but because having found the present life so lovely and so fair we are filled with vague wonder and boundless hope by the assurance that the next life is to be lovelier and fairer still. The discontent will be checked and the impatience repressed, for we shall remember that already we dwell in God.

There are, no doubt, other aspects of human life, and the Christian Faith has words for those who mourn and who have a right to mourn, as well as for those who ought to be happy. Sometimes our homes are desolate. we are worn down with care, the brain is too weary, the heart too troubled, to find any divine love affords infinite consolation.

be in us a certain discontent, a momentary joy in the delights of other years. It is not always possible, even for those whose faith is strongest, to "rejoice in tribulations." "Christian worldliness" is inconsistent with the fanaticism which bids us be indifferent the calamities of life, as well as with the fanaticism which bids us be indifferent to its pleasures. The gospel does not require us to dult our sensibility transitory pain. any more than | requires us to dull our sensibility to transitory happiness. It recognises the reality of the suffering, but tells us that "our light affliction, which is for the moment, worketh for us more and more exceedingly an eternal weight of glory." For the miseries which we make for ourselves there | little comfort | found in God : for the miseries which we cannot escape the

THE EAGLET AND THE CHILD.



HE Baron cam' to his castle yett: "O wifie, let me in; For I wi' rain and bluid am wet, And sair and weary-blin'." His leddy lookit down and saw Her dear lord standin' there, Wi' bluid upon his brow o' snaw, And on his yellow bak. XXIII-12

"What deed le't ye has dune?" " I've brought our son an esglet-male Prac Conjemulale Linn. The patent-engine, figure as fire, Did stills me wil their wings; I gave them o' my dirk's keen ire, And dyed the Corrie's springs,

"Hat bring babe Ronald forth to see This plaything o' the wild..." Rushed in the nurse..." Oh, was is no, Az cagle's stown the child!" "Awa", awa", ye guilty man!" The anguished mither said , "Tis son for son, 'tis bon for ban-() God that I were dead:"

The cagle cam' to the wren's nest t
"O Jenny, are ye in?
Some counsel gie ma o' the heat,
For I wi' grief am blist."
And Jenny lookit out and new The pair bedraigled king, Wi' blaid upon his beak and claw And jaups on ilka wing

"When hee been see late and lang,
What wasth deed's been dune?"
"Oh, we hae tholed a cruel wrang
At Corrismulate Linn; The Baron climbed into our nest-Ower late we saw him there-And tore our darling frac our breast To please his baby heir.

Het I hae played his sin dark game, And reft his babe free him; What will be think when he gange hame, To find his cradle toom? O Jenny, speak and counsel at And gie my beart relief It boils within me like a sea Of fire, and tage, and grici,"

"Awa", awa", ye cruci king, Wha come for counsel here? Your blaidy claw, your laupit was. They shake my breast wi fear: Awa', and tak' the bairs wi' speed Unto his mither's knee; A kindly deed's a kingly deed That sets the captive free."

The human mither subbit sair : While round her and the Chief The eagle-mither rest the sir Wi' cries o' ruge and grief.
"O husband I tak' the eaglet hame, Unto his also dear nest;
A parent's heart is a' the same
In man or capie's breast."

The eaglet heard his mither's cry. And shook his helpless wings, And screamed a prayer into the sky, As to the King of kings. The Baron tomed the youngling free Upon the dial-stane: Then with a swoop and clutch of glee The eagle had her sin,

Tet mir and sairer did she greet, Babe Ronald's mither fair; "Oh, give me back my son, my sweet, Ye powers of earth and air ! "Be comforted, my wife, my joy, And I'll redeem my mn; I'll seek and find our darling boy By Contiemalsic Lian."

But hack i—a sound—a surge of wings— B wonder! O delight! The eagle, son and sire of kings, Beonght hame the baby wight:
Then flahing into heaven w's speed,
Shrished forth exultingly,

A hindly dead's a kingly deed That sets the captive free !

WILLIAM PRESTAND.

CONCERNING STORMS:

Whith some Thoughts on Things Coing Amies.

found it painful enough."

These were the words which my friend Milverton said to me, relating that day's ex-

perience of troublesome life.

Trouble is of infinite variety. Even after you have passed fifty years you may get a blow on the head or a rap over the fingers which will be entirely different in its sensation from any you had ever felt before. All troubles are disagreeable; some are very terrible: yet no two are alike; each has its own characteristic and distinguishable sting. And the sting is indescribable in words. You cannot communicate to another what like it is: in suffering you are quite alone. And in fact, you do not try to communicate had a bad headache, you would naturally say so to those nearest you. But the heart-sche There is a trouble of which young and inex-you keep m yourself. A cloud has overspread perienced folk never think mall, which longer your sky: you are jarred and unhappy through And though you live in a well-filled home, it has come. And doubtless it will come. through these melancholy miles you are as

"IT was not a blow on the head this morn-trouble but the want of money. That I have ing. It was not so bad as that. But never known," I once heard a good and it was a smart rap over the fingers. And I tried man say just these words. Poor Campbell the poet (who seems being quickly forgotten) had his years of this special trouble. They came pretty near to killing him. And he records that he had found this cross so agonizing that he would say to misfortune,

"Take any form but that!"

You and I, kindly reader, have been thinking of certain troubles which our experience of this life suggests as likely m come to us: possibly as being sure to come. And I have ventured to assert that we shall not be so much afraid of these as we sometimes tend to be, if we boldly look them in the face. reckon them up and see the very worst of them. For to bring things to book does almost invariably bring them down greatly: to any one your inner experiences. If you and it is the vague and undefined that gows us.

experience of the way of this world shows to some painful thought which has possessed be very likely to come. For there is nothing you. But you are ashamed of this, as you were whatsoever which experience makes more not ashamed of the headache. You go away certain than the fact that this trouble has out for a solitary walk of many miles: hoping many times come in past years. You would thus to escape your trouble, or at least to not think it likely. You would say there endure without worrying anyhody else, is no need for its ever coming at all. Yet

It is what I call a Storm. Do not fancy truly alone w you would be in the Great that by any harmlessness, insignificance, or Sahara, the vicinity of Timbucton. "I think I have known every kind of Quietness is a vain quest, in the world without us or the world within. You need not they hasten to be down upon you when you think to say that you are such an inoffensive little being, you so shrink from strife, you so long for peace, that surely the winds of heaven will never blow rudely on your humble dwelling; never shake your windows and mosn in your chimney and turn your umbrella inside out. You are not so foolish as that comes to. You know you must take your share of the winter gales and sleet: always

liking them less as you grow older. But you must take it in, for it is certain, that now and then a howling atorm will arise in the world of your spiritual concerns, God knows why and how. Even if you had been far wiser than Solomon you could not have foreseen or averted it: and in fact, you are not so wise as Solomon, but you sometimes make hasty speeches and do ill-considered deeds. The moral storm must come as surely as the physical; and you need no more look to keep quiet always within your heart than whave calm always around your caves. The coming of the storm is as incalculable in the spiritual as in the material world. Ay, more incalculable: No telegram comes with a weather prognostic bidding you for the next few days or weeks be specially careful to keep your temper and bridle your tongue, for that the condition of the atmosphere in which your soul lives bodes a storm as brewing: no warning comes to bid you be prepared to submit patiently to the buffeting of a moral and social blast which you had no share earthly in arousing. Everything is going on quietly and pleasantly and friendly; when suddenly there in thunder in the air, and the storm breaks bitterly and fiercely upon your defenceless head. Many things go wrong all at once. The gossiping person, always telling malignant lies, somehow of a sudden has his (or her) thoughts turned upon you. Things said and done in all innocence

seem to be down. This is not magnanimous. But many of the Race are not magnanimous. And I remark that among civilized and Christian nations the manner | just the same. Likewise that in the realm of party politics the case is even so. But we pass from these: It is the microscope we are using, just at this moment. A man of mean nature quite honestly dislikes your doings: always disliked them; but he kept silent when all was prosperous with you. Now, he opens his mouth and dips his little quill, One has remarked, in a small community, how when a disaffected person writes to the local newspaper complaining that some public . man has said or done this or that, quite a chorus of like letters follows: human beings pluck up courage and have a kick at the wounded lion. Now ii the time iii quarrel with the Bishop: | tell lies about the Principal. Your luck has quite failed you for the time: nothing succeeds to which you put your hand. And under the circumstances the sad likelihood is that you lose your head, and say and do things which harm yourself and play into the hands of the adversaries. In lesser and greater matters, notably in the very least, many of the thanes will fall from what seems a falling cause. The petted and quarrelsome person whom you kept right with difficulty, of a sudden develops a special wrong-headedness. Doubtless, you too, are not so patient and forbearing as you were wont to be. And, with the extraordinary capricionmess and irony of events in this world, the day comes on which something you have said fifty times without causing complaint from any mortal, being said once more suddenly brings a nest of homets about your ears. For not only may one privileged man steal a horse without rebuke while another may not look over the are by a little twist in telling made to appear hedge without being accused of horse-stealing, not at all to your advantage. A very little but the self-same man may at one season twist sometimes suffices. I know a preacher steal a team of horses 'mid general approbawho ministers in a historic church which tion, and another season be severely Carlyle came to see, a few years ago. The mauled for looking over the hedge and being great man asked who ministered in that thankful he has nothing to do with horsechurch: and being told, said God West flesh. It is a fact and remote history that him. But Mr. Mactattle diligently dissemi- a certain great man, by expressing views upon nated throughout the parish that the words a certain subject which (though unsound) are of the sage were God help them: implying that in fact held by all educated persons, and are the flock which worshipped in that edifice most freely expressed in social life: which, needed help and pity in a special degree. No moreover, as fenced about by him could not doubt they did, and do: but the sentiment possibly do harm to any mortal: did (because expressed by Carlyle did not convey that the time was not opportune and things not quite sense. Then a certain proportion of those ripe) raise a brief though most furious hurriwho know you are sure to dislike you: and came which even he did not like at all. And

spitcful little creature (some hawks and many geese) hastened III peck and hiss at the maimed eagle. was a sorry manifestation of what abides, under a little veneer, in many human souls.

You and I, friendly reader, are humble folk : quite content if we may the let alone to quietly do the work given us. Yet the painful atorm (it may appear to many as no more than a storm in a teacup) will break loose upon remote nooks in the valley of humiliation, and will vehemently shall even "Nature's unambitious underwood, and flowers that prosper in the shade." One has known it prove a specially trying and sorrowful experience to pass through. It has bent some weary heads to the very earth: and made some weary hearts wish they were under it. But looking out from the loopholes of retreat towards the high places of this world, one has many times wondered how the mighty of the earth, those who direct the great councils of nations, manage to live at all. For upon those heights the storm rarely ceases: the furious storm of abuse, misrepresentation, and keen hatred, from this or that class whose interests are menaced; not to name the earthquakes and convulsions which are always imminent in the politics of even fairly-settled nations. I remember a time, some years ago, a wintry time, when we had in this remote place two months of cesseless tempest: no weaker word than tempest will convey the fact. Every afternoon, as it darkened, round a dwelling set on a cliff above a wide and bleak sea, the wind began to howl: it produced means and shricks which you would have said no wind could make: stout walls shook under it : and there were hours through which you could hardly hear a voice. It appeared as though life would not have been worth having had that raging fary of the elements been appointed to abide in permanence. Yet even such, as concerns the some who have scaled ambitions heights: and who must stand out ceaselessly in the sight gazed long upon a hippopotamus, and said "How I envy that creature the thickness of his hide!" I suppose, too, that they conclude that upon the whole it is worth while to be so blown about, so blown up. Possibly they merely feel that they are in for it, and

one remarked how, I those dark days, every that of one who found himself rolling along in a tumbril in the days of the Terror. One thing is certain: that in this world there are many souls, like Isaak Walton, studying to be quiet, who would not have that awful

eminence at the price.

But to these shrinking mortals their own storm is sure to come : a great storm to their little strength and endurance. Revolutionary periods will arrive # their modest history in which all things will mamiss; and the dear old way, which they wished might just go on as heretofore, will change, will cease. And I include in this apprehension of the storm which must come when I is due, the disquieting knowledge, brought by experience, that a moral machinery which is playing smoothly and efficiently and which has long done so, may all of a sudden jar, creak, stand still, break down. Only experience can make us understand the truth, so well understood by the ageing, that the chance III great against any considerable number of human beings going on for any great length of time in harmonious and cordial co-operation. The little rift may come from the most unexpected quarter. Good tense and good nature may some day utterly desert one who has hitherto been invariably judicious and good-natured. "We have gone on beautifully in this pleasant organisation for six months; for two years; we are safe to go on beautifully for ever." That is the reasoning of inexperienced youth. But such as have lived longer, and come to understand the curious material with which you deal, dealing with human nature, are thankful that things go smoothly, take great pains to avoid what may ruffle, make the most of the present time and opportunity, but know that time is on the side of Change, and that pleasant things cannot always go on. I is not that those will fail you, who are old friends. One has no fear of that sad contingency, no fear at all. That is an impossibility, in the case of the few who are indeed old friends. Only the moral tempest, in these days the life of last great change can bring any change there. But you have to work a good deal with people who are no more than acquaintances; and hearing of many million of men. I whom you never would have chosen even to suppose their skins become tough. One be such; but circumstances make many whom you never would have chosen even to has heard of a great Prime Minister who things inevitable. And men who have lived long have very strong reasons for placing no reliance on the sense and temper of the people with whom they are brought into pro-fessional or business relations; little reliance (it must be sorrowfully said) upon their truth-fulness and consistency. You may find it must go through; the sensation being like necessary to make use of crooked sticks; to

have transactions with men and women away, and things right themselves that whom you know to have told malignant seemed as I they would never have been falsehoods, whom you know be little better right more. Here my consolation under than fools. Ah, the wrong-headedness of this trouble, which is sure to come, and many even among educated folk, and their capacity I taking offence, of taking the pet, of jibbing, of lying down in harness, of kicking out viciously! Any man who has to deal with a great many of his fellow-creatures is taught by experience to calculate on a certain percentage of cantankerous, quarrelsome, crotchetty, and dishonest beings. Wherefore, precious above words is a sweetnatured, sensible, and truthful man or woman. God be thanked, the Race (Frederick the Great notwithstanding) has its percentage of these too. No greater blessing has been vouchsafed this writer in this life, than that he is brought into daily relation with not a few of them.

Sometimes the current of Things in General sets in a direction which favours and encourages some evil tendency in human nature. This is notably so in the matter of Procrastination. For though it frequently happens that great trouble comes through putting at till to-morrow what ought to be done it. Are yet now and then it happens too, that hy eathing about which you were worrying yourself clears itself up wonderfully through being left alone, and things come right of themselves which your best endeavours might have put further wrong. Not through wilful procrastination, but through unwilling delay, has help come, in the matter of this essay, to its writer, at this stage. He is going to say just what he intended from the first; but fresh experience has made him feel, very vividly, how true what he intended to say as consolation to the reader who is to-day besten by a moral storm. It will blow over.

For a fortnight this page remained without a line added. In all these years, the like never happened to the writer before. You think this a small matter; but it is not such to one for whom the burden bever lifted till the work is ended which has been once begun. But there came a great pressure and worry of work, some of most uncongenial; the driving day passed over, leaving nothing to show; and there was not a minute in which to collect one's thoughts, in which to write a line. It was a painful experience: that is the fact. But good has come of it at yet suggests church and church-time: and the end. For I have seen and felt, with we all know extremely well what happens to wonderful distinctness, how true it is that if pages which set out that line of thought. It you do but have patience, the storm passes shall not happen to this, if I can help it: the

which some of us very specially fear to see.

That which I have called the Storm will come; unless our luck is quite exceptional. And it may be very trying while it lasts. But it will blow over; it will go down again as capriciously as I rose. Things had gone all amiss, in some degree through your own fault, but in tenfold greater degree through your ill-lack. Just bow your head to the blast: and bear, as you may, the jarring of all your nature. Things will all come right again. Only a good deal of experience will convince you that the storm must come. Only a good deal of experience will assure you that the storm will go. Just you cheer up : do not lose heart. We can stand very trying experiences, if we are sure they cannot last long. It is very painful, very discouraging, after all your hard faithful work, after All the thought you have given to the avolding of offence, to be so misapprehended, mis-represented, and vilified. Believe, it will all be made up for. Those who to-day are doing you less than justice, will in a little while do you much more. I am not speaking of those human beings who by grave misconduct have passed under a cloud which is not likely to lift in this world: that is a different case altogether, though I could suggest very strong consolation there too. I am speaking of ordinary decent folk, who have got into a painful scrape but will get out of it: who have brought a hometa' nest about their ears by some doing which at the very worst is far short of an unpardonable sin. The storm will go down as capriciously as it got up. I have seen it do so twice since I paused in writing this easily.

And this the consolation I suggest, in the endurance and the prospect of this especial trouble. I might speak of our getting good through the storm breaking upon us. Nothing on earth more certain than that in divers ways we do: always providing we take the storm rightly: wisely, humbly, patiently. Yet this is equally certain: that if on this page I went on that tack, the blight of the sermon would forthwith fall upon my page, and the average reader would turn away from it. There is a certain line of thought which, though it he true and real,

reader need not have the smallest fear that and a blue sky which smiled like May: and we are all familiar, that the storm teaches us to take pains to avoid that in speech or couduct which raises the storm; and that the mortal who has got into a painful scrape learns | least to shun that which may get him into another like it. But the consolation for to-day is this one assured fact of experience: that the storm, in all ordinary cases, will not last long: that the storm, in all but the most exceptional cases, will in due time blow over. In our days of ignorance and analogous. It may blow hard upor and sea for a long time: but the timecome to an end. " Is the weather ever to car up, John?" was the question I heard ut in my boyhood by a country parson to a "man." The cautious Scot forbore to properly. But he said what suggested much as It has aye of July. done so hitherto.

I looked out this morning (bugh the morn-consolatory. ing be but midway in Februay) on a calm sea

anything more transcendental than the most. I thought of the blackness and the wild wayes worldly considerations shall be presented to of two days since. I recalled the longhim here. It might indeed be suggested, departed season which one of the most without rousing that peculiar pricking sen- amiable of men, and the most cautious, the sation of the extremest weariness with which incumbent of a rural parish, did, by publishing in an official document a statement (which was quite true) as | the ways if his female parisitioners, make that parish for several weeks too hot to hold him. Then it cooled down in the normal temperature as of old. I thought how a great preacher and otator, by making a speech which stupid folk understood as meaning that you need not obey the Ten Commandments unless you liked, awaked a storm which was furious for a little space: but which speedily changed inexperience, we fancy that when the sky into the most sunshiny of summer weather, blackens in the moral world and the wind I remembered how my friend Smith attended gets up, it will never be calm again. You a meeting in the city of St. Peter (near know whether a storm abides for ever in \$5 . Melipotamus in Ethiopia), held in honour of outward world; and the two working, "ed a retiring ruler of that little community; and o heard all men speak kindly, of or who had So hen very severely mituled, verbally, while he reign for a here had been Braner , that was the word employed, and it was a mild one to express the fact. But the breezes had died away; and the calm was as of the rining

And lifey are These things are sure.

A. K. H. B.

PLANTS WITHOUT EARTH.

3 Shelch of the ... benter and his Process.

BYA. HEATH, AUTHOR OF "EDGAR QUINET, HIS EARLY LIFE AND WRITINGS." AT he confluence of three rivers, in the would give it a new character and add some winch chateau, its red roofs and solid sand- Revolution Vascouil passed through more atone walls, its watch-tower and large de- than one hand, until it came into those of its tached pigrounier, coming out against hills present owner. The border fortress and the covered by woods extending for fifty miles. hunter's lair became a retreat for poets, Built in the reign of Philippe-Auguste, Vas-historians, and artists. In its garden Michecocuil was one of a series of eastlets which, placed at intervals along the Andelle, commanded the Norman border. When the feudal wars ceased this towr de sidame lost tower Elisée Reclus commenced his great its military character, and, being the entry of the great Foret de Lyons, became a meetingvalleys and in the deep glades of these woods, refuge, the aged, the banned, the stranger. still the haunt of the boar and the stag!

of feudalism, when men of another world Germans during the Franco-Prussian war, it

let discussed with sympathetic friends the plan of his famous book, "Priests, Women, and Families," and at the top of its watchgeography, and wrote "The History of a Stream." Nor has Vascenul only become a place for lovers of the chase. How often retreat for lettered case, its philanthropic must the horn have sounded up these river owner has welcomed there, as to a city of

Yet Vascouil was once again to fall back But other days were in store for this relic into its primitive condition. Seized by the

invaders were as ruthless as the old Vandals, breaking up the furniture for their fires, and lighting them with pages torn at random from the contents of the library. The mistress of the house, hearing that the château was destroyed, with the characteristic courage of her family ventured into the Prussian lines, and, finding her home standing, took possession, and commenced to remove the things she valued. The soldiers turned her out and locked the door. She went to the head-quarters, was not only histened to but reinstated, the soldiers being so severely punished that she determined never to make another complaint, T: husband of this brave woman a character equally fine and original. Never were a man and his surroundings more worthy of each other than Vascorul and Alfred Dumesnil!

Last summer we spent some to in the neighbourhood of Vascusuil, and to a wandered in its direction. Our way led through a woodland path, at whose base the Crevon flows, sparkling and swift, across fat meadows. where cattle and man alike doze, by a curious water-mill, through which the stream comes pouring in great cascades, and through an ancient farm-yard and a magnificent evenue into the high-road, whence we caught eight of the tower and roofs of Vascoruil, with its sylvan background stretching across the whole mouth of the valley. Arrived at its great gates we pass through a side door into a cool, old-fashioned garden, and there among the laden fruit-trees, the red-greys of the terrace and the ivy-covered walls for a background, great patches of blue phlox and red fuchsia for a mid-distance, and the tall grass with its poppies for a foreground, we see a figure clad au paysan-blue cotton clothes, sabots, and a great broad-brimmed hat. is the chatelain himself, and with the serious grace of a friend of Bernard Palissy and a companion of the Admiral, he welcomes us to the scene of his great horticultural achievements. His eyes beam with gentleness, love, and they are all happy as with one they wholly trust. How cool, after our hot walk, terior, with its enormous chimney-piece and ment. its smoke-diled walls! Ascending a winding staircase we are in an octagon room, at the top of the tower, from whose windows we look out on all points of the compass. How vast and how sweet the scene! We should not be surprised to learn that it was here Damesuil has said on that painter.

became a military post of observation. The Michelet conceived the idea of writing his book, "L'Oiseau,"

M. Dumesuil was the favourite pupil of the great historian, and became his son-in-law. Madame Adèle Michelet-Dumesnil died in

the spring of 1855.

A disciple of Edgar Quinct, rather than of Michelet, M. Dumesnil edited the works of the former, and during the four years that Quinet was a member of the National Assembly (1848—1852), he supplied his place at the College of France. . His lectures were devoted to the Arts in Italy, and from the study of this great subject resulted a series of works directed as much to the heart as to the mind, full of thoughts, simple but profound, the expression of mind acknowledging no theological system, yet deeply religious.

"La Foi Nouvelle cherchée dans l'Art" appeared in 1850. It was an effort w bring out the moral teaching of a line of great artists, from Rembrandt W Beethoven. In the works of faithful men of genius he seeks the Divine word. It comes as the perfumes of a garden, or as far-off music-sometimes fuller, sometimes weaker, often only in halfnotes, but every sense being in a normal condition and the balance of his mind singularly perfect; what he perceives is real and no illusion. "La Foi Nouvelle" has a base of mysticism, but it is mysticism of the biblical type, which always ends in practical morality.

Two other works followed "La Foi Nouvelle "- "Le Livre de Consolation " and "L'Immortalité"—efforts of a soul seeking to found its hopes on something certain in an age in which all that was unreal in religion had fallen, burying under the ruins much that was eternally true. Their author evidently found in the untiring efforts of the human mind to discover the secrets of nature, in the lesire to live in the memory of its fellows, and in the existence of the domestic affections-at once the joy and agony of life, grounds of consolation and of hope for individual immortality. In Bernard Palissy he humour on the children who accompany us, found a man who was peculiarly the subject of these sentiments, so contradictory yet so common, and he wrote the life of the great is this great dining-room, with its 100f almost inventor and noble confessor for truth, as a lost in obscurity! How charming this in- feuilleton, for the Paris newspaper, L'Evine-

> To the works already mentioned he added one, more important than all: "L'Art Italien." Writing on Leonardo da Vinci in his Revolutions of Italy, Quinct directs his readers to the beautiful and profound things M. Alfred



(From a Silvach in the It stee)

But the author of "L'Art Italien" is himself an artist, and a poet, in the highest and best sense. Without consciously setting hunself to produce works of art, he has lived a poem and worked out in his own history a picture worthy of the painters he has so wall interpreted

Michelet's genins rose with the storm. "For me," writes Dumestal, " it is so exactly the contrary that day and night I adjure myself, in the words of Leonardo da Vinci, to

Ry Storms"

"I thank Heaven," he says, m another letter, " for giving me a respite in years so To have somewhere a little corner to clear from its weeds and its thorns, to fill it with vegetables and flowers, to make the tender grass spring up in a fruitful orchard, this seems to me the object for which I should like 📰 labour *

As a philosopher, as an art entic, as the head of a family, as a friend his was always the genius of the horizonliquist Delight in nature, in its beauty, harmony, productiveness, in all its manifestations, but especially those least observed by the care less eye, finding his chief joy m being a fellow worker with the Divine Artist, enter taining an affection for flowers more like St. and nourishment III plants, without their ever Francis for his naters, the birds, than a nine- being brought in contact with the soil. All teenth century man of science—all these traits he does is to wrap their roots up in some

moment then came in his life, full of griefs, public and private, and a retreat offered strelf, asking as it were his care and cultivation, a retreat such as Vascouil of was the most natural thing in the world that he should fly the storms of Puns and of literary life to devote himself to bornculture

One who was to him more than brother possessed a small patrimony in the same delightful neighbourhood of Rouen M. Eugene Noel had commenced his botanical studies and written his " Vie des Fleurs " when Dumesnil was absorbed in history and art Now the two friends kept to frequent discus sions on their common pursuit, made observations, and compared notes, but in the end the professor became a devoted gardener,

and the student of botany a witty journalist.

To his new occupation Alfred Dumesnil brought I those habits of thought and investigation which had distinguished his studies, bustone and seathetic He was ambitious to follow in the path of the menwho had sought the secrets of nature

To cultivate plants without earth had long been the dream of chemists, after years of patient study the gardener of Vascocuil has discovered a means of giving continued life were manifest in Alfred Dumesual. When a most to which III has impurted this life-giving

PLANTS WITHOUT EARTH.

power. This "fertilizing moss" and only cannot be suranged, and the arrangement capable of affording nourishment to all must inevitably be far more graceful, con-kinds of vegetable life, but will do so inde-venient, and healthful than with pots of finitely.

Since November, 1880, the date which his researches proved successful, in has constantly perfected his discovery, he has had all kinds been testing his process, and has never found of ordinary flowers blooming in baskets conthe least interruption in the vegetative func- taining the fertilising moss. On the occasion tions of the plants subjected to its influence; of any fête, as for instance Christmas, his on the contrary, winter and spring plants tables have been covered with a profusion have blossomed with a vigour he has never of spring flowers, and he has been able 📖 seen in his garden. With the shelter of a decorate his rooms with a freedom impossible

glass, hellebores taken up at the end of Novemberand the middle of December have remained two and a half three to months in blossom. Other plants, primioses, daisies, violets, auriculas, have not only been in bloom for three months. but have thrown out new buds.

At Vasconuil we saw plants loaded with blossoms which had been in the fertilising moss for weeks. The public in Rouen and Paris have during the past year had

frequent opportunities of beholding again returned again and again in the most inand again the process in full operation in the explicable manner. At last the cause was exhibitions of flowers and vegetables which discovered: when she left her sick room M. Dumesuil has given. The exhibitions convalescent she went into the salon, a have been arranged so as 📰 give some idea. large room filled with plants. Professor von of the useful and beautiful results of this new Eichwald ordered the room to be entirely discovery, and also **a** afford an opportunity cleared, and the fever returned no more. of following every stage of the vegetation of Such malignant effects are impossible with plants reared without earth.

is manifest that this discovery will in- earth and poison the plants, or contain germs definitely increase the facilities for the floral of malaria and poison their owners. decoration of interiors. There | scarcely

During the two winters since M. Dumesnil

with growing in carth. Thus, while nature outside lay frozen and dead, the mterior of his house has been a blooming parterre.

The practice of adorning TOOMS with plants is so agreeable



the fertilizing moss, it cannot turn sour like

The extraordinary way in which the disany kind of vessel which the plants covery will develop the artistic character of



M. Domesul at Vancuul.

all kinds of arrangements and effects 🔳 colour, can only as yet be faintly imagined. Churches, terraces, and even public roads will by its help is far more beautifully and rapidly decorated; for the great obstacle of weight in the removal of plants will be obviated-there will be scarcely anything to carry but the plant itself, so that in the majority of cases a child's atrength will suffice to remove the wicker-basket in which the

plant will be living.

There appear to be no practical difficulties in carrying out the process. The one allimportant point is to preserve the roots of the plant from being tern or otherwise mutilated, and from being brought into close proximity with the fertilizing moss. In taking a plant from the earth, M. Dumesnil removes the mould about the roots by placing it in slightly topid water. Having prepared, in the basket or vase intended for the plant, a bed of fertilising moss, the quantity being regulated according | the strength of the plant, he places over it a layer of ordinary moss of similar thickness. He then takes the plant and, spreading out the roots, fastens it in the ordinary moss, covering the whole with another layer of the fertilising moss. A little water is given at first and the moss always kept slightly humid. If the change from the earth to the moss is made with intelligence, the plant soon exhibits all the beauty and freedom of life, its satisfaction in its new conditions being shown by the quantity of rootlets it throws out.

Other gardeners besides M. Dumesnil have tested the process and witness to the same results. M. Cabos, director of the public gardens at Havre, has, since the sand of November last, been cultivating in the fertilising moss dracami, alternantheri, crotons, and cocoa-mit trees, hot-house plants; as well as palin-trees, chaincerops and the Pieris Arguta had developed numerous new roots in the moss. None of these plants had lost a single leaf, nor had even faded at the time of their transplantation. In a fortnight they had completely taken possession of the moss, and had thrown out new leaves. In the chamterops, two or three long roots of the thickness of a quill had appeared, one of the hest indications of the vigour of a young palm-The old roots had developed a quan-The Coops bingti, and tity of fine rootlets. the various kinds of dracema, all very delicate, had also produced new roots, and were

in perfect health.

floral decoration, in the facilities it will afford of ordinary green-house plants to the process, with complete success. All the plants preserved their vigour, and their health continued

as if nothing had happened.

On the 17th, he placed the fertilising moss a Eucalyptus globulus. This shrub has the reputation of not bearing transplantation; however it scarcely failed. Two Cuphea bazli, equally difficult subjects, were put into the moss on the same day, and gave no appearance of suffering from the change. The culture in moss of the Rucelyptus globulus is the more important, as this celebrated shrub has the property of disinfecting the air, and beginning to be used a sick-rooms.

It will be observed that these perfect results have been obtained by practised horticulturists. Amateurs must not expect that this process in any way dispenses with attention to the ordinary laws of vegetable life. Happy results will depend m heretofore on the degree to which the plants are loved and cared for,

The object in the cultivation of vegetables being increased and regular productiveness, the plan adopted by the gardener of Vascouil is to place their roots, enveloped as above described, in an ordinary bed of mould. The results are most satisfactory. We saw at Vascouil as many as thirty fine potatoes the produce of one mother-tuber. Thus the poorest land may be made to teem with rich crops, the soil being of no importance, the earth merely affording room and shelter for the plants. Seedlings and cuttings are raised in the same way. In fact the process seems to have all the characteristics of a great discovery: perfection in principle and indefinite powers of further development.

The discovery of a nourishment applicable to all forms of vegetable life is the primary fact in the Dumesnil culture. The fertilising moss agrees with every kind of plant, those that grow wild, as well as exotics, herbaceous or ligueous, ornamental, or for food. By its fostering power with plants, natives of the Pyrenees, the Alps, the Carpathian Mountains, the Caucasus, and the Himalayas, introduced during recent years into English gardens, will, by this process, flourish under

a simple glass III the year round.

M. Dumesnil's innovation rests on an Hea justified by physiological laws, the extremely abundant development of the rootlets of plants when permitted to spread themselves out in a medium less dense and as rich as the most fertile earth. All the applications of the discovery are derived from this truth proved by experience. Thus explained the On December 9th he submitted a number increase in the rend of vegetables growing in

ance against frost and inclement weather, when their roots are covered up in a bed of fertilising moss.

These are entirely new facts, and facts that may have an important influence in augment-

ing the public wealth.

The process I already patented in England, and a depôt will shortly be opened in this country for its sale, meanwhile it can be obtained from M. M. Langer, at Havre. It enumel; he found a new art, the art of enacannot be expensive, as among the advantages the inventor most looks for is the certainty of being able to fill the humblest apartments at every season with exactly the flowers its tenant most admires.

Alfred Dumesnil in his Life of Palussy the Potter gave a forctaste of his ardent sympathy with the discoverer, the man of faith who believes that God will reveal the secrets they imagined or ever intended, and the of creation to those who humbly and patiently and religiously labour for their discovery. He has followed in the path of his hero and of Providence, have mingled so that nothing crowned his work, for henceforth the beautiful is better fitted to encourage men to new art with which Palissy's name is identified discoveries."

the earth and of their powers of vital resist- will become more charming than ever, bearing as its productions will not merely cut flowers, or flowers laden with earth, but hving happy plants blooming in all their natural fragrance and glory.

Thus, as this new discoverer has said in summing up the work of Palissy:-" Not only does Science manifest herself | these who seek her, but she gives more than the knowledge they seek. Palissy sought white melling in colour, It is the confirmation of the maxim-- Give, and shall given unto you.' To understand this mystery we must enter into the imagination of the discoverer; he succeeds beyond his intentions. The theme was his, the work of enlarging, of elevating it Providence itself undertakes. Thus have inventors discovered more than lesson of their lives is to note how well reality and mystery, the human will and the help



Water Mill some Vanctured. (Propin & Sankh by the Wester.)

SOME NOTES ON ANCIENT EGYPTIAN HISTORY.

BY THE RIV HARRY JONES, M.A.

PART 1.

T is very difficult - realise the extreme or reign sometimes vary enormously. For antiquity of ancient Egypt. The dates assigned by learned experts to the same event authority, believes that the Great Pyramid of

Gizeh was built 4,235 years before the coming not get our view into the remote past of of Christ. Bunsen shortens this number to 3,209; Poole, Wilkinson, and others reduce it to 2,450. It is right to say that their calculations do not present such divergent results respect to later dates. When we come down the stream of Egyptian history to such comparatively modern times as those in which the Exodus of the Israelites took place we find chronologists nearly agreed. is in regard to earlier ages that they differ widely. But even we take the shortest of these periods between the building of the Great Pyramid and the commencement of the Christian era, its length baffles our power We look with a of mental measurement. sense of strained or imperfect perception at many of the old ecclesiastical and other buildings in our own land. They seem to us heary with age. But what II a duration of, say, some 800 years, compared with that of the Great Pyramid, built, according to the least ancient computation of its date, 4,250 years ago? There are grave authorities which determine it to be much older. It is impossible for the mind to grasp and realise such a space of

When, however, we think of the witness to still more distant ages revealed by the construction of the Pyramid itself; when we discover by the marks of the workmen upon its materials that they were acquainted with the decimal notation; when we find enormous blocks of stone in its interior fitted with a nicety which almost defies the search for a joint; and when we peer further into the dim past, and try to apprehend the long growth of civilisation which must have taken place before such finished perfection of workmanship could have been reached, our nimble thought is checked. We are fairly aghast at the attempt to realise the antiquity of Egypt,

It was civilised, its chronicles were kept, its kings carried on wars with somies of imported negroes, its priests conducted an elaborate ritual in gorgeous temples, its rich men employed skilled painters and engravers to decorate the walls of their tombs, its courtiers—in notes which might have been drawn aside which hung before the contemtion at proofs of royal confidence, its life was any true perception has been reached by full of the minutize and etiquette of civilization archaeologists of the meaning and value of in government, religion, science, and art, ages the testimony borne by its surviving records before what many had considered to be the to the life I this most ancient world. dawn of history, before a word had been , pean scholars.

Egypt through the labours and researches of historians. I do not mean that we are indebted to geologists for the discovery of Egyptian relics as we are for the stone implements of prehistoric man. The testimony to Egyptian antiquity is strictly historical, but not the result of inquiry into legends and traditions which have survived the fall of a nation, and either been passed on from one generation to another or put into writing long after the events which are chronicled took place. We get the old history of Egypt at first hand. The life of the country was recorded as it passed; and the original documents are in existence. That which we learn about ancient Egypt is as fresh m its facts as the information published in the Times. Its records may be called a current journal of the condition and doings of its kings and people. We are indebted to no student who has gathered hints and glimpses of its past from traditions and memorials of events which were written long after they had happened. The history of Egypt was set down on the spot, and at the very time of its passage, by the Egyptians themselves. Their death chambers were minutely inscribed with the details of the routine of the dead man's life. Their temple walls not merely guarded sacred rites, but proclaimed the chief religious and political news of the year. There they wrote their creeds and their views. There they engraved the current Blue Books of the War Office and the Admiralty. There the idler in the town could learn about his country's gods, kings, battles, and quarrels as he strolled along. They were m plain to him as the staring illustrated advertisements and placards of our streets are to us.

But no one up in these latter days could read the writing. The text of the sculptures and paintings could not be deciphered. The most learned experts were like ignorant children, who look at the pictures of a strange book but cannot spell out their explanation; and though such pictures may please babies, they provoke philosophers. It I only within the present century that the veil has been penned yesterday—recorded their gratifica- possessous literature of ancient Egypt, and

The stones of temples were seen in be written of the oldest books known to Euro-covered with painted and chiselled history. an scholars.

Every square yard within the galleries and is most notable, moreover, that we do chembers of tombs was perceived to be

detailed inscriptions. Sercophagi, tablets, mummy cases, and statues were collected in museums, most of them bearing plain but untranslated witness to the time when they were new. Rolls of papyrus, closely written. were gathered and brought home by experts, only to defy interpretation. The wisest could but gaze and conjecture. Here were a multitude of witnesses brimful of information waiting to be examined, but no means or language could be found which would enable them to be questioned and any what they knew. It is only within the last few years that they have begun to open their mysterious lips and tell their tale. Some few good guesses had been made about the story which these witnesses could reveal, but they were only guesses. No one could do more than look at them and make fruitless experiments to break the silence which they kept. Thus learned men stood in speculative impotence, with a mass of testimony before them, eagerly groping for some key which would enable them to read and interpret it. But it was not till about sixty years ago that one, Champollion, laid his hand upon the needed clue. It had been indicated by a small tablet, now in the British Museum, called the "Rosetta Stone," discovered in This tablet was engraved 195 years before Christ, and the record of a vote of thanks to Ptolemy V. by the priests at Memphis. Happily for those who live more than a,000 years later, it was in-scribed in the old hieroglyphic, or dead Egyptian language; in the demotic or vernacular, i.e. that of the then day written in a simpler manner by currite signs; and also in Greek, used m that time for such public documents as involved any relation with the Greek inhabitants of Egypt. This trilingual inscription revealed the first glumpse of the long-sought-for secret. Its full revelation was aided by the preserved literature of the Coptic language spoken in Egypt till within a few centuries ago. For some time, though the Greek translation of the old Egyptian obviously indicated the perfect clue, small progress was made in the construction or discovery of an alphabet which should enable scholars to read the stores of history which were accessible. Five letters only were made out. This was in 1811. But in 1822 Champollion hit upon the complete key to the decipherment of Egyptian, proving the mixed nature of the language, written in signs partly representing sounds, partly ideas.

The door being thus opened, was not to his performance, took up his tools and

crowded with significant aculptures and long before a crowd of experts rushed in. There was if first some naturally wild eagerness to apply the discovered clue, and some rather unphilosophic squabbling about results obtained by hasty interpretation, and the precise method in which the key should be applied to and turned in the hitherto impenetrable lock. But the wisest scholars have now for some time settled down to their work, and the labour they have bestowed upon it has quickened the dry bones of Egypt with marvellous life. The witnesses have broken their long silence and begun to speak. They have borne their testimony to the history, religion, customs, domestic routine, science and art of their old world. No doubt there are gaps and chronological pemberities in the record. All kinds and vehicles of information have been pressed into its construction. The field of II is encr-mous and minute. Not only have tombs, temple walls, and manuscripts been examined and read, but, I quote from Mr. Birch's Rede Lecture, "No object has been deemed too trivial for examination. The relations of one monarch to another have been found on scraps of vases, chips of wood, and fragments of papyri. A mutilated hieroglyph on the dress of a statue has revealed a political mystery, and a series of erasures on granite blocks, a religious revolution." But still, in the main, the stream of Egyptian history, with its indications of huge reversals, revivals, and changes, has been fairly made out. One result, in support of what I have already noticed in this paper, seems to be that, despite of their enormous antiquity, we trace back the Egyptians from historical and not geological sources. Their connection with prehistoric man is not discovered. We stand perplexed before the fact that some of the most ancient Egyptian monuments existing show the most finished workmanship; and we do not find any which led up | them, although the climate would have favoured their preservation.

Indeed, nothing strikes the visitor to Egypt more than the freshness of the oldest sculptures and inscriptions which have been uncovered. Egyptian air and sand are marvellous preservers. There are parts, ag. of the temple at Abydus, which the sculptor might, seemingly, have just left, so clean and perfect are the edges of his work. You almost look for the chips and dust at the foot of the wall before which the stood, mailet and chisel in hand. Time appears to have stopped since he gave the last delicate touch

walked home. Nay, in some places his than that, looking at the faces and figures departure is even vividly perceptible. Mariette Bey, in describing his entrance into one of the chambers at Memphis, where the Bull mummy was laid more than 3,000 years ago, tells us that he found on its sand-sprinkled floor the foot-prints of the workmen as they had left the place. Man has been of late the chief destroyer in Egypt. Memphin, the great metropolis, at least so much of it as remained above ground, has disappeared, having been made a quarry by comparatively recent generations of architects and builders. An Arabian traveller in the Middle Ages tells us that its rains stretched for half a day's journey in every direction, and that although the spoiler was then at work, they were so grand as m be indescribable. Now they are gone. Precious mummy cases and manuscripts innumerable have been used for centuries as fuel. And at the present day the work of destruction and mutilation goes rapidly on. I myself found free access to sculptured tombs of inestimable historic importance allowed to Arabs, probably more ignorant of their value than shoeblacks on London Bridge are of the history of the Tower. But the most unperdonable sinners are modern tourists, with their knives and hammers. In a famous tomb at Benihassan. there was lately a wonderfully well preserved picture, long supposed to represent Joseph introducing his brethren to Pharaoh, Mr. Renoul says that an English lady has been heard to request her guide to cut out for her the face of Joseph. Still very much remains; many of the most precious relics hitherto discovered having been made safe in the shelter of museums, notably in that of Boulak at Cairo, which, though small, contains some of the most perfect specimens of old Egyptian work in the world, and I thus a storehouse of its history. There are also huge breadths of temple wall covered with hieroglyphic inscriptions of which only portions have been translated up to the present time. Beside these, the later generation of investigators have found or made access to sources of information concealed from older inquirers. I mean "texts" of high antiquity which had been long hidden in scaled tombs, but are now discovered, and are capable of trustworthy translation by means of the key which has been found,

I will now try to look ... somewhat more connected order at several phases of old vaded becoming an invader.

of the men portrayed upon the midest monuments, they are distinct from those of the negro. These men have neither his blunt nose, long heel, nor black skin. skull, according Professor Owen, shows a highly Caucasian type and intellectual development. Mr. Birch thinks that the Egyptian resulted from a fusion of different races. Certainly his type, however produced, wonderfully enduring. I have several times been much struck by the resemblance between the modern peasant who drove my donkey, and his remote ancestor painted on the walls of the most ancient tombs.

The history of Egypt, although we have long lists of consecutive Pharachs, and though some portions of it stand out with surprising clearness, is broken by serious gaps which have not yet been bridged over. In is true that there is a papyrus composed about 1500 B.C., of which so much is decipherable as to show that is a carefully compiled chronicle of the country from the supposed creation of the world-according to Egyptian notions-up to that date; but it is so torn and worn as to be historically almost useless. We learn, however, from other sources much about a succession of ancient dynastics, during the carliest of which wars were carried on with the Bedouins in the east, and Libyans in the west, and much devotion was shown in the construction of monuments and tombs. These wars were presently waged with the assistance of conscript negroes brought down the Nile in large transport ships. Then come blanks in which national calamities are marked by ceasation in the building of temples and in the engraving of contemporary history, for the Egyptian never liked to chronicle events unfavourable to himself. Then the Theban dynasty arose, and Egypt arose with it. Former defeats were avenged, more temples and pyramids were built, agriculture was revived, and order re-established. This period was broken by the arrival of the famous Shepherd kings, but whence they came no one can really determine. We know, however, that in the main they accepted the civilisation which they found. After several bundred years they were expelled, a papyrus in the British Museum telling us how this was done. Then Egypt had a fresh Theban revival. We find her turning the tables on other countries, and from having been in-Her galleys Egyptian life. The ethnology of Egypt has were to be seen in the Mediterranean and been found by the most learned experts to Red Seas, the horse was introduced with the wery obscure. They can say little more war charlot, Aziatic slaves were employed on

famous battle of Megiddo, fought by Thothmes III, in Palestine. This a singularly interesting period in Egyptian history, as it brings before us contemporaneous allusion to Damescus, Hamath, an "Og," king of Bashan, and many original names of the cities of Canaan two centuries and a half before the time of Joshuz. To quote from Mr. Birch, "The arm of Egypt reached to Ninevels. Babel brought tributes and homage. . . . In the hymns or poems to Thothmes, Phoenicia and the islands of the Mediterranean are mentioned." Then comes another eclipse in Egyptian history, with religious revolution, in which, under Amenophis IV., the worship of the Disc was introduced and the old gods were vigorously assailed. Their honour, however, was soon restored, for this effort to stamp out popular polytheism and abolish all worship except that of the Sun produced a reform which lasted for only one generation. Presently fresh invasions came from the east, whereby the conquests of Thothmes were lost. These were, nevertheless, once more regained, and indeed extended into Europe, by Rameses II., or the Great, known to the Greeks as Sesostris, who is believed to be the Pharaoh who first mightily oppressed the children of Israel.

After the death of his son Menephthah, the supposed Pharaoh of the Exodus, there are plain proofs of another Egyptian convulsion, the country being divided among several rulers, like feudal barons. But fresh kings arise, the greatest of them being the Rhampsinitus of Herodotus, who was so mysteriously puzzled by the clever thief that got into his secret treasure-house. It is curious to note how this story of grim humour stands with chief surviving interest in the record of his sumptuousness and power. The granite coffin lid of King Rhampsinitus is now in the Fits-

After his time Egypt began sapidly to lose its old characteristic life under foreign influences brought | bear upon it by immigration. and inter-marriage. The event most interesting to us during this period was the invasion. of Palestine and siege of Jerusalem by Shishak I. Hefore very long, however, fresh storms came from the east, and at length Cambyses swept over the land, making and havoc among the images, and for awhile "the history of Egypt became that of a Pemian as a Grecian kingdom, with its capital at civilisation. Alexandria, founded B.C. 332. It is true that

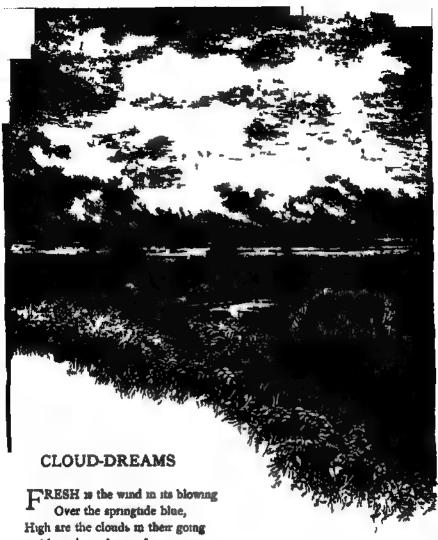
william Museum at Cambridge.

government works, and Central Asia was the Greeks, and subsequently the Romans. conquered, after campaigns begun by the paid compliments to the old Egyptian religion, building some new temples and repairing others, but ancient Egypt by degrees nationally and intellectually died. Its architecture became debased, its "wisdom" degraded superstitious littlenesses. Once great, it seemed to learn nothing from its successive invaders, but died slowly like a strong giant whose mighty bones I scattered over the land.

A promising gleam of light and spasm of new life seemed to come to a through the early spread of Christianity there, but soon a dark cloud settled over the whole region under caliphs and sultans for a long Arabian night, with which, in these notes on ancient Egypt, we are not immediately concerned.

I have compiled the short summary of Egyptian history contained in the few preceding paragraphs order to realise better the fact, that though it carries us back an immense way, it leaves us in the face of more which we cannot pursue. We are accustomed to read and hear of prehistoric and historic times, but few apprehend that these really may be said to have overlapped in the case of Egypt. How far they did so is one of the questions for geologists and historians to answer. The most amazing feature of Egyptian secords is, not that we have proof of the existence of a civilisation anterior to any of which there is evidence in other parts of the world, but that we have no record whatever of its rise. When traced back as far as it can be traced, presents itself the explorer as in many respects full grown. The oldest monuments, e.g., display a perfection of finish in their construction, down to the minutest precision of workmanship, which is surpassed by none that succeeded them. The ruder ages of Egyptian architecture are the later. What went before, what long periods elapsed during which that civilisation grew which resulted in the most ancient remaining fabrics, it is bewildering conjecture. But it would seem that while Europe lay in uncivilised darkness, while its peoples, if they may be called such, were in the condition represented by their expiring survivors, the Esquimaux, and have left behind them no surviving sign of their humanity better than flint flakes and the rudest scratchings on course implements of horn, there was a nation on the banks of the Nile familiar with stately buildings, on whose walls was a finished satrapy." After the fall of Persia it appeared sculptured history, the result of long previous

(To be continued,)



Care the springtide blue,

High are the clouds in their going

Afret where the winds pursue,

With beauty their only showing,

White with their own content,

Gayly they go without knowing

Whence come or whither sent

From southward to westward drafted All of this April day, Full lightly they swing, uplified Over the city's grey, Tossed free of the wind and rifted In darts of sudden blue, Caught warm of the sun and sifte ' With clear I ght thro' and thro

O er shadowless deeps of azure All as the ware winds blow, With a seemly grace of leisure, Cloud after cloud they go; In a dance of sunny pleasure That keepeth high and clear, As unto an airy measure Too fine for human ear.

I watch them drift and dally,
And shine as they were wet,
With the brightness blown in sally
Of winds that veer and fret:
Till my youth dreams rise and rully,
And press me still to seek

A cloud-land of slope and valley, Sun-touched on one pure peak.

O clouds I you have me for lover,
With love that shall not cease,
Though the dreams of youth over,
Your beauty bringeth peace;
In me ye can still discover
The meny-hearted lad,
Who was wont to watch you hover,
In dreams that made him glad.

JAMES HENDRY.



LADY JANE.

By Max OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XIII .- THE WEDDING-DAY.

servant to whom this charge was a sort of pensioning off. She was very much fluttered, and informed him in an undertone that Lady Jane had arrived a few minutes before "with a gentleman." "Her Ladyship is in the library, your Grace, and the gentleman with the old woman said, courtesying and trembling-for though Lady Jane's garb was dress, and in the middle of winter it is well known that ladies do not go about their ordinary business in such garments. The Duke considered a moment and then decided that he would not see his daughter till her companion was gone. He was tremulous with rage and discomnture, yet with the sense that vengeance was in his hands. This feeling made him conclude that it was more wise not to see Winton, not to run the risk of losing his temper or hetraying his intentions, but to remain on the watch till he withdrew. and in the meantime to arrange his own plans. He told the old housekeeper to let him know when the gentleman was gone, and in the meantime hurried up stairs to his daughter's room, and examined it excefully. Lady Jane had two rooms appropriated to her use, with a third communicating with them in which her maid slept. This was a large area to put under lock and key, which was her father's determination : but in the ferment of his excited mind and temper he felt no derogation in the half-stealthy examination he made of the shut-up rooms, their windows and means of communication, the locks on the door, and all the arrangements that would be necessary - shut them off entirely from the rest of the house. With his own hands he removed the keys, locking all the doors but one, and leaving the key on the outside of that to shut off all entrance to the prison.

were not aware that it was, in any serious sense of the words, their last hour. "Till T was not a pleasant day in Grosvenor to-morrow" was the limit they gave them-Square. When the Duke arrived in his selves. To-morrow no further interruption cab the door was opened to him by the would be possible, the incomplete service humble person who had care of the house would be resumed, and all would be well, while the family were out of town, an old Even the Duke, unreasonable as he might be, would not think it practicable, when in his sober senses, to endeavour to sunder those who had been almost put together in the presence of God. They believed, notwithstanding the tantalising misery of this interruption, that it could not be but for a few hours, and though Winton's impatience and indignation were at first almost frenzy, Lady Jane very simple for a bride, still it was a white recovered her courage before they reached the house, and did her best to soothe him. She drew good even out of the evil. morrowall would be completed in her father's presence. When once convinced that matters had gone too far to be arrested, how could he refuse to lend his sanction to what must be, whether with his sanction or not? She pleased herself with this solution of all their difficulties. "My mother will come, I am sure," she said, "as soon as the train can bring her; I shall have her with me, which will be far, far better than Lady Germaine, and there will be no further need of conceulment, which is edious, is it not, Reginald? There is a soul of goodness in things evil," she said. As for Winton he was post speaking: the disappointment, and those passions that rage in the male bosom, were too much for him-fury and indignation, and pride in arms, and the sense of defeat which was intolerable. But he permitted himself to be subdued, to yield to her who had put so much force upon herself, and conquered so many natural repugnances and womanly traditions for him. Lady Jane would not even let it appear that she felt the shame of being thus dragged back to her father's house. "To-morrow," she said, "to-morrow," with a thousand tender smiles. When it became apparent that the Duke did not mean to make an appearance she turned that to their advantage with soothing sophistry. " He has nothing to say now," she cried, "don't you see, Reginald? While he was thus occupied the pair You cannot expect him in come and offer us so strangely severed stood together in his consent: it he withdraws his opposition the library waiting for his appearance, and that is all we can desire. Had be meant to getting a certain bitter sweetness out of the persevere he would have come to us m once, last hour they were to spend together. They and ordered you away, and made another

struggle. That what I have been fearing, And now in return for his forbeauance you must go. Oh, do you think I wish you to go? but it is best, it will be most honourable, What could be done in the circumstances but that you should bring me home? Yes, till your house mine this still home-till to-morrow," she cried, smiling upon him. Winton, paced up and down the gloomy closed-up room in an agony of uncertainty,

bewilderment, and dismay.

"My home is yours," he cried; "and what sort of place is this to bring you to, my darling, without a soul | take care of you or look after your comfort, without a fire even, or a servant :-- on this day! | is intolerable! And how, how can I go and leave you, on our wedding day? It is more than flesh and blood can bear. Jane, I have a foreboding; I can't be hopeful like you. If you submitted to the force of circumstances in that wretched church there is no force of any kind here. Don't stime away; come will be, my love, go to the way is anywhere, noishear, here his woman to which Mrs. "Fetch one of the a pledged nd if I went with the heart of the goal it partie again. Surely I am better at the ne than at Lady Germaine's :- till to-morrow-till to-morrow," she repeated softly. The library was next the door, it was close to the open street, the The temptation, free air out-of-doors, though she rejected it, was great upon Lady Jane too. There was a moment in which, though she did not allow it, she wavered. The next moment, with more fortitude than ever. she recovered the mastery of herself. It was she at last who, tenderly persuading and buseeching, induced him to go away. went to the door with him and almost put him out with loving force. - You will come pick for me to-morrow-to-morrow! it is bit long till to-morrow," she said, waving mer hand me her distracted bridegroom as he hurried away. It was well that there was no body in town-nobody in Grosvenor Square-except a passing milkhoy, to see the Duke's daughter standing in the doorway like the simplest maiden, in her white dress, a wondertul vision for a murky London day, taking farewell of her love. She closed the door after him with her own hand, while poor old Mrs. Brown, in such a flutter as she had never before experienced in her life, came bobbing out from the corner in which she had been keeping watch. "Oh, my lady! my lady!" the old woman said. She had scarcely been high enough up the hierarchy mental crisis made her shiver. She drew her

of service below-stairs to have come to speech of Lady Jane at all, and now to think that she was all the attendance possible for that princess royal! Lady Jane it may be supposed was in no light-hearted mood, but she stupped with a smile to reassure the old servant.

" Nurse Mordaunt | with me," she said : "she will no doubt be here directly, Mrs. Brown. You must not vex yourself about me. It will only be till to-morrow. If you will have a fire lighted in my room, I will go

there."

"Yes, my lady; oh, my lady! but I'm afraid there's some sad trouble," said the old

housekeeper.

Lady Jane was far too high-bred to reject this sympathy, but it was almost more than in her valour she could beat, Her eyes filled in spite of herself. "It is only an extraordinary accident," she said. "But Mordaunt will tell you when she comes." She was glad to escape into the library that she might not break down, Turning round = re-enter alone that huge, cold, uninhabited place, her mind was seized with a spasm of terror. The blinds were drawn down, the fireplace was cold, it was like a room out of which the dead had been newly carried, not a place to receive a woman in the most living moment of life-on her wedding day! She had borne herself very bravely as long as her lover was therealmost too bravely, trying to make him believe that it was nothing, that she had scarcely any feeling on the subject. But when she saw him go, the clouds and darkness closed in upon Lady Jane, her lips quivered sadly as she spoke to Mrs. Hown. When she was alone her swelling heart and throbbing forehead were relieved by a sudden passion of tears. Would it be nothing as she had made believe? or was it a parting, an ending, a severance from Reginald and hope? A black moment passed over herblacker than anything that Winton felt as, distracted and furious, burning with intentions of vengeance, and a sense of injury in which there was some relief from the misery of the situation, he hurried along towards the Germaines' house. There at least he could plan and arrange, and talk out his fury and wretchedness. But Lady Jane had no such solace. When she had yielded to that bitter accer of tears, and felt herself pass under the cloud, she had to gather herself together again all unaided, and recover her composure as best she could. That sensation of overwhelming cold which so often accompanies a

cloak closely round her, and went slowly upstairs through the hollow silence of the great house, pausing now and then to take breath in her nervous exhaustion, and looking anxiously for the appearance of her father. Did he not mean to come her at all? Lady Jane had no idea that she was going with all those hesitations and pauses straight into a prison. Such a thought had never occurred to her. She believed still in reason and loving-kindness and truth. Her father, when **m** anw it impossible, would after all yield, she thought. Her mother would come to succour her in this extraordinary emergency. "There is a soul of goodness in things evil," she murmured again to herself, but not so bravely as she had said it to her lover. The house was so cold, such an echoing solitude, no living thing visible, and she alone in it, left to wear through the weary hours as she could-on her wedding

Thus with tired and lingering steps, and despondency taking possession of her soul, Lady Jane went softly up-stairs, longing to divest herself of her wedding gown and hide her humiliation, looking vainly for her father, whose appearance in this wilderness, even if it were only to upbraid and denounce her, would still have had a certain consolation in it. The Duke, unseen, watched her progress with a vindictive pleasure in the downcast air and slow, languid step. He watched her to her very door with an eagerness not to be described. At the last moment she might turn round, she might still leave the house, she might escape. In no case could **m** have used violence his daughter. To level thunderbolts of speech was one thing, to use force was quite another. To lift his hand was impossible. If she turned round and fled down the stairs and out at the door she must do so; there was no way in which he could stop her: if any third person were present, even Mrs. Brown, he would be obliged to keep a watch upon himself, to demand no more obedience than she would give, to treat her as a reasonable being. All this the Duke felt, spying upon her steps as she went slowly up, following her, his footsteps falling noiselessly on the thick carpets. He heard alone in this dismal empty house on the day

appeal to him. When he heard her door close, a certain glow of satisfaction came over his face. He went forward quickly, and turned the key in the lock and put in his pocket. He heard her moving about in the room, and he could hear that she stopped short at the noise and stood listening to know what it was. But all was quiet again, and Lady Jane suspected nothing. She had begun to look in her wardrobe for something to put on instead of her white dress. She thought it was some jar of one of the doors as she opened them. And he stole downstairs again unpoticed and unobserved. Who was there to notice him? no one III the house, except 📰 daughter locked into the room, and Mrs. Brown with her little niece down-stairs. The Duke withdrew into the library, where he had sat and pondered for many a day, but never as now. The old housekeeper had bestirred herself and had lighted a fire and set out a table with two places for luncheon. She at least could do her duty if no one else did. Mrs. Brown, her duty it no one case with many actions indeed, felt as a neglected aneral and action done when the moment to what must be could distinguish himselon or not? She had this opportunity. Pollution of all their end of her life it had confil to her their Grace, who was so particular, should for once in his life know what it was to eat a chop, an English chop, in its perfection. She had sent out her handmaiden to fetch them and lit the fire herself in her devotion. is an extent of enthusiasm to which few people would go. And Lady Jane, sweet creature, who was evidently in trouble somehow with her papa, who had sent that nice young gentleman off as fast as ever she could that the Duke and he might not meet, poor thing t what would be so good for her as a se chon? The old housekeeper betook here to her work with the warmest sense at once o benevolence and of power-power to ameliorate and soften the hardness of destiny, and to win fame and honour to herself. What enterprise could have a finer motive? Of the three people in the house, she was the happy one, as happens not unfrequently among all

the twists and entanglements of fate. Before, however, Mrs. Brown had begun to her sigh, but this made no difference. To cook her chops, Nurse Mordaunt, Lady Jane's any one else this sigh of the widowed bride devoted attendant since her childhood, arrived in much anxiety and distress. Nurse that was to have been, that almost was, her had been detained by various matters, by wedding day, would have contained something Lady Germaine and by the delay in getting touching. But it did not touch the Duke. He her ladyship's things, which had been left followed at a distance, keeping out of sight, that morning I Lady Germaine's house. determined to give her no opportunity to With a heavy heart nurse had effaced the

She had never herself approved of such a Germaine was very kind; she had taken marriage any more than the Duke did. It charge of the whole business; she and her injured her pride sadly to think of "my husband had gone to town on purpose to lady" marrying a commoner at all, and facilitate everything; but still was dreadful marrying him secretly a poky little church to the Duchess to think that her child should in the city! But that she should be married have no one but Lady Germaine to lean upon and not married, half a wife, a dragged from the altar," was something which no one could contemplate with calmness. Nurse was more shamed, distracted, broken-hearted than any of the party. "Oh, don't ask me," she answered, shaking her head, when Mrs. Brown humbly, with every respect, begged know what had happened, "It is as bad as a revolution—it's worse than the Chartists; even Radicals respect the marriage yow," nurse cried in her dismay. "I don't approve of it, and never did and never will. Up the church door I'd have done anything to stop it. But bless us, if you don't keep the altar sacred what have you got to trust to?" She caused the boxes to be brought into the hall with their erased addresses. There was nobody to carry them anywhere, none of the attendance about to which Mrs. Mordaunt was accustomed. " Fetch one of the men," she had said at first, but then the remembered there was no man in Grosvenor Square at this time of the year. "Drat it, as if things were not bad enough already; no servants, no comfort, nobody but Mrs. Brown to look to every-thing!" Mrs. Mordaunt was too much broken down to go to her young lady at once. She condescended ago into the kitchen where it was at least warm, to eat one of the chops and to rest a little before she went up-stairs. And her arrival was scarcely over before it was followed by another more urgent and important. The old housekeeper almost fainted when, opening the door in answer to the impatient summons of another arrival, she saw the Duchess herself get out of a backney cab. "Bless us I" the old woman cried; if the Oueen had come next she could not have been more surprised.

The Duchess, it need not be said, was in the secret of all those arrangements which were to make Lady Jane into Reginald Winton's wife. She had a cold that day, partly real, partly no doubt emotional, but enough to make her keep her room in the morning, leaving her guests to the care of her sister, who was at Billings on a visit. She got up, as may be supposed, with a great deal of agitation from her broken rest, thinking of her Jane, how she would be preparing relief, but she dared not do either. She for her marriage, with nobody but Lady looked at him instead, as is sat looking

direction of Lady Jane Winton from the box. Germaine to comfort and support her. Lady at such a moment of her life. In her own room in the stillness of the morning the thoughts of the mother were bent upon this subject, which she went over and over, thinking of everything. She figured to herself how her child would wake, and realise what a fateful morning it was, and wish for her mother. How she would say her prayers with all the fervour of such a crisis, and linger upon the contemplation of the past, and the sweet but awful thought of the future. Though her husband and his reign were near, Jane would think of her home, of thu parents who loved her, and shed some tears to think that the most momentous act of her life was taking place away from them, in opposition to one of them. The Duchess, who was very much overcome m once by what she knew and what she did not know, by imagination and by fact, shed more tears herself at this point, and she had to dry them hastily to look up with an unconcerned face when her maid came into the room bringing a piece of news which in moment startled her into activity and alarm. The Duke had gone suddenly off to town by the early train. After he had read his letters he had seemed agitated, but said nothing to Howles (who was his Grace's valet) except that business called him to town. And he had been gone an hour when the news was brought to his wife. The render may suppose how short a time elapsed before the anxious mother followed him. She went out quietly in a close carriage, nobody knowing, and got the next train, arriving in London two hours later than that by which her husband had travelled. He was sitting down with a little shrug of his shouklers, but not without appetite, to Mrs. Brown's chops, when she drove up to the door, and middenly came in upon him, pale and full of anguish. Her eye ran round the room questioning before she said a word:-then she loosened her cloak and sat down upon the nearest seat with a sigh of relief.

"What have you done with Jane?" she was about to say: but then it appeared to her that Jane must have escaped, that everything was accomplished. She could have wept or laughed in the extreme blessedness of this suspiciously at her. "It made me very anxious to hear of your going," she said. " I feared something might be wrong. I am going back directly and nobody knows I am out of my room: but I felt that I must

"What?" he asked with watchful suspicion; it was a terrible ordeal to go through. The Duchess did all a woman could to take the meaning out of her own face and put upon it an aspect of affectionate concurn alone, "I did not know what to think," she said; "I was very anxious; but it cannot be anything very bad, I hope, since I find you-" How hard it is to say what is not the truth! While she uttered these commonplace words her eyes were watching him, keenly questioning everything about him. At last her heart seemed to stand still. She perceived the two covers haid on the table. "You have some one with you," she said, with a catching of her breath.

He looked at her still more keenly.

have Jane with me," he said.

"Jane!" It was all her mother could do not to break down altogether and show her anguish and disappointment in passionate tears; but her heart was leaping in her

throat, and she could not speak.

"That is to say," he added slowly, with unspeakable enjoyment in the sense of having got the better of the women altogether and holding them in his hand, "she is in the house. I arrived in time to save her from becoming the victim—of a villain. 1 shall keep her safe now I have got her," the Duke said, with an incfable flourish of his hand.

"The victim—of a villain? What do you mean by such words? They sound as if you had got them out of a novel," the Duchess said; but her heart was beating so that she

could scarcely hear herself speak.

"Then you knew nothing about it?" said

her husband calmly,

The Duchess got up from her seat. She was too much agitated to be able to keep still. "I knew, if that is what you mean, that she was to marry—the man she loved to-day. What have you done? Have you parted your own child from her happiness and her life?"

He rose too. He had kept up his calm demeanour as long as he could. Now his rage got the better of him. "So you were in the plot," he cried, "you! I felt it, and yet I could not believe it. You who ought to have been the first to carry out my will and respect my decision."

ing up before him, her hand upon the back of a tall chair, her head erect, "this must not go too far. Jane has not one but two parents, and she has sleays had her mother's sanction.

You are aware of that."

"Her mother's sanction!" cried the Duke, with a tremulous laugh of passion. is a mighty advantage, truly. Her mother! what has her mother to do with it? Nothing! These are pretty heroics, and do very nicely to say to the ignorant; but you know very well that, save as my agent, you have no more to do with Jane or her marriage-no more----

" It may be so in law," said the Duchess, recovering her composure; "but it is certainly not so in nature; nor have I ever considered myself your agent in respect many child. I have yielded to you in a hundred ways-and so much the worse for you that I have done so; but, as regards Jane, I have never thought I my duty wyield-and never will; such a suggestion is intolerable." she said, with a touch of feminine passion. "My right and my authority are the same as yours-neither of them absolute-for she is

old enough to judge for herself."

"Ah, poor gril 1" he said, with a knowledge that it was the most irritating thing he could say, and at the same time a coarse sort of pleasure in insulting the women though they were so near to him; "that is at the bottom of everything. You made her believe it was her last chance. She was determined anyhow

to have a husband."

The Duchess grew scarlet, but she was sufficiently enlightened by experience to restrain the angry reply that almost forced its way from her lips. She looked at him with a silent indignation not unmingled with pity, then turned her head away. Poor Mrs. Brown ! Her chops that had been so good, so hot, stood neglected on the table. Her opportunity was over. It was no tault of hers that she had not distinguished herselt. So many another disappointed genius has done its best, and some accident has stepped in and balked its highest effort. Had the Duchess delayed but halt an hour, his Grace, after so much French cookery, would have experienced the wholesome pleasure of at least one British chop, and probably in consequence would have promoted Mrs. Brown to a post near his person. But it was not to There was no luncheon eaten that day in Grosvenor Square. The discussion was prolonged for some time, and then the Duchess was heard to hastily up-stairs. She went to her daughter's room with tears "Augustus," said 🔤 wite, very pale, stand- of hot passion in her eyes and an intolerable to Jane with a voice which she could scarcely now they should feel his power. keep from breaking. " My darling," she cried, "my sweet, my own girl!" with something heartrending in her accents. All had been still before; but now there was a stir in

"Oh, mother dear, come in, come in! How I have longed for you !" Lady Jane cried; and then there was a little pause of expectation, breathless with a strange suspicion on one side, and such miserable humili tion and anguish on the other, as can scarcely be

put into words.

"I cannot come in, my dear love. Oh, my darling, you must be patient. I must go back directly to all those people in the house. You know it would never do-" Here the Duchess, unable to keep up the farce, began all at once sor cry and sob piteously outside the door.

Lady Jane, fully roused, hurried to it and turned the handle vainly, and shook the heavy door. "I cannot open it," she cried "Mother, mother, what does this mean? Cannot you come in? What can take you away from me when I want youthe people in the house? Oh, mother, I want you, I want you!" she cried as she had never done in her life before. And then there was such a scone as might be put into a comedy and made very ridiculous, and which yet was very heartrending as it happened, and overpowered these two women with a consternation, a sense of helpleseness, a bitter perception of the small account they were of, which paralyzed their very soulsnot only that he had the power to do it, but also the heart; he with whom they had lived in the closest ties, whom they had loved and served, for whom they had been ready to do all that he pleased, one for the greater part of her life, the other since ever she had been born. What did it matter, any one would have said, the power such a man had over his wife and his daughter? He would never use it to make them unhappy. But there are capabilities of human misery in families which no one can fathom, which may seem to make it doubtful by moments how far the family relation is so blessed as it is thought to be. The Duke felt that now, for the first time, he had these women under his thumb, so to speak. He had them so bound that they could not resist, could not move, could not even call for help from any one without betraying the secrets of the family. He kept possession of his library, and, with the key in his pocket, had a moment of

pang in her heart, and knocking softly, called trimmph. They had united against him; but

CHAPTER XIV .-- IN PRISON.

Space does not permit us to linger over the exciting scenes that followed. If there had been anything wanted to confirm the determination of the Duke to hold to the position he had taken up, it would have been the arrival of the Duchess and the prodigious step he took in refusing her admittance to her daughter. After that there was nothing He had burnt his ships. too much for him. When Lord and Lady Germaine arrived next morning to bring away the bride, with some trembling on the part of the lady, but a contemptuous certainty on that of the gentleman, that "the old duffer," though he had let his temper out, was not such a fool as all thatthey were refused admittance peremptorily. After they had parleyed for some time with the man at the door, a personage whom the Duke, roused into energy by the position in which he found himself, had engaged on the previous day, and who was invulnerable to all assaults and persuasions, the Duchess berself came to them, extremely pale and with difficulty preserving her composure. She had remained I night notwithstanding the misery of the circumstances altogether, and though she did not admit it in words, her quick-witted visitors easily perceived that she berself had not been permitted to see her daughter. "You will think it is mediaval," she said with a faint smile. "The Duke very determined when he thinks it worth while."

"I suppose," said Lady Germaine, touched by the aspect of the suffering woman, "that one does not have the blood of Merlin in one's veins for nothing."

"Metlin," said Lord Germaine, who was very slangy, "was the old swell who was seducted by Miss Vivien. I don't think it would have been hard work | get over

him."

The Duchess stood in the doorway pale. supporting with difficulty any levity on the subject, yet ready to put m brave a face upon as possible. "Give Reginald my love, and tell him it is impossible this can last for ever," she said. "I am sorry for him to the bottom of my heart, and sorry for my child, but at present I cannot help even her."

Lady Germaine stepped within the guarded door to take the Duchess's hand and kiss "And we are so sorry for you, so indignant----"

"Hush," the Duchess said. "It 📓 my

convictions. I should have gone with my

child myself; the error was mine."

Lady Germaine was half disposed to reply, "Oh, if you think we neglected any precaution-But she had not the heart to be offended.

The pair drove away after a while con-siderably discomfited. "I did not think the old duffer had so much spirit," Lord Germaine said with secret admiration. "I say, Nell—if you tried ■ marry Dolly against my will I wonder if I should be up to that?"

"If there was any chance of it I should lock you up first," said his dutiful wife.

"And on the edge of a smash, the greatest smash that has been since - Billings will have to be sold up, and all that is in it,"

Lord Germaine said thoughtfully.

Lady Germaine showed neither surprise nor pain in this piece of news. "What a chance for Reginald," she said. "He can buy in all their best things and do up Jane's rooms at Winton like her old ones at home." And then she laughed and added, " He wouldn't have those old things in his house. had not been invented when their Graces were married."

It was in this mood of partial hilarity that they reached their own door, where poor Winton was waiting. However sympathetic friends may be, the way in which they take our troubles is very different from the way in which we ourselves take them. The Germaines, though they threw themselves so warmly into his affairs, and had given themselves so much trouble, had to change their aspect suddenly, to put up shutters and draw down blinds metaphorically, as they ap-proached the actual sufferer. But into his misery and rage it is unnecessary to enter. He went in person, he wrote, he communicated settlements he had made, which the authobad for the family altogether. There is Lord incredible; to wit that the Duchess herself,

fault, I should have had the courage of my Hungerford now has some sense. He made a capital marriage himself-you should get him on your side."

> Winton found no great difficulty in getting Hungerford on his side. That young nobleman was so much excited on the subject that he even took upon him to speak to his father and show him how ridiculous it was.

> "You can't make a house in Grosvenor Square like a castle in the Apennines," Hungerford cried; "for Heaven's sake, sir, don't make us ridiculous." Lady Hungerford on her side enjoyed the whole affair immensely. "I never realised before that I had really married into a great house," she "It's like the Family Herald. It's like the sort of pobility we understand among the lower classes, don't you know? not your easy-going, like-other people kind." And she offered to take lessons of a locksmith so that she might be able to break open Jane's prison.

To tell the truth, even suggestions of this kind, which were partially comic and wholly theatrical, came to be entertained by Winton before his trial was over. One of his friends scriously advised him to get an Italian servant, used to conspiracies, smuggled into the house, in order to deliver the captive. Another thought that rope-ladders and a midnight descent from the window might be practicable; but a rope-ladder from a secondfloor window in Grosvenor Square would not be easy to manage, and a wag intervened and suggested a fire-escape, which turned the whole into ridicule. This was one of the aspects of the case, indeed, which aggravated everything else. The whole situation, being so serious and painful to two or three people, was, to the rest of the world, irresistible from the comic side. People drove through Grosvesaid as was natural a great many things that it nor Square on purpose to look up at the would have been better not to say, and for second-floor windows : and as the instruments some time after besieged the house. He began to tune up, and the feast be set in order for the first arrivals of society, the imby means of his solicitors with the solicitors portance of the strange event grew greater and of the Duke, whose mouths watered over the greater. A new Home-Secretary, and all the consequent changes in the Cabinet, faded into rities on his own side thought ridiculous, and nothing in comparison. "Have you heard professed their cagemess to do their best that Jane Altamont was half manied to Regy but would not flatter him with any hopes of Winton some time in the winter, and that success. "No man in his senses would reject odious old Duke dragged her from the very a son-in-law like you, Mr. Winton, especially altar, and has kept her ever since under lock the circumstances," the senior partner and key?" Very likely it was Lady Germaine said; " but the Duke II the Duke, and there who first put the story about, but it was nothing more to be said. We have found taken up by everybody with all the interest him very impracticable, extremely imprac- and excitement which such a tale warranted. ticable in his own affairs; things are looking Further details were given that were almost though living in the same house, was not whose sake the parents had forgiven its allowed to see her daughter, and that Lady father. "Who can guard against such a Jane for two months had only breathed the misfortune? But Beatrice, poor thing, is fresh air through her window, and had never left the suite of rooms in which she was confined; worse than if she had been in jail, everybody said. But not even this was the point which most roused the popular indignation (if we may call the indignation of the drawing-rooms popular). Half-married ! that

was the terrible thought.

The Duke paid one or two visits before the opening of Parliament. It may be supposed that to none but very great houses indeed would his Grace pay such an honour: and though he was not very quick to observe in general matters, yet his sense of his own importance was so keen that it answered for intelligence, so far as he himself was concerned. He saw that the ladies regarded him with a sort of alarm, that even the gentlemen after dinner showed a curiosity which was not certainly the awed and respectful interest which he thought it natural he should excite. And it was not long before his hostess, who was, he could not deny. his equal, of his own rank and of unexceptionable antecedents, made the matter clear to "Duke," she said, "of course you know I wouldn't for the world meddle in any one's private affairs. But there is such a strange story going about- Dear Jane ! We had hoped to see her with you as well as Margaret" (Margaret was the Duchess, and a very intimate friend of this other great great lady); "and now neither of them has come. But it is not possible-don't think for a moment that I believe it |-that this atory can be true."

"If your Grace will kindly explain what the story is?" Our Duke, liking due respect himself, always gave their titles to other people, according to the Golden

Rule.

"I don't like even to put it into words; that you stopped her marriage—at the altar itself; that the dear girl is neither married nor single; that- But I give you pain."

"The statement is calculated to give me

marriage which I disapproved."

great lady, letting her eyes dwell regretfully, man, but who had produced a baby, for pen to you? We are all mortal; and think

very happy," she added with a sigh.

The Duke made her a little bow. It said a great deal. I said, if you are so lost to every sense of what is becoming in to take it in that way-laut I should never have allowed it! He to utter sentences of this kind, who had made himself the talk of Society 1 * But Duke," she said with spirit, taking up Nurse Mordaunt's argument, "if the altar is not held sacred, what will become of us? They say you stopped her when she was saying the very words----"

"The subject is not a very agreeable one," said the Duke; "I cannot take it upon me to recollect at what point they were in the scrvice- but at all events, your Grace may

be assured it was not too late."

"Oh, but it must have been too late," cried the indignant matron. "I heard he had said 'I will.' I heard he had put the ring on her finger. I could not have believed it was true had not you said so. you cannot let it rest like that, married! it's wicked, you know," her Grace cried.

And the other Duke, the gracious host, permitted himself, in a moment of expansion, to say something of the same sort. "I wouldn't laterfere with your affairs for the world," he said; "but I hope, Billingugate, you don't mean to let that sweet girl of yours lie under such a stigma-

"A stigma! My daughter! There is no stigma," cried the head of the Altamonts,

growing scarlet.

"Well, I don't want to be a meddler: but the women say so. They are all in a form about it; one hears of nothing else wherever one goes. You will have to give in sooner or later," said the other Duke.

"Never1" said his Grace of Billingsgate, and he hastened his departure from his friend's abode. But the next house he went to the same result was produced. There was a putting together of feminine heads, a whispering, a direction of glances towards him, from eyes which once had pain; but the facts, as of course your Grace looked upon him only with awe; and after knows very well, are true. I arrived in time a little hesitation and beating about the bush, m prevent my daughter from making a the same outburst of remark. Half-married? The most important lady in the company "Oh, we are all liable to that," said the took him to task very seriously. "What is to become of her? you should think if that. yet with maternal pride, upon a daughter who At present she has you to protect her repuhas been so abandoned as a marry a clergy-tation. But suppose anything were to hapreputation like that."

with a shrick of indignation. "My child's

reputation! Who would dare-

"Oh, nobody would dare," said his assailant—" but everybody would understand. People would make sure that there were reasons. Half-married! There is not one of that doesn't feel it. Such a thing was never heard of. Oh, you must not think you will escape it by going away. Wherever you go you will hear the same thing. The news has gone everywhere. Didn't you see it in the Universe at full length? Of course, nobody could mistake the Duke of B--. Oh, I hope you will think it over seriously, before it in too late."

The Duke, more angry than ever, went back to Grosvenor Square. He was determined to face it out. Country houses are proverbially glad of a piece of gossip to give their dull life an interest. He began to go out into Society, as much as there was at that early season, and present a bold front to the world. His home was dull enough, with Lady Jane locked into her room and watched, lest by craft or force she should make her escape; her mother obstinately refusing to go out, or accompany him anywhere; his very servants looking at him reproachfully. The butler, who had been with him for about thirty years, and whose knowledge of wine and of the cellars at Billings was mexhaustible, threw up his situation; and so did the housekeeper, who was Jarvis's wife. "I don't hold with no such goings on," Mrs. Jarvis said. And when he dined with the leader of his party (which was in Opposition) Mrs. Coningsby did not wait till the conclusion of the dinner, but cried, "Duke, it cannot be true about Lady Jane!" before he had caten his soup. This lady treated the subject lightly, which was more odious to him than the other way. "Oh, no, can't be true," she said; "we all know that. They say you dragged her from church by the hair of her head, and snatched her hand away when the bridegroom was putting way about it, than the other mode of assault. The Duke how he had been persocuted. He would

of dear Jane with such a scandal against became all manner of colours as III listened. her. People will say it is the man who has "And the elections are so near," the lady drawn back: they will say all sorts of said. "Of course, the Government will not things; for it is inconceivable that a girl's care how false it is, they will placard it on father, her own father, should play with her all the walls with a picture as large as life. They will turn all the clergy against us. Of "Her reputation !" the Duke cried, almost course, dear Duke, of course, to people who know you so well as I do-you need not tell me that I is not true." The Duke sat grim, and heard all this, and did not say a word. There was a flutter in the drawingroom as he came in ; everybody looked ... him as if he had been a wild beast. " Dragged her out by the hair of her head!" he heard whispered on every side of him, and though Mrs. Coningsby still affected not to believe, the Bishop's wife contemplated him with terrible gravity. "Oh, I hope you will talk it over with the Bishop," she said. "He is so anxious about it. Lady Jane was always such a favourite. I do hope you will take the Bishop's advice. After a certain part of the service I have always understood it was a sin to interfere." Later in the evening he was mobbed by half-a-dozen ladies—there is no other word for it—mobbed and overwhelmed with one universal cry, "Half-married! Poor Lady Jane! Dear Lady Jane!" They pressed round him, each with her protestation, a soft, yet urgent babel of voices. The poor Duke escaped at last, not knowing how he got away. seemed to his Grace that he had escaped out of a mob, and that his coat must be torn and his linen frayed with the conflict. He was astonished beyond all description; but he was likewise appalled by the discovery that even he was not above the reach of public opinion. It affected him against his will. He felt ashamed, uneasy, confused even on the points where he was most sure.

And when he came home, he went in his wife's boudoir where she sat alone, bid her good night, which was a form he always observed, though this event had separated them entirely. She was permitted now to see Jane once a day, but as she would give no promise that she would not help her daughter to leave the house, this was the utmost that he had granted her. She was seated alone reading, pale and weary. She scarcely raised her eyes when he came in, though she put down her book. The fire on the ring. Mr. Coningaby was in a dread-was low and there was no light in the room He said it would be such except the reading lamp. The Duke could a cry at the elections; but I told him, non- not help feeling the difference from former sense, the Duke is far too fine a gentleman, I times. A temptation came upon him said." This was more difficult to answer throw himself upon her sympathy and tell her have done so had it been on any other subject, but he remembered in time that on this putience : she made no reply : the question he had no sympathy mexpect from his wife. had been often enough discussed in all its So he stood for a minute or two before the bearings. I she had now thrown herself fire, feeling chilled, silenced, an injured man. "No, I have not had a pleasant evening," he said shortly; "how should my evening be bim! He would have yielded and saved sence? I am asked if you are ill; I am asked---"

more difficult manswer."

"And whose fault is it?" he cried, with vehemence, "If you had taken the steps you ought to have taken, and supported my authority, as was your duty, there would an air of impatience. have been no such questions to ask."

The Duchess turned away with some imhis feet and begged his pardon and forbearance, what a relief would have been to pleasant when every one remarks your ab- his position, and recovered the pose of a magnanimous superior. But the Duchess had no intention of the kind. After a while, Other questions, I imagine, that are still during which they did not look at each other, she scated gazing into the fire, he standing staring into the vacant air, he took up his candlestick with an air of impatience. "Good night, then," he said, with in his turn

"Good night," she said.

THE ANCHOR OF THE SOUL.

Galikean I art thou, too, forlorn, Who wouldst the ruin of the world repair? Art thon a failure as thy foes declare, Who fain would crown thee still with barren thorn? Shall generations evermore be born To hopes deferred that wither to despair? Shall sorrowful humanity still wear The grievous yoke that it has ever worn?

Oh, folly i whatsoe'er of good or great Rules in this world o'er what is base and vile, This is His work, which he will consummate At His good pleasure; therefore, with a smile, We, who believe in Him, can calmly wait His triumph, knowing all is right the while.

DEAAC SHARP.

FIRESIDE SUNDAYS.

No. 11.-By THE LATE CHARLES RINGSLEY.

what we have to do with it.

A/HEN our Lord says, "Lo, I am with Almighty God. And those men m whom you alway, even unto the end of the He spoke were His chosen friends; the men world," do His words mean anything, or do whom He was going, as He said, to send out they mean nothing? It must be worth into the whole world to baptize all nations our while to find out, considering who spoke in the name of the Father, the Son, and the them, and when He spoke them. And | Holy Ghost. He said that He had come to they have any meaning, it must be worth do a great work and fight a great battle, and while to know what that meaning is, and that He had now conquered and done His work, and men had only to reap the fruit of He who spoke those words was a man-a it and to trust in Him and become new men. man who had been made perfect by suffer- | And these words were, as it were, His last ing-who had but forty days before actually words-His last will and testament. Was it died !-- gone down into the depths of horror likely that these last words would have any and agony-and died-and then risen again. meaning in them? Likely! Does I not And He was at that very time going to as- stand to reason that they would be full of cend into heaven to be face to face with meaning? most likely the most important of

finishing of all His words, His whole message and teaching gathered up into one. He had been saying wonderful and blessed things for many a year. And I think that this last word of His was the most wonderful and blessed of His sayings, as we might ex-

Fools and knaves may trifle on the edge of eternity, and talk fine words which they dare not stand by : last good and wise men, when they are stepping out of this life into the eight of God, take care what last words they leave behind them. We may see then by this that Jesus Christ must have meant something most deep and real and blessed, when He said that He was with men always, even with the end of the world. But what He meant we can only tell by seeing who He seas. He was a man, but He was something more—He was God, the Son of God. He had been proving to every one that He was be as one day, and what is more, one day the Lord of their bodies, for He could hear them; the Lord of their spirits, for He could change their whole natures with words such as no man ever spoke; ay, that He was Lord of the very tiends, for they fied out crouching and shricking at His voice. He had said but a few moments before that "all power was given to Him in heaven and earth." He had said that God was His Father, that He was come to do His Father's hat He was filled infinitely with His l'akher's spirit, and more tenfold still—that

and His Father were one-and most wful of all, that He was God, the I AM. He had said it, and more than once, and even the most unbelieving of His enemies understood what He said, and that He meant them understand it. "Before Abraham was." He said, "I AM." He was the I AM. The sulf-existent, infinite, changeless, timeless spirit, made by nothing, needing nothingthe fountain of all life, the ground of all

things, the Maker,

Try to think of that; try for once to think, however dimly, what God is, what Christ is, for Christ is God. In Him we live and move and have our being. This earth, and we upon it, with all our thinking and our working, our railroads and our printing presses, our cities and our cathedrals, miracle-norking sons of men that we are, what are we all? The sun and moon, the stars and all the host of heaven, the galaxies and star clouds, in each of which are thousand thousands suns—the comets, every one a world, which pass us like the cannon ball and rush away into space, for she had ten sons scattered in different regions

all His words? Perhaps the summing up and hundreds of years, for millious of miles, tilt their appointed ring inished; what are they all to God? We and they, and space and time and all therein, nothing but a little dark noisy puppet-play going on within the infinite silence and glory of God, by which He in His great condescension I trying to teach us and His angels something about Himself.

The heavens and the earth-those who know them best love them most, for they know best their glory; but they all shall wax old as doth a garment, and when they have served their purpose God shall fold them up and lay them by, and as a vesture shall He change them, and they shall be changed, but He is the same for ever and His years shall not fail. Why should they? What are years to God? Time did not make Him-He made Time, and can unmake it, and then it will be Eternity, not Time, and a thousand years will

Will be as a thousand years.

For God is a spirit, and spirits have nothing to do with time and place. All times are the same to them. A spirit is everywhere and nowhere. Do we not know it in ourselves? Does distance or time make any difference in our souls? If we love any person we love them the same when with us or away from us. Let seas roll between us and them, our spirits go with them, we feel for them, long after them, take as deep in-terest in their welfare as if they were by our So the loving husband and wife, side. though they be absent from each other in their bodies, are present with each other in their apirits. So the tender mother's spirit follows her child through long travels into distant towns, rejoicing in his health, sighing over his temptations, pouring out sad and sweet prayers night and day to God the Father of spirits, that He would make her child of the same spirit with herself, to love and pray for her as she does for him, to follow after the same holiness as she does, and to work as a loyal subject of the same Saviour. What is it to her whether her child be a mile off or ten thousand miles? What is it to her whether she have heard of him the day before or not for years? What is it to her whether he be dead or alive? Can that make any difference in her love? Can that make any difference in her rejoicing over him if he has shown a noble and holy spirit, in the bitter endless grief which she must carry to her grave if he has disgraced himself by a mean and foul, or evil spirit? Ay, if of the earth, would not her heart with each. It can do all that our souls try to do and sense, common experience shows you this.

as yours goes with those whom you love, and God's image is renewed again in us. Believe that.

ings, we cannot keep their love to us alive.

our bodies. Christ's spirit is a free spirit, the end of the world."

and every one of them at once? Common cannot. Christ I in heaven in the world of spirits, glorified in a spirit body which does And why is this? What is I us not care for time and place, as we find in the which gives us this wondrous power of feel- accounts of His appearance after His resuring for other human beings, wherever they rection. And He is the Lord of spirits, the may be, of leaning over all time and distance life of them. He can not only care for us, and circumstance, and coming near to those He can change us, He can bring our souls to we love and being one with them? It is our life by sending His spirit into them, and bespirits which have this power. Because we coming one with them, that our souls may be have apirits as Christ has a spirit, therefore found in Him, that they may live not with time and place are nothing to us any more their own life, but with the life He gives than they are to Him, and He can be near them. He can make all noble thoughts, all us, in us, one with us, wherever we may be, noble desires, all courageous determinations howsoever we may be. Believe that-be- spring up in our heart till | becomes a piclieve that Jesus Christ's heart goes with you, ture of Him. And so He dwells in our heart,

Is this too wonderful to believe? Hear But you will say, is that all? Does Christ then Christ's own words: "If a man love being with us mean no more than that He me my Father will love him, and we loves us and thinks of us we think of our will come unto Him and make our abode friends? God forbid. It means much more. with Him." And again—"I will pray the Our spirits long after those we love, but for Father, and He shall give you another Comall our love we cannot reach them, we canforter, that He may abide with you for ever; not tell how they are. Alas! often and often even the Spirit of truth; for He dwelleth with our anxieties, our prayers, our yearn- with you, and shall be in you. I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you." Our spirits are clogged and hindered by For, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto

HER LAST POSY.

By THE REY, FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A.

T iii the rarest of English valleys A motherless girl ran wild. And the greenness and silence and gladness Were soul of the soul of the child. The birds were her gay little brothers, The squirrels her sweethearts shy : And her heart kept tune with the rain- "Oh me, for a yellow cowslip, drops,

And sailed with the clouds in the sky. And angels kept coming and going. With beautiful things to do; And wherever they left a footprint A cowslip or primmae grew.

She was taken 📰 live 🔳 London, So thick with pitiless folk,

And she could not smile for its badness, And could not breathe for its smoke. And now, as she lay on her pallet,

Too weary and weak to rise,

A smile of ineffable longing Brought dews to her faded eyes:

A pale little primrose dear !

Won't some kind angel remember. And pluck one and bring it here?"

They bought her a bunch of cowslips; She took them with fingers weak,

And kissed them, and stroked them, and loved them.

And laid them against her cheek,

" It was kind of the angels to send them, And, now I'm too tired to pray, If God looks down at the cowslins, He'll know what I want to say." They buried them in her bosom, And when she shall wake and rise, Why may not the flowers be quickened, And bloom in her happy skies?

SICILIAN DAYS.

By AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE, AUTHOR OF "WALES IN ROME," &C.

HI .-- CIRCINITI AND THE SOUTHERN COAST.

SICILY is the only civilised country al-which Proscrpine was carried off by Pluto most devoid of mails, and those the most devoid of roads, and those who wish to take the nearest way in point of distance from Syracuse to Girgenti will not be able to accomplish it in less than five days, spent partly in a carriage or diligence, partly on mule-back, and partly in a lettiga. The curious Val d'Ispica, with its sandstone cliffs full of sepulchres, and the remains of the Greek Kamarina, may be visited by short detours from this route, and the way passes beauty of scenery, and intense discomfort, rather than her shrine. so those are wise who take the railway from Syracuse to Catania, and thence to Girgenti.

In summer the upland plains, through which we pass after leaving Catania, are radiant with corn and flowers. But in winter, as all the land is stable, the landscape

jugnabile " rising before him.

on all sides by precipices.

occupies the carriages that passed. brated by mythological story as the spot near handsome well-paved street, and to be wel-

as she was gathering flowers by the side of a lake, the Pergus of Ovid, supposed to be still represented by the Lagu Pergusa, a pool four miles from the town, but the woods and meadows, beloved by the goddess, and described by the poets, have disappeared, and in winter the country is bare and desolate in the extreme. Every acre is consecrated to Ceres, whose temple at Enna Cicero describes to have been approached with as through Terranova, which occupies the site much awe and reverence as if the worof the celebrated Gela. But there is little shippers were to visit the guidess herself

By the time this article appears, the railway to Girgenti will be completed. Until lately, we were ejected from the train at the miserable station of Canicatti and stowed away in a succession of wretched tumbledown diligences and carriages for three hours' colourless as the towns, sulphur is the joiting through the deep mud. Mounted only industry, and, though many of the gendames rode before, and others sat with places which the line passes through have their guns on the luggage on the top of the some classical interest, none are likely to carriages, while pistols peered ominously arrest a traveller, till he sees the great insular from the cloaks of our Sicilian companions, rock crowned by Castrogiovanni "Pines- for, as they said, though no real brigands remained, the inhabitants of the villages Castrogiovanni or Castro Janni (Castrum through which we travelled, ground down by Ennae) is one of the most remarkable the cruel taxes of the present government, natural fortresses in the world, surrounded were apt to rise on masse and m attack any

During the last fragment of railway site of the ancient Siculian city of Enna, During the last fragment of railway whose position in the centre of Sicily- journey a high hill conspicuous, the other "umbilious Siciliae" - and great natural side of which is covered by the modern strength, made it a point of the utmost im- town of Girgenti. A winding road leads up portance in the many wars by which the from the railway station, and one is astonished island was ravaged. But it chiefly cele- to enter from the desolate country upon a comed at (for Sicily) an excellent hotel— "Belvidere"-with an exquisite view to the wide expanse of glancing sea, across billiow upon billow of purple wooded hill, crowned

by the remains of ancient temples.

The great Greek city of Acragas was founded B.C. 582 by a colony from Gela, and derived its name from the little river Acragas (now Fiume di S. Biagio) which washes the hill on the east and south, and poins another atream, the Hypsas (now Drago) hich flows from the west. Supreme power was soon obtained by Phalaris, who mised Acragas he one of the chief towns in Sicily, but himself obtained a proverbial reputation for cruelty. In B.C. 488, Theron became despot of Acragas, and after confirming his influence by an alliance with Gela and by annexing Himera to his dominions, adorned his native city with many magnificent buildings, and ruled with a wisdom and beneficence which is celebrated by Pindar.

Theron retained the sovereign power till his death (a.c. 473), but the tyraony of his son Thrasydaeus led to his expulsion in the following year. After this, for sixty years, Acragas had a democratic government, and its people spent their time in the sumptuous adornment of their city, which became pro-verbial for its wealth. Their own citizen, Empedocles, is reported to have said that they built their houses as if they were to live for ever, yet gave themselves up | luxury as if they were to die on the morrow. But in 406 B.C. their prosperity came to an end, when Acragas was besieged by the Carthaginians, and its inhabitants reduced to such straits that they were compelled memigrate to the parent city of Gela, abandoning their own town | plunder and destruction. Timoleon recolonised Acragas in 340 R.C. and was regarded as its second founder; in 289 B.C. it again fell under despotic rule in the person of Phintias. Espousing the Carthaginian cause in the beginning of the first Punic war, I was besieged and taken by the Romans, who carried off 25,000 of the inhabitants into slavery. In the second Punic war was faithful to Rome, but was captured by Himilco, and became the chief stronghold of the Carthaginians till betrayed in 210 B.C. to the Romans, who again sold the inhabitants into slavery. From this date Acragas ceased to exist as a Grecian town, its name was changed to Agrigentum and I was permanently subject Rome. In the time of husband the secrets of his wife's infidelity, Cicero it was again one of the most wealthy as they were being poured into the ear of her and populous cities of Sicily. In a.n. 827 confessor; certainly every word spoken at

whom was wrested by the Normans in

Thus much of history, dull enough when one is not upon the spot, it is necessary to recapitulate in order to give some connection

to the places we are going to visit.

Polybius describes Acragas as excelling almost all other cities not only in beauty, but in strength. On its fortified rock, partly defended by art and partly by nature, it was nearly impregnable. It was full of noble portiones and temples, amongst which the unfinished temple of Jupiter Olympius was equal in size and splendour to any of the temples of Greece. The ancient city was ten miles in circuit, and, like Syracuse, it was divided into five paris, -- Mons Camicus, Rupis Athenea, Agrigentum, Neapolis, and Agrigentum in Camico. Reduced = narrow limits, the modern town, still surnamed "La Magnifica," is indeed alike glorious in its situation and surroundings. No other Sicilian city has such a noble position, and it is a bath of winter sunshing, causing the most beautiful flowers to bloom profusely at Christmas. From its one long handsome street a succession of alleys scramble up the steep hillside, and a winding road leads to the cathedral. The main streets are gay and crowded, and seem especially so to une coming from the lifelessness of Palermo. Children swarm everywhere. The inhabitants of Girgenti are the most prolific in Italy: Fazzello mentions an Agrigentine woman in his own time who brought forth seventy-three children at thirty births.

At the top of the ancient Acropolis— Mons Camicus—the highest part of the town, marked by its heavy square Gothic campanile, stands the Cathedral of S. Gerlando, containing the gorgeous silver shrine of that saint, who was the first bishop of Girgenti. The interior of the church is modernised, but all travellers must visit, in its sacristy, the magnificent ancient sarcophagus, long used as a font, sculptured with the story Hippolytus. Goethe describes this as the most glorious alto-relievo he had ever seen. The skill of the sculptor I shown in the withered and dwarfish aspect bestowed upon the nurse of Phaedra, in order we give more effect to the noble youthful forms beside her. The sacristan will also exhibit with glee the curious church-echo-" porta voce," which tradition asserts to have revealed to a jealous it fell into the hands of the Saracens, from the comice behind the high altar III distinctly

audible a person standing at the west door. Not far from the cathedral is 5. Maria down the hill through hedges of roses and

Returning to the main road, which winds der Green, the oldest church in Gugenti, still scarlet geranium, we find on the right,

The lemple of Concord

Phalaris, built into its walls,

Ports Ponte, we find the so-called Graidino Inglese, a pretty tangle of roses and citizens, against the hillside A terrace-I a Villamuch frequented on warm evenings as a promenade, runs along the south side of the hill and overlooks the sea. Hence we may ascend by a tocky path through gardens of from carrying oil the famous bronze statue almonds in the summit of the Rupe Atenca. Nothing remains here except the platform of a temple, which is either that of Jupiter Atabyrios of that of Athene which gave a name to the height, and whither Gellias, the famous rich citizen of Acragas, fled up the stony way when the city was taken by Hamilcar, and, on finding himself pursued and cacape impossible, set fire in the halding and perished in the flames.

By a lower road, or over the brow of the hill, overgrown with palmetto, wild mis, and asphodel, we may reach, in a desolate but beautiful position, the curious little Norman Church of S. Bragio (St. Blaise), built upon the remains of the Temple ("in antis") of Demeter and Persephone, which led Pindar

to apostrophize Actagas as-

"I arrest of mort il cataca area dynamical the lovely Protocylage"

From hence we look down upon the little river Ruscello which flows between the Rupe Atenea and that part of the ancient town known as Neapoles, where now there as nothing but tombs.

amongst groups of noble stone pines and cypresses, the descried church and convent of S. Nicolà, with a curious Roman portal. Artists willnot fail to come here and sketch amidst the exquisite combi-nations of arched bridge, sculptured terrace, huge vases and pines and aloes, in the ancient gurden, in one corner of which is a curious Roman building, used as a chapel in Norman times, and now a summer house, known by the natives as Omtorio di I alarıde.

Descending the main road from the front of the church. with a glorious view of the

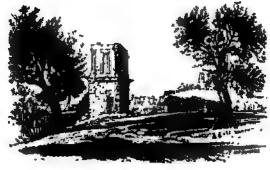
used for Greek rates, with remains of the different temples which Diodorus describes as I emple of Jupiter Policus, ascribed to having been built from money obtained by the sale of olive oil at Carthage, we reach, in If we leave the town by the east gate, a few minutes, the remains of the Temple of Hercules, once a grand Done building, resembling the Parthenon in size and plan, but now atterly ruined, with a single pillar standing erect amid a mass of fallen masonry, and columns like the bones of a great skeleton. It was from this temple that Villes was prevented



In the Tomple of June Leaves

of Hercules, by a general rising of the people of Agrigentum — an incident of which Cicero gives a most graphic description.

A few minutes' walk will bring us to the glorious 'Temple of Concord, the most perfect Doric temple in Sicily, standing on the edge of the precipics



Illa Tomb of Thereo

which formed the natural rampart of Acragas. Like that of Hercules, the Temple of Concord III built of yellow sandstone, and is of the form called "bexastylos peripteros," having six columns in each portico, and other columns at the sides. Its cella, in the Middle Ages, was used as the church of S. Gregorio della Rupe. This temple III much smaller than those of Paestum, but may, as Goethe says, "be compared to them as a god to a giant."

The wayside, beyond the Temple of Con-

The wayside, beyond the Temple of Concord, I bordered by the ancient walls which Virgil saw from the sea. They are perforated by the tombs which caused the death of so many of the Carthaginian soldiers by pestilence when they were opened, and which the inhabitants of Agrigentum were in the habit of mising not only to their dead citizens, but to horses which had won prizes in the games, and even to favourite birds. A large domeshaped sepulchre, called "Grotta dei Frangi-pani," is very curious, and is overgrown with maiden hair, the addarroy of Theocritus.

On the highest part of the hill, which is Myron, which was carried off by the Carthacovered with venerable olives, rises the beanginians, brought back by Scipio Africanus, and
tiful ruin of the Temple of Juno Lacinia, afterwards stolen by Verres. The ruins, which
of which sixteen columns are standing are obscure, are built into the walls of a farm-

erect, white many others lie prostrate. The situation utterly desolate now, only the little Pasqualuccio, in a peaked hat and sheep-skin coat, XXIII-24

with coins in his ears after the old Greek fashion, plays on his reedpipe whilst watching goats and preparing a "colazione" of acanthus leaves for each of them. set out, like plates on a dinner - table, upon the fallen columns of the temple. | Having enten

our luncheon amongst the asphodels and violets in the shade of this temple, looking upon the unspeakably glorious view of Girgenti, gleaming white on the hill above the grey-green olives, we may return to the Temple of Horcules, beneath which are the remains of the Porta Aurea, the sea-gate, where the Numidians, under Hanno, betrayed the city to the Roman Laevinus. Just beyond the site of the gate, surrounded by magnificent old olive-trees, is the picturesque monument which bears the name of the Tomb of Theron. Unfortunately, it does not correspond with the description in Diodorus of the magnificent monument of the despot which the intervention of a thunderbolt saved from destruction when Hannibal ordered the tombs in the neighbourhood of the city to be destroyed, that he might use the materials in his earthworks.

About a quarter of a mile distant in the plain are the remains of the Doric Temple of Asklepios (Esculapius) described by Polybius. It contained a famous statue of Apollo by Myron, which was rarried off by the Carthaginians, brought back by Scipio Africanus, and afterwards stolen by Verres. The ruins, which

Casa Gregorio.

Returning
by the Porta
Aurea, on the
left is the entrance to the
immense ruin

house called

of the Doric Temple of Jupiter. Nothing now re-



In the Temple of Jupiter.

mains of the building but a confusion of blocks of stone. But in the centre lies a gigantic statue-once a caryatid-of thirteen head shows traces of a berretto upon its curly hair. Its arms are raised and thrown back. It is as if the god himself had laid himself down for a sleep of centwies in the midst of his temple, of which he has survived the very ruins.

Beyond the Temple of Juliter, in the most lovely position-a thoroughly Greek landscape, backed by delicate tose-coloured

mountains, and surrounded by old olive and almond treesis the Temple of Castor and Pollux, the most picturesque ruin in Sicily, It had once six pillars in each front, and thirteen at the sides, but only four are standing now, though many others lie prostrate amongst the palmetto smilax.

Exquisitely beautiful are the wiln-flowers here who treated us far more like honoured guests in spring-crocuses, lilies, asphodels, and a thousand others which Persephone would have lingered to gather; but they pass unheeded now, for, like Cometas in the fith Idyl of Theocritus, the natives still prefer cultivated flowers to the eglantine and anemones of the wayside. Nothing modern can be seen from hence, or indeed from any of the temples; and amongst the buildings, the hills, and the plants upon which they looked, it a easier than in any other place to recall the forms of the ancient inhabitants-Theron the genial and bountiful, Gellias the hospitable, above all the poet Empedocles, draped in purple robes, wearing a laurel crown, and shod with golden saudals, instructing his fellow-citizens in Pythagorean philosophy under the shade of the olives, urging them to redeem the heavenly birthright which they had forfeited by their sins, teaching faith in a spiritual invisible God, and expounding his objects around him.

On the other side of the river Drago, the prostrate fragments and pillars, and huge ancient Hypsas, a column shoots up amid the woods. I belongs to the Temple of Vulcan. Here the rums are only of Roman disjointed fragments. Its almost shapeless date, and are built up into a cottage, and partly used as an aniary, overshadowed by an immense carouba tree. Hence, passing over the site of the Carthaginian camp, we may return to Girgenti by the road which leads to the harbour of Porto Empedocle, crossing the Hypsas again in a deep ravine, Artists will certainly walk out in this direction to sketch the windings of the rocky way near the town, fringed with aloes, the cactus of

Theocritus and Tertullian, and backed by lovely views of sea and mountain, unspeakdelicate and ethereal in colour.

Nothing can exceed the hospitality and kindness of the natives of Girgenti, beginning with the landlord of the Belvidere, Don Gaetano di Angelis, a stately old Sicilian.



Longle of Caster and Pollus.

than customers. He had lately married for the second time, a pretty, merry child-wife, in huge gold carrings, who paid us frequent visits, and was much delighted with our drawings and to sit for her portrait. They quite enjoyed the preparation of the luncheon basket with which we always set off at 9 A.M., not returning till the sunset had turned the sea rose-colour and set the mountains affame. Each of the January days we spent at Girgenti we picnicked amongst the asphodels and blies in the shallow of one of the Greek temples, and were glad to find a shelter from the burning sun which blazed in a sky that only turned from turquoise to opal. The second day after our arrival, as we were coming home up the hill in the still warm evening light, we turned aside me the old described convent of S. Niccolà. A merry crowd of gentlemen and ladies and little boys and girls were shouting and singing on the terrace, strange theories to the physical and natural and dancing the tarantella to the music of three peasants on a bagpipe, tambourine, and

meet us, twenty-six in number, chained together with garlands, and the girls all wreathed with wild scarlet geranium. They escorted us all over the garden, gathering flowers and fruit for us, the crowd of little children gambolling and dancing in front. Then they begged us to go back with them to the terrace, and began dancing again, and invited us to join them. Some songs afterwards from several of our party were tumultuously applauded with "prosit" and "evviva." The result of this meeting was showers of visiting cards from all the notables in Girgenti, especially from the numerous family who rejoice in the singular name of the "Indelicati." Then came an invitation to a party and ball at Casa Gibilaro, the sons, Cesare and Salvatore, coming to escort us up the steep street. Sicilian ladies sang, and so did some of their guests, and the Girgentines were taught to dance Sir Roger de Coverley, with which they were greatly enchanted. Our first acquaintances, the family of twenty-six-grandmother, uncles, aunts, cousins, parents, and children-were all there, living in the happiest union and a.fe 'm; no daughter of the house ever mare, og out of the place, and all meeting constantly. On the last night of our stay another dance was given in our honour, at which all the professors of the University (on delightful terms of merriment with their pupils) assisted, the Professor of Theology frisking about in the tarantella, and the Professor of Philosophy leading the co-

Very few of the inhabitants of Girgenti have seen anything beyond the immediate neighbourhood of their town, and no one we saw could give us any information about the route to Selinunto. Indeed, the southwestern part of Sicily is that most dreaded on account of brigandage, and since the fall of the Bourbons, and the appihilation of the effective rural police by the present Government, traveiling there has had its dangers, Then there is no road for carriages. The journey to Castelyctrano can only be accomplished in two days by a boat, or in two days on mule-back, sleeping at Sciacca.

From Castelvetrano is a ride of two hours and a half to the tremendous ruins of were found in the central temple on the Selinunto or Selinus, which occupy the palmetto-covered heights on either sade of the the eastern hill. All around the country little stream Gorgo - Cotone, a short dis- indescribably here and treeless; there tance before it flows into the sea.

Thucydides says that in 628 a.c. "the Virgil."

triangle. Like a Bacchanalian rout of mytho- Megarans, who are also called Hyblenses, a logical times, they came rushing down to hundred years after their city Megara was founded, sent hither Pammilus, and founded Selinuate." The town was called after the river Selinus (now Madiuni), which received its name from the quantity of wild paraley (orange) which grew along its banks. I Tose rapidly to power and prosperity, but was taken and totally destroyed by the Carthaginians, little more than two hundred years after its foundation. Sixteen thousand Selimuntines were slain in the siege, and five thousand taken captive. Selinus, which still continued to have existence as a humble tributary, was a second time destroyed by the Carthaginians in 250 B.C. Under the Saracens it was called Rahl-el-Asnam, the "Village of the (dols," and it was one in the last places in Sicily which they defended. This led to its being again completely destroyed by the Romans, who gave it the ignominious name of "Terra dei Pulci," or the " Land of

> There are two great groups of ruins in Sclinunto-those in the Acropolia, which consist of the fragments of three great temples, one smaller temple, and some other remains; and those on the opposite or eastern hill, which consist of three important temples and other buildings. From the Acropolis one looks down upon the two streams for whose course Empedocles, at his own cost, cut a channel through the marshy land, to save the town from pestilence; for which, when he appeared amongst them in his priestly robes and laurel crown, the people hailed him as a god. All the ruins are corapletely chaotic. "Sixty columns," says Crabbe Robinson, " lie on the ground, like so many sheaves of corn left by the reaper." The temples are of the Doric order; nothing is really known about them-all is in the imagination of antiquaries - but in their desolation they are stupendous, and from their colossal size merit their popular name of "I Pilieri dei Giganti." That on the eastern hill, standing most to the north, of which three imperfect columns are still erect, is, as Swinburne describes, "one of the most gigantic and sublime ruins imaginable." The oldest of the famous metopes, now in the museum at Palermo, some of the earliest known attempts at composition in sculpture, west, the later ones in the central temple on nothing to recall the "palmosa Selinus" of

A VERY COMMON MIND-TROUBLE.

By J. MORTIMER GRANVILLE, M.D.

N a large proportion of instances persons will brook no denial. The creature of a craze habitually with their brains in the neglect of he will toss restlessly on his pillow, and at the other parts of their bodies, suffer more or length he sense—or he fancies he must—give less annoyance from a mind-trouble which, in and from any distance I any pains he under favouring conditions, may readily be-returns, generally to find that his fears have come a disease. It is not generally or clearly been wholly groundless. Only those who have recognised by practical medical psycholo- either themselves experienced this doubt, or all-pervading feeling of doubt; not suspicion, in the technical sense of that term, as applied to a maniacal mistrust of those around, but doubt as to the commonest facts and acts of ordinary life and experience. What is seen must also in touched, what has been done must be done again, or some special messure taken with this malady—for such it really issoldom rests and is a prey worry. Locking a door, extinguishing a lighted candle or match, turning off the gas, or in some cases so simple a matter as placing a vase on a pedestal, or even a book on a table, are serious undertakings from which the mind shrinks; or if the act | hastily and heedlessly performed the sufferer endures a misery of misgiving for some time afterwards, and, which makes the matter worse, the longer the doubt lasts, the more oppressive does it become.

The trouble caused by doubt as to the doing of things which are of the simplest and most ordinary description, is out of all proportion to the subject-matter itself. At first the victim of this strange distress tries to compel his self-consciousness to rest. He resolves that he will not think of the act. It shall be performed instantly, or if it has been done is shall be forgotten. He goes away, presently the thought suggests itself that, after perhaps, he has not accomplished what he intended, or that he has done it badly. He pull away this suggestion, but returns with fresh force and overwhelms him. The sus-nicion grows to a fear, the misgiving to a great them. When, however, and desires to cross anxiety. The uncertainty as to safety becomes first an apprehension and then a terrar carriage-way, and takes special precautions of danger. All sorts of evil consequences will to avoid being run over by any passing or may ensue from his omission to lock that vehicle. There is an appreciable difference door or drawer, to turn off that gas burner, or between the mental process of walking on a to place some ornament firmly enough on its footpath and that required for crossing the pedestal! The demand, or impulse, to return good, nor is the difference simply one of de-

who live sedentary lives and labour like this may go bed and try to sleep, but consists of an uncontrollable and repeatedly watched its growth and witnessed its effects in others, can imagine how terrible in itself, and what a prolific source of mental mischief, so seemingly small a matter may prove. It is in fact the first and warning symptoms of many a grave and-because neglected -afterwards incurable case of mind disease !

Something will be gained if we can only to ascertain that it has been thoroughly accom- ascertain the real nature of this feeling of plished. The consciousness which I plagued uncertainty, and discover whence and how it arises. In order to understand doubt, of the sort to which I allude, it is indispensable to learn something about ordinary certainty. Whatever this harassing misgiving with regard to little things may be, it is obviously the contradictory of that sense or impression which satisfies the healthy mind concorning the acts it performs, or the objects with which it is brought into contact, and enables it to leave the mental stand-point it occupies, instantly, and to pass without hesitancy or any lingering uncertainty to another. must, therefore, study the two states together. When the mind works normally there is what may be described as a sub-conscious recognition of its surroundings and of its work. The supreme consciousness does not, so to say, need to burden itself with the task of supervising the performance of ordinary mental functions.

When a man is walking quickly through an ordinary thoroughfare, his mind may be intently engaged with some subject of special thought far removed from the scene around him. Nevertheless, he threads his way through the crowd, and without, so far as the road, he pauses, looks up and down the and verify the underlying belief that all is well, gree. The first-mentioned act or series voluntary. Habit will enable a man to accomplish any general purpose, which is frequently carried out by any part of his body; but an active present judgment increasity for the accomplishment of an intention which is not a matter of routine. The illustration I have selected—namely, that of walking on a pavement and crossing a street-will serve showhow the performance of acts which are often repeated may gradually referred to habit, instead of being directly controlled by the will or the judgment. Thus, a man who at first requires to summon all his wits to aid him in crossing a crowded roadway, may, after a time, become so accustomed to the act that he will scarcely pause in his train of abstract thoughts to perform it. The point to recognise is that the supreme consciousness does not normally interfere in the performance of common acts or functions, nor does it busy itself with ordinary surroundings.

Now the state of mind which makes a man fidgety about the doing of familiar things, is essentially one in which the higher consciousness has, from some cause, come to exercise a fussy control over the commonest of acts and to take cognisance of the most ordinary surroundings, instead of leaving the former business to the automatic faculty of habit, and the latter to the sub-consciousness. When this interference occurs, a state of matters is set up which is as worrying and unnatural as would be the result if a musicmaster insisted on controlling the detailed "fingering" of an expert pupil who had acquired a perfect habit of pianoforte playing; of as though a writing-master should continue guide the hand which had overcome the initial difficulties of the art of penmanship Imagine the and could write fluently. mental result of being compelled to spell out a syllable at a time—in the good old-fashioued way-when reading aloud an exciting chapter of an entrancing story! This is a faint picture of the sort of annoyance to which the man I subjected who is, as it were, sent back to a state of mental pupilage, and and mistrusting consciousness.

brought about by either of several disorderly common ways III which the trouble arises, is of each. III he misses one he must go back,

actions is performed under the protective the mischievous practice of trying to do guidance of one faculty; while the other re- several things at once or to " divide the attenquires the intervention of a faculty of higher tion." A scholar will insist on having several grade. The one performance is automatic or at books open on his table before him, and he most consensual, the other is, in a higher sense, unconsciously forms the habit of spreading first his mental perceptions and then his thoughts over a wide field, and of taking in the Largest possible number of objects. In the outset this is a habit of physico-mental sight. then it becomes a habit of the intellectual organism; or it may begin as an intellectual exercise, and afterwards come to be, in a purely physical way, sensory. Literary men often establish the distressing condition described, by work which requires continual reference to books or papers, and the "bearing in mind" of a large number of data for the purpose of collation. Dr. Johnson, the great lexicographer, formed his habit of post-touching withis way. Men whose mental work consists in "managing," may contract the same habit if they are themselves stationary—sitting III a chair III a particular desk, while books, papers, or persons crowd in upon them. Another and very dissimilar class of minds, which, instead of being worried by a multiplicity of brainwork, have so little to occupy their attention that the consciousness forms a babit of dallying with the details of every little thing that falls in its way, suffers from the same malady.

So long as the habit is purely mental it exerts a mischievous effect on the mind and lowers the tone of its intellectuality; but it does not generally attract attention until, or unless, it extends to the senses, then the evidences of doubt declare themselves, and the mental state finding expression in acts, is rapidly confirmed. The evidence of one sense I no longer sufficient = convince the consciousness. What is felt must be seen, what is seen must be felt; what has been done with one form of attention, acting through a particular sense, must be repeated with another form and sense. The victim of this habit is not sure he has turned the key properly in the lock unless he hears it click, or he must see it turn or carefully examine the door to convince himself that I is really shut. After a time he has | do this several, it may be a certain number of, times, e.g., three, seven, or nine. So it is with everything. As he again taught to lock doors, put out candles, walks along the streets he must touch the and turn off the gas by his morbidly intrusive posts or railings, because the evidence of sight alone is not sufficient a convince him The state of mind to which I refer may be of their tangibility. To confirm his visual impression of separate stones in the paving or morbid mental processes. One of the of the footpath, he must tread on the centre differ widely in the particular manifestation of this peculiarity, and I may occur in any degree, ranging from a mere hesitancy about leaving things to the eccentric acts I have enumerated. The trouble is, however, the same under all divers forms and varieties. I do not mean imply that the consciousness knowingly reasons as **the proposition** that corroborative evidence must be procured by the application of additional sensory tests; but that is the method instinctively taken to remove the doubt, and it throws light on the nature of the neurosis. The consciousness is doing work for which it is unfitted, and it does it in a fussy and clumsy fashion, which occasions much needless effort and is in itself distressing.

Why the consciousness should meddle in the affairs of the sub-consciousness in this way may he a mystery, but the fact that does so cannot be doubted. The acts which trouble the mind in this malady ought to be performed by habit or without the need of special cognisance. When special cognisance is really necessary, and the consciousness is legitimately engaged in superintending a particular action which does not happen to be a matter of routine, this morbid characteristic of its interference in affairs which do not concern it is not apparent. The habitual sufferer from this doubt does not feel the same hesitancy in closing a carriage-door which he feels in closing the door of a cup-board. He will turn off the gas at the main on an exceptional occasion, or at any other burner than the one to which he accustomed. without the precautions he is obliged to take when performing routine work. It is only when the higher consciousness is needlessly engaged in common and little matters that it causes so much trouble.

A curious proof of the truth of this last observation is supplied by a form of the trouble from which some of its victims suffer great inconvenience. In reading a passage from any unfamiliar book for the first time, they have no doubt as to the meaning of the words employed; but if the reader or student allows himself to back, he is unable to comprehend the meaning of the simplest sentence, or at least, he is in more or less doubt about it. This is because that form of consciousness, which we call the faculty of atten-

or if the process has not been properly act, or if it is pressed it will fall into a morbid performed i will have to be repeated. Cases state and become exacting as to the evidence, so that the reader may have to spell out the words or repeat them aloud for the sake of their sound before he is satisfied.

It is needless to fill in the outline of this state. The sufferer will recognise the truth of the sketch, and supply the details. Let me now try to point out the remedy. Like almost all the troubles to which the harassed mind subject, the evil one for self-cure. The aim should be to develop the habit of doing as much as possible of the ordinary business of life by routine. It weeless, and only exaggerates the trouble, to struggle directly against the impulse to remove a doubt and satisfy the mind. A pressing demand for evidence should be met by the smallest possible concession: but there must be some concession, or the worry, it may be agony, of doubt will ensue, and it I this feeling of uncertainty-not the means taken to relieve it -that does mental mischief. Better therefore yield than resist, but try to forget the matter as quickly as may be. The readiest mode of dealing with the difficulty when it arises is to associate the act done or the object recognised with some other act or object. For example, if there be a suggestion of doubt as to the locking of a door, fix the eye, not on the door, but on something else, while locking it. Then, when the question afterwards suggests itself, "Did I lock that door?" the generally sufficient answer will come, "Yes, I know 1 did, because I remember looking at a particular spot on the wall paper of the room, or on the pattern of the carpet, while I did it." This is confessedly only a subterfuge, but it often helps the mind to satisfy itself, and may be helpful as an adjunct to self-cure.

Mexawhile the remedy proper must consist in making all ordinary duties matters of habit. The consciousness should be intentionally diverted rather than opposed. It is 2 good plan = set the intellectual part of the mind a long and interesting task, to which it can revert in moments of mental leisure, and thus be saved from dissipating its strength in needless meddling with minor affairs. The task must be attractive, and, as far as possible, engrossing. At the same time a habit of concentration should be cultivated. The deep, underlying mental cause of the trouble is a want of strong and clear focussing of the mind-powers and faculties. "Strength tion, has done its work properly the first time of mind." In not so much a consequence III when there was a legitimate need for the use greatness as of coheries. A morbid mind of the higher brain-centres; but the con- may be stronger than an expansive intellect. sciousness will not be pressed in repeat the We often see persons with a shifty gaze,

which seems to roun over the scene before characteristic tendency of victims of doubt, pone.

them rather than to look precisely at one if they are not absolutely stupid, a to aim object. There is also a quickly moving and at brilliancy. They would "wits," or restless eye, which darts glances everywhere, experts, or at least "clever." They try to but does not appear to examine anything see more, to take 🖩 a wider field, and 🔳 completely. Something like the notions of think better or more "broadly" than their character which these different eyes suggest, fellows. They are perpetually striving may is predicated of the mind that suffers produce an effect, and when they fail, or fear from the trouble of doubt; there is a vacil- they have failed, they are proportionately lating attention, or one which is, as it were, depressed. By the frequent recurrence of overtaxed by having so many thoughts or periods of mental depression-which follow notions that it can forth a clear idea of upon disappointments in the endeavour to perform feats of thought or observation-Persons who reffer in this way should avoid, sufferers from this trouble too often fall into on the one hand, indifference to the things a state of chronic melancholy, with paroxysms around them, and, on the other, a habit of of irritability. By taking the matter in time trying to take II too much. The eye should it is nearly always possible to avoid this be trained to fix itself steadily on one object untoward issue of a malady which is perat alime, and the effort made widiscipline feetly remediable at the outset. A perpetual the will discipline the mind. Intellect state of doubt at to small matters is one of the tually, there should be an avoidance of the most distressing common mind-troubles, endeavour to appear elever or observant, in but it may be easily mended when once its the sense of "seeing everything." The cause and nature are clearly understood.

WATCHING THE WEATHER ON BEN NEVIS.

By CLEMENT L. WRAGGE, F.R.G.S., F.M.S., &c.

PART 1 .- PREPARENT FOR WORK.

Mr. Milne Home of Milne Graden, a gentle-Society. Mrs. Cameron Campbell of Monzie, and Lord Abinger, the owners of the moun-The Society tain, kindly gave consent. took up the proposal, and in course applied for assistance to the Meteorological Council able them to found the mountain station. Difficulties however stood the way of the remained in abeyance. A proposal was next set on foot to erect on the Ben by public subscription an observatory to the memory of the late Mr. David Hutcheson, the station.

Having read of the efforts made by the value. Society, being convinced of the importance of high-level observatories, and forther having stations. To find a state of matters existing

THE establishment of a meteorological given myself up to a life of geographical and observatory on Ben Nevis-the high- meteorological research, I wrote to the Secreest mountain in the United Kingdom, 4,406 tary in December, 1880, proposing to place feet high-was first proposed in 1827 by a set of standard instruments on Ben Nevis and to make regular daily ascents from Fort man well known for his attainments in science William in time for 9 A.M. observations on the and seal for physical investigation, and the summit, under their auspices, if they would chairman of the Scottish Meteorological grant me facilities of accommodation and a pony. My offer was accepted.

I had lately been conducting on my own account a series of climatological investigations in North Staffordshire—in the basin of the river Churnet and on Beacon Stoop, and Government Grant Committee, to en- Weaver Hills, but taking one set of instruments, and leaving the remainder of the work in the hands of assistants, I set out for the application being successful, and the matter Highlands. At Edinburgh I met the Council of the Society, and obtained the barometer. I then continued my journey via Stirling and Ohan. My wife accompanied me, she having kindly undertaken to assist in the work by who did so much towards opening up the taking observations near the sea level at Fort Highlands by his fine fleet of steamers; but William simultaneously and direct conno result accrued leading to the erection of nection with those we be made by me on the ton of the Ben, thus adding largely to their

A word as to the necessity for high-level



The Ban Nevas Observatory aphoto by P Machelane Fort Willia)

that demands the spread of meteorological investigation and research in these islands, we have only to consider the fearful cyclonic hurricanes that now and again sweep over us from the Atlantic, proving so disastrons to our fishing fleets, human life and property By high level observatories in connection with stations at lower levels adjacent we Schools-distinguished for his scientific abili deal, as it were, with vertical sections of the ties, and who is ever eager to assut m every atmosphere, considered with reference to the good work-matters were soon arranged and temperature. Hence we can learn more secured, and at 10 PM some eight workmen these draided "depressions," gaming more morely adjusted, carrying the necessary "fix knowledge of their nature and shape, and of ings for the instruments and sundry tools, the circulation of the wind about their areas posts, and stanchions. After two hours' sleep at various altitudes, so may become pos and an early breakfast, at half-past one I important investigations

day unmediately following was of course a rest day but after evening service in the Figlish Church I strolled along Glen Nevis and ascended the hill behind Fort William to reconnectre, obtaining a first good view of the mighty Ben, hoary even now in the garb of winter I own to being greatly impressed with the magnitude of the work before me, as I surveyed the grey rugged steeps tower ing upwards against the twilight sky, in dark contrast with the shelving losses of snow high in the rugged burns of the old mountain The evening musts were gathering around the adjacent hills and the shades fast deepening, when, having finished my survey, I returned to Fort William On the following day, being determined to commence the work with is little delay as possible, and kindly assisted by Mr Colin Livingston, of the Public distribution of atmospheric pressure, wind, The services of a local joiner were at once of the conditions attending the advance of set out for the summit, each with his burden sible, by observation and a little patient followed with the barometer, accompanied research, to forecast with a certainty greater by Mr Lavingston and the landlord of the than has hitherto been attained Ben News Temperance Hotel, carrying the rain gauge and Fort William are for many reasons the and thermometers. A large anti-cyclone lay best positions that could chosen for such at the time over Great Britain, and consequently the weather was calm and all that We arrived at Fort Wilham by the Pioneer could be desired, and the morning air of on the evening of Saturday, May 28th. Son-carly summer dehenous. Our path lay along

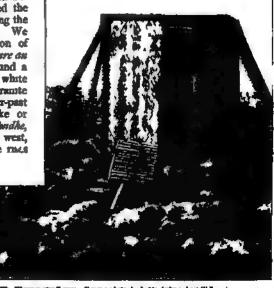


The Burnton Com aphoto by 1 M fother Tot William 5

we turned I the right and crossed the Peat Moss at the base of the Ben Nevis system. We now took a short and un frequented course, and commenced the ascent of the heathy moors forming the northern slopes of the mountain. We followed pretty much the direction of the wild Highland burn, Alli Corre an Lockers-now gurgling softly round a secluded nook, now plunging in a white cascade over some coarse gramte boulders and at about a quarter-past four reached the well known lake or tarn, called Lochan Meall on I Smake, from the high grassy hill on the west, 2,322 feet high, that on this side risks

immediately from the waters cdge our left is a stretch of quagmire, about a quarter of a mile in width, which we must needs cross, the vegetation of which chiefly consists of DOg grasses, mosses. lichens, several kinds of orchis, and dwarf heathers, the delicate

sundry club mosacs and the butterwort (Pin guicula tulgaris) being in considerable abundance. The rugged Ben rises precipitously further on the left, and the jugged precipices of Carn Dear, its north west shoulder, 3,961 feet high, frown darkly over the moors below The swamp crossed we began the suff part of the climb About 2,400 feet, at 5 to A M , the snow was first reached, not lying evenly, but in drifts and deep accumulations in the waterworn courses trenched out by the moun tam torrents. We had now left the region of the coarse-grained granite, had attained what is practically the limit of vegetation, and our course, taking one shorter than the usual track, lay diagonally up the western side over the bare rough felutes and porphy rites of the steep slopes of the mount un. It was indeed to home work, owing to our being encumbered with the delicate instru ments. Mr. Lavingston and I each took out turn in carrying the burometer, which was necessary hold with the greatest possible care under the arm, cistern end uppermost, lest By any jerking or rough handling air should find its way into the tube, and so this invaluable and indispensable instrument be rendered uscless for the contemplated obserthe Inverness road for over a mile. Then vations. The climb, moreover, was undered



(Repair photo by J. Mr. furbure Text W.R.

white reindeer mose (Cladenia rangiforms), the more trying under these circumstances

by the huge sharp boulders over which, neatly poising ourselves at every step prevent capsizing with our precious burdens, we slowly plodded our way upwards. How grand now becomes the picture! Deep at the bottom of the ravine below, hemmed in by the hills and mountain's side, stretch the grassy undulations of Glen Nevis. Beyond out-reach the long arms of Loch Linnhe and Loch Eil, while farther the eye is carried over the sublime mountain vastnesses of the Highlands till the hills of Skye and streak of the Western Ocean far | the distance bound the panoramic view. Near half-past aix we arrived at the famous apring, 830 feet below the summit, afterwards named by me "Buchan's Well," in honour of the able meteorologist and indefatigable secretary of the Scottish Meteorological Society. Here we paused for rest and refreshment, and to quaff the clear water trickling from beneath the cold grey stones. On soon we trudged over sharp loose rock, taking an east-south-easterly direction, and guided now and again by a solitary cairn, looking dreary enough in these weary wilds, and about seven o'clock came to the rough plateau at 4,000 feet, which I subsequently had occasion to name "The Plateau of Storma." Here massive blocks of agglomerate lie strewn in great profusion, and walking safely in equilibrium over their sharp odges with our burden of instruments was, it can be readily imagined, a feat of no little difficulty. Snow did not uniformly cover the ground, but lay in patches, where shaded by the rocks, generally an acre or two in extent. Our way was now past the shelving brink of the first precipiées, their clefts and chasms filled with snow-that sink down, away down some 1,300 feet in terrible grandeur to the fearful profounds of the corries beneath. A hundred yards more and we glimpsed the top. The cap of the mountain was surrounded by a thin mist, and the snow laymuch as before in great patches, a foot and a half in depth. At length, shortly before balf-past seven, we reached the summit on its west the temporary observatory.

observation. It consists of a tableland some at the coffee pot, pannikin, preserved coffee ninety acres in extent, and covered to a and milk, biscuits, a tin of meat, and just a

the debris of some ancient cruption. These lie tilted up at every angle, a very chaos of disorder and confusion. Chiefly at the northern boundary of this singular plateau are the great precipices, their edges in places smoothed o'er by huge sloping walls of snow. Precipices and dykes again bound the mountain on the east; the southern slopes are very rugged, and below are the grassy carpet and waters of the Glen. At some points along the brink of the northern precipices, where the effects of glaciation are most marked, the eye looks sheer down at right angles many hundreds of feet into dark yawning gulfs that make one shudder. At other places, as by the great cairn which near the edge, one beholds on looking down a series of sharp bluffs and jagged crags choked with rubble and crumbling rock one below the another, till far, far beneath, some two thousand feet, is the Crire Less, with its rushing waters winding away yonder to the broad expanse of the Lochy valley.

No amount of writing can adequately de-scribe the grandeur of the view from the summit of Ben Nevis on a clear day. The rough old platform of sombre grey rock on which we stand contrasting with the bright plots of snow gleaming in dazzling whiteness in the blasing sun, the awful abyeses of the precipioes thrown out in greater majesty by the huge black shadow of some opposite crag, the adjacent dykes, sombre moors, ancient valleys, deep glens, blustering torrents in the distance below-surrounded by the noble display of mountains, range behind range, peak behind peak, bounded on the west by the locks and sea, with the whole capped by the clear blue vault above-all impress the mind profoundly with a sense of

the majesty of Nature-

Well, one set of men forthwith commenced to build a caim, which was absolutely indispensable for the safe keeping of the barometer, on a spot I had chosen some thirtyfive paces south from the precipices; another to clear away the snow and loose boulders side—we were verily on Ben Nevis—the in- and prepare the posts and stanchions prestruments were safe. After laying them down vious to the erection of Stevenson's thermonear the Ordnance calm with mutual con- mater screen at a point ten paces more to gratulations and feelings of intense relief, I southward. Meanwhile Mr. Livingston and I, at once proceeded to the establishment of having collected the fragments of wood sawn off. by the workmen, set to work to make a Some description of the top may here be fire in the cheltered corner formed by an up-necessary, and I speed parely from subsequent, tiled rock y and having come provided with depth of several feet by blocks of felstone nice portion of the famous "Long John," we lavas the even. the even.

hour or two a cairn seven feet high and the mountain stone adjacent, was completed; the barometer was carefully unpacked and suspended in a suitable box fitted with lock and key, and partly enclosed by the cairn. My delight can be imagined when I heard the clear metallic ring of the mercury when testing the instrument before finally fixing it, proving that the vacuum was perfect, and haw it hanging vertically in position. The column soon fell about 25'9. An outer door wooden stanchion, was finally added to keep off rain and snow, while yet allowing the air free access the cistern. I should mention that this barometer is a fine instrument on Fortin's principle. It was made under the direction of Mr. Robert H. Scott, of the Meteorological Office, by Negretti and Zambia, for the Scottish Meteorological Society, ospecially for use on Ben Nevis; and is so Almost simultaneously with the screen fixed in position. It was screwed to stanchions to prevent vibration during gales; and placed at such a height that the bulbs of the instruments might be four feet above wet bulbs and maximum and minimum self- P.M. and reaching Fort William at five. registering instruments were placed in the

men rapidly progressed with their work. III an screen, the former showing the temperature of the air and that due evaporation-hence seventeen feet in circumference, formed of the hygrometrical conditions of the atmosphere, the latter recording extremes of temperature occurring during any given time. Some ten paces westward | placed the solar radiation thermometer (black bulb / racue) on a post four feet above ground, and the terrestrial radiation thermometer on the snow (subsequently on the rock, with its bulb exposed on cotton wool). Eighteen paces south-west from the screen was the rain-gauge fixed with its rim one foot above ground. opening to northward, and supported by a All these instruments were my own observing standards that I had used in Staffordshire. The weather throughout was very fine, and in this we were most fortunate. So great was the diathermancy at this altitude during these anti-cyclonic conditions that the sun's rays shot down upon us with great power, in that our necks and faces became quite sore from the scorching beams; and as the day wore on we had to tie handkerchiefs round our heads constructed as to read as low - twenty-three to prevent sunstroke. This was owing to absence of aqueous vapours which so marvelcompletion of the cairs was the thermometer lously temper sunshine in the lower regions of the atmosphere, thereby preventing our four stout posts, fitted with a lock and angle becoming scorched by day and frozen by excessive radiation at night. The instrumental equipment of the observatory was now completed, and all ready for my first observations the rock. Subsequently it was enclosed in a on the morrow. Having surveyed the whole wire cage designed by Mr. Thomas Stevenson, with much satisfaction, as may well be sup-C.E., as an additional protection. I now fixed posed, and locked up the instruments, I all the thermometers in their places. Dry and descended with my party, leaving about three (2a de continued.)

THE MOON AND L

GOLDEN moon that leans her gentle face On the blue darkness of the summer aky-We watched her steal aloft a little space, My love and L

Parting the opal clouds, upward she rose To wander lonely 'mid the stars on high: We thought our world as bright as one of those, My love and I.

Dear love, the moonlight smote your rippling hair And made you smile you knew not how nor why My heart best strangely as we lingered there, My love and I.

I asked her, fooled by the bewildering light, If she would try to love me by-and-by: She rose and left me-I stood in the night-The moon and L.

L. MATHESON.

THE GOLDEN SHAFT.

By CHARLES GIBBON, AUTHOR OF "ROSES GRAY," "FOR LACE OF GOLD." ETC.

CHAPTER XX.-"I WILL NOT TAKE BACK MY WORD."

THAT seemed he the natural close of the interview. Nothing more could be done that night, and the Piscal had said, "We must inquire into it in the morning." But Armour could not go yet. He had only done half his duty; the other half he found it difficult to discharge in the presence of a third person. He was unexpectedly relieved by Fenwick.

Throughout the hours they had been sitting together he had been perfectly conscious that Fenwick had heard the current gossip about his affairs; and Fenwick had been conscious that Armour was so. But neither had made the slightest allusion to it. Indeed, they had

made little effort 🔳 converse.

It was not delicacy which prevented Fenwick from some commonplace expression of sympathy. He was again and again on the point of saying: "I'm sorry you are in such a mess, old fellow," but he had an uncomfortable remembrance of the light way in which he had repeated the gossip of the village to Mrs. Musgrave, and somehow felt that he had no right to speak. The repressed sorrow and anxiety which the man's very calmness suggested touched even Fenwick's shallow nature, and made him aware that he was the presence of something too deep for his comprehension.

So, observing that Armour evidently wished to speak in private to the Fiscal, he rose.

"I must go to roost," he said. "Hope you will have some good news in the morning, Armour."

And he retired to the enjoyment of undisturbed sleep. He was not dyspeptic, and no care for anybody or anything had ever cost

him an hour's repose.

"I see you are tired, Mr. Musgrave," began Armour; "but before going I must explain two things to you."

& EVERL

The Fiscal sat down for the first time since his entrance, showing signs of fatigue.

"Go on."

"I have spoken to your daughter, and her

answer is what I wished it be."

"Aweel, man," said the Fiscal, with the shadow of his sly, good-natured smile passing over his countenance, "when a bonnie lassic cays ay to the question you have put to her, there's no need for looking as glum as though you rued your bargain already."

Armour smiled sadly at that thrust: it

could not hurt him.

"You have not yet heard the second thing I have to tell you; and it is the cause of my gloom-my fear that you will withdraw the leave you gave me to win her if I could,"

"Seems to me that you have won her, and it's of no consequence whether I take

back my word or no."

"You can still forbid our marriage."

Mr. Musgrave looked steadily in his eyes for a moment. Then, slowly-

"And if I should forbid it, would you heed me? She has reached her majority, you

know, and I am only her father."

That was an awkward question to answer honestly. "The old Adam" is an expressive phrase; and we are continually plucking the applies we have repeatedly passed unnoticed until the command has been laid upon us not touch them. The rebellious query instantly rose in Armour's mind-

"If we two are decided that our future happiness lies in our union, who has a right

to keep us apart?"

He did not then attempt answer himself, but he answered the Fiscal as honestly as he could-

"I do not know what I should do, but I

believe that she would obey you."

"That's right, Armour. Caution is a guid mare to ride at all times, and if you never commit yourself till the occasion ariseswell, you'll get through the world with as few lees on your conscience as a man can hope have in the present condition of human affairs. I am sure she would obey me, provided I gave her good reasons for my objection."

"I am afraid you can show good reasons

for objecting now."

Armour spoke calmly; but he felt sick. He had been standing for a moment on the high hill-top, with all the glory of the newly risen sun upon him, and suddenly there was darkness.

The Fiscal was still watching his face

closely.

"Ay, and what might they be?"

"The affair is so strange that it will require more explanation than you will care to listen at this hour. The gist of it is this-

There his heart failed him, and he paused. He was about to speak the words which would separate him from Ellie: he felt like a man who is compelled to pronounce sentence of death upon himself.

The Fiscal did not offer him any assis-

tance, and he continued firmly-

"The gist of it is this: the man who has been passing as Thorburn in my father, and there is-

"Stop !"

Mr. Musgrave rose and grasped him by the hand.

"You need not me any further, I knew about Thorburn all the time: I understand what has taken place-does Ellie know it?"

"Everything," replied Armour, in some bewilderment at the unexpected manner in which his information was received.

"And is she still ready is share your lot?"

"Ay, she is ready."

"Then if my blessing is any use to you, take it as part of her tocher, my man."

"Then you do not mind what folks may say?" Armour almost gasped, half afraid that the Fiscal did not quite understand the position.

"I mind what nobody says. When a thing settled I expect every man to stick to his bargain, and I am not going to take back my word because ill has befallen you. What blame there is, you have had no hand in it. Since Ellie and you are agreed, so am I; you have only got to make peace with her steadily and questioningly down into his mother."

"I shall speak to her during the day." cried the lover impetuously, without the to gaze at I like one who means to outstare slightest consideration as to the reception he an accuser. would have.

Fiscal warningly, and smiling at the man's blades of golden grass, flickering and inter-

rashness; "when I observed that I did not mind what anybody said, I was not counting the guidwife. You had better not run at her the way you did at me; and may be, on consideration, it would be as well say nothing for a day or two. She has notions of her own about settling Ellie; and many rate it will be as well to let me break the news to her. You can come to me I the morning at the office, and we'll see about Thorburn."

Armour went away with calm, steady steps, feeling that his head was more firmly planted on his shoulders than I had seemed to be during the last few days. In spite of all that had happened and all that might happen, Ellie was his by her own and her father's consent. With that knowledge, what lion was there in his path 📖 could not face

and overcome?

It was not the wild ecstasy of the merely passionate lover which filled him; it was a sober, manful joy, inspiring him with increasing strength of mind and muscle. He could go through any trial calmly, now. He did not give any serious thought to the possibility of Mrs. Musgrave's interference marring his happiness—their happiness, he ought to say; and a glow of pleasure coloured his cheeks and brightened his eyes as he remembered that she was the sharer of his joy and sorrow now. He could not believe that any mother would oppose the wishes of her husband and daughter.

The Fiscal had seen him to the door, and watched him passing the lawn in the moonlight into the shadows of the avenue. He closed the door and fastened it—he was a considerate master and never kept servants out of bed for his own convenience. Then he proceeded slowly in his private room. The fire was burning low, he stored it, and flames shot up instantly, brightening the place, but making fantastic shadows on the walls and in the corners. On the ceiling above him was a round disc made by the lamp, and it was like a great eye watching

him. He was not a man to be disturbed by shadows; but when he rested his head back on the chair, turning his face upward, the fancy took him that the eye was looking face. He knew quite well what made the shape on the ceiling, and yet he continued

At length | looked down into the fire, "Cannily, cannily, cannily," rejoined the and as he watched the flames, like long twining as if they were dancing a reel, this was his thought—

"At least I can make him happy. That

will count for something."

His broodings were interrupted by a visitor as unexpected that hour as a ghost; for although the Fiscal sometimes sat till unreasonable hours in the morning, his studies were never interrupted by Mis, Musgrave.

She entered now, candle in hand, the train of her magnificent dressing-gown trailing in graceff folds after her, the black knee mantilla floating over her shoulders from the large comb which accured her hair at the back, and looking like a tragedy queen in the sleep-walking scene of Lady Macbeth.

When he looked round and saw her, there was no surprise on his face; but he did not speak, and that surprised her; for she had prepared to be received with one of his

pieces of heavy pleasantry.

"I have been waiting for you all this time," she said reproachfully, "and at last I thought you must have fallen asleep; for it is a long time since Mr. Armour went away."

"Oh-and what were you waiting for

particularly to-night?"

That was a most ungracious way of acknowledging her anxiety for his comfort.

"I was desirous of learning what was the nature of your interview with Mr. Armour. I did not see him; but Ellie said he would explain everything to you."

"What is everything about?"

"His family—the disgraceful position he occupies—his father. I do trust, Richard, that you have treated him as it behoves you to do out of respect for me, and forbalden him to come here again."

The Fiscal began to recover something of his Jocular humour, and there was a glint of the sly twinkle in the corners of his eyes as

he spoke.

"Forbidden him to come here again?

What should I do that for ?"

"What for!" Mrs. Musgrave could scarcely believe her cars. "Surely he has not told you the truth about himself."

" He would have done that, but he had no

need. I knew it all before him."

"Then I presume that for your daughter's sake if not for mine"—she was very surcastic here—"you will not permit that person to continue on visiting terms at Torthork"

This was pronounced with the dignity of one who, aggrieved and disappointed everything else, is least sure of that point.

"I don't know how that may be," said the Fiscal, now standing on the hearth, his back to the fire and hands clasped behind him. He was apparently giving serious consideration to the question she had raised.

This was beyond endurance, and Mrs. Musgrave so far forgot herself as to raise her voice higher than usual—an offence against good breeding which she severely reprobated in others, and rarely, indeed, perpetrated herself.

"Do not know how it may be! Why, you can tell him that we cannot receive him. No one will receive him after this—this scandal."

"Ay, but I am afraid we will be obliged to receive him; and so I suppose we must be No one."

"We obligat to receive him!"

She was becoming calm in her desperation. "Just that," answered the Fiscal quietly.

She could not reply immediately; vexation and amasement combined had possession of her, and for the moment she entertained a suspicion that her husband had been drinking. But knowing his habits, she recognised the fact that he was perfectly sober and more serious than was usual when talking with her.

" May I ask why we are obliged to receive

him ? "

"I did not intend to mention it to you so soon; but the reason is because he is to become your and my son-m-law some time soon."

Mrs. Musgrave sat down, dumb, staring at him.

She had no powers of reflection, but she had very quick instincts, and, notwithstanding the astounding effect of this announcement, her instincts made her aware of two things as she sat there looking at the calm, heavy, and westied face of her husband.

First, he was in one of those moods over which all her arts of scolding or cajolary could exercise no influence. Second, that such a marriage was not to impermitted on any account. But how impropositions to a harmonious result she had not the faintest idea in that moment. She only knew that it must and should be done.

With more discretion than her husband would have given her credit for she warily

beat a retreat under this cover-

"You have no consideration for me. ■ is cauel of you to make such a jest about your own daughter, and ■ me, ■ this time in the morning!"

She laid special emphasis on the time chosen for this declaration, which she affected to regard as only one of his jokes, as if that intensified the beinguiness in his offence.

"It is no jest, Euphemia, I have given my

word, and I will not take it back unless one

of them asks me do so."

There was another sign that he was deeply moved-he called her by her Christian name. But there was also the glimmer of a suggestion for her future tactics-Ellie herself should ask him.

"Spare me from any more of this-this nonsense to-night."

"I have no desire to say more."

Although so late in going to bed, the Fiscal was up a little carlier than usual. He thought his wife asleep, when she spoke.

"I am not well this morning."

"Ods my life, what's wrong? Will I

send for Sam Johnstone?"

" It is a change of air I want, and as Mrs. Dinwuddie has often asked us to pay her a visit, I think we will go for a few days.

"A capital idea. You are to take Ellie with you, I suppose. I'll be very lonely."

"She wants a change as much as I do, and a little sea air will do us both good."

"I have no doubt of it. When do you

"To-day, but we will not be away more than a week. Mrs. Dinwuddie has been so pressing that we really must not put her off ary longer."

I in the may think you are taking her a little acuels at her word if you tumble in upon

Inwithout a day's notice."

Oh no, she has often said that a telegram before starting will be notice enough for her, as they have always plenty of room."

" As you please, then, good-bye."

He went out, smiling grimly to himself: the motive for this sudden flight to Kirkcudbright was amusingly evident to him: it was like a child performing a conjuring trick. Mrs. Musgrave was, like the child, very proud of being able to deceive everyboily so cleverly when the only person decrived was herself,

Ellie was waiting for him as usual; but what was not usual, he took her head between his hands, and, turning her face towards the open window through which the sun was shining somewhat coldly, he gazed into her eyes carnestly.

"Well, my bonnie lass, it's a fine morning,

and I hope you are quite well."

The blushing smile told him that she divined some of his thoughts; and presently she proved it in words.

" Ile has spoken to you?"

"He has that, and in some purpose. He's a clever loon yon; and it'll no be for want "Oh, I am so sorry," exclaimed lie; "I of speaking out that he does not get all he wanted very much to at home ast now."

wishes. It's my opinion that if he took it into his head that he wanted to marry the Oucen hersel he'd just go bang up to Balmoral or Windsor and say so."

"What would happen then?" laughingly inquired Ellie, amused by her father's drollery and pleased that he thought so well of her

"They would lock him up, of course, as I mean to do for coming into my house and robbing me in the barefaced way he has done of the brightest jewel in my crown. . . . What's that sang, I'llie? He ought to chip it to you now."

He was still holding her head and looking down into her eyes, seeking her thoughts; but she was conscious of a note of sadness in his voice and look, in spite of his playful

manner.

"You know about—about his father," she said hesitatingly, "and you do not count

that against him?"

"No man can be responsible for his forebears; and it would not be fair to make him so; for you see he has not got a choica in selecting them. May be if he had there would be as many bairns cut off their fathers with a shilling as there are fathers who do that for their bairns."

" I knew you would not blame him or alter because of that," she cried with bright joy on her face. "I knew you would not, and I

told him so ("

"Ay, ay," muttered the Fiscal slowly, "and I suppose you care a hantle more for that loon now than for anybody che?"

Then her arms crept round his neck, her head slipped from his hands, and her face was hidden on his breast. His arms closed tightly round her.

" My baim !"

The gutteral sound was like a convulsive He knew that whatever the mystery of sob. this division of human love, his place in her heart was large and deep as ever. He gently turned her face upwards and saw that the big blue eyes were full of tears. Then he touched her brow with his lips, and there was no need for more words between them on that subject.

"Awa' wi' you, you hizzie," he said abruptly, "give a hungry man his breakfast. You'll not be here to give it to me the morn."

" Not here to-morrow! Why?"

"Because your mother is going to Kirkcooley for the benefit of her health, and she takes you with her."

as you are bid. Your mother is not well; and she wants to keep you out of mischief. But may be other folks will need a change of air before the week is out. Meanwhile I am not altogether sorry you are going, for I have some very unpleasant business in hand, and expect to be in a bad temper for a month to come."

"But not with me," she said with a confident

"You're as well to be out of my gate, any

And he made a great pretence of looking

black at her.

She walked with him that morning down by the new planting—the same walk Armour had taken with him on an important occasion —and he was firing off his heavy pleasantries all the way. But when they were parting be said wher with a pathetic look and tone that bewildered her-

"Whatever happens, Ellie, I'll do the best I can for you."

CHAD. XXI.-THE STRICTEST INVESTIGATION.

As a rule the only difference in the manner of the Procurator-Fiscal when in his office from what it was outside of it was that he became more serious, seldom spoke to any of the clerks except on business, and then it was in a low, grave voice. But the people who came be precognosced could never tell when he was only joking them and when in carnest; and his banter had been known to elicit the facts of a case from the most unwilling witness more promptly than the most severe cross-examination could have done.

His office, in one of the new streets of the county town, was an unpretentious-looking place—the insurance office next door was an imposing edifice in comparison—but it was opposite the huge red pile of buildings which formed the New Gaol. The majestic shadows of that erection and of the Court House close by cast an awe-inspiring gloom over the Fiscal's office, rendering its very simplicity suggestive of peril to the evil-doer. cold stone-like wax-cloth on the passages and the floors of the outer mous was always painfully clean, and there was an atmosphere of allence and mystery in the place which inclined people III walk on tip-toe as soon as they crossed the threshold.

The Fiscal's chamber was always in a kind of mist; daylight was made dim by the white-stained glass of the window-the window, even had the glass been clear, would not have made the room much brighter, for it week. Good morning."

"Then keep a calm sough about it, and do faced a blank wall of the next house-and the gas when lit produced no better effect. The deep black-purple carpet-suggesting the colour of an old blood-stain-the dark oak furniture and bookcases had the same effect on the gas as the stained glass on the daylight. The books and papers were always arranged in scrupulous order: it seemed as if no hand ever opened a paper or took down a book. The stiff-backed, dull-grey leather-covered chairs were always exactly in the same positions. There was not a speck of dust anywhere, and no spider had ever been adventurous enough to invade this melancholy room.

In front of the huge oak desk sat the Fiscal, his confidential clerk on his left, Armour on his right. On the other side of the desk, face towards the window, so that what light there was fell full upon it, was a smart-looking gentleman in dark brown walking suit, a billycock hat in his hand. The face was small, thin, and keen as a razor, a thick military moustache was the only hair on it; the grey eyes quick and penetrating, the short-cut dark hair streaked with grey. Height five feet ten and a half; figure all muscle and sinew, not a superfluous ounce

of flesh anywhere.

This was Captain Brown, the chief of atable, a gentleman as remarkable in his w 📠 as the Fiscal himself. They were excelled friends and worked successfully together.

"I am anxious," the Fiscal proceeded that there should be the strictest search made for this unfortunate man. You say

that all your night reports are in?"

Every one, and there is nothing particular. doing," replied the Captain in a brisk curt way, as if he were talking about business in stocks or drysaltery.

"I am disappointed, for as Mr. Armour gave early information and the word was passed on, I would have expected that something might have been heard of him."

"He can't have gone far or some of the men would have seen him. We'll try the loch and the river to day. No doubt we'll have some news to-morrow."

"If there none we will offer a reward."

" How much?"

The Fiscal turned to Armour and the latter answered the look-

"Offer whatever you think will be suffi-

"Then say fifty pounds for such information at may enable us III find him."

"Alive or dead, we'll find him within a

The Captain put on his hat and departed with quick, decisive steps. He was a man who doubted and suspected every human being except one. I is unnecessary to say that the exception was Captain Brown.

He regarded every one he met as a probable customer: took a mental photograph of him or her at once, making a calculation of the height, weight, and strength of the person at the same time. His memory for faces was said to be marvellous as that of the sheep-kenner, and the Fiscal had long ago dubbed him the human sheep-kenner. The Captain had never been known to make a mistake in identity, no matter how brief his first inspection of the person to be identified might have been, or how long the interval between his inspections.

"Is that all we can do?" asked Armour, feeling in that gloomy chamber the sense of helplessness which comes over one when, despite all our watching and care, death steps in and takes away our potient. Those eyes so lately bright with intellect now so dull; those limbs, so lately warm and active, now so cold and stiff—is there no one who can help us to bring the light back into the eyes and the power of motion into the limbe? We have striven hard with the conqueror thus far and we ask vacantly-" Is that all we can do ?"

" That is all."

Armour rose to go, the Fiscal from beneath his heavy brows observing him thought-

"You can take those papers to your own room, Adamson, and get the depositions in the Kirkhope House affair ready for me as quickly as you can."

The confidential clerk obeyed promptly

and noiselessly.

"I never knew a body who was patient because he was bidden, or I would bid you be patient, Armour. I say instead-you must wait. I depends upon yourself in what manner you will wait. You can spend the time in grumbling, or you can go about your ordinary work in your ordinary way like a sensible mortal. That's what I would try to do."

"That is what I mean to do. I have reason to be patient, for the only harm I feared in this exposure apared me. Since you do daughter from me, I can bear anything

He had not yet learned to say Ellie to any

one except herself and Grannie.

"You mean you think you can bear anything. Th, man, what a pity that kind of feeling . _.ch a wee while!"

XXIII—15

"It will last me all my days," said the lover

"Then you mean to have a short life. However, be that as # may, you are not beholding much to me. What I do is to please Ellie, and maybe because there is something of kindly thought for yourself-

"You have shown that in many ways, Mr.

Musgrave," interrupted Armour gratefully. "Maybe, maybe, but I want you to understand that I just want to please Ellie; and she should happen to change her mind about you I would say, Very well, my lass, please yourself-always provided that the man was honest, rich or poor would not matter to me."

Armour smiled-he would have laughed if they had not been in that depressing chamber-at the idea of Ellie's proving fickle.

"I am content," he rejoined confidently, "to leave my happiness in her keeping."

"And I believe it could not be in safer hands. I only mentioned that to show you that I am only considering her. Now, I have a bit of news for you that may not be to your liking. Mrs. Musgrave starts for Kirkecobry to-day, and Ellie goes with her.

This was a Armour's countenance fell. disappointment indeed, for he had reckoned upon seeing her often during this period of

suspense about Thorburn.

"I am sorry she is to be away just now, but I hope they will have good weather," he

said awkwardly,

"Ay, man, and is that all you can think about it? Now I would have fancied that you might have discovered some business to take you there at the same time. There's to be a bowling match on Saturday. What for should you not go to see it?"

Armour understood, and his face cleared.

"Thank you, I will | there."

"I'll give you a letter for a friend of mine, so that you will not want for company if the Dinwuddies should not have the grace to ask you to take your kail with them . . . That's all right, say no more. About the other matter there shall be the strictest investigation, and you'll have news as soon as there is any to give you."

They did not shake hands, they grasped hands as I they were two ardent friends pledging lifelong faith = each other. Armour not think it cause enough to keep—your liek that this man was his father as well as Ellie's, and inwardly resolved that is should give him all a son's respect and duty.

> The mist in the gloomy chamber seemed to clear away and he saw clearly before him a large-hearted, generous man whose affections lifted him above the sordid calculations of

the world. He had, indeed, been fortunate road than to turn into the town, where we in his life, most fortunate in finding such a friend in the father of his Princess. Surely the Lamp had fallen into his hands !

What a grim shadow crossed his mindwas there to come some magician in disguise and spirit away his Princess, castle and

all ?

When he had gone the Fiscal stood for a few minutes in the middle of the floor, thinking. Then, returning to his desk, he muttered himself-

"He's a fine lad, yon,—a fine lad."

He touched the handbell; Adamson, the confidential clerk, returned, and in his calm methodical manner the Fiscal resumed the business of the day.

In the afternoon Captain Brown reap-

peared.

"A most indefatigable officer, this human sheep-kenner," the Fiscal used to say, "although he is a Londoner and rather miserly with his his whiles."

"Have you found the man?" he inquired,

looking up from his papers.

"Not yet," replied the Captain.

"Nor any trace of him?"

"No, unless we may connect with him a trifling discovery at Campbell's farm on the way 🖿 Lockerbie."

4 Ab, Campbell's farm," The Fiscal leaned.

back on his chair. "What was that?"

"In a shed facing the road there are signs of a scuffle, and there is a pool of blood beside a harrow, which is resting against the wall."

"Blood!" said the Fiscal slowly: "somebody has cut a finger and stopped there to

bandage it."

"There is too much of it for that. looks like foul play of some sort, whether 🗏 has anything to do with the man we are seeking or not."

"What makes you associate it with him,

Captain?"

It was a habit of the Fiscal to give people their titles frequently in conversation-not from any premeditated intention to pander to vanity, but arising naturally out of his

easy friendly way of talking.

"This, the man was weak, not able to travel far; he not in the loch, not in the river. He must have required food some time; but he has not been seen at any farm or cot for nearly twenty miles round. Starting from Armour's mill our man, wanting to escape observation, was more likely to cut through the fields or to take the Lockerbie brought him.

could easily have found him."

"Keep in mind that he was a kind of daft

creature.

"That | precisely why I fancy that he would have cunning enough to keep away from the town, but not enough to keep off the beaten road. Well, we have no trace of him; but we find at this place—which a likely enough place for him to take a restwe find signs of a scuffle and this blood."

"What possible motive could any one have for harming a poor creature like that? He had no money or valuables about him."

"He had several pounds with him. The woman Howison who was nursing him, saw them in a drawer in his cottage, and Mr. Moffat, the minister, saw him take them out and put them in his pocket. He had been preparing to leave Thornichowe for some time, and had no doubt saved something. I understand he had good wages."
"Well?"

The Fiscal was making notes of all the

Captain said.

"Next we have the Kirkhope gents prowling about somewhere; hard up very likely, as they have not got their swag away. One of them might have come across him, and he would be an easy victim to deal with. You see the connection now."

"Ay, it's possible. . . Any way we ought to know what happened in the shed. Did the folk at the farm not see anybody or hear

anything?"

"No. A ploughman found the place as I have told you this morning, and when he saw the blood he went to his master."

"I cannot make out how it can be. . . I'll go with you and have a look at the place."

"I thought you would consider it worth while going, and have the gig ready."

The Fiscal put on his over-coat and hat and accompanied the chief constable.

The Captain's gig was like the owner, smart and quick; it seemed to have been built for skimming over the carth, and the sleek, well-groomed bay which drew it was an admirable match for it and their master.

The Flocal surveyed the shed and its surroundings with the critical eyes of one accustomed to seek for evidence in the merest trifle. He examined every one connected with the farm, and especially questioned the ploughman, who had been the first to enter the shed in the morning, as to the exact state in which he had found things. But he obtained little information beyond what the Captain had One thing he pointed out, however, for the benefit of the farmer—that the harrow being placed against the wall with the teeth outward, any one falling against it might existain scrious injury.

was possible that some accident of that kind had happened which would account for the blood.

Then Captain Brown drove him back to

his office,

CHAPTER MAIL-CHECK!

ELLIE had been very good about that journey to Kirkeudbright—local pronuncistion has softened the word into "Kirkeoolry," for the convenience of the tongue and the pleasure of the ear. She made no demur writever the excursion so hastily proposed by her mother, and that lady was much relieved to consequence. She had expected opposition or at any rate some

request for delay.

During the journey, too, Ellie was so cheerful—she was always attentive—that Mrs. Musgrave was greatly comoled by the thought that whatever the Fiscal might believe, Ellie was not so deeply attached to this paper-maker as to be insensible to reason and to the merits of other wooers. She was much exercised in mind to discover how far matters had gone between her daughter and Armour: she knew they must have gone farther than her suspicions had suggested, or her husband would not have spoken as he had done. But for the present she controlled her curiosity: it was her policy to pass over the incident as if it had never occurred, and, if possible, not to allow the name of Armour to be heard during their stay.

When she saw Ellie laughing with the two Dinwuddle girls and their brother George, who had just obtained his commission and was proud of being: a full-blown ensign in the 74th, she was satisfied that her plan was to succeed more quickly than she had ex-

pected.

"I told you, child, that you required change of scene and change of faces, and society such as my daughter should have, to put away those auxious looks which have been quite frightening me—although I did not want to make you wosse by speaking about them."

"I did not know that I had been looking anxious, mamma," said Ellie simply; "I thought I was as happy as anybody can hope

to be."

"Nonsense, you were beginning to look ing. 'dreadful. Here, after only one day, you are had by looking like yourself again. I feel ever so Fiscal.

One thing he pointed out, however, for the much better myself, and you must be glad nefit of the farmer—that the harrow being we came away."

" I am glad we came."

"I was sure you would be; and you see how much pleasure our coming has given to dear Charlotte (Mrs. Dinwuddie) and the whole family. They have invited some friends on our account and we see to be quite gay tomorrow."

She did not say that one of the friends invited at her instigntion was Hugh Penwick.

Ellie was glad she had come, but for another reason than that which it gratified her mother to believe to be the true one.

Ellic had written III Armour and had received an answer. She knew her father's mind and her own; and she knew that the decision they had come to would be the cause of much distress to her mother. The time when that decision would have to be formally declared could not be long put off, and meanwhile she was eager to afford her as much pleasure as it was in her power to give. So she determined that for her sake there should be no outward sign of regret at leaving home at this juncture in Armour's affairs. The motive for this resolve set her mind free and she was as happy as she looked.

With the two girls and Ensign George for excort there were pleasant walks round about the old town, and there was a boat in which they made excursions in the bay. She made a sketch of the Maclellans' Castle—the Dinwuddies claimed to be directly descended from the Maclellans and regarded the runs as a sort of family monument—and found particular delight whilst working it. Somehow the tumble-down pile recalled that bright day is Sweetheart Abbey and zobody gnessed when Miss Dinwuddie admiringly exclaimed—

"That is a labour of love surely—it is just beautiful!"

She was surprised, but not disturbed, when Ferwick arrived. Certainly, she felt a little sad, thinking of the disappointment in store for her mother; but that only urged her to greater exertions to please her for the time being. Poor Mrs. Musgrave required all the comfort that could be given in her on this very day; for Mrs. Diswaidlie informed her as an agreeable surprise that another friend of hers had arrived in the town and was to make one of the guests at dinner that evening. This guest was Mr. John Armour, who had brought a letter of introduction from the Fiscal.

annoyance she experienced not only at Arhusband's determination have his own way. She did think of telling her hostess in confidence the grounds on which she would have preferred not to meet Mr. Armour; but that could serve no purpose, and she was too good-natured to make her friend unnecessarily uncomfortable.

This was decidedly "check" to her first move in the game she was playing with her husband, and she felt irritated as she pictured him smiling to himself at her chagrin. But she kept the irritation to herself and quietly resolved that her next move should be to return W Torthorl at the end of the week. At home, she now saw, the situation would be more under her command than a friend's house. She might go abroad; but she know

what the Fiscal would say-

"You may go, if you please. Ellie must

No; it was evident that she would gain nothing by open rebellion. After the return to Torthorl circumstances must decide what her next move should be. Meanwhile she would continue treat the whole affair as a preposterous filea unworthy of serious attention.

She carried out her programme fairly well, making no pretence of any change in her sentiments regarding Armour. She was the

first to inform Ellie of his coming.

"That Mr. Armour is to be of the party this evening," she said carelessly, but watching her daughter's face all the time. "The Dinwuddies cannot know much about him or they would never have invited him; and of course it is not our business to enlighten

Ellie was not in the least confused by the announcement of his coming; there was not one of the pretty affectatious of indifference which girls display when told of the unexpected approach of a lover. She answered i frankly, as one friend might do in speaking body and the glow of triumph was upon him, of another,

1 dare say he has a good introduction.

understand what it woon and your father can see in him to make him such a favourite. I can never bring myself to like him."

Ellie made no reply.

ostensible others. But he must have felt not go.

Mrs. Musgrave's sense of personal dignity it, and she was, therefore, the more astonished was too keen to permit her mahow the by his conduct towards her. Without being obtrusive he was attentive. She could have mour's arrival, but at this new proof of her understood a desire to get into her good graces because he was wooing her daughter; but the same motive had existed all along and he had never before made any attempt to win her favour-indeed, he had been hitherto rather shy with her, and always apparently glad to speak to any one else in the room.

This evening he was in a quiet way distinctly trying please her, and yet there was Fenwick paying marked attention to Miss Musgrave so marked that Mrs. Dinwaddle and her girls made up their minds on the spot that it was a match—whilst Armour, unmoved, showed no inclination to interfere, although he must see what was going on.

Mrs. Musgrave was perplexed: she could not catch the magnetic glances which Ellie and Armour interchanged. Fenwick was certainly making the most of his opportunity; and she was not repulsing him. Still the position was a little bewildering to the

anxious mother.

Now, it is beyond the comprehension of man, what clever ways the most guileless woman finds to please others when she wishes to please, and to hoodwink them also. This, too, without any idea that she is practising deceitful arts !

Ellie had found time to say to Armour-"You must be kind to my mother to-night,

for my sake."

He would have been kind to his bitterest foe under such a command. As | was he was quite ready to do his best to please Mrs. Musgrave. He did not dislike her, and would have been glad to overcome the objections which he telt she entertained to him, So he resigned his sweetheart for the evening and devoted himself to her mother.

It was a little trying to him at times; but the great future was his, and out of that he

could spare a few hours.

Fenwick was in high glee: he felt somehow as if he had entered a race with someinding himself, as he thought, already ahead

other competitors. For that evening, at "Your father is his sponsor. I don't any rate, he was allowed to monopolise Miss Mingrave's conversation; and the next day too, it seemed that he was to enjoy the same

privilege.

He had proposed an excursion I the boat. In the evening Mrs. Musgrave could not Ensign George was engaged in connection help being cold Annour; the coldness, with the great bowling match between Kirkhowever, was not so markedly as to be cudbright and Newton-Stewart, and could



the two oars myself, and perhaps Miss Musgrave would like a lesson in rowing.

"Mr. Armour Coming," said Miss Dinwuddie, innocently dashing down Fenwick's

"He won't know anything about rowing." "He told me that he used be very fond of it when he was in Glasgow," said Ellie

Mr. Armour came and was very willing to take an oar. On the way the boat Fenwick contrived to be with Ellie, whilst Armour

walked beside Miss Dinwuddie.

"You good folk go on," said the latter when they were near the shore where the boat lay, and I will be after you in a minute. want in leave a message at that cottage up there for Miss Graham.

"Graham?" repeated Armour, remembering the terrible association of his father with

that name, "Who is she?"

A queer old body---but I'll tell you about

her afterwards."

She ran up to the cottage, and the three went down to the shore, Ellie walking between the two men. It was Fenwick who helped her into the boat; it was Fenwick who managed to do everything for her, thrusting himself forward in his gay cavalier fashion as if he had the right to do it.

Atmour remained passive in the confidence of possession, smiling at the butterfly; but Mile was beginning to feel somewhat uncomfortable under this excess of attention, and wished they were in the house again, where she would have been able to escape

from him.

Mus Dinwuddie was longer than she had intended to be, and on rejoining her friends she looked as if something funny had

"Why, Mr. Armour," she said, as she was taking her seat, "I bring an invitation for

you."

"Who may that be from?"

" Miss Graham. She wanted me to stay with her for a little; I explained that friends were waiting for me; then she must know who the friends were. When I mentioned your name she immediately wanted to know everything about you from where and when you were born to this day. I told her all I knew, but that did not satisfy her, and so she wants to see yourself."

He could not say that he would be pleased to accept the invitation, for the fact that his name had so roused the lady's curiosity suggested that she must be some relative of the

"Never mind," said Fenwick, "I can take unfortunate men whose fate had exercised such an influence over his own life. He took his oar and the boat glided lightly over the waiter.

> "I promised that you would come up with me," continued Miss Dinwuddie, "and you need not be afraid of her. She is quite harmless although she III crazy. She spends nearly all her time in one room amongst her dogs and birds of all kinds, talking to them all the day long as if they were human beings, and I really do think some of them understand her better than we can."

"Who takes care of her?" asked Ellie, at

Armour did not speak.

"Two old folk, a gardener and his wife, They have been with her for years, and have grown into her ways. She has one particular crase—she will not allow the window to be closed night or day, winter or summer. I have been with her when the snow has been driving in at the window and melting on the floor with the heat of the fire, while all the robins in the Stewartry seemed to be congregated there. You will be very much interested, Mr. Armour, and you must think yourself highly honoured, for there are not more than half a dozen people she will speak to on any account."

"Very well, I will go," said Armour, but

the prospect was not a pleasant one.

Ellie had seen the shade on his fare, and, knowing the whole story of the past, she understood it. He was thinking of his father. and became restless in his desire for news, Notwithstanding that he was here beside billie, and the Fiscal had told him that would be most useful if he waited quietly some fixed place whence he could be mate summoned, he felt that he would be insatisfied if he were joining in the sear-This waiting to be called was only made bearable by her presence.

The party was not so blithe as when they started. Fenwick chattered about the coast. the amugglers and their caves, about "Guy Mannering," and Dik Hatterick, but even he was glad when they stepped on shore

again.

CHAPTER XXIIL-UNDER THE SHADOW.

"On no, you cannot come with us," said Miss Dinwuddie Ellie and Fenwick, " you must either wait for us or me on home to lunch—it II nearly the hour now. We will not be long behind you."

"We'll go on slowly," said Fenwick, taking

upon himself to reply for killie.

"Just as you like. Come away, Mr.

new friend."

And she marched up the bracside, Armour being obliged to accompany her. Dinwuddie, after her observations of the previous evening, was under the impression that she was doing Cupid a good turn and was aiding the course of true love to run smooth in thus leaving Ellie and Fenwick "Matchmaking a stronger instipct in the woman-breast than maternal affection itself," Mr. Moffat used to say, "they are aye marrying themselves or other folk."

The cottage was a squat-looking square erection of reddish stone, one story, and the slated roof projected more than a foot beyond the walls, serving as an umbrella for them. This was needed as the stone was very porous. The walls were bare, but a few geraniums were growing in a narrow strip of earth along the side of the cottage. The garden was laid out in squares of exactly the same size whether they were for flowers or vegetables. The boxwood bordering was thick and carefully trimmed; there was not a weed anywhere or a blade of grass visible on the straight paths. It was like one of the toy gardens in which everything is rigidly straight and prim, and the trees were trimmed as if they were toy trees.

The lower sash of the front window had been taken out, and as they approached the house Armour heard the yelping of dogs, the tumultuous whistling of birds, and above the din the acreeching of parrots and paroquets mingled with the husky voice of a jack-

daw.

Miss Dinwuddie, without knecking or waiting to be announced, entered a small room where the menageric was kept.

Seated in a huge old arm-chair was a woman who must have been tall when able to stand up, and her face—although it was scored with lines like a railway map, and adorned with a considerable moustachebore signs that she had once been handsome. She was handsome still; but seared and yellow. On the head was a white "mutch," over which was a broad black band. She was dressed in what had been a black satin gown; it was now an admirable specimen of the various shades of brown. A faded Paisley shaw! hung loosely over her shouklers, and an old railway rug covered her feet.

to the back her chair and perched there age."

Armour, and see what you think of your with head on one side inspecting the intruders and making a clicking sound as if it were muttering uncomplimentary remarks.

"Whare ye-whare ye," shrieked one of the parrots; "Kail brose-hoo's a'-hoo's a'," was the shrill cry of another, and a paroquet maintained a continuous series of hoarte screams,

"Qu'ate, ye brutes-qu'ate," commanded Miss Graham in a masculine voice. With a heavy staff she gave one of the dogs a rap on the back, and his bark was changed **m** a howl.

Miss Dinwuddie had to raise her voice 🔳 its highest pitch.

"Here is Mr. Armour."

"Bide a wee, ur the brutes are qu'ate." and by dint of much scolding she did succeed in modifying the clamour a little. Then, with a red face, looking at the vigitors: "What said ye?"

Miss Dinwaddie repeated her introduction. Miss Graham bowed her head in a stiff. stately way three times; then regarded him

frowningly.

"Armour—you're no Jock Armour—no the Jock Armour I mean. . . . Bide a wee, there's something about ye that kind o' minds me o' him. But you're no the man. Are there ony mair o' your name that you ken?"

Armour was ashamed to find himself hesitate to answer that question even to this

half-witted lady.

"My father's name is John also."

"Your father-hoot awa," she exclaimed contemptuously. "Do you mean to tell me that I'm auld enough to be your mither? He was just about your ain age, and it's no mair nor twa-three years sin' he gaed awa' to foreign parts. He took a curse wi' him, an' I'm wanting **take** the curse aff him, but I mann see hunsel' ur I ass do that. Hae ye been in foreign parts?"

"Yes, I have been abroad."

"An' did you no meet him in your travels? You would hae been sure me hae ta'en up wi' him. He was a blithe cratur if it hadna been for the curse upon him. A black curse. . . . Ay, an' ye dinua ken him. He was just like you an' there's something about ye that minds me o' him."

Armour was puzzled, but Miss Dinwuddie

explained in a whisper-

"One of her fancies | that things which happened many years ago occurred quite As the visitors entered two terriers barked recently. She believes that she is not more furiously, but did not leave the side of their I than thirty although she is over sixty, and is mistiess; a jackdaw with a scream flew up dreadfully offended anybody mistakes her

Armour understood now and was satisfied that the man she referred to was his father.

"I hae been speirin' at everybody that has travelled an'-losh, but it maun be a big place the world, for nachody keen onything about him."

" I think I have met him."

"Fetch him to me, then, fetch him to me. , . . . Bide a wee, ye mauna tell him my name: he's fear't for it. I am ane o' the Grahams o' Montrose-we are great folk an' he's fear't for us. But I want him. I hae been trying | learn that birds his name that they might flee awa' an' cry it a' ower the world so that he might come an' has the curse ta'en off him. Whar is he?"

"I do not know at this moment, but I

hone learn in a few days."

The eager look on her face changed to one

of gloomy disappointment.

It's aye the same, nacbody kens him.

Gang your wa's-I'm no' enterteened."

"I am interested in him too, if we mean the same man, Miss Graham," said Armour with some emotion, "and I wish you would tell me how you are to take the curse from

"I'm no' enterteened. Gang your wa's. Ye may come the castle again if ye fetch

him in wi' ye."

We need not wait," said Miss Dinwuddie, "she will tell you nothing more to-day. Goodbye, Miss Graham, we are coming back soon."

"Ay, fetch him me," muttered the woman without looking at them as they

withdrew.

"Can you tell me what is her history?" asked Armour as soon as they were outside. "Had she any relative named Edward Graham?"

"I think that was her brother's name, and they say that he committed murder and was hung for it. That was the chief cause of her derangement. My father can tell you all about it, for he is one of her trusteen.

"Has she no relatives alive?"

"Yes, but she has a small income of her own and prefers to live me you see her. suppose her friends prefer it too, for they proposed mu put her into an asylum, but as she is harmless, and III many respects very shrewd, the lunacy commissioners allow her to remain where she is under the care of Peter Baird and his wife."

Do her friends not take any care of her?

Do they not visit her?"

"She will have nothing to say to them since they tried to get her into the asylum. steady square at the edges of the bowling-

She fancies that she is very rich and that her friends want to take her fortune from her. They think it is best not to disturb her by visits which only cause excitement. She is happy in her way, I believe, and although she is always waiting for your namesake 🔣 come back so that she may take the curse off him, as she says, she is not disturbed about him and is content to wait."

"Did you ever hear how she proposes to take the curse off him?" III inquired with a curious sensation of superstitious anxiety at which under other circumstances he would

have smiled.

" No, she has never precisely explained how she is to do it; but my father and I believe that it is some message she received for him from her brother. I told you that you would be interested."

Ay, he was interested: the shadow of the curse fell very blackly over him and over that poor woman in the cottage on the bias. He was brave and firm in his resolution to claim and maintain the place he had won for himself; to attempt no concealment of his antecedents, although he would not be such a fool or braggart as to thrust them unnecessarily upon the attention of others. But at this moment there was a sharp sting in his brain as be thought how this frank, generoushearted girl beside him, who was now so friendly, would shrink from him if she were suddenly made aware of his relationship to the man Miss Graham was waiting for.

He was beginning to realise that there are circumstances in which the shadow of another's guilt may darken innocent lives.

It was hard enough for him to feel the shadow on himself; how would it be for Ellie? Was it right to drag her under it too?

"I would like your life to be all sunshine, he said when he found an opportunity of speaking to her apart from the others. was at the bowling-green, whither they had

all repaired immediately after lunch. The bright day had brought many spectators to the green, and there was a hum of cheery voices, above which rose the encouraging shouts of the backers, or the general applause of the on-lookers, when some wellplayed bowl skimmed lightly over the closecut turf and, obedient to the carefully calculated bins, curved gracefully through the maze of other bowls, taking a first place. Then the shout was for "Newton-Stewart 1" and the next moment it was "Kirkcoolity, Kirkeoobry ! "

Four lines of earnest on-lookers formed a

plain; but outside that aquare there was constant movement and change of places, except when attention was arrested by exclamations of unusual interest, and all eyes were attracted to the progress of a bowl.

Amidst the moving lines Ellie and Armour had become separated from their party.

Then I should be sure to be sighing for some shade," she answered, langhing at the serious way in which he expressed his unattainable wish.

"There will be no want of that, Ellie,"

"Well, we must just take as it comes," was the commonplace but comforting rejoinder. "I have good news for you-at least I hope you will think I is good news. We are to go home on Tuesday.

"That is good news, for I must return this

afternoon."

"I thought you intended # remain till Monday!" she exclaimed, disappointed.

"Yes, but the conversation with Miss Graham has made me restless; I am eager to get back-to be doing something myself to find him. I should be content if we even knew where he was; but, knowing nothing, this inactivity is proving too much for me.

"Will you not find it wome at home?"

"There I shall find work to do in making preparations for you. Here I can do nothing tor you or-for him."

"But what can you do for him? My father has told you that you must wait, and you can trust him-he will leave nothing

undone."

"I know it-I am sure of it. Had the case been his own he could not have taken more interest in it. Gratitude is not a strong enough word for my regard for him. And to think that through it all he knew everything!"

"Then trust him and wait till he calls

Of course he would wait when she wished

him to do so.

And that was altogether the finest bowling match that had ever been played in Scotland, although these two left the green without knowing which side had won the victory. They heard excited cheers as they were leaving the ground, but did not know that the champion player of Kirkcoohry had with his last bowl cleverly cut the jack out from the midst of a circle of the enemy and gained the day for his native town.

But Armour was much passled when, about an hour afterwards, Ellie came to him and evening as he had thought of doing. She

was still smiling, but there were traces of agitation on her face,

"What has happened?"

"Nothing of very great importance. Only I want you to help me to make my mother happy during the few days she is here."

He understood and obeyed,

This was what had happened | cause

Ellie to send him away.

On returning to the house Mrs. Musgrave had summoned her to their dressing-room. There was much distress in the mother's expression, but no sign of anger. She was evidently striving very hard | keep from crying as she spoke, and Ellie was dismayed to see her in this state,

"You are grieving me very much, Ellie; and I thought we were to be so happy here together-and we were happy until yester-

day.

"What have I done, mamma?" asked the girl, hastily searching her memory for any act

that could justify this accusation,

"What have you done!-oh, Ellie! You know quite well what you have done. You are causing everybody to speak about you and Mr. Armour-and you know how vexing that is to me. I cannot stand it."

Here she wept, and the daughter hastily tried to soothe her; but without much immediate effect. Ellie thought she had sacrificed her own inclinations to a considerable extent in keeping Armour so much at a distance except during that half-hour at the bowling-green; and now it seemed the sacrifice had been made without avail.

"I did not mean to give any one cause to talk about us," she said quietly. "What do

you want me to do?"

"I don't know what you are | do," answered the mother, still agitated, "but what I am to do is to tell Charlotte that we cannot remain here another day if she persists in having that man about the house."

Then Ellie reflected for a few moments,

and presently she spoke-

" I don't think you should do that, mamma, . . . I think Mr. Armour will go home this evening.

"I certainly will speak to Charlotte if he

remains.

Then Ellie went and told her lover that he was to go home: but she determined at the same time that as soon as they returned to Torthori the necessary explanation should be made.

Mrs. Musgrave was pacified, and the also said he was to go back to Thornichowe that came to a determination :--- that before they returned to Torthorl something should happen.

KEPT IN THE DARK.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER IV .-- MR. WESTERN.

in Switzerland and the autumn in the north scenery to city, and, as had been their fortune. of Italy, and found themselves at Rome in Mr. Western had passed on with them. Who November, with the intention of remain- does not know the way in which some strange ing there for the winter. One place was traveller becomes his friend on a second or a the same to them as another, and it was third meeting in some station or hotel saloon? necessary that they should at any rate In this way Mrs. Holt and Cecilia had beexist until the term had expired for which come acquainted with Mr. Western, and on they had let their house. Mrs. Holt had I parting with him at Venice in October had think enjoyed her life. She had been made received with gratification the assurance that more of than m home, and had been happy amidst the excitement. But with Cecilia it had been for many months as though all Mrs. Holt to her daughter that night. Cecilia things had been made of leather and princillo. She had not cared, or had not seemed to care, for scenery or for cities. In that last episode of her life she had aspired to s new career, and had in first been fairly successful. And made himself agreeable. He was an unshe had loved the man honestly for a time, married man, however, and there had been and had buoyed herself up with great intentions as to the future duties of her life. Then had come her downfall, in which it was com- her from being loud in his praise. Not that monly said of her that she had been jilted by her lover. Even when the mountains of Switzerland had been so fine before her eyes unexpected, confidential, and of such a nature as in truth m console her by their beauty, she had not admitted that she was consoled. The Campanile at Florence had filled her with that satisfaction which comes from supreme beauty. But still when she went home to her hotel she thought more of Sir Francis Geraldine than of the Campanile. To have been jilted would be bad, but m have it said from the nature of the story told. of her that she had been filted when she was conscious that it was untrue was a sore provocation. And yet no one could say but that she had behaved well and been instigated by good motives. She had found that her lover was ignoble, and did not love her. And she had at once separated herself from him. And since that in all her correspondence with her friends she had quietly endured the idea which would continually crop up that she had been jilted. She never denied it; but it was the false accusation rather than the loss of all that her marriage had promised her which made her feel the Matterhorn and London, and having a house had thought it the Campanile to be equally ineffective. Then well to look for a wife. He had become enthere gradually came to her some comfort gaged to a certain Miss Mary Tremenhere, from a source from which she had certainly and by her he had been—jilted. Since that, not expected it. On their travels they had for twelve months he had been travelling become acquainted with a Mr. Western, a abroad in quest, he said, not of consolution, XXIII-16

silent, shy, almost middle-aged man, whom they had sate next to dinner for nearly a THE Hoits travelled about during the week before they had become acquainted whole of that year, passing the summer with him. But they had possed on from he would again " turn up" in Rome.

"He is a very good sort of man," said agreed, but with perhaps less enthusiasm than her mother had displayed. For Mrs. Holt the assertion had been quite enthusiastic. But Cecilia did think that Mr. Western had something in the nature of a communication which he had made to her, that had prevented the communication had been one which had in any way given offence; but it had been as to create much thought. No doubt an intimacy had sprung up between them. But yet it was singular that a man apparently so reticent as Mr. Western should make such a communication. How the intimacy had grown by degrees need not here be explained, but that it had grown to be very close will appear

The story was one of Mr. Western's own life and was as follows. He was a man of good but not of large private means. He had been - Oxford and had there distinguished himself. He had been called me the har but had not practised. He had gone into Parliament, but had left it, finding that the benches of the House of Commons were only fitted for the waste of time. He had joined scientific societies to which he still belonged, but which he did not find to be sulficient for his happiness. During these attempts and changes in had taken a house in thought I did," he answered. And then the one-sided sympathy.

subject was dropped.

him to make. Why should be, an elderly man as the at first took him to be, select her the recipient for such a tale? She took him to be an elderly man, till she found by the accidents of conversation that he was two years younger than Sir Francis Geraldine. Then she looked into his face and saw that that appearance of age had come upon him from sorrow. There was a tinge of grey through his hair, and there were settled lines about his face, and a look of steadied thought about his mouth, which robbed him of all youth. But when she observed his upright form, and perceived that he was a strong stalwart man, in the very pride of manhood as far as strength was concerned,—then she felt that she had wronged him. Still he was one who had suffered so much as to be entitled to be called old. She falt the impossibility of putting him in the same category among men as that filled by Sir Francis Geraldine. The strength of manhood was still there, but not the salt of youth. But why should be have told her,-her who had exactly the same story to tell back again, if only she could tell it? Once, twice there came to her an idea that she would tell it. He had sought for sympathy, not under the assurance of secresy but with the full conviction as she felt it, that his secret would be safe. Why should not she do the same? That there would be great comfort in doing so she was well aware. To have some one who would sympathise with her! Hitherto she had no one. Even her mother, who was kindness, even obedience itself, who attended to her smallest wish, even her mother regretted the baronet sonin-law. And yet she would have been left all alone," she said to herself, marvelling at the unselfish fondness of a mother. Mr. Western would be bound to sympathise. Having called upon her for sympathy, his must be ready. But when she had thought of it thrice she did not do it. Were she to tell her story it would seem as though she were repeating to him. back his own. "I too have been in love, and engaged, and have illted a gentleman considerably my senior in age." She would have to say that, likening herself to the girl who had jilted him,--or else to tell the other story, the untrue story, the story which the world believed, in order that she might be on a par with him. This she could not do. If with fewer years; and she did not hesitate

but of some mitigation of his woe. Cecilia, she told any she must tell the truth, and the when she heard this, whispered to him one truth was not suitable to be told. Therefore. little question, "Do you love her?" "I she kept her peace, and sympathised with a

In Rome they did again meet, and on this was a most singular communication for occasion they met as quite old friends. He called upon them at their hotel and sat with them, happier than usual in his manner, and, for him, almost light and gay of heart. Parties were made to St. Peter's, and the Coliseum, and the Capitol. When he left on that occasion Cecilia semarked to her mother how much less triste he was than usual. "Men I suppose," she said to herself, "get over that

kind of thing quicker than women."

In Rome it seemed to Cecilia that Mr. Western when alone with her had no other subject for conversation than the illtreatment he had received from Mary Tremenhere. His eagemess in coming back to the subject quite surprised her. She herself was fascinated by it, but yet felt it would be better were she to put a stop to it. There was no way of doing this unless she were to take her mother from Rome. She could not tell him that on that matter he had said enough, nor could she warn him that so much of confidential intercourse between them would give rise in the minds of others to erroneous ideas. Her mother never seemed to see that there was anything peculiar in their intercourse. And so it went on from day to day and from week to week.

"You saked me once whether I loved her," he said one day. "I did; but I am astonished now that it should have been so.

She was very lovely." "I suppose so."

"The most perfect complexion that was ever seen on a lady's cheek." Cecilia remembered that her complexion too had been praised before this blow had fallen upon her. "The colour would come and go so rapidly that I used to marvel what were the thoughts that drove the blood hither and thither. There were no thoughts, -unless of her own prettiness and her own fortunes. She accepted me as a husband because it was necessary for her to settle in life. I was in Parliament, and that she thought | be something. I had a house in Chester Square, and that was comething. She was promised a carriage, and that conquered her. As the bride I had chosen for myself she became known to many, and then she began wunderstand that she might have done better with herself. I am old, and not given many amusements. Then came a man with a better income and

for a moment. When she took me aside and lieved by the conviction that she had been new lover; but simply that she did not love had happened to him; but she, though she me. I did not stoop for a moment to a knew it also, was sore in heart because people prayer. I took her at her word, and left her. Within a week she was acknowledged to be

engaged Captain Geraldine."

The naming of the name of course struck Cecilia Holt. She remembered to have heard something of the coming marriage by her lover's cousin, and something, too, of the story of the girl. But it had reached her ear in the lightest form, and bad hardly remained in her memory. It was now of no matter, as she had determined to keep her own history to herself. Therefore she made no exclamation when the name of Geraldine was mentioned.

"How could I love her after that?" he continued, betraying the strong passion which felt. "I had loved a girl whose existence I had imagined, and of whom I had seen merely the outward form, and had known nothing of the inner self. What is it that we love?" he continued. "Is it merely the coloured doll, soft to touch and pleasant to kiss? Or is it some inner nature which we hope to discover, and of which we have found the outside so attractive? I had found no inner self which it had been possible that I could love. He was welcome to the mere doll who was wanted simply that she should grace his equipage. I have asked myself, Why is it that I am so sorely driven, seeing that in truth I do not love her? I would not have her now for all the world. I know well how providential has been my escape. And yet I go about like a wounded animal, who can find none to consort with bim. Till I met you, and learnt to talk to you, I was truly miserable wand why? Because I had been saved from alling when standing on a preci-Because the engine had not been allowed to crush me when passing along on its iron road! Ought I not to rejoice and thankful rather, as I think of what I have escaped? But in truth it is the poor weakness of human nature. . People say that I have been—jilted. What matters it to me what people say? I have been saved, and as time goes on I shall know it and be thankful."

Exeter were saying of her, only slightly re- she could not accept him. The one was

told me that she had shanged her mind, it preserved from a life of unhappiness. But was her quiescence and indifference that dis- she had never been able to look at it quite turbed me most. There was nothing of her as he did. He knew that the better thing told the story, as she thought, to her discredit. There was, indeed, this difference between them. It was said truly of him, that the girl had jilted him, but falsely of her

that she had been jilted.

She, however, told him nothing of her own There had come moments in which she was sorely tempted. But she had allowed them to pass by, telling herself on each occasion that this at any rate was not the moment. She could not do it now,--or now,--or now, lest there should seem | be some peculiar motive on her own part. And so the matter went on till there had arisen a feeling of free confidence on the one side, and of absolute restraint on the other. She could not do it, she said to herself. Much as she trusted Mr. Western, deeply as she regarded him as her friend, strongly as she wished that the story had been told to him at some former passage of their intimacy, the proper time had passed by, she mid, and he must be left in his ignorance.

Then one day there happened that which the outside world at Rome had long pected; and among the number Mrs. Holt. George Western proposed to marry Cecilia Holt. Of all the world at Rome who had watched the two together she probably was the last who thought of any such idea. But even to her the idea must surely have come in some shape before the proposal. He had allowed her to feel that he was only happy in her company, and he had gradually fallen into the habit of confiding to her in everything. He had told her of his money, and of his future life. He had consulted her about his books, and pictures he had bought. and even about the servants of his establishment. She cannot but have expected it. But yet when the moment came she was unable to give him an answer.

It was not that she did not think that she liked him. She had been surprised to find how food she had gradually become of him; -how Sir Francis had faded in her memory, and had become a poor washed-out daub of a man while this other had grown into the Every word of it came home to her and proportions of a hero. She did not declare gave her back her own story. There was her to herself that she loved him, but she was own soreness, and her own salvation. There sure that she could do so. But two reawas the remembrance of what the people in sons did for a while make her feel that

Since she had been abroad she had corresponded regularly with Miss Altificria, and strong in her aversion matrimony. Many things had been said apparently with the intention of comforting Cecilia, but written in truth with the view of defending bernelf. "I have chosen the better side, and have been true to it without danger of stumbling." So was that Miss Altifioria put it. "You, dearest Cecilia, have had an accident, but have recovered and stand once more upon the solid ground. Take care, oh take care, that you do not fall." Cecilia did not remember that any chance of stumbling had come in Miss Altifiorla's way; and was upon the whole disgusted by the constancy of her friend's arguments. But still they did in truth, an unmarried lite was not the safer for a woman. But the cause which operated the atrongest with her was the silence which she had herself maintained. There was indeed no reason why she should not at once begin and tell her story. But in doing so it would appear that she had been induced to do it only by Mr. Western's offer. And she cheated herself by some vague idea that she would be telling the secrets of another person. "Had it been for myself only," she said to herself, "I would have done it long since. But that which made it improper then would make it still more improper now." And so she held her peace and told Mr. Western nothing of the story.

He came to her the day after his offer and demanded her answer. But she was not as yet able to give it to him. She had in the meantime told her mother, and had received from her that ready, willing, quick assurance of her sanction which was sure to operate in mother was thinking only of her material steady, well-to-do life's companion. Of what such a revelation,—and she accepted him. more should she have thought? the reader will say. But Cecilia had still in her head undefined, vague notions of something which might be better than that,-of some com-

weak m water, but still it operated with her, come from a fear lest the man with the hidden nobility should not if forthcoming. She had tried, or had nearly tried, Sir Francis Miss Altifiorla in her letters had been very Geraldine, and had made one hideous mistake. Was or was not this Mr. Western a man with all such hidden nobility? If so she thought that she might love him.

She required a week, and gave her whole thoughts to the object. Should she or should she not abandon that mode of life to which she had certainly pledged herself? In the first days of the misery created by the Geraldine disruption she had declared that she would never more open her ears or her heart to matrimonial projects, promise had only been made to Miss Altifiorla,-to Miss Altifiorla and to herself. At the present moment she did not greatly regard Miss Altifioria; but the promise made weigh, and drove her to ask herself whether, herself and corroborated by her assurance to another, almost overcame her. And then there was that story which she could not now tell to Mr. Western. She could not say to him ;--"Yes, I will accept you, but you must first hear my tale;" and then tell him the exact copy of his own - her. And yet it was necessary that he should know. The time must come,—some day. Alas; she did not remember that no day could be less painful,-less disagreeable than the present. If he did not like the story now he could tell her so, and have done with it. There could be no fault found with her. It had hitherto been free to her to tell it or not as she pleased. "I had not meant to have disclosed my secret, but now it is necessary." Even had he fancied that she had "invented it" in part and made it like to his own, no harm,-no dangerous harm would come from that. He could but be angry and recede from his otier. But she found that she did not wish him to recede. Her oba different way than that intended. Her jections to matrimony had all been cured. She told herself at the last moment that she interests,—of a comfortable bouse and a was not able to undergo the absurdity

CHAPTER V.-CECILIA'S SECOND CHANCE.

It became at once necessary that Mr. Western should start off for London. That panion who might be better than the com- had been already explained. He would go, panions which other girls generally choose whether accepted or refused. When she had for themselves. She dreamed of some one named a week, he had told her that he who should sit with her during the long should only have just time to wait for her mornings and read Dante to her, -when reply. She offered to be ready in five days, she should have taught herself to understand but he would not hurry her. During the it; of some one with a hidden nobility of week she had hardly seen him, but she was character which should be all but divine. sware that he remained silent, moody, almost Her invectives against matrimony had all sullen. She was somewhat afraid of



When the letter was completed she found it to be one which if e could not send?

other respects so open, so noble, so con- her daughter. And she did bestow much sistent! "It shall be so," she said, putting advice as I the manner in which everything her hand into his. Then his very nature should be done so me to tend to his happiseemed have changed. appeared as ness. His tastes should be adopted, and his though nothing could restrain him in the ways of life should be studied. His pursuits be more quietly joyous than his manner. He was to have left Rome by a mid-day train, but III would wait for a train at midnight in order that he might once dine with his own wife that was to be. "You will kill yourself with the fatigue," Cecilia said. But laughed at her. It was not so easy to kill him. Then he sat with her through the long morning, telling her of the doings of his past life, and hill schemes for the life to come. He had a great book which he wanted to write,—as to which everybody might lough in him but she must not laugh. And he laughed at himself and his aspiration; but she promised all her sympathy, and she told him of their house at Exeter, and of her mother's future loneliness. He would do anything for her within his power. Her mother should live with them if she wished it. And she spoke of the money which was 📰 be her own, and told him of the offer which her mother had made as to giving up a portion of it. Of this he would have none. And he told her how it must be settled. And he behaved just as a lover should do,-taking upon himself to give directions, but giving all the directions fust such as she would have them.

Then he went; and there came upon her a cold, chilling feeling that she had already been untrue to him. It was a feeling as to which she could not speak, even to her mother. But why had not her mother advised her and urged her to tell him everything? Her mother had said not a word to her about it. Why did her mother treat her me though she were one to be feared, and beyond the possibility of as though she were ashamed of what she was advice? But to her mother she said not a word on the subject. From the moment in Mrs. Thome as she was now called; and she which Mr. Western had first begun to pay her attention, the name of Sir Francis had never been mentioned between the mother Those from the two married ladies were in and daughter. And now in all their inter- all respects satisfactory. That from Mrs. course Mrs. Holt spoke with an unclouded Thome was quite enthusiastic in its praises though the Geraldine episode had been little less warm, but was still discreetly absolutely obliterated from the memory of happy. She had no doubt in her own mind thing. She would not accept his magnificent Mr. Western, though perhaps a little old,

temper; -but yet she had found him in her income, and give at any rate a third to expression of his satisfaction. Nothing could should be made her pursuits, and his friends her friends. All this was very well. Cecilia knew all that without any teaching from her mother. Her instincts told her as much as that. But what was she to do with this secret which loaded her bosom, but as to which she could not bring herself even wask her mother's advice?

Then she made up her mind that she would write to her lover and relate the whole story as to Sir Francis Geraldine. And she did write it; but she was alarmed at finding that the story, when told, extended itself over various sheets of paper. And the story would take the shape of a confession,—as though the were telling her lover of some passage in her life of which she had cause to be ashamed. She knew that there was no ground for shame. She had done nothing which she ought not to have done, nothing which she could not have acknowledged to him without a blush. When the letter was completed, she found it to be one which she could not send. It was as though she were telling him something, on reading which he would have to decide whether their engagement should or should not be continued. This was not Thinking of it all with at all her purpose. a view to his happiness, and to his honour, she did not wish him to suppose that there could be a doubt on that subject. It was clear to her that a letter so worded was not fit for the occasion, and she destroyed it. Still she was minded to write in him, but for the moment she postponed her purpose. Of course she wrote to her friends in Exeter. Were she to be silent to them it would appear now doing. She told Maude Hipperley, -or told Mrs. Green, and also Miss Altifiorla. Immediate answers came from the three. serenity of their future life. It was to her as of matrimony. That from Mrs. Green was a them all. Mr. Western to her was every- that a married life was preferable, and that offer of a home, because she knew that an was upon the whole a well-chosen and old woman in a man's house could only be deserving consort for life. But the letter considered as in his way. She would divide from Miss Altificial was very different from these, and as it had some effect perhaps in producing the circumstances which are to be told, it shall be given at length ;--

"My DEAR CECTLIA,-I am of course expected to congratulate you, and as far as Mr. Western's merits are concerned, I do so with my full heart. He is possessed, I have no doubt, of all those virtues which should adorn a husband, and is in all respects the very opposite to Sir Francis Geraldine. You give me to understand that he is steady, hardworking, and properly ambitious. In spite of the mistake which you made in reference to Sir Francis Geraldine, I will not doubt but that your judgment in respect to Mr. Western will be found correct. If it is to be I dare say it could not be better. But must it be?" "Of course it must," said Cecilia to herself, feeling very angry with Miss Altifiorla for raising the question at such a time and in such a manner. "After all the aweet converse and aweeter resolutions that have pessed between us on this matter, must all be abendoned like a breath of summer All this Cecilia felt to be as absurd as it wind, meaning nothing?" Of what infinitely was ill-timed,—and to be redeemed, as it bad taste was not the woman guilty, in thus raising the question when the only final answer to it had been already given? Cocilia felt ashimed of herself as she thought of this, in that she had admitted the friendship of sych a friend. "A breath of summer wind I" she said, repeating with scorn her friend's somewhat high-flown words. "I cannot/but say that, like Martha, you have chosen the worser part," continued the letter. The things of the world, which are in themselves but accidents, have been for a moment all in all to you; but knowing you as I do, I am aware how soon they will fade away, and have no more than their proper weight. Then you will wake some day, and feel that you have devoted yourself to the mending of his stockings and the feeding of his babies." There was something in this which stured Cecilis absolute wrath. If there were babies would they not be her babies as well as his? Was it not the intention of the Lord that the world should | populated? The worser part, indeed! Then she took up the cudgels in her own mind on behalf of Martha, as she had often done before. How would the world get on unless there were And was it not more than probable that a self-dubbed Mary should fall into idle ways under the pretence that she was filled with special inspiration? Looking at Miss Altifioria as a Mary, she was somewhat in love with the Marthas.

'I do not doubt that Mr. Western what he should be," the letter went on, " but even judging him by your letter, I find that he is autocratic and self-opinioned. future life, and not yours, of which he thinking, his success and not yours, his doings and not your doings." "How does she know?" exclaimed Cecilia. "She has only my account of him, and not his of me."

And he is right in this," went on the letter, "because the ways of the world allow such privileges to men. What would a man be unless he took the place which his personal strength has obtained for him? For women, in the general, of course matrimony is fit. They have to earn their bread, and think of little else. To be a man's toy and then his slave, with due allowance for food and clothes, suffices for them. But I had dreamed a dream that | would not suffice for you. Alas, alas I I stand alone now in the expression of my creed. You must excuse me if I repine, when I find myself so cruelly deserted."

re, from its ill-nature by its ridiculous philosophy. But at last there came a paragraph which admitted of no such excuse. "What has Mr. Western said as to the story of Sir Francis Geraldine? Of course you have told him the whole, and I presume that he has pardoned that episode. In spite of the expression of feelings which I have been unable to control, you must believe, dear Cecilia, that I am as anxious as ever for your happiness, and am,

"Your most affectionate friend. "FRANCISCA ALTIDIORLA."

Cecilia, when she had completed the reading of the letter, believed nothing of the kind. That last paragraph about Sir Francis had turned all her kindly feelings into wrath, and contained one word which she knew not how to endure. She was told that Mr. Western had "pardoned" the Geraldine episode in her life. She had done nothing for which pardon had been necessary. To merit pardon there must have been misconduct; and, as this woman had known all her behaviour in that matter, what right had she to talk of pardon? In what had she deserved pardon;—or at any rate the pardon of Mr. Western? There had been a foolish engagement made between her and Sir Francis Geraldine, which had been most wisely dissolved. The sin, I sin there had been, was against Sir Francis, and certainly

that she had loved before, a matter as to of Mande Hipperley were chosen. which Mr. Western was necessarily in ignorance when in first came to her? But might it not come to pass that his pardon should be required in that the story had never been told to him? It was the sting which came from that feeling which added fierceness to her wrath. "Of course you have told him the whole, and I presume that he has purdoned that episode !" She had not told Mr. Western the whole, and had thus created another episode for which his pardon might be required. It was this that the woman had intended to insinuate, understanding with her little sharpness, with her poor appreciation of character, how probable it was that Cecilia should not have told him of her previous engagement.

She sat thinking of it all that night till the matter assumed new difficulties in her mind's eyesight. And the began w question to herself whether Mr. Western had a right to her secret,—whether the secret did not belong to two persons, and she was bound to keep it for the sake of the other person. She had committed a wrong, an injury, or at any rate had inflicted a deserved punishment upon Sir Francis; one as to which a man would naturally much dislike that it should be noised about the world. Was she not bound to keep her secret still a secret for his sake? She was angry with herself when she asked the question, but still she asked it. She knew that she owed nothing - Sir Francis Geraldine, and that she owed all to Mr. Western. But still she asked it, because in that way could she best strengthen herself against the telling of the story. The more the turned the matter in her mind, the more impossible to her became the task of telling At last she resolved that she would not tell in now. She would not tell it at any rate till she again saw him,-because Miss Altifioria had told her that she "presumed he had pardoned her that episode."

It was arranged that they should be married at Exeter in April. Their house there was not yet vacant, but would be lent to them for a fortnight. After the marriage Mrs. Holt would go into lodgings, and remain her own, that there was not a moment or there till the house should be ready for her. her in which she could tell the story. There But they were both to return to Exeter together, and then there would be bustle and confusion till the happy ceremony should have been performed. It was arranged that

had never been considered as ain by this Miss Altifiorla to be one of them. A younger woman who now wrote to her. Was it a sin sister of Mrs. Green and a younger sister also Altificia, when she came to see Cecilia on her return, expressed herself as quite satisfied. "It is best so, dear," she said, "I was afraid that you would ask me. Of course I should have done it, but my heart would not have been there. You can understand it all. I know." Cecilia's wrath had become mitigated by this time, and she answered her triend civilly. "Just so. You think I ought to be an old maid, and therefore do not like to lend a hand at turning me into a young wife. I have got two girls who have no objection on that score." "You might find a hundred in Exeter," said Miss Altifiorla proudly, "and yet I may be right in my opinions."

Mr. Western was 📰 come down 📟 Exeter only on the day before the marriage. The Holts had seen him as they came through London, where they slept one night, but as yet the story had not been told. Cecilia expected, almost wished, that the story might reach him from other quarters. It was so natural now that he should talk about the girl whom he intended to marry, and so natural,—as Cecilia thought,—that in doing so he should hear the name of Sir Francis Geraldine. Sir Francis was a man well known to the world of inshion, and many men must have heard of his intended marriage. Cecilia, though she almost hoped, almost feared that it should be so. figure of Mr. Western asking with an angry voice why he had not been told did alarm her. But he asked no such question, nor, as far as Cecilia knew, had he heard anything of Sir Francis when the Holts passed through London.

Nor did he seem to have heard it when he came down to Exeter. At any rate he did not say a word respecting Sir Francis. He spent the last evening with the Holts in their own house, and Cecilia felt that he had never before made himself so happy with her, so pleasant, and so joyous. It had been the same during their long walk together I the afternoon. He was so full of affairs which were his own, which were so soon to become are stories for the telling of which a peculiar atmosphere is required, and this was one of them. She could not interrupt him in the middle of his discourse and say :- "Oh, byshe should have but two bridesmaids, but the bye,—there something that I have got she was determined that she would not sak to say to you." To tell the story she must tune her mind to the purpose. She must the Hippesleys ;—for all were there 🖿 grace to her bed. The time came when he was alone with her, sitting with his arm around her waist, telling her of all the things she should do for him to make his life blessed ;--and how he too would endeavour to do some little things for her in order that her life might be happy. She would not tell it then. Though little might come of it, she could not do it. And yet from day to day the feeling had grown upon her that it was certainly her duty to let him know that one accident in her life. There was no disgrace in it, no cause for anger on his part, nor even for displeasure if it had only been told him at Rome. He could then have taken her, or left her as he pleased. Of course 🖿 would have taken her, and the only trouble of her life would have been spared her. What possible reason could there have been that he should not take her? It was not any reason of that kind which had kept her ellent. Of that she was quite confident, Indeed now she could not explain to herself why she had held her peace. It seemed to her as though she must have been mad to have let day after day go by at Rome and never make mentioned to him the name of Sir Francis Geraldine. But such, alas, had been the fact. And now the time had come in which she found it to be impossible to tell the story. As she went for the last time to her solitary bed she endeavoured to console herself by thinking that must have heard of it from other quarters. But then again she declared that he in his nobility would certainly not have been silent. He would have questioned her and then have told her that all was right between them. But now as she tossed unhappily on her pillow she told herself that all was wrong.

CHAPTER VI.-WHAT ALL HER PRIEMDS SAID ABOUT IT.

AND "all went merry as a marriage bell." George Western and Cecilia Holt were married in the Cathedral by the Dean, who more strongly evinced by the presence of all finger. All that gloom of his, which had

begin it in a proper tone, and be sure that he the ceremony except Maude, who was still would be ready to hearken to it as it should absent with her young squire, and who wrote be heard. She felt that the telling would be a letter full of the warmest affection and conspecially difficult that it had been put off gratulations, which Cecilia received on that so long. But though she had made up her very morning. Miss Altifiorla also came to mind to tell it before she had started on her the cathedral, with pink bows in her bonnet, walk, the desirable moment never came. So determined to show that though she were she again put it off, saying that it should be left alone in her theory of life she did not done late at night when her mother had gone resent the desertion. And Mrs. Green was there, humble and sweet-tempered as ever, soubbing her husband a little who assisted at the altar, and whispering a word into her friend's cars to assure her that she had done

the proper thing.

It is hardly necessary to say that on the morning of her wedding was in truth impossible for Cecilia to tell the story. It had now to be left untold with what hope there might be for smoothing it over in some future stage of her married life. She had done the deed now, and had married the man with the untold secret in her heart. The sin surely could not be of a nature to weigh so deeply on her conscience! She endeavoured to comfort herself with that idea again and again. How many girls are married who have been engaged to, or at least in love with, half-a-dozen suitors before the man has come who is at last to be their lord! But Cecilia told herself, as she endeavoured thus to find comfort, that her nature was not such as theirs. This thing which she had done was a sin or not a sin, according as it might be regarded by the person who did it. It was a sin to her, a heavy grievous sin, and one that weighed terribly on her conscience as she repeated the words after the Dean at the alter that morning. There was a moment in which she almost refused to repeat them, -in which she almost brought herself to demand that she might retire for a time with him who was not yet her husband, and give him another chance. Her mind entertained an exaggerated feeling of it, a feeling which she felt to be exaggerated but which she could not restrain. In the meantime the service went on; the irrevocable word was spoken; and when it was done she was led away into the cathedral vestry as sad a bride as might be.

And yet nobody had seen her trouble. With a capacity for struggling, infinitely greater than that possessed by any man, she had smiled and looked happy beneath her bridal finery, as though no grief had weighed was thus supposed to show his great anger at heavily at her heart. And he was as jocund his brother-in-law's conduct. And this was a bridegroom as ever put a ring upon a lady's seemed to be his nature till after she had so- to ask her daughter. And now she would cepted him, had vanished altogether. And not endure to be cross-examined on the carried himself with no sheepish, shame- subject by Miss Altifiorla. faced demeanour as though half ashamed of the thing which he had done. He seemed Mrs. Holt and was determined to push the as proud to be a bridegroom as ever girl was to become a bride. And in truth he was proud of her and did think that he had chosen well. After the former troubles of his life he did feel that he had brought him-

self to a happy haven at last.

There was a modest breakfast at Mrs. Holt's house, from which the guests departed quickly as soon as the bride and bridegroom had been taken away to the railway station. But when the others were gone Miss Altifiorla remained, out of kindness. Mrs. Holt need make no stranger of her, and it would be so desolate for her to be alone. So surmised Miss Altiforia. "I suppose," said she, when she had fastened up the pink ribbons so that they might not be soiled by the trifle with which she prepared to regale herself while she asked the question, "I suppose that he knows all the story about that other man?"

"Why should he?" asked Mrs. Holt in a sharp tone that was quite uncommon to her.

"Well; I do not know much about such things, but I presume it is common to tell a gentleman when anything of that kind has occurred."

"What business has he to know? And

" But Cecilia has not told him?"

"Why should she tell him? I don't think dine." that it is a thing we need talk about. You may be quite sure that Cecilia has done what is proper." In saying this Mrs. Holt behed her own thoughts. Cecilia had never said a word to her about it, nor had she dared to say word her own daughter on the subject. She had been intently anxious that her daughter should be married, and when she had seen Mr. Western in the act of falling in love, had studiously abstained from all subjects which might bring about a reference to Sir Francis Geraldine. But she had felt that her daughter would make that all straight. Her daughter was so much more wise, so much more certain - do what was right, so much more high-minded than was she, that she considered berself bound to leave all that to Cecilia. But as the days went on and the hour fixed for the marriage became nearer and nearer she had become am talking about and you need not contra-anxious. Something seemed to tell her that dict me. You'll find the he'll learn it of a a duty had been omitted. But the moment sudden, and then 🖿 the fat will be in the had never come in which she had been able fire. I know what men are."

But Miss Altifioria was not all afraid of question a little further. " He ought | know, you know. I am sure Cecilia will have thought that."

"If he ought 🔳 know then he does know," said Mrs. Holt with great certainty. "I am sure we may leave all that
Cecilia herself, If he is satisfied with her, it does not matter

much who else may be dissatisfied."

"Oh, if he satisfied, that is enough," said Miss Altifiorla as she took her leave, But she felt sure that the secret had not been told and that it ought to have been told, and she felt proud think that she had spotted the fault. Cecilia Helt would have done very well in the world had she confined herself,-as she had solemnly promised,-to those high but solitary feminine duties which Miss Altifiorla had devoted herself. But she had chosen to make herself the slave of a man who,---as Miss Altifiorla expressed it to herself, would turn upon her and rend her." And she, Miss Altifiorla, had seen and did see it all. The time might come when the wounded dove would return to her care. Of course she hoped that the time would not come; -but it might.

"I'll tell you one thing," said Mrs. Green what can it matter? Perhaps he does know to her busband as they walked home from the breakfast. "That girl has not yet said a word to that man about Sir Francis Geral-

"What makes you think that, my dear?" "Think it! I know it, was not likely that there should be much talk about Sir Francis either in the Cathedral or I the breakfast; but one can tell from other things whether a subject has been avoided. These are plain when little things would have been said but are not said. There has been no allusion made to their reason for leaving the house."

"I don't see that it signifies much, my dear."

"Oh; doesn't it? What would you have thought if after I had become engaged to you you had found that a month or two before I had been engaged 🖿 another man?"

" It is more than twelve months, my dear." "No. | not more than twelve months since first they met I Italy. I know what I

on the subject to her husband.

At the deanery the matter was spoken of in a different tone but still with similar feelsaid a word to that poor man as to ber engagement with Francis. I cannot tell what has put I into my mind, but I think that it so." was thus that Mrs. Hippesley spoke to the Dcan.

"Your brother behaved very badly ;--very

badly," said the Dean.

"That has got nothing to do with it. Mr. Western won't care a straw whether Francis behaved well or ill. And for the matter of that I don't think that as yet we quite know the truth of it. Nor would be care if his wife had behaved ill to the other man, so long as she behaved well to him. But if he has heard nothing of it and now finds it out he's not the man I take him to be if he dou't let her hear of it."

"It's nothing to us," said the Dean.

"Oh, no; it's nothing to us. But you'll see that what I say comes true." In this way all the world of Cecilia's friends were talking on the matter which she had mentioned no one. She still hoped that her husband might have heard the story, and that he kept it buried in his bosom. But never occurred to her that it would become matter of discussion among her friends at Exeter.

There was one other person who also discussed it very much at his case. Sir Francis Geraldine among his friends in London had been congratulated on his safe but miraculous escape. With a certain number of men he had been wont to discuss the chances of matrimony. Should he die, without having an heir, his title and property would go to his cousin, Captain Geraldine, who was a man some fifteen years younger than himself and already in possession of a large fortune. There were many people in the world whom Sir Francis hated, but none whom he hated so cordially as his cousin. Three or four years since he had been ill, nearly to dying, and had declared that he never would have recovered but for the necessity that he was under to keep his cousin out of the baronetage. I had therefore become imperative on him to marry in order that there might be an heir to the property. And though 🖿 had for a few weeks been perfectly contented with his Cecilia, there could be no doubt that he

that the gentle Mrs. Green expressed herself be arranged, but there would be time for that; and he would take care, that on this occasion he would not put himself into the hands of one who was exigeante and had a ings. "I don't think Cecilia has ever yet will of her own. "By Iove," said his particular friend, Dick Ross, "I would almost sooner that my cousin Walter had the property than put it and myself into the hands of such a virago."

"You'll only get another," said Dick, "that will not let on, but will turn out to be twice

as bad in the washing."

"That I hardly think probable. There aremany things which go to the choice of a wife, and the worst of it is that they are not compatible one with another. A woman should be handsome; but then she is proud. A woman should have a certain air of digmity; but when she has got it she knows that herself, and shows it off in the wrong place. She should be young; but if she in too young she a silly; wait a little and she becomes strong-minded and headstrong. If she don't read anything she becomes an ass and a bore; but if she do she despises a man because he is not always doing the same thing. If she is a nobody the world thinks nothing of her. If she come of high birth she thinks a deal too much of herself. It is difficult.*

"I'd have nothing to do with any of them,"

said Dick Ross.

"And let that puppy come in ! He wrote to me to congratulate me on my marriage,

just when he knew it was off."

"I'll tell you what I'd do," said Dick. "I'd marry some milk-maid and keep her down on the property. I'd see that it was all done legally and I'd take the kid away when he was three or four years old."

"Everybody would talk about it."
"Let 'em talk," said Dick heroically. "They couldn't talk you out of your case or your pleasure or your money. I never could find out the harm of people talking about you. They might say whatever they pleased

of me for five hundred a year,"

Then there came the news that Cecilia Holt was going to marry Mr. Western. tidings reached Sir Francis while the lovers were still at Rome. Of Mr. Western Sir Francis knew something. In the first place his cousin Walter Geraldine had taken away the girl to whom Mr. Western had in the first instance been engaged. And then they were in some degree neighbours, each possessing had experienced keenly the sense of relief a small property in Berkshire. Sir Francis when she had told him that the engagement had bought his now some years since for must be at an end. Another merriage must racing purposes. I was adjacent to Ascot,

and had been let or used by himself during sociology. he had held always in his own hands, and intended now to take his bride there as soon as their short honeymoon trip should be over. In this way Sir Francis had come to know something of Cecilia's husband, and did not especially love him. "That young lady of mine has picked up old Western on her travels." This Sir Francis said to his friend Ross up in London. The reader however I'm not best pleased that this minx must remember that "old Western" was in have already picked up another man." fact a younger man than Sir Francis him-

"I suppose he's welcome to her?" said pleasant as possible to his friend, 1765.

to I'm not so sure of that. Of course he is wilcome in one way. She'll make him miserable and he'll do as much for her. You may let them alone for that.

"Why should you care about it?"

"Well; I don't know. A fellow has a sort "I am not at all so sure of it. She may of feeling about a girl when he has been have told him when they first became spooning on her himself. He doesn't want acquainted, but I cannot imagine her telling to think that another fellow is pick her up immediately."

" Dog in the manger, you mean."

"You may call it that if you like. You rate," said the indifferent Dick. never cared for any young woman, I suppose?"

couldn't get a girl myself I never cared who shall know all about it."

Francis, propounding a great doctrine in club that evening.

"If I feel cut up what's the use the racing week, as he had or had not been of anying I don't,—unless I want to deceive short of money. Mr. Western's small prothe man I'm talking to? I feel that I'd perty had come to him from his uncle. But like a gul to be punished for her impertimence what's the use of my pretending to myself that I don't want it? If I wish a person to be injured, what's the use of saying I wish them all the good in the world,-unless there's something to be gained by my saying it? Now I don't care to tell you lies. I am quite willing that you should know all the truth about me. Therefore I tell you that I'm not best pleased that this minx should

"He has the devil of a temper," said Dick Ross, wishing to make the matter as

"So your Miss Holt is married," Ross said to his friend on the day after the ceremony, "Yes; she is mazried, and her troubles

have now to begin. I wonder whether she has told him the little episode of our loves,"

"You may be sure of that," said Dick.
"I am not at all so sure of it. She may him afterwards. He as proud as she, and is just the man not to like it."

"It doesn't much signify to you, at any

"I'm not so sure of that," said sir Francis.
"I like the truth to be told. It may become "Oh, haven't I? Lots of 'em. But if I my duty to take care that poor Mr. Western

"What a beast that fellow is for mischief!" had her. What's the good of being selfish?" "What's beast that fellow is for mischiof!"
"What's the good of lying?" said Sir said Dick Ross as he walked home from his

THE PLACE OF THE OLD TESTAMENT IN THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

By W. ROBERTSON SMITH, M.A., LL.D.

FIRST PAPER.

SINCE the days of the apostles, all who I disciples of the Crucified One. But very have seriously considered the nature of soon the conversion of the Captilor made Christianity and the constitution of Christian it plain that Christendom could not continue society have in some shape been occupied be a mere inner circle within the limits of with the relation of the religion of Jesus to Judaism, that the new religion was witter the religion of Israel under the old dispensathan the old theocracy, and breathed too free tion. The New Testament itself is full of a spirit to be bound by the trammels of the this question. In the first days of the Church, ceremonial law. Then began the first and the followers of Jesus were, so far an outward greatest of Christian controversies, that conappearance went, nothing else than a new troversy of the disciples in Palestine, who Jewish sect, whose members, daily assembled still ching to the law of Moses and the ordiin the porticoes and courts of the Temple, nances of the Pharisees, with Paul and the had not ceased to be Jews | becoming | Pauline Christians, which directly produced

have seriously considered the nature of soon the conversion of the Gentiles made

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some of the weightiest books of the New that have exercised the Churches of Great Testament and has left its marks on almost Britain during the last generation. destruction of the Temple, the fall of the Jewish state and the dispersion of the Church at Jerusalem changed the conditions of the controversy, but the relation of the new dispensation to the old, the connection between the Church and the theocracy, still remained a vital question, the answer to which affected every point of Church life, and almost every doctrine of theology. The Old Testament Scriptures had become the Bible of the Christian Church, and formed a fixed canon long before the New Testament canon had been collected and formally closed. How were these Scriptures to be read-how were their precepts to be applied in the new society, their teaching embodied M Christian theology, their promises appropriated by Christian faith? These were questions which touched every interest of Christian life, and which the growth of the Church, the progress of her organisation and the development of her doctrine brought forward in ever new aspects. Far from exhausting the subject, the course of centuries has only multiplied the aspects in which the great problem of the relation of the two dispensations has presented itself to successive generations. Merely to enumerate all the theories that have been brouched on this topic, and the practical influence they have exerted on the shaping of personal religion, on Church life, and even on the conduct of political affairs, would occupy a volume.

The system of the old Catholic Church, based on the view that Christianity is a new law replacing the law of Moses; the scheme of empire of the Church over civil rulers which Medizval Rome erected upon the vast theory of Augustine's City of Gad; the new theocracies of the Anabaptists and similar sects in and after the Reformation period, which in some sense may be regarded as the precursors of modern socialism—these are but individual examples of the extent to which speculations on the connection of the new and old dispensations have affected the whole course of Christian thought and action. And when we turn to the questions that divide the Churches and produce divergent types of worship, doctrine, and discipline 📓 our own days, we shall find that the interpretation of the Old Testament in its meaning and authority for Christians lies near the

every part of the apostolic literature. The antithesis between the High and Low Church parties in England, the question between Erastianism and the spiritual freedom of the Church, the question of State support for Churches, so far as it discussed from a theological rather than from a political standpoint, the more fundamental question of the very idea of a Christian state, not to speak a multitude of smaller controversies, still turn in some of their most vital aspects on the great problem of the relation of the Christian Church to the Hebrew theocracy. I do not mean that these questions are always or perhaps usually discussed by arguments directly drawn from the Old Testament. But the ruling ideas on which the several parties, these controversies base their arguments, their conception of what the Church is or ought to be, are either derived from the Old Testament directly, or reproduce types of doctrine which were originally framed by reference to it. The High Churchman who goes back to the system of the old Catholic Church, the successors of John Knox and the Puritans who still live under the influence . of the theocratic ideals of the Swiss Reformation, the sectarians who identify all Church organization with the apocalyptic Babylon, are so many modern representatives of theories which in their first beginnings were expressly based on divergent views of the relation of the old and new dispensations. In the nineteenth as in the second century, the great questions of Church organization and Church life remain open questions, because men are not agreed as to the meaning of the Old Testament system and the senso in which the Old Testament canon is still a part of the Divine rule of faith and life for Christendom.

Nor is it otherwise in the sphere of doctrine. All variations of doctrine are now running up more and more into the great question of the authority of Scripture, and the battle-field of this controversy in the Old Testament, on which the New Testament writers themselves depend. It is impossible to separate the Christian Revelation from the Old Testament, and the best, if not the only possible, defence of a positive Christianity is the proof that the work of Christ set forth the New Testament I the crown of a structure whose foundations were laid deep in Old Testament times. Thus every misconception root of the most important and practical of of the meaning of the old dispensation brings modern controversies. To see how true this with it some distortion in our view of the we need only look at those controversies meaning of Christianity, gives an unreality to

the scheme of our religion, and tempts men who see the unreality without knowing its cause and cure to throw positive Christianity

altogether aside.

There never has been a time when a right understanding of the Old Testament as the historical substructure on which Christianity builds was more necessary than in these days. On the one hand the Churches are still divided by controversies which had their first origin in misconceptions about the Old Covenant, and these misconceptions cannot be removed till they are traced back to their source. On the other hand we live in an age of searching historical inquiry, in which Christianity, by its own profession a positive and historical religion, is daily called upon to exhibit its historical pedigree as the test of its unique claims on the minds and hearts of men. And here again we are thrown back on the study of the Old Testament; for Jesus professed to bring no new religion, but only to carry to their fulfilment and perfection the things 'already given in germ to Israel under the old coverant.

will not be disputed that the great majority even of intelligent Christians are accustomed to deal with these weighty matters quite in a haphazard way. Very many are content simply to accept the Old Testament as part of Divine Revelation, and to read individual passages by the light of the New Testament, without trying to form any general idea of the differences between the two dispensations, and the reason why the people of God was so long left to live by an imperfect light. Others again are so much struck by the imperfection of the Old Covenant that they practically leave I on one side and hardly attempt to go back beyond the New Testament at all. Very few make any serious effort to understand the Old Testament as a whole, or to form a clear picture of the actual life of the nation of Israel under the Law. Yet if the Hebrew Bible had been lost for centuries and were now brought into our possession by some new discovery, as the Assyrian records have been, our first observation would be that this book contains the whole history of a nation nurtured under conditions remote from all our present experience. The ancient laws which contains, the wonderful religious life which records, would present themselves as an historical problem, and we should not be content till we had reconstructed a complete and harmonious picture of the growth and maturity of the commonwealth and religion of Israel. We should not think ourselves to have done

justice to so wonderful a record by merely looking at inclated chapters, by admiring the simplicity and truth of individual parts of the narrative, the beauty and spiritual depth of particular passages in the Psalms or the Prophets. Why then should any Christian be content with so superficial a study of the Old Testament, simply because the book. instead of being a new discovery, has been from the first days of Christianity a sacred

possession of the Church?

In reality the fact that the Old Testament is part of our inheritance as Christians makes the historical study of the Old Covenant vastly more necessary and interesting to us. It is a marvellous thing that out of the Jewish theocracy, an institution is remote from all our habits of life and thought, sprang that religion which after a lapse of well-nigh two thousand years is still fully abreast of the ideas of modern society, and still stands forth as perfect a rule of faith and life as when the apostles first preached. And it is still more marvellous that this ever-new Christianity, which is the basis of all our modern civilisation, the ideal of all that worthy in our modern life, this religion as wide as humanity itself, still curries with it as part of its sacred records, the holy books of a petty nation of Syria, an obscure community, which at the time when Jesus rose in its midst was celebrated only for the obstinacy of its isolation from all the interests of the rest of mankind.

There is nothing so fitted to quicken our interest in a thorough study of the Old Testament as a view of the place of the Jews in the ancient world at the time of Christ. The work of fesus falls in the first age of the Roman Empire, when Greek civilisation and Italian conquest had everywhere shattered the old forms of national life. Euphrates to the Atlantic national independence had been crushed, and every race had passed under the twofold sway of Roman government 'and Hellenic culture. Greeks and the Romans seemed not only have conquered, but to have absorbed the whole Western world.

In the midst of this universal levelling of ancient distinctions of race and nationality. the historian finds one nation, and only one, which refused to surrender its identity in the authority of the Roman Empire or the magic. of Greek culture.* Since the days of Alexander the tide of Western conquest had again and again rolled over the mountains of Judses, but had never broken the spirit or

^{*} See Mouseum, Ellenbrite Geschichte, il. 525, sy.

destroyed the national idiosyncracy of the Jews. It was not the strength of the Judstan as they appeared to the most philosophical of state or the warlike prowess of its inhabitants Roman historians. It le true that Tacitus that created this exception to the all-levelling and his countrymen saw them only from the might of the West. The Jews had fought outside, and did not know the hidden springs bravely for political independence, but never of the life which seemed so strange and rewith more than temporary success. Indeed it was not political independence that was their great object. They had been willing subjects so long as their secred law was left untouched, and the flame of patriotism burst into fierce glow only when their religious isolation was attacked. The burning love for Jerusalem which filled the Jewish heart was given not to the capital of the Hasmonean princes, but I the holy mountain, the seat of the Temple and its solern ordinances, which was the spiritual home of every lew. not only of the inhabitants of Palestine, but of the far larger mass of the Diaspora, the communities of Jewish blood and Jewish faith dispersed in Alexandria, in Antioch, in Rome, in all the great centres of population and of trade. The Temple, to which rich tribute continually streamed from every corner of the world where the calamities of war or the pursuits of commerce had carried the Jewish name, was the visible centre of a faith which centuries of conflict and oppression had only burned more deeply into every Jewish breast, and which through the system of the law, no longer limited to the Pentateuchal code, but developed and refined by successive generations of the Scribes, prescribed a fixed rule for every action, and stamped a unique character on the whole conduct of life. Beyond the points of legal observance no nation was so flexible, so easily adapted to new circumstances as the Jews. They penetrated everywhere, and everywhere they found a place and made themselves useful or even indispensable. But with all their pliability they never drew mearer to those among whom they lived. A mutual antipathy beemed to separate them from the rest of mankind; their love, tenderness, and fidelity, as Tacitus describes them," were reserved for their own race; towards all others their bearing was one of hatred and enmity. Their isolation was neither broken by intermarriages with other peoples, nor suftened by the presence of Jew and Gentile at the same table. Even their proselytes, as the Roman historian complains. were framed to the same temper, and learned as their first lesson to hate the gods, to cast off the ties of country, to despise their parents, their children, and their brothers.

* Tacibut, Effet, v. m.

Such were the Jews in the time of Christ pellent the cultured nations of the West. But, in truth, was hardly possible for the Gentiles to penetrate below the surface of the Jewish mind. No fellowship with Judaism could be purchased except by becoming a Jew, or at least a proselyte of the gate. Within the hard shell of ritual observance lay precious spiritual truths. Even heathen critics were constrained to admire the grand thought of a single eternal Deity, supreme and exempt from change, whom it is profanity to represent by an image, whose being must be gresped by the mind alone, without the aid of sense. But there was no access to this God except through the gate of the exclusive and intolerable ordinances of the law; and so the spirituality of Jehovah appeared to those who stood without not as a truth for all mankind, but as part of an odious system which held all things for profane that other nations deemed sacred, which was at war not only with religion but with every institution of civilized life.

And indeed the official Judaism of that age, the Judaism of the Scribes and Pharisees, is scarcely more lovable to us who can study it in the books of the rabbins themselves, than it appeared to the Greeks and Romans, who saw it only in its outer manifestations. The spirit of exclusiveness was constantly on the increase, and every fresh development in the legal system of the Scribes was a new harrier between Israel and the Gentiles. The just conviction that Israel possessed a precious divine gift which no other nation shared took the shape of a cruel arrogance, not unmixed with servility, which was content to suffer the yoke of the heathen, and even 🖿 cringe before the hated master, while nourishing a secret hope of revenge in the days of the Messiah, when the Divine power that loved the people of the law and none but them should at length reveal itself in wrath against the oppressors of the children of the Covenant. Meantime the Jew shut himself up within the strait barriers of law and tradition, and concentrated all his energy in devising and executing a more and more perfect system of obedience to the formal and meaningless precepts of ceremonial righteousness, by which he hoped at length to purchase the redemption so long deferred for the people's sins. Such a religion had no mis-

under all the outward peace and order of the kind Roman empire, was full of misery, darkness, and vile corruption. The Scribes and Pharisees might compass sea and land to make one proselyte, but their zeal stands condemned, not only by the hostile Roman but by Jesus himself: "When is become so ye make him twofold more the child of hell even if this be true, and I certainly not

than yourselves." The strength and weakness of this strange religion, as it was taught by the recognised leaders of Jewish thought, are alike made plain by the subsequent course of history. That the Jews should continue to form a political state in the midst of the Roman world was impossible. Land and nation were crushed by the ruthless legionaries, the Temple was laid in ruins, and a heathen shrine polluted the holy mountain. But there was that in Judaism and its law which refused to perish so long as the blood of their fathers ran in Jewish veins. The crowning calamity only knit the suffering remnant into closer unity. The law took the place of the Temple as the rallying point of Judaism. and guardians of the unique treasure of Israel. The Pharisces were no longer a mere party, worthy of their trust. Pushing still farther their old tendencies, rounding out the tradifrom without which Judges as a state had indestructible down i our own days, but its indestructibility has displayed its unprofit-ablences in the strongest light. For eighteen escaped the search of Greek philosophers, the length and breadth of the inhabited world. religion has won no permanent conquests.

sion of fight and healing to a world which, hammed learned-is not a religion for man-

That is one side of the picture, and, even though this were all, it is enough invite our most serious attention. The Judaism of the rabbins may seem a lifeless thing, a fossil which resists destruction only because it is petrified into adamantine rigidity; but the whole truth, the forsil II itself a witness to former life. Nothing in human history could endure what Judaism has endured unless there were reality and truth in its beginnings. A religion once established may endure long after its first life and vigour are exhausted. But II was no dead faith that first conquered a whole nation, that stamped upon them an indestructible character, and set fast in their hearts an ideal which, amidst all the puerilities of Talmudic theology and all the absurdities of Talmudic ceremonial, has never ceased in direct the heart of the worshipper away from the world of sense to the things that are unseen and eternal.

But the picture has another side. At the very time when the Jewish state was enter-The Scribes had never been so powerful as ing on its last fatal struggle with the Gentile when they alone were left representatives power; when the expectation of the Pharisces, who looked for the restoration of earthly freedom and empire, was proving itself a vain they absorbed the whole nation. And in delusion; when the attitude of official one sense the Scribes showed themselves Judaism to the world without had already defined itself in a way that made it plain that in this form | least the religion of Jehovah tional law into a finished system, setting had no saving message to the world, there their stamp on every surviving relic of the rose from the midst of the nation, whose old life, they gave to the Jews as a religious signature read of all men was hatred of the community a strength to resist all attacks human race, a teacher and a deliverer, boaring a message of love and healing, not never possessed. Judaism has proved itself Jews alone, but to all singers and authorors of mankind.

The religion for all humanity which had centuries the Jews have circulated through and was aimed at in vain by Roman statesmanship, went forth from Jerusalem, from Their pliability, their address, above all their the very courts of the Temple on Zion, where fidelity one another, their concentration every ordinance and point of ritual proon purely Jewish interests, have everywhere claimed that the spiritual good things of the given them influence and power. But their Old Covenant were the private and exclusive possession of the seed of Abraham. The Their greatest achievement lies without doubt contrast between the world-wide scope of in the large part they had in shaping the Christianity and the national aims and local ideas of the prophet of Islam. But Mo- restrictions of the religion of the law is so hammed himself disowned his teachers, and glaring that men have often been disposed, even if we reckon the religion of the Komn from the days of the Gnostics downwards, to as a Jewish sect, its decadence and approach- represent the new religion as the direct ing fall are but a fresh proof that the religion negation of the old. The God of the Chrisof the Scribes—for II was from Jewish tradition, not from the Old Testament, that Mo- of the Old Testament. Much the same

religion, and the true meaning of the law traditions of the Pharisees | the written Word. To the first Christians the Old Testament was not less but more than it was to contemporary Judaism. It acquired a new fulness of meaning by its fulfilment in the work, the death, the resurrection of Him to whom the law and all the prophets bear witness. It is not easy for us to adapt our habits of thought to the lines of argument by which the apostles apply individual passages of the Old Testament to the things of Christ. The exegesis may often appear to be arbitrary, the reasoning to savour of rabbimeal subtilty. But the broad fact remains unquestionable, that to Jesus and His apostles Christianity never presented itself as the abrogation of the religion of Israel, but always as its fit continuation and natural completion. was on the teaching of the Oki Testament that Jesus framed His doctrine: in the Old Testament he found the image of His own life and work; and in the Old Testament he taught his disciples to seek the arguments that justified their faith.

doctrine is still held in some circles of tomed to express their reading of tirese facts modern Christians. The Old Testament is by calling Jesus a Jewish rabbi, the founder treated m a thing wholly superseded by the of a new Jewish sect, and, absurdly enough, gospel, with which Christians have nothing some Christian writers have been found to more to do. Such a view of the religion of adopt their language. In reality Jesus was Jesus I fatly contradicted by the gospel the very opposite of the rabbins; His public history. The birth of Christianity from the life was spent, not in adding to the contromidst of Judaism, the fact that our Lord, in versies of the schools, but in preaching a His human nature, sprang from the seed of conception of the meaning and scope of the Israel and the stock of David, are not mere religion of Israel which did away with the accidents. The teaching of Christ was a rabbins altogether. To the official Judaism protest against the official Judaism of His of the Scribes the rabbins were a necessity. day, but it was a protest grounded upon the Religion was summed up in obedience to a observation that the Scabes and Pharisees law so complicated in its provisions that had forgotten the true spirit of Israel's plain men could not hope to walk in the path of righteousness without the help of a and the prophets. The revolution which teacher trained in the law. Such a teacher Jesus wrought in the religion of Israel was, Jesus never claimed to be. He had no new in fact, a conservative revolution. He applieses to give upon obscure points of cerepealed from the Scribes to Moses, from the monial duty, for He preached a conception of righteousness and a view of the true singdom of heaven which made the way of salvation as plain to publicans and sinners as to the most self-righteous Pharisce.

To speak of Jesus as a rabbi i to ignore the first characteristics of His teaching, the accent of personal authority that distinguished it from the traditional wisdom of the Scribes, and the claim it made, not to interpret the Old Testament merely, but to fill up the scheme of salvation which the Old Testament

lest still incomplete,

Thus the conflict between Jesus and the Scribes was really a conflict between two fundamentally different views of the whole scheme of that Old Testament revelation which He and they alike accepted as Divine. The view of the Scribes, carried out with marvellous consistency and tenacity of purpose, produced the isolation of the Jewish community, the system of the Talmud, the whole distinctive features of mediseval and modern Judaism, as a community which has become indestructible by alienating itself The same Scriptures which, in the hands of from humanity. The teaching of Jesus has the Scribes, were the foundation of a religion produced results the very opposite of these, of national isolation and lifeless formalism, transforming the religion of a petty nation supplied Jesus with the beatitudes of the Ser- into a religion of universal mankind. Of this mon on the Mount, and nourished the enthu- antithesis and of the lessons in be drawn from aizsm of Paul in his mission to the Gentules. it for our own study of the Old Testament we Modern Jewish controversialists are accussiable that more a say in another, paper.

LOVE'S RIDDLE.

X/HY I love thee," is thy question so? "Why, when Isabel lovelier far?" Dear, so hard to read Love's riddles are,

He's no lover who can solve them well: I may tell when thou hast made me know Why thy smile has nought of Isabel,

"Why I love thee," dost thou ask me this? "Why, when Lucy's voice is thrice as sweet?" Dear, Love's measures are so hard to mete. More and less compute no lover's choice: Ere I tell, say what the reason is Why thy singing has not Lucy's voice,

"Why I love thee," must I answer now? " Why, when Blanche | wittier fifty-fold?" Dear, Love wrote his changeless law of old, Lovers' wisdom should not know its why: Why art thou not she, nor she but thou? Tell me, Love, for therein's my reply.

AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

WATCHING THE WEATHER ON BEN NEVIS.

BY CLEMENT L. WRAGGE, F.R.G.S., F.M.S., &c.

PART II .- AT WORK.



HAD decided to make three chief sets of observations on the summit daily, viz., at 9, 9.30, and 10 A.M.; noting on each occasion atmospheric pressure, temperature, rainfall, moisture, direction and force of the wind, kind and amount of cloud and movements of the various strata, other hydrometeors, and XXIII-\$7

forwarded, and pending their arrival Mr. Livingston kindly undertook to observe his own instruments at 9 A.M., at Fort William, in connection with the Ben Nevis station; so that also as far as sea-level observations were concerned there was no hindrance to the immediate commencement of the observing work. Accordingly the next morning, June 1st, I began the regular daily ascents and reached the summit at 9 o'clock; having noted the aneroid and sling thermometer at the sea level at 5 A.M., and III several points on the way. I of course deemed it prudent to train an assistant, Mr. William Whyte of Fort William, to take my place in the observing work in case of need; and after I had climbed the Ben on nine consecutive days, from May 31st, it was considered advisable that he should relieve me in the ascent at the rate of about twice a week, so allowing me time to post up the numerous observations, and obtain that amount of rest which it was necessary to take. I also instructed another to act as assistant if occasion required, but his services were not needed. The instruments for the low-level station shortly arrived; and I placed them at Achintore, three-quarters of a mile south-west from Fort William, where I went to reside, and about twenty-eight feet above the level of the sea. The observations and hours of making them were precisely similar to those of the mountain station, with the exception of solar and terrestrial radiation; but extra observations partly in connection with those made during the ascent and descent especially ozone. It was also a part of the of Ben Nevis were taken at 5 A.M., 7 A.M., observing plan to make observations at 8.30 a.m., ro.30 a.m., noon, and 3 P.M.; a various altitudes during my outward and usual evening set # 9 P.M., and afterwards homeward journeys. The instruments for also at 6 P.M., so that all a series of eleven the low-level observatory had not yet been sets of observations were daily recorded at

the low-level station. My wife chiefly performed this work.

During the first few mornings a guide accompanied me in the ascent to point out the peculiarities of the track, but I soon dispensed with his services. At first I breakfasted at half-past four, noted the barometer, aneroid, thermometers, wind, cloud, &c., at the lowlevel station = 5 A.M., and afterwards—with satchel over the shoulder and taking the aneroid, sling thermometer, compass, ozone tests and spirit level-I immediately set out for the mountain, astride the little Highland pony and accompanied by my large black Newfoundland dog "Robin Renzo," a pleasant and encouraging companion. Later on I found I could accomplish the escent in three hours, and I left about six o'clock. The pony carried me to and from a point near the Lake, some 1,900 feet of altitude; and so I was able to economise my strength for the hard portion of the ascent. Viritors to the Ben setting out on foot usually take a direct course to the tarn, up the slopes of Maill an t-Suidhe; but with a pony this altogether

impracticable.

The bridle track, when the Peat Moss is passed, crosses Alli Coire an Lociain, the burn before noticed; and takes a course up the northern slopes opposite the great dark proupices in the same main direction as that we followed when taking the instruments, but more circuitous. At first it leads on past huge granite boulders, probably borne thither by some glacier of old; then it goes over the heather-clad moorlands afternating with treacherous swamps, partly covered by dwarf willows and the redolent bog myrtle; now for some distance it follows the foaming burn, here and there overhupg by the sweet-smelling rowan and the slender birch; near the point where the last stunted birch is seen, about 1,170 feet above sea, it becomes wellnigh lost in sloughs and morasses, ruts and crannies; and at length it leads to a cairn, at the head of the quagmire before noticed, that lies immediately between the mountain and Meall on t-Swidhe-at the foot of which latter is the lonely tarn. Here I, at first, offsaddled, "hobbled" the pony by tying its; fore legs, turned it adrift to graze, and having taken a set of observations about seven o'clock near the water's edge, continued the ascent. Later in the season I took the puny to the farthest limit | could reach, about 2,000 feet, and left there. The track I usually followed from this point is that ordinarily taken by tourists, not the diagonal course

up the steep western slopes, the only side on which the mountain is safely approachable. At a point some s,600 feet above sea, where the vegetation has become very scanty, it crosses the Red Burn, a rugged gorge going down at an angle of some forty degrees into the depths of Glen Nevis below. Snow lay decoly during the better part of June in great shelving masses in this ravine; and I had to plod my way across as by a series of steps, giving a peculiarly Arctic zest to my experiences. The path, such as it is, now leads on over loose rock and sharp angular fragments of subble, directly up the steep face of the mountain; and this is undoubtedly the stiffest and most trying part of the climb. Almost at every step the foot slips back, and at one point, about 3,250 feet, the escent partakes of the nature of a scramble, so that on some occasions I found it ease me to go on all fours. Poor Rengo at first suffered severely, but in time his fest became hard. About 970 feet above the crossing is Buchen's Well, to which I have before referred, the source of the burn. Here, having taken a few raisins and a Liscuit to sustain the innerman, I made another set of observations at 8.30, noting, too, the temperature of the water, which, by the way, throughout the season remained very uniform, at a mean of about 37'3. Subsequent examination of this water, conducted by the late Sir Robert Christison, proved that it is remarkably pure. In the sample I brought away no colour was detected by Sir Robert, neither were found any traces of lime, and only the merest tinge for chloride of sodium. The reader is already acquainted with the nature of the course from this point onwards, so I will merely remark that by 8.45 I had reached the Plateau of Storms, 4,000 feet, and by nine o'clock the summit.

The first two days of June were beautifully fine. High temperatures and great diathermancy were recorded, the temperature of the air by the dry bulb on the Ben at 9 A.M. on the ist reading 49'4, and that of evaporation by the wet bulb 43'4, while at Fort William at the same hour 63-6 and 59 o respectively were the values. On the 2nd, however, I could see from my lofty station, by the movements of fine fibres of cirus cloud, that a change was approaching; and on the 3rd a cyclonic disturbance came up from the Atlantic, reduced the temperature, as is usual with this type of weather a summer, and brought a total change at the mountain station—the very opposite to that first experienced-viz. cold rain, and taken on my first ascent, and winds gradually cloud-fog, the usual conditions. Indeed, look-

ing back at my five months' work on Ben Nevis I can say that, although some very fine days were recorded in early autumn, on no subsequent occasion did I experience on the mountain weather like that of May 31st and June 1st. It was altogether the exception during the period. The dry bulb on the 3rd read 36.2, wet 36.2, and the corresponding readings Fort William were 53'1 and 50'8. On June 5th, when the centre of this depression was crossing, I could not reach the Ben before 10.15 A.M. I arrived at the Well about eight o'clock, in ample time; but a blinding snow-squall came on, cloud-fog enveloped the mountain, the wretched track, (hardly discernible in clear weather, and with which during the first few days I was not very well acquainted,) was now covered with snow, and I mok two hours in groping my way through the fog III the summit, building cairns in true Arctic fashion as I pushed along. On at last arriving I found winter holding full sway. The thermometer screen was frozen up, and I had difficulty in reaching the instruments. Snow was falling briskly, and temperature had been as low as 28%. On June 7th and 8th, when this cyclonic depression was passing off, the winds circling round its rear or western side brought great cold at the mountain station. The highest temperature within twenty-four hours only reached 26.7, and the lowest was 20.9.

As I became accustomed to the course I had no difficulty in finding my way when enveloped in the thickest cloud, although at times distinct vision was limited to a few The spectral-looking cairns in the dreary wastes between Buchan's Well and the summit, looming out from the cloud-fog as I proceeded, proved a great assistance; and to make myself doubly secure I had taken a set of compani-bearings. Indeed, so often afterwards were the upper portions of the mountain enveloped in cloud, and so accustomed did I become to the raw, gelid fogsheet, that when \ did lift the broad expanse of grey rock around appeared very strange to

the sight. As yet I had hardly time to complete the arrangements for the erection of a place of shelter on the Ben, and I must admit that in cold and wet weather during June my hour's stay on the summit proved a very hard experience. The rain at times was remarkably heavy, as | usual in mountainous regions, owing to the ranges condensing the aqueous vapours by the ascent of the nearly saturated air up the cold slopes.

quently crouched down in a hole near the precipices, frequented, I think, by the Saponly afforded protection from the wind which at times blew fitfully with great violence. Often it mouned, roared, and reechoed in the precipice corries and glens below with terrific bluster; and suddenly a gust would sweep across, travelling upwards of a hundred miles an hour. So great was the fury of south-west and north-east gales on the 4,000 feet plateau, by the way-owing, no doubt, to the contour of that portion of the mountain—that I have experienced in heavy weather no little difficulty in making way across it; and during the storm of the 26th of August, when I had the pleasure of being accompanied by the Times correspondent, we had to fight for every foot of our way, getting on from boulder w boulder during the lulis. Hence I named it the "Plateau of Storms." On other occasions, when the summit was enveloped in thick cloud, I had almost to grope my way to the different instruments; either rain was falling persistently in a fine drizzle, or the fog particles sometimes even crystallizing on my clothes. and beard. Poor old Renzo, under these circumstances, planted himself on some convenient boulder; and there remained waiting the time when, having taken my last readings and locked up the instruments, I gave him the signal for departure. He looked the picture of misery, with his black coat and eyebrows tipped with rime, as if by hoar frost.

I should mention that my under-clothing was chiefly of thick lamb's-wool, with a sailor's jersey and my oldest suit over all. Very seldom did I carry an overcoat, and never a waterproof or gloves. Hence by my own negligence I was often wet through for many hours, with my hands swollen by the cold and biting wind, so that I could only just legibly scrawl down the observations, holding the pencil in my clenched fist; and yet I preferred all this mencumbering myself with an overcost or waterproof.

During the first month I usually left the ammit for the homeward journey soon after ten o'clock, often reaching Buchan's Well considerably within the half hour. Here took another set of observations, and alterwards function. Usually it was about midday when I got back to the Lake, and here I took observations again-noting, too, the temperature of the water. I could not, however, always manage to reach an intermediate point at any specified time, Frequently I Between the sets of observations I fre- paused to observe, as when the limit of the

cloud-fog was reached; or on any marked Achintore generally about two o'clock. A change of meteorological conditions. Again, I sometimes lingered or made short detours obtain specimens of the mountain flora.

I had often great trouble in finding or recapturing the pony. At first I had a brown horse which went through a set of skilful manœuvres in his hobbles, kicking up behind, and on one occasion resisting every effort of mine to recapture him. Then I had an artful white mare which I kept for the remainder of the season. Notwithstanding the hobbles she often, by a series of jumps, wandered far from the spot where I had off-saddled; and on many occasions when thick cloud-fog extended down the mountain m some 1,600 feet of altitude, I have arrived at the spot where I left the saddle and bridle only to find that I had to saddle myself with them, and forthwith, bridle in hand and saddle on my head, set out in the fog I find her. It can be imagined that under these circumstances I had no easy task. Any attempt at tracking her was of but little avail, for the impressions of the hoofs on the mossy quagmire were effaced almost as soon as made, and she had no I had no alternative, then, but to describe a circle around the spot where I had off-saddled, increasing the radius until at last I came across the truent, and found her either quietly grazing or shivering in the rain some hundred yards or more from the spot where she had been left. Often she had made the most of the time allotted her during my absence on the Ben, and, being very sagacious and knowing every step of the track, had proceeded homeward. Sometimes she was more than half way towards the Peat Moss at the base of the mountain. and I had to trudge after her with bridle in hand and saddle on my head. Being at length mounted, the next move was to get the pony over the ruts and swamps; for the descent from the lake in some respects tried her powers more than the ascent. I usually let her follow her own course. The augustity of the animal was truly marvellous. Frequently, having sniffed the ground, she would make a circuit to avoid some hole or piece of swamp. Once or twice, however, she got hogged above the knees, or the crupper broke, and I went flying over her head, but sustained no injury.

I usually reached the Peat Moss, where I again dismounted take a set of low-level observations, about a quarter to two; and having at length gained the Inverness road in exactly two hours and a half; and have I cantered into Fort William, arriving at climbed from 2,000 feet to Buchan's Well,

set of low-level observations at three completed the Ben Nevis series for the day, and after dinner and a pipe, and having dispatched my telegram to the Meteorological Office, I almost always went to bed, turning about five and sleeping till nine when the last set of observations were made at the sealevel station. This afternoon's rest was abso-Intely necessary. Before midnight I was frequently engaged in writing notices for the newspapers. I then went bed for a second sleep-was called between four and fivetook a hasty breakfast and the sea-level readings, and again set out for the Ben.

So the summer rolled by, and of course the daily routine continued much the same.

By July 1st a substantial hut-with walls about three and a half feet thick, and having a compartment eight feet long, four broad, and about six feet high-had been erected as a place of shelter on the top of the mountain fifty paces east-south-east from the thermometers. (See illustration, page 384.) This was covered with a tarpaulin of ship's canvas, supported by a spar and lashed down with tarred cord. I found this place a great convenience, especially as I was enabled to make a fire and take my luncheon in comparative comfort. I now took an extra set of observations on the summit at 10.30 A.M., and sometimes every half hour till noon.

Later in the season I began to experience some difficulty in setting out on my daily

task, as will at once appear.

The little mare unfortunately at this time commenced to jib on starting, having become thoroughly disgusted with her part of the work. Occasionally, about a quarter past siz, when I had just mounted-laden with a bundle of sticks, a tin of saw-dust steeped in paraffin, wherewith is light my hut fire, coal in my satchel, and travelling instruments and luncheon in my pockets--she would sheer right round and not move a yard on the way. The prospect was pleasant. I had to climb = an altitude of 4,378 feet by a circuitous route in little more than two hours and a half, take observations on the way, and read the instruments on Ben Nevis at nine. After a deal of persuasion, coaxing, and whipping, with the lad pushing on behind and Renzo capering and barking ahead, she consented to make way; but nothing short of dismounting and leading would get her past the stables in Fort William.

Once I made the ascent from Fort William

single stoppage, in less than half an bour. had taken from the gauge after south-westerly Hence I have reached the summit streaming winds. We found that the blue precipitate with perspiration : and, with a mean temperature of three or four degrees above freezing. and enveloped in a thick rain-cloud, I have remained there nearly two hours; and yet I experienced no ill effects beyond a passing sense of fatigue in the muscles, and my general health remained excellent throughout.

I will now give an account of one morning's hut and let that serve for all. Having taken air, the chief set of observations at 9 A.M., I proceeded to my little house, made a circle of stones in the middle of the rough floor to contain my fire, and arranged the sawdost. sticks, and cobbles. Sometimes I used frag-ments of peat thou I had stopped to pick up on the Moss. This done, I arranged a piece of rock to serve as a seat; and on another stone displayed the little delicacies my wife had prepared with much satisfaction. I always, however, took a plentiful supply of ontmeal cakes and raisins; and I can highly recommend such fare as being most sustaining. I had just time to light my fire and then I took the 9.30 observations. Afterwards I fetched some water from a little well. named after myself, about 25 feet from the summit on the south side; and forthwith commenced to discuss my luncheon. Renzo came in for a share; but on one occasion he attempted to help himself and I turned him out of the hut. He was so offended that he at once set off home through a thick cloudtog, and I found him in the afternoon at Achintore awaiting my arrival,

Having taken the ten-o'clock observations, I returned to the hat and continued my repast, finishing up with a pipe of the "Three Castles," which was immensely enjoyed. The extra set of readings | half-past ten usually finished the work on the summit. I then commenced the homeward journey through the cloud-fog, skipping cheerily over the stones and singing "Rio Grande," or "Homeward Bound," with as much heartiness as when, during my voyages, I occasionally lent a hand the ship's capstan—and what more in early autumn, wast masses of cumulus invigorating, what more cheering, than a good clouds have hung low over the glens, song under such circumstances? Sometimes valleys, and around the lower portions the instruments were very sticky to the the instintains owing to rapid condensatouch. This was probably occasioned by tion of the vapours of the lowlands. chloride of magnesium carried in the south- have left Fort William shortly before halfwesterly gales from the Atlantic. That past six with a thick pall of cloud-fog low chloride of sodium was so borne from the overhead; and prospects for the day to ocean seems proved by the late Sir Robert the casual observer looked gloomy indeed. Christison. He kindly examined a pure At 500 feet above sea I first encountered it,

with my several encumbrances, without a sample of the Ben Nevis rain-water that I for common sait was distinctly marked, as also was the grey-tinged colour showing the presence of carbonate of lime.

My ozone tests on the Ben were frequently deeply tinted in the space of half an hour; but chlorine similarly borne on the ocean winds may have deepened the colour, and I had no means for subjecting the test papers routine on the Ben after the erection of the to a uniform and measurable current of

> I have already attempted to give some account of the magnificent view from the Ben on a perfectly clear day. Such days were of sare occurrence. On some sixteen mornings in June, thirty in July, twenty-two in August, and twenty-one in September was the mountain enveloped in cloud. Occasionally during Atlantic depression weather the cloudfog extended right down the mountain about a thousand feet, but usually ill limit was about three thousand feet above sea. Then on some mornings, under certain conditions, breaks in the cloud mass would occur; or great white belts in heavy rolls would encircle the mountain. On such occasions the views as I ascended became truly sublime.

> Sometimes when thin cloud hung over the precipices and the sunlight was bursting through the fog, a huge white fogbow formed about double the breadth of an ordinary rainbow. The shadows of the crags and rocks cast on the masses of loose cloud filling the abysses beneath, gave a most singular picture; and the dim outline of my head and shoulders, on I stood on the brink of the precipices, thrown on the misty sheet many hundreds of feet below, was encircled by anthelia, or glories of light similar to those Scoresby saw in the Arctic regions. These consisted of a series of concentric rings, the colours being orange, blue, orange, red, indigo, and green. The total diameter I found by span measurement to be about fifteen degrees.

> Sometimes when the barometer was high

this point glimpses of the sky above became visible; and, when I had attained an altitude of 1,500 feet, I found myscif entirely out of the fog, and looking down upon a vast mass like a great " sea " of clouds from which the mountains' tops to northward reached out like the hilly coast line of South Africa. On arriving at the top of the Ben, the scene was in the highest degree impressive. The summit was entirely clear, the sky high above bespattered as it were with large flakes of cirro-cumulus and streaks of chro-stratus; while below, all around, covering the glens and lesser mountains, and reaching right into the precipice corries, were vast masses of white cumulus clouds tipped with orange, and packed and piled up as in great undulatory breaking billows sweeping the sides of the higher peaks and sending off arms, wisps, streaks and fibres into the far-distant ravines The very tops of some mountains would just appear above the great sea of cloud below me like tiny islets, or some black imps of nuisery thyme. Later in the day when temperature increased, evaporation was progressing, and the excess of vapour could be the better retained in the invisible state, the cloud masses broke up into detached fleecy cumuli perched on the mountains' sides, or hovering over the valleys like fantastic sprites of the air.

Once more. Under different conditions, on the morning of October 12th, when the first winter snows fell, and a barometric depression was crossing, the views from the Ben were the finest I had ever get seen. Away below lay Lochan Lundavra, snng as at the base of the surrounding snow-tipped mountains. Here now came looming out a craterlike ridge lashed with snow from beneath 2 mass of dirty lowering clouds, there again appeared a mountain height bathed in the autumn sunlight; while the stately storm cumulus of a dark inky blue colour, awful to look at, came rolling over in great majesty. Squall-streamers of dirty cloud followed up one after another in quick succession, the wind roared fitfully, and whirls of snow played right merrily over the old volcanic stones. The stones were covered to windward with ice encreatations, while the contrast of grey against the snow-dusted rocks added a degree to the lights and shadows of the majestic whole. My but on this occasion was partly filled with snow, it having driven with great force through the chinks and

and remained enveloped as in a dense shroud. sveness) had taken shelter under the tarduring the next 850 feet of the ascent. At paulin and quickly disappeared beneath the stones.

Indeed, the upper parts of Ben Nevis are

not wholly destitute of forms of life.

I have seen the track of a fox at a point about 3,850 feet above sea. The foot-prints of the mountain bare have been noticed on the snow at 4,000 feet, and my assistant killed a rabbit at 3,000. Of birds I have seen flocks of "twites" on the summit, though I could never get near enough mexactly identify them. And once I saw, when some distance off, what I firmly believe was a chaffinch (Fringilla azlebs) near the thermometer cage. The ptarmigan (Lagopus mutus) I have observed in flocks of four or five by Buchan's Well, 3,570 feet above sea, but never higher, At 2,000 feet the ptarmigan and common grouse meet; I have never seen the former lower than that altitude, nor the latter higher. Specimens of the beetles and spiders have been obtained at 3,600 feet and I the Well respectively. The common black alug I have seen about 2,800 feet, and the frog about 2,350 feet. Of only two wasps seen by me during the entire season, one was about twenty-five feet from the summit early in June,

Although the practical limit of vegetation is about 2,400 feet, yet many isolated plants and grasses flourish at a much greater altitude, and many choice specimens of mosses and lichens on the top of the mountain. I have only space to mention Saxifraga stellaris, Carez rigida, Poa alpina, Racomitrium lanuginesum and Stereocaulon paschale.

At length the approach of winter out a stop to my systematic operations; and as it was not till the 14th October, the day of the great storm that wrought such havon on the Berwick coast, that the first break occurred in the daily routine on the Ben, some short account of my experiences on this memorable day may be of interest. I knew, I course, by my observations that I was in for rough weather when about to leave Achintore; but nevertheless I buttoned up tightly, took a cup of hot coffee and a consoling pipe, donned my sou'wester and set out for the mountain, accompanied by Colin Cameron, a trusty old guide, for company's sake and in case of accident. It was altogether impracticable, owing to swollen burns and swamps, to take the puny, so we proceeded afoot. On nearing 1,000 feet we reached the cloud-log and snow limit. On we ploughed and waded through the slush and swamps, and did not reach the Lake until three quarters of an hour crevices of the walls. A little shrew (Sover after my usual time. The wind had now

backed to NNE, and was increasing in force, tearing around the west side of this terrible cyclone with a velocity of full ninety miles per hour, accompanied by blinding sleet and snow. I was determined to advance, so we continued the ascent. | was, however, evident that we could not reach the summit; yet, baffled and beaten back by the wind which was still increasing, we still struggled onwards, each being loath to give in. We now floundered along I the direction of the Red Burn, stumbling over rocks and into holes and crevices, having no track guide us through the fog and drift. By 8,50 A.M. we had reached an altitude oxceeding 8,200 feet, the wind was travelling fully a hundred and thirty thiles an hour and upwards, and the fury of the blinding and suffocating drifts exacping diagonally down the mountain's side was pentively terrible. We could not keep our less and it was quite impossible to proceed within. Thick cloudfog enveloped all and distinct vision was at times limited to about a yard. Our clothes were hard frozen and coated with ice, and ice lumps like eggs had formed on our beards. Temperature was 31.5. So arm in arm we retraced our steps, ploughing through the deepening drifts now thigh deep, and talling down at every few paces. We could, however, only proceed in the descent by intervals. struggling on from boulder to boulder, and pausing to leeward of them for breath and shelter from the teating drifts. At last, to our intense relief, for we had lost our position, a dark hazy outline loomed out from the thick fog below; and soon we were safely by the edge of the tarn, following I along till we made the track. Renzo, covered with sime and ice, looked like some veritable ghoul of the mountain. Before mid-day we arrived safely in Fort William. Colin declared it was the very worst weather he had ever experienced; and in all my experiences by land and sea, in the "roaring forties" and elsewhere, I have never seen weather equalling this in fury.

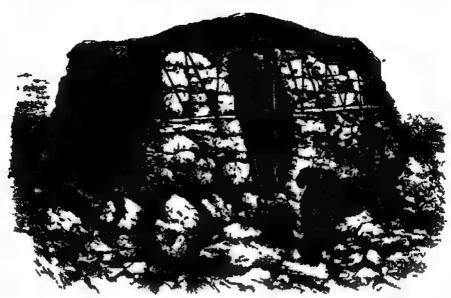
On my first ascent after this storm I found pieces of rock, averaging an inch square, lying on the snow near the Plateau of Storms, some forty feet or more from the precipices. Of course they had been hurled up by the force of the wind, and sufficiently attest its occasional violence at this point.

On reaching the summit I found that the tarpaulin of my hut had been carried away bodily, and only a few shreds and pieces of rope remained of it, so that I had again no shelter.

It was now evident that my work on the Ben must soon close for the season; and as it was decided to leave the barometer and self-registering thermometers, I deemed it prudent to make the former secure by building up the cairs on the north side, so as to completely enclose the instrument. This was done on October 17th, a mason and other men accompanying me for the purpose. Having examined the work, and seen that the entire cairs was strengthened by additional stanchious of those, I felt satisfied that all was made using to withstand the stumes of winter.

I made acvers? Michashi ascents after this to read the thermounters, but on some occasions, having reached a mean altitude of a,850 feet, I was driven back by violent stores and whirls of snow sweeping in squalls directly down the face of the mountain. A wound attempt, on October send, by the slopes of Carn Dearg, also ended in defeat, owing to the furious squalls and driving

Well, then, it was now useless to continue my daily struggle with the mountain storms; and I only awaited a favourable opportunity for closing the observatory till next season, when I hope to resume my work. This occurred on October 27th, and I took Colin. Cameron with me to assist in bringing down those instruments which I considered it inexpedient to leave. We found the rocks of the summit thickly encrusted with ice and rime to a depth of six or eight inches. The thermometer-cage was entirely frozen up, so that I could not thrust the point of my stick through a single mesh of the wire-work; and ice incrustations of most weird and fantastic shapes had formed on the instruments and fixings. The ice covering the solar radiation thermometer presented a most extraordinary appearance. The entire instrument, with the post on which it was mounted, was thickly embedded in a mass of frozen snow and rime, stretching horizontally to windward, with arms and spikes of ice shortening in length nearer the ground. (See allustration, page 377.) The uppermost of these was about four feet long, and the lowest about a foot, thus illustrating in a remarkable manner the power of friction in retarding the rime-bringing currents. The spines and spears of the extremities of this wonderful ico-mass were truly exquisite. The sides of the great precipices were lashed with mow and rime, looking as though dusted with flour; and the contrast, on giancing next o'er the hoary old platform of the



Mr Wragge's Hat on the beneat of Bon Motor (Aven a Phote by P Macfarlane Fort William)

Ben, and then carrying the eye to the lesser mountains tinted with a deep blue beneath compact rolls of blush green cumulus, must be left to the imagination to portray. Temperature was as low as 24 4 Fahrenheit, and, while I took the last observations, Colin made a fire in a corner of the soofless but, using fragments of spars and of the old sail, and a new charm was added to the picture when the pale-blue smoke came circling upwards from behind the white wall on which Renzo was quietly reposing. After luncheon I began to remove the matruments I intended bringing away. We had bod melted snow in an old tin can, and pour the water over the radiation thermometer in order to liberate it from its key prison. This wis a most delicate operation, and an hour had clapsed before it was successfully accomplished. I also removed the dry and wet bulbs, rain gauge, and terrestrial radiation thermometer, but left the self-registering instruments, having set them for the winter. When I had put a lashing round the thermometer-screen, and made all secure. I hade farewell to the old Ben, expressing a wish; that we might meet again next season, and ' at two o'clock commenced the descent, Colin carrying the rain-gauge and I the thermometers. I paused at the Lake to observe

and to remove a gauge I had been observing weekly there, and finished up with a set of observations by the sea-level at six o'clock. So ended my work on Ben Nevis for 1881 As some readers may like III have a synopsis of a few of the elements of observation, I add one as a footnote 4 More I cannot do. To fully discuss the work, and various means, and the benefits that have accrued would occupy the space of a large volume, and this it is my duty to leave to the Scottish Meteorological

* Eguspeus of some of this observations, marks during xHI:
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Society, under whose apapices the work was

accomplished.

Whatever hardships I have endured-and I delight in an active, open-air life-were self-imposed; and I have been well repaid by the stimulating knowledge that I was working under the auspices of a Society that appreciated my labours and so cordially

seconded my efforts, and that I have been of some service in the cause of physical research. Regular winter observations on Ben Nevis would, I am convinced, prove of immense value to the country in the matter of weather forecasting; but these cannot be insured until an observatory-house has been erected there.



The Low level Observatory at Achieseen. (From a tracto, by P. Machelene, Feet William.)

LONGFELLOW.

head of this page my eyes fill with a fur-off memory. While I know that every reader to whom that name was familiar felt that it recalled in him some thought, experience, or gentle daily philosophy which he had made his own, I fear that I, reading the brief message that flashed his death under the sea and over a continent, could not recall a line of his poetry, but only revived a picture of the past in which he had lived and moved. But this picture seemed so much a part of himself, and himself so much a part of his poetry, that I cannot help transferring it here. Few poets, I believe, so strongly echoed their song in themselves, in their tastes, their surroundings, and even in their experiences, as Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

I am recalling a certain early spring day in New England twelve years ago. A stranger years, that day seemed me most characthat purely local phenomenon. There had in a brief week of gaiety, until that evening I

S I write the name that stands me the been frost in the early morning, followed by thaw; it had rained, it had hailed, there had been snow. The latter had been imitated in breezy moments of glittering sunshine by showers of white blossoms that filled the air. At nightfall, earth, air, and sky stiffened again under the rigour of a north-east wind, and when, at midnight, with another lingering guest we parted from our host under the elms at his porch, we stepped out into the moonlight of a winter night. "God makes such nights," one could not help thinking in the words of one of America's most characteristic poets; one was only kept from uttering in aloud by the fact that the host himself was that poet.

The other guest had playfully suggested that he should be my guide home in the midnight perds that might environ a stranger in Cambridge, and we dismissed the carriage, walk the two miles that lay between our host's myself to the climate for over seventeen house on the river Charles and his own, nearer the centre of this American university city. teristic of the transcendent inconsistencies of Although I had met him several times before

like to recall him at that moment, as he stood in the sharp moonlight of the snewcovered road, a dark mantle-like cloak hiding his evening dress and a slouched felt hat covering his full silver-like locks. The couventional gibus or chimneypot would have been as intolerable on that wonderful brow as it would on a Greek statue, and I was thankful there was nothing to interrupt the artistic harmony of the most impressive vignette I ever beheld. I hope that the enthusiasm of a much younger man will be pardoned when I confess that the dominant feeling in my mind was an echo of one I had expenenced a few weeks before, when I had penetrated Niagara III sunrise on a Sunday morning after a heavy snowfall and found that masterpiece unvisited, virgin in my trend and my own footprints the only track to the dizzy edge of Promect Rock. Ages to have the man I most revered alone with the for half an hour in the sympathetic and confidential stillness of the night. The only ex-cuse I have for recording this enthiniasm is that the only man who might have been embarrassed by it never knew it, and was as sublimely unconscious as the waterfall.

I think I was at first moved by his voice. It was a very deep baritone without a trace of harshness, but veiled and reserved as if he never parted entirely from it, and with the abstraction of a soliloquy even in his most earnest moments. It was not melancholy, yet it suggested one of his own fancies as it fell from his silver-fringed lips

"-Like the water's flow Under December's seaso."

was the voice that during our homeward walk flowed on with kindly criticism, gentle philosophy, picturesque illustration, and anecdote. As I was the stranger, he half-carnestly, half-jestingly kept up the role of guide, philosopher, and friend, and began an amiable review of the company we had just left. As it had comprised a few names, the greatest in American literature, science, and philosophy, I was struck with that generous contemporaneous appreciation which distinguished this Round Table, of whom no knight was more courtly and loving than my companion. should be added that there was a vein of gentle playfulness in his comment, which scarcely could be called humour, an unbending of attitude rather than a different phase of thought or turn of sentiment; a relaxation from his ordinary philosophic earnestness and truthfulness. Readers will remember it in

do not think I had clearly known him. I his playful patronage of the schoolmaster's like to recall him at that moment, as he sweetheart in the "Birds of Killingworth."

"Who was, as in a sonnet he had said, As pens as water, and as good as bread."

Yet no one had a quieter appreciation of humour, and his wonderful skill as a racontour and his opulence of memory justified the saying of his friends, that "no one ever heard him tell an old story or repeat a new one."

Living always under the challenge of his own fame, and subject to that easy superficial criticism which consists an enforced comparison and rivalty, he never knew envy. Those who understood him will readily recognise his own picture in the felicitous praise intended for another, known as The Poet," in the "Tales of a Wayside Inn," who—

" --did not find his clean loss sweet For sweet in some neighbouring street."

But if I was thus, most pleasantly because unostentatiously, reminded of the poet's personality. I was equally impressed with the local colour of his poetry in the surrounding landscape. We passed the bridge where he had once stood in midnight, and saw, as he had seen, the moon

"Like a golden gehlet falling And smhing in the soi;" we saw, an Paul Revere once saw, "—The gilded wanthernock Swim in the moonlight—"

and passing a plain Puritan church, whose uncompromising severity of style even the tender graces of the moon could not soften, I knew that it must have been own brother to the "meeting-house "at Lexington where,

"—Windows blank and bars, Class at him with a spectral giars, As if they already stood aghash, At the bloody work they would took upon."

Speaking of these spiritual suggestions in material things, I remember saying that I thought there must first be some actual resemblance, which unimaginative people must see before the poet could successfully use them. I instanced the case of his own description of a camel as being "weary" and "baring his teeth," and added that I had seen them throw such infinite weariness into that action after a day's journey as to set spec-He seemed surprised, so tators yawning. much so that I asked him if he had seen many—fully believing he had travelled in the desert. He replied simply "no," that he had a only seen one once in the Jardin der Plantes." Yet in that brief moment he had noted a distinctive fact, which the larger experience of others fully corroborated.

We reached his house—fit goal for a brief journey filled with historical reminiscences, for it was one of the few old colonial mensions, relics of a bygone age, still left intact. A foreigner of great distinction had once dwelt there; later it had been the head quarters of General Washington. Stately only in its size and the liberality of its offices, it stood back from the street, guarded by the gaunt arms of venerable trees. We entered the specious central hall, with no sound in the silent house but the ticking of that famous clock on the staircasethe clock whose "Forever-never | Neverforever!" has passed into poetic immortality. The keynote of association and individuality here given filled the house with its monotone; scarcely a room had not furnished a theme or a suggestion, found and recognised somewhere in the poet's song; whether the room whose tiled hearth still bore the marks of the grounding of the heavy muskets of soldiery in the troublous times; the drawing-room still furnished as Washington had left it; the lower stairway, in whose roofed recess the poet himself had found a casket of love letters which told a romance and intrigue of the past; or the poet's study, which stood at the right of the front door. It was here that the ghosts most gathered, and as my guide threw aside his mantle and drew an easy-chair to the fireside, he looked indeed the genius of the place. He had changed his evening dress for a dark velvet cost, against which his snowy beard and long flowing locks were strikingly relieved. It was the costume of one of his best photographs; the costume of an artist who without vanity would carry his taste even to the details of his dress. The firelight lit up this picturesque figure, gleamed on the " various spoils of various climes" gathered in the tasteful apartment, revealed the shadowy depths of the book-shelves, where the silent company, the living children of dead and gone poets, were ranged, and lost itself in the gusty curtains. As we sat together the wind began its old song in the chimney, but with such weird compass and combination of notes that - seemed the call of a familiar spirit. "It is a famous chimney," said the poet, leaning over the fire, "and has long borne a local reputation for its peculiar song. Ole Bull, sitting in your chair one night, caught quite with his instrument." Under the same overpowering domination of himself and his own personality, here as elsewhere I could not help remembering how he himself had caught and transfigured not only its melody, but message, in that most perfect show that he expected death, but neither of human reveries, "The wind over the longed for I nor feared it. chimney."

But the night wind cries, * Despare!
These who walk with feet of an Leave no long-enduring mide; At God's forges incandescent likethy homes but incess int.
These are but the figure sparks,

Dust are all the hands that wrought, Books are espulcives of thought; The dond laurel of the daal Rustle for a moment only. Like the withered leaves in lonely Chardhyards at some passing troad.

"Saddenly the flavor cishs flown; Sadt the rumours of renorm; And alone the unjut wand dray Clemours louder, wilder, vagues,— "The the brand of Meleager llying on the bearthagens berg!

and I narmer, — Though it be, Why should that discomfort me ! Me mainavour us in yam, Its reward us in the doing, and the rapture of pursuing in the price the vanqualing gain."

Why should not the ghosts gather here? Into this quaint historic house he had brought the post's retentive memory filled with the spoils of foreign climes. He had built his nest with rare seeds, grasses, and often the stray feathers of other song birds gathered in his flight. Into it had come the great humanities of life, the bridal procession, the christening, death—death in a tragedy that wrapped those walls in flames, bore away the faithful young mother and left a gap in the band of "blue-eyed banditti" who used to climb the poet's chair. The keynote of that sublime resignation and tender philosophy which has overflowed so many hearts with pathetic endurance, was struck here; it was no cold abstract sermon preached from an intellectual pulpit, but the daily lessons of experience, of chastened trial shaped into melodious thought. How could we help but reverence the instrument whose smitten chords had given forth such noble "Psalms of Life"?

Such is the picture conjured by his name. Near and more recent contact with him never dimmed its tender outlines. like now to remember that I last saw him in the same quaint house, but with the glorious mellow autumnal setting of the New England year and the rich, garnered fulness of his own ripe age. There was no suggestion of the end in his deep kind eyes, in his deepveiled voice or, his calm presence; characteristically it had been faintly voiced in his address to his classmates of fifty years before. He had borrowed the dying salutation of the gladiator in the Roman arena only

BRET HARTE.

BIBLE TRUTHS AND EASTERN WAYS.

By W. FLEMING STEVENSON, D.D.

II .-- STREAMS IN THE SOUTH -- ROADS AND PATHS-THE LODGE IN THE CARDEN.

lends its wonder to the palm. It also lends a pathetic beauty to a phrase in the Psalms that has taken strong hold of the people. "Turn again our captivity, O Lord, as the streams in the south." The south country in Palestine, stretching away towards the sand of the desert, was exposed to the drought of the rainless heat, and in the dry season the streams, none of them having far to run, shrank and disappeared. When the rainy season would return the river beds would fill with trembling, hurrying waters. Torrents would flow down what were now only rough mule tracks. Vegetation would spring again beside these dusty watercourses, and the contrast would be almost as great as between a descrt and a garden. And with that old image from his home before him the singer cried: Turn back to us the time of freedom and home when every one may sit under his own vine or fig-tree; turn back to us the dam of holy festival and temple service: we are in a dry and thirsty land where no water is, where our harps hang on the willows, and men say, Where is thy God? Let it come at last to an end, and let the old life flow through the old channels; let it be like the south country when there is abundance of rain.

is only in the East that we can measure the force of this expression. Our streams may diminish in volume, but they never disappear nor even lose their river character. The different conditions in the East were first apparent in Japan. The railway from Yokohama, the chief seaport, to Tokio, the capital, crosses a number of broad water-courses, and the bridges are both long and of great strength to resist the current; but the only and that he should crywater visible was a slender rill or two en deavouring to force a passage among great stones and bare sand. The streams had disappeared. In Western India we crossed rivers that were only an aching wilderness of sand, but that in the rains are as stately as the lower Shannon or the Rhine. When the parched crops long for the next filling of the ness and vigour !

HE dryness of the summer in the East empty channels. Then, when the rains come, the river rises to a mighty breadth, and the land is musical with the noise of waters, and all the fields rejoice. Freshness and greenness, life and fertility, all seem to return with the falling rain.

In Southern India there was another side of the picture. For there the rains were not over, and that very soil, which is sometimes like red dust, and from which the palm-tree can draw no supplies, was a place of running streams. It is a region proverbial for the difficulty of finding the way, and the difficulty was increased by the floods which covered such tracks as there were, so that sometimes for hours our bearers were wading, and at night the gleam of torches that they carried was reflected in the long still pools through which we plashed. We frequently lost the track, in spite of the keenness of the native instinct, and where there should have been only a gully that might be crossed dry-shod, we would find a river bundreds of feet wide, where it required all the strength of the men to resist the force of the current and prevent as being swept away when we were in mid-stream.

When the prophet Juel pictures happier days, what, therefore, is more natural for him to say than that all the rivers of Judah shall flow with waters; * or that Isaiah should compare the day of the Lord to the parched ground becoming a pool, the thirsty land springs of water; t or that the paalm-singer should compare the misery of the captivity, the spiritual dryness of the life in Babylon, and the want of every devout privilege to which the Jew was used, I the summer with its shrunken streams and parched river-beds,

"As starous of water in the south Our bundage, Lord, recal)"?

Turn back to the heritage of God the time of plenteous rain-

Whereby Thou, when it wency was Belot it refresh agala."

flood high thousands in channels draw off And how often the Church and Christian the water for the supply of distant fields and people have uttered this prayer when the reservoirs. But even this is seldom enough; spiritual life was meagre, when its streams and the husbandman and his cattle and the had shrunk and dried, and it wanted fresh-

^{*} Pr. card. 4. -

In these streams we found another illus- builder put it; and when the floods would tration that set one of our Lord's sayings in a vivid light. The rapidity with which they fill more surprising than their emptiness. "My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook!" * Job cries, contrasting the promise of his friends with their performance—all the noisy flow of waters gone, and nothing to refresh him. But we have little notion of the sud- foundation. denness and enormous height to which such rivers rise. The rainy season was not quite over when we were in Travancore. We found a rapid river running at that point between high banks; and when speaking afterwards with the engineer, he told us that the bridge gave him constant anxiety from the weight of water suddenly flung against the piers. He had known the river rise in a few hours twenty-seven feet. With this rapid and sudden flood in our mind we thought of the houses in our Lord's parable, the one built on the rock, and the other on the mere sand that has been piled up by the river, but apparently far beyond the reach of its waters. We had seen native huts erected on such high sandy spaces, and native hute are sometimes freil things compared with even our mud cabina. In Ceylon one may see numbers of them along the road that are little more than four posts of wood, with bamboo mats hung between for walls and a few branches for the roof. In the west of India I have walked past some houses where families were living, and that looked no more substantial than a heap of thorns. Even the class better than these-for such are the worst-are constructed of the least durable material, commonly of mud, and with so little pains that the wonder withey hold together. Life in the East is out-of-doors, and for the bulk of the population there is neither temptation, nor perhaps necessity, to make a house more in the South-East, and to much of China, than a hasty shelter. The foundation is, as well as to Syria. The track is protherefore, of more importance in such a bably broad, although irregular; and it climate than in ours, for if both house and includes several separate paths. Each path foundation are frail there is no escape from has worn its own rut, and sometimes runs peril. The rains had been unusual before into, sometimes avoids the others, so that we were in Tinnevelly, and we not only saw the appearance of the roadway is of a conthe result in stately bridges where half the fused puttern of paths. When the road aparches lay in ruins, in great stretches of road proaches a large city the number of these swept away, and in gravel and stones drifted paths increases, as others from various direcover the arable land, but were informed of tions converge upon the main road; but each the incredible number of houses that had remains distinct. been destroyed, carried off by floods, and here to every one. The roughness of such rain. Now we may imagine the frail house of a road would be scarcely intelligible to one the parable, where I have suggested that the who has not seen and felt it; but it is so

come, and the winds blow, and the river spread the rush of its waters far and wide, it could not escape. And thus in the parable a great stress is laid upon the site, because, if that be safe, and if II be rocky, the stream may beat vehemently, but the house will not fall. The set of the water is against the

It is not an illustration that can ever be threadbare; and men can never get beyond the need of asking themselves what kind of site they have chosen on which to build the home of their life; and if their life be one of large plans or ambitions, then the stateliness of the house makes the question the more needful. We are building our confidence here, and our hope for hereafter. If a man was to build even on the upper edge of one of those sand-drifts I have mentioned, and away beyond the height of ordinary floods, yet should the rush of waters rise there, and the sand be swept from underneath the house, we can understand how the house must fall. It is not enough to keep as far away as we can from the mass of careless people, if we are still building on the sand: and whatever is not leading us to do the will of Christ is sand. His will and the doing of it is the only rock on which human lives—and hopes and affections are a part of haman lives-can be built to last for ever.

It is in the country also that we meet with the roadways. In most places they are not regularly made. Draught animals, camels and mules and oxen, and carters with their rough and primitive vehicles, have made them first, mere tracks across the fields. In some parts of India the post-roads are well constructed and well kept. What I have said would apply more to districts of it

An abundance of illustration will occur rough in Northern China that no one thinks the wet season a sea of mud of varying depth. It is easy to understand the force of the expression that the rough ways shall be made smooth; that as these roads have sometimes been levelled for the passage of an emperor, so the difficulties and hindrances would be amouthed out of the way of the King of kings as He advances in His kingdom among men, and these rough ruts and ridges would all be levelled down.

Such a preparation receives its reward. When in Travancore we were struck with district, and the native ralsh wished him to come by a beautiful route over the hills, the track was in such bad repair that it would have been impossible but that this Christian man stepped forward and undertook it; the crooked places were made straight, and the rough places plain; and the volumes I saw were handed to him by Lord Napier in admiration of his success.

And that is precisely what God is effecting by His providence, by those innumerable messengers that He uses in the East-commerce, and science, and travel, foreign books and foreign customs-which are all smoothing down the ancient ruts and ridges in these eastern highways that the feet of the messengers of peace may traverse them more

swittly.

We were reminded also how the word paths occurs in the Bible where we would use the singular path. For we would imagine that there was but one path of righteonsness, and that all the others led astray; yet we sing in the twenty-third Psalm, "He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness;" and we pray with the seventeenth Psalm, "Hold up my goings in Thy paths." And in this there is not only a fitness appropriate to the character of the country, but the image ac-, quires a shade of meaning that we cannot give it. These paths make up the common round a large field of millet, a tall and road; but the travellers on that road follow

of walking on it, but prefers the top of a low every one his own. And, thus, besides the mud bank which the farmers raise on either main direction of the road that it | towards side to protect their fields. In the dry season heaven, and its character that it is righteous, is a series of minute and hard ridges; in we have room for the individual life. Our lives are not uniform, but each is led along the path of his own, until every one of us appeareth in Zion before God."

> In the road of evil there also the same thought. When, like sheep, we went astray, we followed every one his own way; and the breadth of the road includes also the idea a vast number of lives, every one following its own bent, and finding room on that road, while the road itself leadeth to destruction.

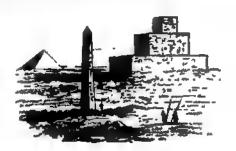
The roads led us to a city; and when the house a native Christian had built for we had rested there, and then once more himself in the village. It was a substan-; left the walls behind and got out into tial house, and as much European as native the country, we were not long in disin its character; and it was the first of the covering the source of some familiar many excellent houses now built by native! Scripture illustration. We sometimes found Christians in the same quarter. In one of a rude platform in the middle of a cucumber the rooms there was a small but excellent field (in Japan we would pass them library, both of native and English books; the railway train), supported on four poles, and among them a richly bound set of voraised about fifteen feet above the ground, lumes caught my eye, and I found that when and rudely thatched; the station for a a late Governor of Madras wished to visit the watcher, who saw that no thefts were committed on the crops. When the crop is gathered, the lodge | left, but there is no tenant of it; and, lonely at the best, it is doubly lonely now. So that when Isaiah seeks an image that will thoroughly represent the desolation of Israel, he says, the daughter of Zion is as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, empty, and with nothing left to guerd.†

This idea of guarding, and therefore watching, underlies more than one pathetic passage. The habit and of the most frequent in the East. In Manchooria I found myself one night with our missionaries belated before we reached our destination. The wrong road had been taken owing to floods, the mules had fallen, and about a mile from the city, and with no light but the stars, we were obliged a scramble up a steep bank, and wait until our carters could secure help. Like most nights in the East, the air was wonderfully still, and sounds penetrated far. The commonest were the shrill cries and loud barks of the ill-favoured dogs that prowled in our neighbourhood, and we could feel the force of the language of the fifty-ninth Psalm, "At evening let them make a noise like a dog, and go round about the city; them wander up and down for meat, and grudge if they be not satisfied." A watchman was walking

> * Proba herrie, y. . t Jeauch L. S.

doubt his beat reached w that of some other; Zum" not here from wild animals, but from sobbers, and from the poor who abound in the constant decay of China. In India the watcher uses. day nor night" (kii. 6); "Thy watchmen chorus.

powerful man, one of the Emperor's Tartar shall hift up the voice; with the voice tosoldiers. He was hired for this service all gether shall they sing : for they shall see eye through the ripening of the grain, and no to eye, when the Lord shall bring again (ht. 8), which Dr. Thomson explains and he was the third watcher of the standing from his own observation I mean that the crop we had seen that day. The danger was watch of each will reach to the point where the eye of the next can take in the survey. There will come happy days yet to the Church, according to this prophecy, when inhis voice to the utmost, and his cry is a brief ternal dissensions will cease; when sects will and often startling feature of the night; and not be jealously watching against each other, in Syria the practice the same. This warn- but against the common enemy of ain; when ing cry, warning of an enemy, of danger, is there will be a sleepless vigil among these used in more than one passage of Isaiah. sentinels of danger, and as one descries it, all "I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O the rest will be so quick to respond | his Terusalem, which shall never hold their peace alarm, that it will be like a common cry or



LADY JANE.

By Mas. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XV .- DELIVERANCE.

ADY JANE had been for two months the solitary inhabitant of those two rooms on the second floor. Yet not altogether solitary....Nurse Mordaunt had been allowed to join her, and had been the faithful companion of her captivity. She was a better companion than a younger maid would have been, for she had been a kind of second mother to Lady Jane, and knew all her life and everything that concerned her, besides being a person of great and varied experience who had anecdotes and tales to illustrate every vicissitude of life. Nuise Mordaunt was acquainted even with parallel instances to place beside Lady Jane's own position. She knew every kind of thing that had ever happened "in families," by which familiar sting us like those that glance into our souls expression ahe meant great families like like an arrow, darling, wounding before we those to which she had been accustomed all have time to put up any shield or defence to her life. Little families without histories she keep them out. Deeper even than her sepaknew nothing of. The profound autonish- ration at such a moment from her lover, more

ment which overwhelmed Lady Jane when she found herself a pinoner it would be impossible to describe. She felt once more as she had felt when her father insulted her womanly delicacy and sent the blood of shame tingling to her cheeks, shame not so much for herself at for him. Was it possible that her father, the head of so great a house, the descendant of so many noble ancestors, and again her father, the man to whom she had looked up with undoubting confidence and admiration all her life-that at the end he was no true gentleman | all, but only a sham gentleman, the shadow without any substance, the symbol with all meaning gone out of it? Do not suppose that Lady Jane put this deliberately into words. Ah, no! the thoughts we put into words do not

bitter than her thoughts of his disappoint-miserable a way—in a way so impossible to ment, if his rage and misery, was this curbing about any result. poisoned thought: her father, a great peer, showing himself not noble III all, not true, a tyrant without any understanding even of the creatures whom in could oppress. Lady Jane was sad enough on her own account and on Winton's, ■ may well be believed: but of this last wound she felt that she never could be healed. Imagine those traditions of her rank in which she had been brought up, her proud yet so earnest and humble sense of its obligations, the martyrdom which in her youth she had been so ready to accept-all come down this, that she was a prisoner in her father's house, locked up like a naughty child, she who had been trained to the princess royal, the representative of an ideal race! Ah, if it had but been a revolution, a rebellion, democracy rampant, such an imprisonment as she had once been taught to think likely I but to sink down from the grandeur of that conception to the pettiness and bathos of this | She tried to smile to herself sometimes, in the long days which passed so slowly, at her own ludicrous anticipations, and the entire futility after all of this suffering to which she was being exposed. But she had not a lively sense of humour, and could not laugh at those young dreams, which after all were the highest of her life. And somehow the sense that the present troubles could produce no possible result of her than merely to bring her her mother's impatient of them than if they had been more dangerous. That her father could could expect convince her by so miserable an argument, that he could suppose it possible that she would change for this, abandon what she had resolved upon at the expense of all her prejudices and so many of her better feelings, because of being shut up in two rooms for two months, or two years, or any time he might choose to keep her there | likely to convince one's reason, mother, or If she had not thought her filial duty a suffilock and key? Lady Jane smiled with high furnished with every luxury-and laughed a and silent disdain a so extraordinary a mis- httle. "Is my head or my heart that is take. But it was unworthy, I was lowering appealed to?" she said. This, perhaps, was ■ her moral dignity to be exposed to so too clear-sighted for the angelic point ■ view vexatious and petty an ordeal. At a state from which the world in general expected been prepared to smile serenely, carrying fact, though she had more poetry in her than

Nurse Mordaunt was an excellent coma noble gentleman — yet thus suddenly panion, but after a while she began 🔳 droop and pine. She wanted the fresh air; she wanted to see her grandchildren; she wanted, oh, imperiously beyond description | a talk, a gossip, a little human intercourse with some one of her own kind. Lady Jane was a darling the sweetest of ladies; but was a different thing talking to that angel and chatting familiarly over things in general with Mrs. Jarvis, Nume no more than other mortals could be kept continuously on the higher level. She longed to unbend, in be in her case, to feel herself, as the French say, ches alle, iii which expression there is almost a more intimate well-being than in that of being at home, which we English think so much superior. Her health suffered, which Lady Jane would not allow that hers did; and, I last, Nurse Mordaunt made such strenuous representations on the subject in the new servant, whose business it was to watch over the prisoners, that she was allowed to go out. She was allowed to go out and the Duchess to come in, two proceedings altogether contradictory of the spirit of the confinement, and which were, indeed, a confession of fallure, though the This made Duke himself was unaware of it. a great change to the prisoner, whose cheeks, though still pale, got a little tinge of colour and hope in consequence. It did more for the kind intended, made her almost more society, though that was much. It brought her abo other news of the outer world-news of Winton more definite than the distant think to subdue her by such means, that he sight of him riding or walking through the square, which he did constantly. Now, at last, she received the budget of letters, of which her mother's hands were full. Lady Jane uniled and cried a little at the entreaties her lover addressed to her to be steadfastnot to give him up. "I wonder what they all think," she said; "is this an argument persuade one for love's sake?" She looked cient reason, would she be convinced by a round upon her prison—her pretty chamber prison, with the block at the end, she had Lady Jane to view most matters. But, in her high faith and constancy through even her mother, Lady Jane had come into pos-the death ordeal. But confinement in her session of part of her mother's fortune, so to own room was laughable, not heroic; it made speak—her sense; and that is a quality which her blush that she should be exercised in so will assert itself. Now the Duchess, in the



"Het antenunt the so good that it faceof to constiting like a

excitement of standing by helplets while her daughter suffered, had come to regard the matter more melodramatically than Lady Jane did, to suffer her feelings to get the mastery, and to imagine a hundred sinkings of the heart and depressions of the spirit to which the captive must liable. She recognized the change instinctively, for it was one XXIII—28

possible that she might yield under such persuasion, was subject to almost a passing remark, which was strange, that nurse was shade of that high but mostly disclosing with full of a recent and that a delightful recent which she was subjected; for it was vulgar, unspeakably weak though it was what the French call brutal—everything, in short, that a mode of action destined to affect a sensitive, proud, and clear-seeing soul ought not to be.

The new regime had continued but a short time when Nurse Mordaunt returned one day from her walk with heightened colour and great suppressed excitement. thing, it was evident, was in her mind quite beyond the circle of her usual thoughts; but she talked less, not more, than usual, and left her lady free to read over and over the last letters, and to refresh her heart with all the raptures of her lover's delight in having again found the means of communicating with her after the misery of six weeks of silence and complete separation. Something he said of a speedy end of all difficulties, which Lady Jane took be little thought of, being far more interested in the reunion with himself, which his letters brought about. A speedy end: no doubt an end would come some time; but at present the prisoner was not so sanguine as those outside. She did not know the gallant stand which the ladies were making, or the social state of siege which had been instituted in respect to the Duke; and she sighed, but smiled, at Winton's hope. All went on as usual during the long, long evening. It was long though it was provided with everything calculated to make it bearable books and the means of writing, writing to kim -which was far more amusing and absorbing than any other kind of composition. Her fire was bright, her room full of luxurious comfeet --- a piano in it, and materials for a dozen of those amateur works with which time can be cheated out of its length. But she sighed and wearied, as was natural, notwithstanding the happiness of having her lover's letters, and of having talked with her mother, and of knowing as she did that some time or other this must come to an end. "After all, nurse," she said with a little laugh, as she prepared for bed, " to be in prison is not desirable. I abould like to have a run in the woods at Billings, or even a walk in Rotten Row."

"Yes, dear," said nurse, leaning over her, "your ladyship shall do better than that. Oh, yes, my sweet, better days are coming. Don't you let down your dear heart."

shade of that high but gentle disdain with full of a secret, and that a delightful secret, which she contemplated the vulgar force to exaltingly dwelt upon, and ready burst out at the least encouragement. Or perhaps also I though a duke was the originator: and | she did perceive it but was too tired to draw it forth. And she gave no encouragement to further disclosure, but went to her rest sighing, with 2 longing to be free, such as since the first days of her imprisonment she had not felt before. And she could not sleep that night. Lady Jane was not of a restless nature. She did not toss about upon her pillows and make it audible that she was sleepless : and she had much much cocupy her thoughts, so many things that were pleasant, as well as much that it hurt her to contemplate. She put the hurtful things away and thought of the sweet, and lay there in the darkness of the winter's pight lighted and calmed by sweet thought. When I was nearly morning, at the darkest and chilliest moment of all, there came a rustling and soft movement, which, however, did not alarm her since it came from Nurse Mordaunt's room. Then she perceived dimly in the faint light from an uncurtained window a muffled figure, with which indeed she was very familiar, being no other than that of nurse herself in a dressinggown and nightcap, with a shawl huddled about her throat and shoulders, stealing round the room. What was nurse doing at this mysterious hour?---but Lady Jane was not afraid. She was rather glad of the incident in the long monotony of the night. She turned her head noiselessly upon her pillow to watch. But the surprise of Lady Jame was great at the further operations of her attendant. Nurse arranged carefully and noiselessly a small screen between the door and the bed, then with great precaution struck a light and began with much fumbling and awkwardness to operate upon the door.
What was she doing? The light throwing a glimmer upward from behind the screen revealed her face fall of anxiety, bent forward towards the lock of the door, upon which many scratches and ineffectual jara m of tools badly managed soon became audible. The candle threw a portentous waving shadow, over the further wall and root, in the old woman's muffled figure, and betrayed a succession or dahs and misses | the door which Lady Jane for a long time could not understand. What did it mean? The noise increased as nume grew nervous over her falure. She hart her fingers, she pursed her mouth, she contracted her brows; it was "No; that would not do much good," work that demanded knowledge and delicate handling, but she had neither. When Lady antiquity. All that is over," said the gracious Jane raised herself noiselessly on her arm, lady. The Duke bowed to the ground as may and said in her soft voice, "What are you be supposed. "Lady Jane I hope will appear by degrees that the tools had been given her, with many injunctions and instructions, to break open the lock of the door. "By whom?" Lady lane demanded with a deep blush and sparkling eyes. Why she should have felt so keen a flash of indignation at her lover for thinking of such an expedient inscrutable, but at the moment it seemed to her that she could never forgive Winton. for such an expedient. But it was Lady Germaine who was the offender, and Lady Jane was pacified. She bound up nurse's finger and sent her off summarily to bed. Then, it must be allowed, she herself looked upon the tools long and anxiously with shining eyes. It seemed to her that it would fighting her father with his own weapons. It would be as unworthy of her to get her freedom that way, as it was of him to make a prisoner of her. Would it be so? Lady Jane's heart began to beat, and her brow to throb. Would it be so? The mere idea that she held her freedom in her hand filled her whole being with excitement. locked them away into a little cabinet which stood near her bed. She was too tremulous, too much excited by the mere possibility to be able to think at all.

That night had been a very exciting one for the Duke. Again he had been the centre of a demonstration. It did not seem to him that he could turn anywhere without hearing these words, "half-married," murmuring about. This time it was at the house of the not indeed the most distinguished personage the realm, but yet so near as to draw inspiration from that fountain-head. She said. "We could not believe it," as Mrs. Coningsby had said: but naturally with far more force. "I am afraid you are not of your age, Duke."

"There is little that | desirable in the age, madam, that any one should 🖿 of it," himself on safe ground.

doing, nurse?" the poor woman dropped the at the drawing-room on her marriage," his distools with a dull thump on the floor and tinguished monitress said as she passed on, almost went down after them in her vexa- The compliasis was unmistakable. And how tion. "Oh, my lady, I can't ! I can't do it, that silken company enjoyed it! They had all I'm that stupid ! " She wept so that Lady gathered as close as possible, and lent their I'm that stupid'! She wept so that Lady gathered as close as possible, and lent their Jane could scarcely console her, or under-keenest car. And there was a whisper ran stand her explanation. At last it came out round that this was indeed the way in which royalty should take its place in society. As for the Duke, he stumbled out of these gilded halls, more confused and discomfitted than ever Duke was. He did not sleep much more than Lady Jane did all that long and dark night. What was he to do? Must he Give In? These words seemed be written upon the book of fate. Relinquish his prejudices, his principles, all the traditions of his race—retrace his steps, own himself in error, undo what he had done? No! no! no! a thousand times no! But then there seemed to come round him again that rush of velvet feet, that sheen of jewelled brown, the look with which the central figure waved her lily hand- The Duke felt his forehead bedewed with drops of anguish. How could be stand out against that? he the most loyal of subjects, and one whose example went so fir. If he set himself in opposition, who could be expected to obey? He thought of nothing else all night, and it was the first thing which occurred to him when he woke in the morning. What to do? He was tired of it all, all, and tired of other things too, if he could have been brought to confess it. His heart was sore, and his soul fatigued beyond measure. He had not even his wife to lean the weight of his cares upon, and everything was going wrong. He could now at last icel the sweep of the current moving towards Niggara. It bore him along, it carried him off his feet. Ruin | hand | he would not allow himself even now to Lord-Chancellor that the *image* occurred. A believe in it—but in his heart was aware very distinguished lady was the chief guest: that it was ruin. And this other matter in the foreground occupying the thoughts which had so many other claims upon them ! The reader may be very glad that our space is limited, otherwise there is enough to fill a volume of the Duke's self-communings and perplexed, distressful thoughts. He got up in the morning, still half-dased, not knowing what to do. But in his heart the Duke was his Grace replied with dignity. Here he selt aware he was beaten. There was no more fight in him. He swallowed his breakfast "Ah, but we cannot help belonging to it: dolefully, and sat down in his vast, cheerless and II is for persons of rank to show that library by himself to settle what he was to they can lead it, not to be driven back into do, when---- But for this we must

back a little in the record of the family She hesitated, this spiritual descendant of the

Lady Jane had begun the day with a sense her power. She said nothing to muse, who, lady's first flash of indignation, effaced her- the princess she was, went down-stairs. would be as maladroit with those poor small step must be taken at once. Whenwhite hands of hers as nurse had been. She went to the door and examined the lock

great Spanish cavalier, that noblest knight. But then Lady Jane's sense came in. She of underlying excitement, which she covered was aware that now in this moment she was with her usual calm, but which was not her delivered, that no force in the world could usual calm. She had the means of escape in put her again within that door. She gathered the long skirt of her black gown in her hand, subdued by her failure and crushed by her and slowly, stately, not like a fugitive, like

self as much as possible, and left Lady Jane The Duke was in his library thinking what in the room which looked out upon the todo, and the Duchess—in her morning room, square, which was her dressing-room (nomin- with her heart greatly fluttered by that little ally) and sitting-room, undisturbed. Lady Jane royal speech, which had been reported to her could not forget that the tools were in that already-sat with, strange to say, only half little carved cabinet, which, never in the a thought of Jane, looking in the face that course of its existence, had held anything of other dark and gloomy thing, the ruin that such serious meaning before. She could not was approaching. She had palpable evidence keep them out of her mind. To use them of it before her, and knew that it was now a might be unworthy of her, a condescension, matter of weeks, perhaps of days, so that though putting herself on the same level as her her heart, like an agitated sea after the storm, tyrant; but after all, we think that the means was still heaving with the other emotion, were in her power! Lady Jane was very her thoughts for the moment had abandoned well aware that, once outside that door, her Jane. But the Duke's mind was full of his captivity was over. It was a thing that could daughter. He would have to Give In! not be repeated. Once upon the staircase, in Look at it how he would, he saw no escape the passage, and all the world was free to for that. "The women," as Lord Germaine hur. When you think of that after two in his slangy way prophesied, "had made it months' imprisonment, it is hard to keep the too hot for him," and royalty itself—clearly excitement out of your pulses. At last it he could not put his head out of his door, or overcame her so much that she got up, half-appear in the society of his peers again, till stealthily, timidly, and went to the door to examine the lock, and see whether, by the light To make his recantation in the eye of day, in of nature, she could make out what was to be the eight even of his household, was more done. It had been closed not long before to than he could calmly contemplate. permit of the exit of the maid who carried no longer, what was he to do? but, how was their meals to the prisoners. The tools were he to do it? that was in his mind. He had got in the cabinet, and in all likelihood Lady Jane up, unable to keep still, and feeling that some

We had already got this length on a closely. All at once something occurred to previous page. At this memorable crisis, her which made her heart jump. She took when the world seemed to his conscioushold of the handle, it turned in her hand, ness to be standing still to see what he Another moment and she flung it open with would do, the door of the library was pushed a little cry of terror and triumph. Open! slowly open from without. The doors in and she free, out of her prison. | was but Grosvenor Square did not squeak and mutter one step, but that step was enough. Her like the wizards in the Old Testament, m amazement was so great that turned to our doors so often do, but rolled slowly something like consternation. She stepped open, majestically, without sound. This was out on to the landing, which was somewhat what happened while the Duke stood still, dark on this February morning; and there something within him seeming to give way, she paused. She was a woman born to be a his heart fluttering as if what he expected heroine, one of the Quixotic race. She passed was a visitor from the unseen. He stood a moment, holding her head high, and re- with his eyes opening wide, his lips apart. flected. This must have been an accident: Was it a deputation from Mayfair? was it for once the jailer had made a mistake, had the royal lady herself? was it- It was alept upon his post, had turned the key amina, something more overwhelming, more miraca-Was it good enough to take advantage of a lous than any of these. I was Lady Jane. inistake, to save herself by the slip of a servent? The resider is already aware who was coming, but the Duke was not aware. He gasped at her with speechless astonishment, as if she had been indeed a visitor from the unseen.

She was very pale after her long incarceration, and the hollow, alas? very visible on her delicate cheek. She was dressed in a long, soft cashmere gown, black, with an air of having fitted her admirably once, but which now was too loose for her, as could - seen. But though she was thin and pale, she held her head high, and there was a sort of smile in the look with which she regarded her father. Here was indeed the triumph. She was too high-minded, too proud to fly. She came into the room, and closed the door with a nort of indignant stateliness. "I have come to tell you," she said, " that by some accident or misadventure my door was found unlocked this morning, and I have left my prison." She held her head high, and he bowed and crouched before her. But yet had she but known, her own relief and ecstasy of ficedom was nothing to her father's. was as if the load of a whole universe had been taken off his shoulders

"This is Martin's fault," he said; "the fellow shall be dismissed at once. Jane, you will believe me or not as you please, but I had meant in come myself and open the

door wyou to-day."

He dropped down into a chair all weak and worn, and held his head in his hands: his nerves now more shattered than her own. It was all he could do to keep himself from bursting like a woman into tears.

"You surely do not imagine that I could doubt what you say? I am glad, very glad, that it was so -- " she said, her voice melting. He was her father still, and she was not guiltless towards him. "I wish that I

had waited till you came," she said.

"Yes;" he seized eagerly upon this little advantage. "I wish that you had waited till I came; but it was not to be expected. I do not say that it was to be expected." Then he hoisted himself by his hands pressing upon the table, and looked at her, "Bless me," he said, "how thin you are, and how pale!-is this-is this my doing? Gracious! shut up so long, poor giri-I suppose you must hate me, Jane?"

Lady Jane went up him holding out her too. Forgive me !" she cried, too generous not to take upon herself the blame; and were so anxious to be serviceable to, and that so the father and daughter kissed each never said thank you But I told you other, he crying like a child, she like a mother what you had a expect, Mrs. Marston supporting him. Such a moment had never cried. been the Duke's long life before.

And we are bound to allow that neither the Duchess, who was his faithful wife, nor Winton, always ready to appreciate the noble sentiments of Lady Jane, could ever understand the fulness of this reconciliation. to be hoped that the reader will comprehend better. They were too resentful and indignant to resume their old relations in a moment as if nothing had happened, which Lady Jane did with perhaps more tenderness than before. But into this question there is no time to enter. When Lady Jane went in soffly, as if she had left her mother half an hour before, into the morning room, the Duchess flung away her papers with a great cry, and rushed upon her daughter, clasping her almost fiercely, looking over her shoulder with all the ferocity of a lioness a defence of her offspring. She would have ordered the carriage at once to take Lady Jane away, or even have gone with her on the spot, on foot or in a cab, to a place of safety: but Lady Jane would not hear of any such proceeding. She calmed her mother, as she had soothed her father, and in an hour's time Winton was in that little room, which suddenly was turned into Paradise. He had been carrying about with him all this time a special licence ready for use, and as everything can be done at a moment's notice in town, even in February, Lady Jane Altamont, attended by a small but quite sufficient train, and before a whole crowd of excited witnesses, was married next morning at St. George's, Hanover Square, like everybody else of her degree. Needless to say that there was in the Morning Post next morning, as well as in most of the other papers, an account of the ceremony, with a delicate hint of difficulties, unnecessary to enter into, which had gone before. This was read by many who understood, and by a great many more who did not understand; but nowhere with greater excitement than in the Rectory House of St. Alban's, E.C., where Mrs. Marston took the fushionable paper, poor lade because in that wilderness she was so out of the way of everything. She rushed in upon her husband in his study (who had just seen it in the Standard with feelings which are indescribable) with the broadsheet | her hand. "Listen to this, William," she cried solemnly; "Father, I have sinued against you "didn't I tell you it was none of our business to meddle; and your fine Duke whom you THE DID.

POEMS ON PICTURES.

THE HUGUENOT. By J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.

T must not be! There is a loftier light Than in the lovely heaven of thy sweet eyes, Whereby a man must know and choose the right. And hold it till he dies.

It must not be: there is a stronger love Than feeds those tendrils which our hearts entwine, Whereby my will is dedicate above, And is not mine or thine.

A stronger love: therefore a nobler life, For which these few fair hours of earthly breath Must not be spared from any fiery strife, Nor loved unto the death.

Yea, dearest, there is yet a dearer face Than that I gaze on when I gaze on thee, Bending upon me with importunate grace Down from the Altar-Tree.

Nor mayest thou plead against that sweeter Voice Than, O my darling, of thy tender cry— O'er thine I hear it and I can rejoice To leave thee and to die I

" I'o leave thee "-Ah, Lord Christ, I lose her not Who leave her now in witness for Thy Name: So only shall she find me without spot Of craven guile or blame.

Find me -when Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come ! So lose we not each other. I am Thine; And in the true life of Thy glorious Home Thou wilt restore me mine. ■ J. STONE.

ADVENTURES ON THE ROVUMA.

Betters in course of un Exploration.—II.

Zensiber.

I have returned to the city of Zanzibar, will not be surprised to hear that my exami- have given him shale.

nation of the "Coal fields" only brought to TEAR - Just about the time my light bituminous shales in meagre quantities. former letter reaches you, I proceed to These have been seen by some imaginative commit to paper the remainder of my story. Arab and Parsee observers and magnified This time, as you perceive, I write from into "rich beds" of the more precious mate-comparatively civilised quarters. Such formations, though of no commercial value, are interesting geologically. without having discovered either coal or However, as His Highness lacks even the gold; and, as my honest report has not been most radimentary acquaintance with my calculated to gladden the expectant heart of invosite science, I have thought hopeless His Highness or to afford the happy pros- to attempt to arouse in his mind any enthupect of filling his royal pockets, I do not siasm regarding a subject so far removed write in the sunshine of court favour. In from the sphere of business. The sum of view of the hint conveyed in my last, you the matter is that he asked for coal and I of the desired mineral, I continued my march up the Lujende one or two days farther. The fertile and beautifully wooded banks of the river afforded splendid cover for fine herds of game, which every now and again could be seen grazing in the open glades, bounding away in alarm at our approach, or standing like statues under the shady cover of noble trees, awaiting the passing of the hot noonday sun.

One morning, while securing the skins of two fine waterbuck which I had just shot, we were very much startled at finding ourselves surrounded by a large band of Zulo-like warriors, who had been attracted by our shooting. On finding that they were espied they raised their war-cry, shook their shields and spears in the air, and indulged in various threatening gestures. They were evidently the much-dreaded Mavitu (generally believed to be Zulus), who by their continual war raids have turned almost the entire Rovuma valley into a desert. Putting matters in order in case of an attack, I, according to my usual practice, stepped out from among my men unarmed, at the same time shouting out, "Msafara wa Maungu!" (" a white man's caravan"). This had the desired effect. A consultation was held among them, followed by more peaceful signs; and, on our inviting them to come near, they readily approached, uttering the usual expressions of wonder at all they saw. On closer acquaintance we discovered that, like the Mahenge, whose real character I unearthed on my previous journey, they were not Zulus at all, but belonged to a tribe called Ninde, living near the coast town of Kilwa. A number of these Wa-Ninde having observed the panic of terror occasioned by a memorable raid of Zulus, and finding that the very sight of a Zulu dress was sufficient to paralyze a whole district with alarm, had assumed the garb of the dreaded warriors and adopted their mode of warfare. Thus a mere handful of men have almost annihilated one tribe and wrought serious havoc among one or two others.

On the day following this incident we reached a point where the Lujende breaks over some wonderful cliffs in thundering cascades, the roar of the water being hearda great distance. On bare isolated rocks, in the midst of this grand turmoil, dwells an unfortunate remnant of the tribe which once occupied the whole surrounding country. the utmost difficulty and danger, partly by out her late husband's stool and, seating tha canoes and partly by jumping from rock new chief on it, shaves his head in presence

After fully satisfying myself of the absence to rock. I paid them a visit and was surprised to notice how healthy and apparently jolly they were.

Two days later we camped at a Makua village called Kwa-nantusi. There I ascended a very remarkable quadrangular mountain called Lipumbula. It rises a thousand feet above the plain, in sheer perpendicular precipices, except on one side, where there is a talm of rubbish half-way up. In the ascent we of course chose this side. All went merrily until we had surmounted the talus, There we were brought up against a dead wall, which seemed quite unassailable. We made two different attempts, both of them dangerous, and failed. A third venture, however, revealed to us a sort of crack or joint, and taking advantage of this we fine gained the summit, though with skinned hands and knees owing III the energy with which we had clutched the coarse gritty rock. For unwards of an hour we were in such a position that the slightest unguarded movement or impulse of nervousness would have certainly caused us to be dashed to atoms hundreds of feet below.

Leaving Kwa-nantusl and also the Lujende River, we struck away in a N.N.W. direction until we reached the second branch of the Royuma (which indeed bears that name), at the Makua village called Unde. Here my men piously and earnestly assisted at bidding God-speed to the soul of the chief who had just died, and whose obsequies were being celebrated. They drew down the applause of all right-minded negroes by the zealous manner in which they quaffed the huge pots of funeral beer, and by the abounding energy with which they danced the death dance; although by-and-by an uneasy notion seemed to spread among the natives that they were being deprived of their proper share in this pleasant manifestation of regret. As hundredy had gathered from all parts of the country to these praiseworthy solemnities, and as they had all done their best to drown their profound sorrows in the flowing bowl, their attentions to me became more obtrusive than pleasing. A drunk man anywhere 📕 inahecile 🔳 not violent, but a drunk negro is the very personification of idiocy.

Among the Makua a curious custom prevails. When a chief dies, the first act of his successor (who always, where possible, his sister's son) is to take possession of the deceased chief's wives. After has spent Their miserable huts are reached only with a night in the harem, the head wife brings



It was with a deep pathetic interest that I realised, on reaching this part of the Rovuma, I was traversing ground made classical by the footsteps of Livingstone. Here, me the very threshold of that great last journey, commenced the long series of privations which resulted in his lamented death. Here he had to face the horrors of starvation; besides being subjected to a thousand worrying annoyances by his boys and Sepoys, while his great sensitive heart recoiled from the sights of unspeakable cruelty was constantly witnessing, as the ghastly bands of slaves passed coastwards day by day. Yet, overwhelming as his trials were, it is delightful to know that they were not endured in vain. Short as is the lapse of time since that crisis of sympathetic suffering, he must, ground. if he is cognisant of present facts, already feel amply rewarded for all his pain.

From Unde we proceeded down the Rovuma. Our route led us first N. and then suddenly E.S.E. At the point where the river makes this abrupt turn it passes by a

of the assembled people, who thenceforward speed, it presently calms down into beautiful recognise him as their sultan. rock-bound placed pools without a ripple or a sound, except where an occasional hipporises with a sport | the surface and sinks again, leaving behind a series of ever widening circlets of waves. The mountains around rise cones and domes smooth and polished. as if they had but yesterday emerged from beneath an Arctic glacier. This idea is supported by the almost utter absence of even the slightest vegetation—a fact certainly very remarkable in the tropics.

Two days after passing these mountainsof which a prominent one bears the name Masenga-we regained our former route at the point where the Lujende joins the Royuma. Not to return to the coast by the way I came, I resolved to cross to the south side of the river into new and unknown

It was now the first of September when we entered upon the last stage of our march. Early on that morning I am awakened by the rewill of the caravan. Reluctantly I bestir myself, kick off my pyjamahs, and struggle into my clothes by the faint aid of great gorge through some very extraordinary the first mys of dawn. As I emerge from my mountains, forming scenery of the grandest tent after my ablutions and sit down on a and wildest. At one place the water shoots box to my morning's coffee, the bedstead and over falls in thundering masses, broken by boxes are patked, the tent pulled down and huge impending rocks into white formy folded. By the time I have inished my clouds and rainbow-circled spray; then, rush hasty breakfast everything and everybody are ing from the vast seething caldron with angry ready for the start, and long ere the sun has shown his rosy countenance over the horison

we are moving out of camp. During the night lions have been prowling about and keeping up a hideous roaring. so I hurry away in front with the prospect of meeting one strolling home in the grey light of the early hours. The air is raw and cold, so I march the double-quick and recklessly thrust my hands to the bottom of my pockets in the happy consciousness of not being in Regent Street. My two usual attendants in my hunting expeditions have considerably shrivelled up and have developed an ashy complexion unpleasant | behold, as they slink along shivering with the cold and doubtless envying me my pockets.

We soon get a considerable distance ahead of the caravan and begin to keep a sharp look out for game. Several herds are descried at a distance; but, not caring | go far out of our way, we leave these unmolested. Matters, however, don't become more promising, and we begin to conclude there is to be no sport this morning. Just as that thought shapes itself, down sinks the guide in a crouching position, while excitedly whispers, "A lion! a lion!" Instructively we follow his example. After a hurned glance my rifle I cautiously raise my head. Looking in the direction indicated by the guide, I am mortified at seeing, already fifty yards off, a fine lion lessurely bounding



The lion, unharmed, simply pauses for a momentary stare and then continues its course. Grinding out an expression of intense vexation and yielding the impulse of the moment I rush after the animal in hot hante, My servants, less eager and more wise than I, remain where they were. In never occurs to me that I have only the remaining cartridge of my double-barrelled rule for a possible encounter with the enemy.

The movements we the liou can only be traced by the shaking of the grass, and with

away through the long grass. Rising erect breath, while my heart palpitates with the I are precipitately. The shot is evidently excitement of the chase. We thus keep up the race for about three hundred yards, when all at once the shaking of the grass ceases, reminding me that I must proceed with much more caution lest I rush abruptly into the fervent embraces of his leonine highness -a consummation most devoutly to be deprecested, seeing I have no ambition for the world's reprobation and a warning epitaph. Moving on very stealthily for some time I anddenly emerge into an open space and as suddenly halt transfixed; for there stands the hon at a distance of little more than eye intently fixed on that I dash on pell- fifteen yards, with its side towards me, and mell, tripping, stumbling, and gasping for evidently awaiting my approach. The mo-

my game ! Mentally, as by a flash, I pic- ahead. ture myself exhibiting the trophics of the encounter to an admiring troop of friends. I level my gun and hang it goes. To my infinite mortification and, as I think, against all the laws of reason, there I neither the grand death-spring nor the tragic last roar. Unwounded and undaunted there stands my dangerous antagonist, "staring upon the hunter!" It takes one or two seconds to let the grim realities of the situation dawn upon my imagination. Only too evidently the tables are turned upon me. I have no ammunition and I dare not fice. To "fix " him with my eye unfortunately does not occur to me as practicable. On the contrary, I have a very distinct consciousness that he has "fixed" me, and that I should not be ungrateful for some convenient tree from which I might try the fascination of the human gaze. Thus for a little space, which to me seemed hours, we stand face to face. The lion seems uncertain what to do, but finally resolves to treat me with contempt. Turning with dignity, he gives one or two powerful bounds and disappears in the jungle, while I, limp and bedraggled, return to my men.

To resume the less dramatic details of our constward journey—we struck away E.S.E. from the Royuma, and after a six hours' quick tramp through a lightly-wooded country, with game in abundance, we camped beside a dried-up stream, in the bed of which, however, we were able by deep digging to procure a little water. On the following day we had an unusually trying march without water. After the first six hours the men with their heavy loads began to feel thirst acutely and became very despondent. In-stead of pushing on with greater haste they gave way in the most childish manner, sitting down for long rests only with the result of aggravating their tortures, and grumbling in the most exasperating manner. I made every effort to urge them onward. At last, finding that neither cheering words nor other gentle methods were of any avail, I was compelled have recourse to the more effectual argument of the belt.

Hour after hour passed wearily away, and still we saw no sign of our destination. Byand-by even the belt could not persuade the negroes into active effort. Gradually the cargyan got scattered over several miles af country, some lying despondently by the nor come upon the trace of, a white man. In

mentary shock gives place instantly to a edly forward. Giving up my unavailing strange feeling of exultation. With such a attempts to push them on, I gathered an splendid opportunity for a shot I am sure of energetic few around myself and hastened

> In about an hour we reached some village wells, but to our dismay we found them dry. This was a serious matter and deepened our anxious forchodings. Our guide knew nothing of the country beyond the next village. If also was descried our case would indeed be desperate. Possibilities darkly suggested themselves my mind which I dill not dare to express words. Certain it was that another long waterless march, in the already prestrate condition of the men, would mean death to many of them.

> However, we had no time to brood over our fears or to continue blankly staring at each other's anxious faces. Instant action was necessary. So, firing a gun to make those behind imagine we had reached water and to hurry them up, we pushed on with eager haste to the village two miles off. On our arrival we were delighted to find it occupied, though our indignation was roused by our inhospitable reception. With difficulty I restrained my followers from forcing their way into the huts in search of water. The people declared they had none, and the wells were four hours distant. This, of course, was false; and they soon saw we were not to be deceived. Our importunity began to alarm them, when they noticed we were so well armed. At last they cautiously brought out a small pot of the precious fittid and sold it for the clothes in which one of my men stood. Anon other two were produced, which sufficed for the first comers; the more obstinate laggards being compelled, when they came in, to wait in agony until a further supply was brought from the distant wells. After such a terrible experience we found it necessary mest a day to recruit our exhausted energies.

Mkomolo was the name of the village we had thus reached. The inhabitants are Makua, a tribe distinguished from the Makondè by a horseshoe-shaped mark upon their forehead. They also tattoo less and wear a smaller pelele. Moreover they exhibit a much higher degree of intelligence.

Here we were much interested learn that, one or two weeks previously, two missionaries had passed on their way to Mozambique. Clearly the palmy days of our early African explorers are gone. Then a traveller might wander about for years and neither see, wayside, others straggling slowly and wretch- those times a meeting with one was a notable

and memorable event. Now all that is by sunset, every one was rescued and in changed. In these later days the explorer has carefully to con his map to find a track where the white man's foot " hath ne'er or rarely been." Even then, when he begins to think is has realised that "rapture on the lonely shore," and that "society where none intrudes," of which the poet speaks, he will almost certainly have his Byronic musines abruptly broken by the audden apparition of some adventurous brother, who will souch his cap in the most polite manner and "presume he speaks to So-and-so ["

After one dayle stay at Mkomolo we were once more as reads, and once more we were put to great straits for want of water. According to our guides wells would be reached in sin hours: but lo! when we arrived, there was just sufficient liquid mud to quench the thirst of three or four shifth. So onward the mest press, travelling-all the afternoon. I shot two hartbeestern the way. We looked longingly in the blood, but held out. After sunset we camped, the majority being dead Those who had carried light loads were made meantime to push forward in search of the indispensable element. It was past midnight before they returned, and then they brought only sufficient I drink. Cooking had therefore to be dispensed with.

Next day we had an experience similar, but still more serious, owing to our leaving the plains and getting among rugged rocky mountains. Anticipating a thorough breakdown of the men, Chuma and I hurried off after mid-day and pushed on at our utmost speed. In two hours we reached cultivated ground, and shortly after we descried a cool crystal stream, into which we plunged with exuberant delight and drank to repletion. We discovered, quite close III hand, a village called Madodo. On telling the people our predicament, and offering them beads, &c., to go in the relief of my men, the women immediately rushed for their water-pots and set off with an abundant supply. The porters in a sad state of weariness, continued to arrive until after four o'clock. Then, to my indignation, I learned that those of the caravan farthest behind had got no water, because the foremost party, when the women me them, had had a fight over the precious fluid and spilled the most of it. Determined to punish the rascals I called them all up, and despite their beseeching looks, ordered them return with food and water till they should have found the last straggler. They were dreadfully tired, but I was inexomble, and there was nothing for it but to obey. Thus,

The scenery around Madodo was exquisite. It reminded me of the wonders Usambara, and I decided me remain a day ust to enjoy the enchantment. Indeed, when I made myself familiar with the people, I was almost tempted wish I had a month * to spend instead of a day. Madodo is one of those very delightful spots, occasionally met with is savage countries, where one insensibly grows poetical in his musings and dreams of Arcadia and its gentle joys. Here' are all the charms of unconventional lifeluxurient nature, a balmy atmosphere, no cares and no wants but what one can himself supply with the minimum of trouble! Only you require a stay but a day. If you linger you will soon find that you have after all found not quite a Paradise. Your first ideal gets rather tidly modified by unwelcome realities:

I had capital fun-for even in African travelling we have our hours of case—in my attempts to take some photographs of the people. I found this a matter of the utmost difficulty. At most places my attempts had proved abortive, owing to the suspicious and superstitious notions of the people, who would just as soon have stood at the cannon's mouth as face the camera. While the instrument was being crected they usually gathered round in crowds, open-mouthed with wonder and curiosity. But no sooner did I slip the black cloth over my head for focussing purposes than they fied incontinently, and neither bribery nor cajolery could avail to make them stand again. They were always thoroughly imbued with the idea that I was working witchcraft, and that my supposed charming would take some vital essence out of them. Hence not a few villages remained absolutely described as long as the camera continued on its legs.

A day's march from Madodo we came upon a section of the Matambwe tribe, who roused our wonder by their wild and ghastly appearance. It is said that they make a point of washing themselves only once a year; and certainly the statement seemed quite believable, for almost their entire clothing consisted of a coating of dirt. It appears that, in place of using water, they rub themselves with wood ashes. This gives them's weird, unearthly look, which intensified by a strangely wild and untamed deportment, such as often characterizes the lower undomesticated animals. These people are remarkably tall and slender, though in point

They only wear at most a few square inches har as best I could. of cloth, and their huts are such miserable

wrecks as are rarely to seen in Africa.

On the 10th of September we reached the coast at. a place called Minenene, situated on the boundary line between Zanzibar and Mosambique. So far from hailing with delight the sight of the Indian Ocean, I was only too sorry that our trip was of so short duration. A more enjoyable seven weeks I have never passed. I had not even one day's illness, and I experienced neither troubles with the native tribes nor annoy-

ance with my men. Of course, even in nene we pushed on to Mikindany, a place circumstances so exceptionally favourable, more important, and therefore more promis-African travelling is no resewater work. To see any "fun" in it at all one must not only optimism of Mark Tapley, but have a frame healthy and robust and fitted to bear fatigue and heat and hardship in no ordinary degree. besides rejoicing in an appetite neither delicate nor fastidious. But mone whom Nature has favoured in these respects, it is surprising how much of the "jolly" element is discernible in the midst of all discomfort. So many facts in the explorer's daily experience have a ludicrous aspect to one with the sense of humour, that the unpleasant things quickly sink into oblivion. Mosquitoes become playful, marshes and swamps subjects of laughter, and even irate and pugnacious chiefs with their motley following comical as nigger minatrela.

Let me conclude this uncommonly long letter by relating how I got from Minenene to Zanzibar. Along with the men who conveyed my former letter, I had sent to the sultan news of my failure to find coal. I stated also the time of my probable arrival at the coast, and asked for a steamer to take us unimitiated. much upon this means of transport being your mind a treacherous purpose of diving granted; the sultan's interest in me being beneath the first advancing wave. There is success. I was therefore by no means sur-ropes, which occasionally startle the crew

of shape their figures are anything but models. prised to find that I was left to get to Zanzi-

Finding neither ship nor steamer Mino-



Japan a Photo 3

Currous mud Poliars none the Coast.

(by Mr Thomas

ing for our purpose. We were fortunate enough to have our expectations verified. be largely endowed with the imperturbable. We secured a dhow at once, and settled with the captain as to terms. Under the most favourable circumstances the voyage would last six days; but if winds were unpropitions we might be knocked about for double or treble that time. Considerable stores of food, water, and firewood, therefore, had to he hastily procured. On the night of the 12th of September we all got on board the curious craft preparatory to an early start on the following morning.

In my former letter I commiserated your inexperience as " a home-keeping youth." must now confess, however, that you have reason for devout thankfulness that you are practically unacquainted with Arab dhows. It is true that when I look back upon some of my voyages I am inclined to smile as I recall the scenes that enlivened them; but I believe I have never been known to smile on board. In the actual experience of this interesting form of navigation I am profoundly convinced of the blessedness of the Imagine a curiously-shaped However, I had a shrewd suspicion boat, partially covered in, high in the stern that I need not, in the circumstances, reckon and low at the bow, suggesting to the nersimply in proportion to the degree of my a very heavy lateen sail held up by rotten

and passengers by breaking and letting their began to quack dolorously, and some imwhole burden crash down upon deck. The prisoned hens began to cackle. truly sickening: the rotting wood of the -all contribute their quota to an effect The next rat arrived at the double-quick, which words cannot describe. Such were the horrors which awaited me is the dhow left Mikindany behind. When at last my usual attack of sea-sickness laid me low, really felt that that otherwise unwelcome sensation might sometimes be reckoned a boon and a blessing.

The worst, however, was yet to come. As night set in I crept with some difficulty into my camp bedstead, which we had contrived wastow under a sort of after-deck (there was only about eight inches between my nose and the flooring overhead). I had just begun to doze off when an uneasy consciousness of strange sensations dawned upon me. Soon I was made only too painfully certain of the presence of some of the most objectionable companions of man in all lands. One well-known species swarmed over me with pertinacious purpose; another kind of a more lively nature, in their excitement at the discovery of a thin-skinned subject—a decided variety from the leathery nigger integument --- skipped about with playful glee, prospecting here and there as the humour suggested; then, to crown the whole, before I left that wretched bunk, a creeping sensation set in about the roots of my hair. which at first made me imagine it was about to stand on end with the horror of my situation, but which, alas I turned out to be a still more real aggravation of my tortures.

On fairly comprehending the realities of the case I impulsively made to get up, when bang went my head against the roof, causing me to subside with a grean, and reminding me that I must endure what could not be cured. As the night slipped slowly on, and the noisy porters gradually dropped asleep, I discovered with despair that I had got a new torment to encounter. A rasping sound here and there began to irritate my highly-strong

water leaks in at every point indiscriminately, various symptoms suggested the unwelcome requiring four men bale night and day, presence of rats; and the suspicion I only There are eighty passengers where, according too speedily verified in a own proper person. to Western notions, thirty would be a super- I had just fairly grasped the possibilities of abundant cargo. From stem to stem there the situation, when a sudden movement on rises a combination of abominable smells my blanket warned me to prepare for action. I kicked out pretty lively, relieving myself dhow, the accumulated grease and filth of of this pioneer; but II was plain I must years, the bilge-water, and the effluvia from prepare to receive the enemy in numbers, the perspiring skins of the crowded negroes and the prospect made me highly excited, and got well up ere it became aware of its danger. I struck out with clenched fist; but I only succeeded is skinning my knuckles on the flooring overhead, which made me howl with pain. "Cabined, cribbed, confined," as I was, the utter futility of attempting to stay the gambols of the hateful creatures became only too clearly manifest. My experience that night was unspeakable, and I look back upon it as a frightful nightmare.

The following night I tried to get a little sleep on the afterdeck, packed away among the men. The consequence was an alarming addition to the parasitic forces. The wind also was changeable, causing us to tack about continually. Every few minutes I had to get out of the way while they were shufting the sail. On one of these occasions the ropes snapped, and down came the huge sail, nearly crushing a number of us. This night of varieties ended with a most effective shower,

Such, then, is a fair specimen of the delights of a dhow voyage—delights served up nightly with some fresh sensation of horror or misery. Were I to describe the disgusting realities of that seven days' passage more minutely, I am affaid you would suspect me of drawing upon a morbid imagination and painting with a big brush. I therefore forbear, and leave you to fill in the blank for yourself.

We entered Zanzibar harbour on the 19th, when I fled from the dhow precipitately. friend, who asked me to put up with him till my own house was set in order, had his generous invitation promptly and politely doclined. If he ever ascertains the reasons why I dared not introduce myself and my clothes into his well-ordered household, will feel thankful for his escape.

My letter must here close. For the record nerves, followed by some jangling among of subsequent events you must wait till a objects not wont to break into sound spon-more convenient season. How I have fallen taneously. Two large Muscovy ducks, which out of favour with the court of the sultan I happened to have as near neighbours, and learnt what ii is to be unappreciated

-how I am forbidden to venture beyond foot once more in old Scotland, and pour the outskirts of the town-how I am neg-into your sympathetic ear the story of my life lected, and wished anywhere but at Zanzibar, in the service of an Eastern potentiate. and how I feel under all these unwonted experiences - you shall learn when I set

Yours, &c.,

JUSEPH THOMSON.

FREDERICK CHOPIN.

By R. J. WHATELY,

THE life of Frederick Chopin, one of the finally made his home in Poland, and settled the thunder rolls, and the fair beauty of the rather than of music. landscape is obscured by blinding rain. No so terrible a power of suffering.

March, 1809, in a village a few miles from gay scene around him, that on being saked Warsaw. Thus Polish by birth, he was, by his mother when he returned home, however, French by origin on the father's "What did the public like best?" he replied, side. Nicholas Chopin, his father, was a "Oh, manama, everybody only looked at my native of Nancy, in Lorraine, who entered collar!" Love for his country strongly inclined early life the household of a noble Polish the boy's character even from childhood, and lady, whom accompanied to Warnaw as influenced his musical compositions. He was tutor to her two children. When he took a true Pole in music as III everything else, this step he had no intention of permanently and loved to take the national airs of his expatriating himself; but having been twice country as the subjects of his improvisations. prevented by circumstances from returning As he grew up and came before the world to France when on the point doing so, he as a rising musician, while his mervellous

most eminent musicians of our own in Warsaw, supporting himself by tuition, day, presents a picture we have rarely seen and latterly by taking pupils into in house. equalled for its deep pathos. The sadness He learned to love his adopted country with felt in gazing on it is often relieved, indeed, all the ardour of one of her own children, as we follow the details of the great com- cagerly sharing their hopes of independence, poser's earlier years, by bursts of a gayer and deeply moved by the failure of her humour and joyous fancy, bright, fitful, attempts. In 1806 this feeling was ceand poetic; but, as a whole, to use a mented by his marriage with a Polish Lady, musical simile, it resembled a piece which Justine Krymnowska, and the union was begins in the major key, and after many blessed with four children, three daughters modulations and changes, now glad, now and one son, the subject of this sketch. mournful, ends at last in a gloomy minur. The daughters were all possessed of con-His career was like a summer day in siderable literary talents; and one, who died Alpine regions, whose dawning, though in very early youth, seems to have resembled bright and joyous, pressges coming storms. her brother in temperament and genius, As the day advances the horizon blackens, though in her it took the form of poetry

Frederick Chopin's own childhood was a sooner does the tempest cease, than beight- remarkable one : from his earliest days his ness flashes out again, but only for a moment, wonderful gift for music and intense sensito be again obscured 📓 tears and darkness, bility to its voice displayed itself; and while so till at last a premature night covers all with its young that he could not write down musical sombre curtain. Such a brief summer's day was notes for himself, he would ask his master the life of the subject of this sketch—not only to note his improvinations for him. Frederick as depicted by one who intimately knew was not quite nine years old when he him, but as seen in the familiar letters which first played in public, on the occasion speak for themselves, and give a view of the of a concert given for the benefit of the vividly contrasting traits of his character—the poor in Warsaw. His performance excited gay, ready wit, and graceful fancy which gave great astonishment; and we can well imagine such a charm I his society in early life, the beautiful child, dressed in his pictureaque combined with the morbid feelings and over- and splendid national costume, attracting all wrought sensitiveness which endued him with eyes by his appearance, as well as by the rare musical powers already developed. Yet Frederick Chopin was born on the 1st of so childlike was he, and so inspirited by the

facility of execution excited autonishment jouned the group of listeners. Unmindful of everywhere, his peculiar excellencies as a composer at first failed to meet with due appreciation from strangers. Originality was so early stamped on all his productions that his disregard of established rules shocked the strictest musical critics. But his master at the Conservatoire, Elsner, a discerning man, silenced all objections of this kind with the words: "Let him alone, does not follow the common way, because his talents are uncommon." Under so judicious a teacher the powers of the young artist had a fair field for development. The peculiar attribute of his music seemed to be the power he possessed of making it the interpreter of his inmost thoughts; and partaking thus of his own mind, there is, as was observed, a strong tinge of nationality in all he wrote. In improvising, as he loved to do, on the wild and grace national airs of Poland, or in composing melodics of a kindred character, his talents were very early displayed. He had a planeforte in his bedroom, and often worked far into the night. Sometimes, when the household were asleep, he would spring from his bed, rush | the instrument, and strike a few chords to develop some musical fancy or resolve a harmony, and then, lying down to rest, would agein start up and repeat his attempt; the servants could not understand such proceedings, and said "his mind must be affected." But his amiable character and kindness of heart made him loved even by those who could not understand him. At the Conservatoire of Warsaw he was popular with all his fellow-students; his superiority was so evident that it placed him beyond the reach of jealousy.

In 1828 he left his native land and visited Berlin, and the year following, Yienna, Prague, Toplitz, and Dresden. Everywhere his talents insured him success, and the hearty, childlike enjoyment of all 🛅 saw and heard, which appears in his letters, is pleasant to On one occasion, when he had been travelling for several days in the slow fashion of German diligmen, he was delighted and surprised on stopping at a small post-house, to discover a grand pianoforte in one of the rooms, and still more surprised to find it in tune-thanks probably to the musical taste of the postmaster's family. He sat down instantly and began to improvise in his peculiarly happy manner-one by one the travellers were attracted by the unwonted

his audience, of the journey, the hopse of time, and everything but the music, Chopin continued to play and his companions to listen in rapt attention, when they were suddenly roused by a stentorian voice which made the windows rattle, calling out, "The horses are ready, gentlemen ! "

The postmaster roared out an anathema against the disturber-the postillion-and the passengers cast angry glances at him. Chopin started from his seat, but was instantly surrounded by his audience, who entreated

him to continue.

"But we have been here some time," said Chopin, consulting his watch, "and are due in Posen already.

"Stay and play, noble young artist," cried the postmaster; "I will give you courier's borses if you will only remain a little longer."

"Do be persuaded," began the postmaster's wife, almost threatening the artist with an embrace. What could he do but resume his place at the instrument?

When at last he paused, the servant appeared with wine; the hosts' daughter served the artist first, then the travellers, then the postmaster proposed a cheer for the musician, in which all joined. The women in their gratitude filled the carriage-pockets with the best estables and wine the house contained; and when at last the artist rose to go, his gigantic bost seized him in his arms and bore him to the carriage! Long years afterwards Chopin would recall this little incident with pleasure, and declare that the plaudits of the press had never given him more delight than the homage of these simple music-loving Germans. His success in all the cities he visited was brilliant; everywhere i carried the palm. But in the midst of this intoxicating vortex of excitement, which he was capable of heartily enjoying, his heart never wavered from the dear home circle; his letters to his parents and sisters were constant, and full affectionate playfulness.

He returned to Warsaw, gave many concerts, and continued to be the idol of the public. But all his friends agreed that a wider field should be sought for the development of his talents; Warraw offered too few advantages of this kind, and a long sojoutu in Italy and Paris was recommended. In 1830, with the tull consent and approbation aweet sounds, one of them even letting his of his parents, he set out on his journey, and beloved pipe go out in his ecestary. The left Poland never to return. Could his parents postmaster, his wife, and his two daughters have foreseen what the result of that sojourn at Paris would be, they would have entreated him rather to pass his life in the humblest provincial town than to take this step.

The journey to Italy was ultimately abandoned; after some stay in Vienna and Munich he came to Paris, with the intention of prosecuting his musical studies. It that capital. The time he arrived was one of considerable political agitation, especially among the Polish residents at Paris, and Chopin naturally became the centre of the circle. To all who had suffered loss or exile in their country's cause he was ever a true and fast friend, often sharing his lodgings with his needy countrymen, and doing all in his power to alleviate their privations. His sympathics were always warmly enlisted in the struggles for Polish independence, and he mourned over their

failure as for a personal sorrow. Meantime he pursued his musical studies with ardour and perseverance. He presented himself to Kalkbrenner, then regarded as the first planist in Europe, and modestly asked to become his pupil. Kalkbrenner soon saw that the young artist had nothing more to learn from him; but he thought his own fame as a teacher would be established by a pupil of such rare gifts, and, therefore, accepted him, but on the condition that he should remain with him for three years, to correct, as he said, the many faults of his playing, of which Kalkbrenner could undertake to cure him in that Chopin did not suspect the great planist's true motives, but being much surprised at such a stipulation, he wrote to his father and his old master, Elsner, to ask their opinion. Elsner, who thoroughly understood the powers of his former pupil, saw that such a one-sided training as Kalkbrenner proposed would be absolutely injurious to Chopin's development as a musician, and wrote him a letter full of sensible advice, which decided the young artist in follow the dictates of his own good sense, and give up the plan of learning with Kalkbrenner. To show him, however, that his refusal was made with no want of friendly feeling, he dedicated him one of his pieces.

His amiable character and modesty seems to have disarmed the jealousy of brother artists, and he was generally esteemed and liked by those whom he met in Paris. With Liazt, the celebrated pianoforte player and composer, he was especially intimate. One evening, at a later period, when several became prosperous, and his position assured. One evening, at a later period, when several artists were all assembled together, Liazt played one of Chopin's pieces, to which he added some embellishments of his own.

When he had finished, Chopin said, "I beg

you, my dear friend, when you do me the honour of playing my compositions, so play them as they are written or not at all."

"Play it yourself, then," said Liset, rising

from the piano, rather piqued.

"With pleasure," answered Chopin.

At this moment a moth extinguished the lamp. They were going to relight it, when Chopin cried, "No, put out the lights—the

moonlight is enough.

Then he began to improvise, and played for nearly an hour, with such power and feeling that his audience were moved to tears. List, much affected, embraced Chopin, saying, "You are right, my friend; works hike yours ought not to be meddled with. You are a true poet."

"Oh, that is nothing," said Chopin gaily.
"We have each our own style; that is all the

difference between us."

This total absence of petty rivalry seems to have characterized both Chopin and his most intimate friends. His liveliness and ready wit made him a delightful companion. His powers of mimicry were remarkable, and he could imitate the style of any planist to the

Paris thus presented many attractions to the young artist; but his gains were small, he had many distressed friends to need his help, and he felt unwilling 🔳 be a burden on his parents, whose means were limited, and who had daughters to provide for. Under these circumstances, he felt discouraged as to his future, and at one time thought of emigrating to America. The plan was one unsuited to him in every way, and his parents advised his remaining at Paris or returning to Warsaw, difficult as the latter step was to one who had remained abroad after his pessport had expired. His love of his country and his family awakened an ardent desire to return. Well would have been for him if he had! But on the very day he was preparing | depart, he accidentally met his countryman, Prince Valentine Radziville. The Prince made him promise that he would meet him that evening M. Rothschild's. He was asked to play by his hostess, charmed all present with his improvisations, and from that time his position in Paris was changed. He was engaged to give lessons in the first families in the city, his affairs quickly became prosperous, and his position assured. He naturally gave up the idea of returning to Warnew. He had, however, the following year an opportunity of meeting his beloved purents at Cathebad. This was the last time he was



Leader ok Chegen .

very different musical school, chd full justice their regard and esteem for each other was muturl This, the most brilliant, and prosperous period of Chopin's life, was, however, clouded bane of his remaining years of life by two severe disappointments, which to his ardent and affectionate nature were pecuharly painful Twice he was betrothed, both tunes | persons who seemed well susted to make him happy, and to whom he was deeply attached, and on each occasion the moonsistency of the object of his affections broke.

XXIII--89

I sipsic where he made the acquaintance of off the marriage. The second of these attach Mendelssohn, who, though belonging a ments had been a most specially deep and tender one, and the wound received was to Chopus power. In a later want to Ger - severa and lasting It led in his giving in a many he met the celebrated Schumann, and plan of settling in his native land near his parents, and probably paved the way for the reception of the evil influence which was the

> We come now to a period too important to be altogether passed over, and yet too distressing to be dwelt on in detail history of the influence exerted on his after life by the celebrated motalist Sand," as told fauthfully and to all appearance most importially in his Memoir That one of so highly wrought and excitable a nature should have fallen readily under an influence so powerful and so fascinating can hardly appear

He was brought up in a healthful and pure family atmosphere by excellent and affectionate parents, and his mother is described as a woman of real and cornest piety. But, most honest and devout of Romanists (even if really possessing sincere Christian motives of action) is deprived of that greatest of helps and safeguards—the only true safeguard, indeed, in the training of the young the intimate knowledge of the Holy .Scriptures, and constant reference to them as a guide to daily life. "Thy word have I hid in my heart that I may not sin against Thee," is true now as in the Ptalmist's time; and no words of good counsel or books of devotion can ever supply the place of that holy Word of God taught at the mother's knce, implanted in the young mind while yet fresh and receptive, which has been the means, under God, in countless instances, of keeping the young from yielding to temptation, or recalling them even after they have gone astray. Alas) poor Chopin had no such talisman. His religion was one which can be followed without any inner principle of action whatever. Thus undefended, we can hardly wonder that he was an easy prey to the baleful influence of one who, though richly gifted with intellectual powers, had thrown aside all the restraints of higher principle.

George Sand's admiration for the genius of Chopin was intense; and when his failing health led a change m a warmer climate to be recommended, she urged his accompanying her and her family to Majorca, where she was going for the health of one of her children. This step seems to have been as hurtful to him physically as the intercourse with such a woman could not fail to be mentally and morally. The discomforts of a sojourn in an uncivilised region counterbalanced the advantages of climate; the influences of the wild and desolate surroundings in the midst of which he lived powerfully affected his wildest and saddest tones of anguish. His on the 15th of October, 1849, he breathed compositions of this period are marked by his last. a strange's weird and fanciful but deeply we long for some evidence that better patheticle acter. His hostess and com-

surprising when we see how little support he sufferings: she had begun to weary of the seems to have derived from the only true society of the poor invalid, and she now safeguard—a firm and high Christian principle. treated him with the most palpable and unkind neglect, so that utter loneliness contributed to increase his nervous and over-

wrought state.

At last he returned to Paris, and seemed unhappily, an education conducted by the better for the change; but the baneful power of his false friend had not passed away. The simple tastes and wholesome interests of early life had left him, as well as the lighthearted spirits of his youth; a craving for luxury and the more refined gratifications of sense, imbibed 🖿 a long residence in the gay capital, had increased upon Im. The constant desire for excitement, and his want of common care of his health, told most unfavourably upon body and mind; and the unhappy intimacy he had formed kept him back from the close and loving home-correspondence which had been so long like a pure and healthful apring of life, in the midst of adverse circumstances on the other hand.

He knew how his parents would regard this now paramount influence, and shrank from communication with them; and when his father died, in 1844, his agitation was so great that he could not even bring himself to write a line of sympathy to his sorrowing mother and sisters, but delegated the task to one who could not have been a congenial correspondent to the afflicted widow—the very friend whose power had thus separated him from his home circle and those who had best loved him. Over the rest of this mournful page in the artist's life we gladly draw a veil. Happily, about two years before his death the evil spell was broken, by the act and deed of her who had been its author; her conduct was such as to open his eyes, and when, later, she attempted to renew the intercourse, he himself refused,

His health continued to decline. In 1840 he paid a visit to England, and was overwhelmed with kind attentions; but the hospitality of his friends seems to have oppressed him more than gratified him. The London fogs aggravated his malady, which was further always sensitive nervous system. He be-increased by late hours and excitement. He came a prey to distressing depression and returned to Paris and sank rapidly. His unreal terrors; his music was now, as ever, eldest sister came from Poland with her the outlet for all his feelings, and the slender, husband and daughter to nurse him, and wasted fingers of the suffering artist spoke, as he was surrounded with kind, and assiduous they wandered over his instrument, in the friends; but no care could now avail him, and

panion was totally mable to enter into his death-bed; but very little of any kind can be

thinking circle, and the yet more fatal effect us the scene closes in a gloom as of night, of association with one who might almost be increased his depression; but how far this was true does not appear. He died in outward communion with his own Church, and received devoutly the last rites from a pleasure he felt in the sweet familiar sounds? convey, through God's overruling mercy, vanity."

gathered. . Some religious feelings can be some thought which might turn the departing traced his early life; but whether, in his spirit to Him who never yet rejected a reclosing days, any such survived the deaden- turning wanderer from His feet? Who can ing influence of years spent in a gay and un- tell? None but the Scarcher of hearts. To

But this unspeakably mournful history looked on a kind of apostle of unbelief in surely carries with it its own lesson, Wi revealed religion, we have no means of sacer- see one abundantly endowed with powers to taining. One hint given a 2 letter from the charm and attract, to adom life, and to very person in question seems to imply that make it enjoyable to himself and others; superstitious terrors and gloomy fancies con- and yet how did all this avail him? The nected with some tenets of the Romish faith life which had begun so brightly passed hung about the poor sufferer's mind, and away in darkness and sadness-his quick sensibilities and exalted feelings having proved to himself instruments of torture instead of blessing—separated from the home and family whose sunshine he had once priest; this is **I** we hear, except that he been, disappointed in all his high aspirations. listened with solemn delight in the sacred And why? Because those gifts were used songs with which an accomplished friend in the world's service alone, and the world soothed his last hours. Way it only the had proved, as it always has done and will do, a hard master. Never was there a more eloor might the language of music, which of all quent commentary on the words of the others spoke the most powerfully to his soul, preacher-"Now I saw that this also was

FIRESIDE SUNDAYS.

MO. III .- THE GLORY OF LIFE.

BY THE REV. A. GOODRICH (GLASSOW).

become to them an unreality, faith a folly, duty a utility, love an illusion. Life certainly allowance for the illusions which we all, in so far as we lack the sober mind, become the victims of, there is still a light 🔳 life which though I could remove mountains and have and to others.

its being. To know what III the glory of that love. Life may help us to know what I the glory of

DULL, prosaic affair is life to many. If simply His eternity and infinity. Space is A DULL, product annu in line to many, or infinite, space I eternal; but space as space they now see nothing but the light of common is not glorious. Neither is God's glory Huday. The wondrous gift of personal life great power. Mere strength is not glorious: which once they thought to be af unspeakable. Samson in the lap of Delilah was not glorious. lustre and worth, they have found out, they Nor is mere knowledge glorious; many men think, to be only "a cunning east of clay." have been little else than flesh-bound ency-They trusted the world overmuch, and have cloppedias, and they were in no degree been wofully deceived; or selling them-glorious. The glorious things are moral selves to a vain philosophy, knowledge has qualities; it is their touch, and their touch alone, that crowns the mighty, or the wise, or the ancient with glory. Without goodin them has no glory. Yet making due ness the strong man's strength is cruelty, and the clever man's knowledge vanity. Though I understand all mysteries and all knowledge, may be made to burn with the pure intense not charity, I am nothing. Though God flame that makes life glorious both in itself be eternal, though God be infinite in power and in knowledge, and had not charity, He But what in truth and soberness is the would be-well, no glorious God; nothing glory of human life? There is One Life from in Him to bow the soul in worship, to inspire which all life comes, and in which all life has the heart with faith, a glorify the life with

We may predicate infinity and eternity of our life, which is image. What then is a dead impersonal force, but the force would the glory of God? The glory of God is not not therefore be glorious. What real glory

can there be in that which is inscusate, no glory of wealth, no glory of eloquence, no But as soon as we predicate wills not? goodness, we predicate an understanding, a will, a person. Moral qualities are personal; no dead force, whatever its age or power, can possess moral qualities. To predicate, therefore, goodness of God, is higher far than to predicate eternity or infinity; more glorious, masmuch = such predication involves that mystic, glorious thing-personality. The attributes, however, of eternity and infinity associated with moral qualities, indefinitely increase their glory by affording to them God is infinite and boundless activity. eternal; but that through the ultimitableness of His being He is altogether good, having no weak, or undisciplined, or inharmonious place, is His glory. God is mighty and wise; but that His power and wisdom are informed by a living tender soul of perfect goodness, His glory.

Man's true life is akin to God's life; since then goodness is the glory of God, goodness also is the glory of man. It is, moreover, to this goodness that man can attain. Obviously the other attributes of God, His eternity and infinity, it is impossible for man, who is but of yesterdamand knows nothing, to attain unto. But possessing a living soul, being a real person, even as God is, it is possible for man in his degree to be good as God is good. "Do ye therefore perfect, even as your l'ather

which is in heaven is perfect."

But where may we see this glory of life whose essence is goodness? At least it must be seen by us ere we can strive after it. We see this glory in subdued, beauteous light glowing through the thick veil of nature so curiously and wonderfully wrought. We see the glory somewhat more plainly in the wise words and lives, heavenly fair, of the good, among all peoples and through all time. We see the glory still more in the great revelation in Moses, in the majesty of law and mercy of sacrifice. But these have no glory in comparison with the glory given in Christ Jesus. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." The fulness of Christ's glory was grace and truth, mercy and righteousness. A dim, dull life, obscure in circumstances, rejected, despised, caucified, " a root out of a dry ground," without form appeared unto many. No glory of station, the glory of young motherhood; she also

impersonal, which knows not, loves not, glory of popularity there. No; but His profound conviction of God, of truth, of immortality, His stainless purity, His incorpuptible fidelity, Histonesympathy, His lofty superiority to consecrated wrongs and errors. His scorn of lies and loathing of hypocrisy, His gentleness, meckness, goodness, invest Him with the glory as of the only begotten of the Father. Here is the glory of truth, the glory of goodness, the glory of suffering even unto death for others. The glory of the setting sun amid the ocean billows of cloud splendour, as we have seen on summer eve among the hills, is pale and poor, compared with the moral effulgence of Christ, the King of glory, as **t** in the clouds of our sin sank unto death, displaying therein the majesty and pathos of supreme righteousness and love.

This goodness of Jesus Christ, then, is the glory of life. But how are we, weak and sinful, to attain unto that glory? The New Testament is very explicit in the answer. "We all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Lord the Spirit." (a Cor. iii. 18.) And so the glory comes to us by beholding, as comes the glory to flower and tree. Much, however, is implied in that beholding. We must first see and admire the glory, but we are very apt to pass it by, and gape at some worldly show as the glory. When the young artist says of some great master, "I see glory in his work, I admire it, I believe in him," then, and not till then, is he in a condition to feel the transforming power of that master. In like manner the transforming power of Christ's character or glory, we are not in a condition to receive, till our spirit distinctly affirms, " Yes, Christ is the fairest among the children of men. His purity and sympathy, His meckness and gentleness, in a word, His love, make him truly 'the altogether lovely;' that is what man should be, what I would be; His goodness is the glory of life."

And the beholding must be not a glance but an appreciative, affectionate beholding, such as the mother gives III the child of great promise. With the interest of affection she beholds the child; she wearies not of the repeated beholdings. Not a line escapes her, not a look or expression she misses. With sacred delight she discerns fresh forms of awakening intelligence or fuller tones of moral life. such beholding her own soul or comeliness, has this life of Jesus Christ changed into the glory in the child, hence

holding, affectionate, appreciative, never wearying, but ever returning with fresher delight, is the beholding of Christ's glory that changes us into the same image.

This comparison of the mother and child, defective as it is in some points, suggests the vital truth, that ere the beholding can be really effectual, there must be between the soul and Christ a spiritual relation or union sinful souls with unquestioning trust to Him tion | life. From that union proceeds the admiration and affection, and all else necessary to render the beholding effectual to changing the beholder into the image of that glory.

The beholding, moreover, must be with an open face. "But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image." Having descended from the Mount, Moses, in speaking with the children of Israel, put a veil on his face. The open face in the passage quoted is in contrast with that veiled face of Moses. Significant words these, the "open face:" the face without fear or guile; the face which as it has nothing to conceal so it has no dread of what the unknown may reveal; the face not dark with prejudice, or cunning, or hate, but open with intelligence, frankness, benevolence. We may often see this open face, if we have eyes for the sight, among guileless children, now and again in some pure, high-minded young man, and occasionally in the mature man or woman. Too oft, however, the face is veiled with secresy m conceal some hidden wrong, or with suspicion lest it should be deceived, or with craft that it may deceive others. Or the face rather than veiled is closed by crass ignorance or sheer covetousness, or is glozed over with conceit or hypocrisy, or is distorted by some foolish pretence or silly affectation. The open face is no other than the true human face. The crafty face is that of a fox, the stolid face is that of an ox, the pretentious face that of an owl, the closed face is that of a sphinx; the open face is that of a man, of an angel, of the Christ. But among men the open face I rare. Still, without it, never yet has glory been seen E earth or heaven, in art or literature, in man or God. Look at the faces of the great artists, poets, thinkers, at the faces of any who have seen glory anywhere, have they a closed or veiled face? They have the open face; a face

transfuses her soul into the child, hattee the somewhat sad, may be, possibly a little abiding power of the true mother. Such beglorious, but still an open face, without fear looking out upon men and things, God and eternity; and they have seen glory—the glory of God and of life.

We in our sins are ever weaving over our face veils more or less thick which intercept this glory streaming from God in Christ all about us. To behold Christ so as to discern His glory involves sustained labour; to look most intimate. Such union is formed only steadfastly, inquiringly, fatigues. Many inby that faith in Christ which commits our dolent, therefore, will not labour habitually to behold the glory of life in Christ-the for the forgiveness of sins and the sanctifica- | veil of indolence is on their face. Some are so self-satisfied with what they know and are, that they do not suspect there wery much for them yet to see of the glory of life in Christ—the veil of self-satisfaction on their face. Some behold only a part of Christ; they fix their attention exclusively on His life, or exclusively on His teaching, or they fail to appreciate the import of His incarnation, or crucifizion, or resurrection-the veil of error is upon their face. Some will not behold steadfastly, from a secret feeling that they would see somewhat that would make a change of conduct or of creed imperative, which would be inconvenient—the veil of insincerity is on their face. Oh! for the open face, the face without guile and without fear, the face turned to the rising of the light, attent unto its appearing, yet patient, because trustful, receptive, responsive to the light when it shines.

Beholding thus with the open face the glory of the Lord, we, through the Holy Spirit working in the law of imitation, so potent in life, shall be changed into the same image from glory to glory. We shall attain the glory of life in ever-increasing degree. To-day we are in circumstances needing active graces, to-morrow in circumstances needing passive graces; beholding the glory of the Lord, we are changed from the glory of the active to the glory of the passive graces. Now we need indignation against the wrong, then sympathy with the wrong-doer, then wisdom to win a soul; beholding Christ we are changed from the glory of righteous indiguation to the glory of true sympathy, and from that to the glory of soul-winning. Beholding the glory of the Lord, as we advance in years, we are changed from the glory of character belonging to youth into the glory belonging to fulness of years, and from that into the glory belonging in the aged. From glory to glory: from the glory of faith to the glory of assured hope, from the glory of ever from glory to glory.

crossed our duli way, making us pause, our Saviour.

assured hope to the glory of established "Are things," we have asked, "but the character, on to the glory of seal with knowledge, and further on to the glory of perfect are they only the delusions of a youthful love, and yet farther on to the glory of enthusiasm?" No: not altogether delusions. heaven. The life ... Christ begins in gloty, There is a glory for this life; yes, for this continues in glory, ends in glory. It glory poor, smitten, sinful life. Howbeit the glory through, only different in degree. And differs from what we had thought. The glory through the ages of the everlasting life, will is this: righteoneness and love in Jesus not the same rule obtain, from glory to glory? Christ, Does this seem a disappointing in-As no number of finite additions can make terpretation to our dream? Goodness the the infinite, so progress towards that infinite knowledge of God and the fellowship of glory—the goodness of God-must, be for Christ, is that life's glory? It is: and glory er from glory to glory.

Verily it is. The very glory which crowns
Here then is the glory of life. We have Almighty God: can we have more? Befelt there was a glory for this life; we have ware I take not the glare of this world, or the had dreams concerning it; the vision of it glamour of pleasure, or the glitter of gold for has now and again floated before us, exciting life's glory. It ill not there: it is here, good-us; beams of its light have here and there ness through and in the communion of God

THE ORPHAN HOMES OF SCOTLAND:

And what they be for the City Minite.

By JAMES HENDRY.

a stealthy, ravenous sort, won by themselves ever. with a wit that has been crudled in crime and A copper or two he thinks can do no harm. pose to set forth how this II being done; So IIII thrusts the coin into the child's hand, in a large beneficent way and with great and hurries on without question or look measure of success. behind. Thus the giver gets easy riddence William Quarrier has put it beyond the

"HILD life amongst the poor of a large of a duty placed there to his hand, and en-city is a sad thing to see and a still courages the child to continue a practice sadder thing to experience. When the which avails not for good. Nay, what else parents are very poor, the little body is than harm can this foolish wayside charity pluched and the little mind grows patheti- do for an outcast child who prowls the incally aged; when vice is added to poverty, hospitable streets by day and seeks cellar or the hapless children have to suffer the bitter- stair for cold shelter by night? The money, est experience of cold, hunger, and cruelty. when he is allowed to keep it, is spent not They grow up with a wild, hunted look upon too wisely nor too well; and there next day them. What few pleasures they have, are of is the little waif, needy and miserable as

What these children require is not money, deceit. They quickly learn to be profes- but a friend; not an easy pocket philanthropy sionally poor and miserable. With piteous, so much as a little direct personal kindness, persistent cry of hunger they assail the charit- It would be well to question the child able soul, home-guing on a wet night. Well, frankly; it would be better metake it with what is he to do? He feels that the shiver-you and find it food and shelter; but best of ing whine is just a trifle forced, that this all would it be for you to establish I in a dogged little youngster has a very business- good home. A very difficult matter, you like air with him. He has also a suspicion say? Yea, truly; a much more difficult thing that there may be some worthless man or than you may superficially suppose. For woman | the background, watching the these city children are of stealthy habit, and result of the appeal, and ready to pounce strong, unguided will. To teach them what upon whatever money may m given. He is right and what is wrong, train them in does not know very well what to do. There orderliness and self-help, is no simple matter. is the child—cold, wet, miserable—upturning Only patience without stay and love without a white, piteous face under the lamp-light, stint can possibly do it. Yet | our pur-

power of any one . Glasgow or in Scotland to say that they cannot find a home for any poor outcast child. He is ready to receive the little ones by night or by day; to feed and clothe them, to teach and train them; and further to find them a home and an honest career either in this country or in Canada. He has made this his life-work. And this ill how the thing was begun. One day, when he was but eight years of age, William Quarrier stood in the High Street of Glasgow, bare-footed, bare-headed, cold, and very hungry. The passers-by looked at him, but there was no pity or befriending in any face. "Is there no help for a poor lad among all these busy, smiling, comfortable people?" This was the question the starving boy had to ask himself. He had not tasted food for a day and a half; and the bitterness of poverty was upon him. Yet there in the open, compassionless street he made resolve that God would prosper him, he would not so pass by the children. This early purpose he never forgot. Working at his trade as a shoemaker he still remembered it; for many years he laboured and saved that this his life-desire might be fulfilled. Grown to manhood he began to seek out and befriend the poor homeless waifs who flit about in the darkness and busy desolations of a city like Glasgow. To this he gave nearly all his time and energy. Had he put his rare aptness for affairs and skill of organization into his own business, he would probably have been one of our most successful merchants. As it is he puts his own success In the background and devotes himself ceaselessly to the cause of the poor, neglected children.

His first endeavour, made eighteen years ago, was 🔳 give them night shelter and a kindly word. Out of his own small resources he sented a house in a poor district, that could boast of no more than four bare walls and a roof. Thus the beginning was very small. His first great difficulty was to find work for the boys; so few people were inclined to trust or take them in. Pushed on by his desire teach them selfhelp, he organized a shoe-black brigade. He determined to make it self-supporting, and he succeeded. Thus begun, the work slowly grew to his hand, me that he was compelled to take a new departure.

Ten years ago he established the Orphan Homes of Scotland. was a very quiet, modest beginning tonly a large room in a back lane, with a kitchen partitioned off, and

Scripture texts. That was a cold, wet November night when the first boy peeped in at the door. He was jacketiess and shoeless, and all dripping with the rain. With a suspicious look round masked if there were any more boys going sleep there that night, for if not, he wasn't coming in. Still, the genial warmth of the fire was very enticing and slowly slid inside the door. Then the kindly word was spoken; and when he felt somewhat at home the sodden rags were stripped from off him and he was cleaned and clothed and fed. This was the beginning of the Orphan Homes of Scotland ten years ago by William Quarrier,

In that period he has rescued and set in the way of well-doing upwards of 2,000 children; while as many more have been casually helped. In the City Home, a building which cost £8,000, he shelters 120 children; Bridge of Weir, in Renfrewshire, he has ten Cottage Homes where, when fully equipped, 350 boys and girls can be taught and cared for; and in the Govan Road Homes there are 130 children being trained for emigration to Canada. Thus, when fully equipped, with the Invalid and other Homes which are at present being erected, he will be able to accommodate upwards of 600 little ones. During ten years the money placed at Mr. Quarrier's disposal by voluntary givers has been £73,519; and the Homes he has erected have cost about £40,000.

This is good work, and the spirit in which it was begun is characteristic of the man who has accomplished it. He resolved that no one should be called on for subscriptions; that no donors, while alive, should have their names published; that the accounts, examined by a qualified accountant, would be laid annually before the public; that no gift as an endowment of the work would be accepted; and that he would give his whole time and energy to the extension and maintenance of this his proper work. That these resolutions have been kept with unswerving Lithfulness may be seen in the success attained, and also by the fact that he refused £8,000 last year because it was offered in endowment of the work. Although we do not sympathize with him for this view endowments, yet we can see that it required faith and courage to refuse this offer; especially when one considers that the increasing expenditure will soon demand a yearly income

of £10,000.
These then are some of the solid, outstandthe bare brick walls brightened with a few ing facts and figures regarding the Orphan



set down but giving no more than a hint of the duly difficulty and loving kindness which underlies the bare statement of them. At the City Home in James Morrison Street, the little ones me brought in day by day to look at-unkempt ragged, duty, with a quick suspicious look in the wild eyes, and with They regard the Homes as a kind of hills private prison, they resent being cleaned or

miles by rail brought us to a quiet pastoral country It was a still, November morning, with a touch of white rime under the bedges and a slant of red sunlight stirring among the almost leafless trees. We drove through the sleepy village of Bridge

Homes of Scotland worthy enough to be West out into the open country ()ver the winding hillocky road we went until ac length we came to a cluster of ten fine handsome villes with a central mansion expect by its two many towers the little ones are brought in day by day under a low grey sky it was a pleasant. Here methe raw material out of which good sight. Here were 40 acres of practice cutteens are to be made. Very unpromising land being slowly brought into a trum beauty of flower and shrub, with a any cen tral fountain. The clear stream of the Cryffe the ran, red marks of cold and cruelty set skirts the meadows, with wealth of speckled despit upon them. Theirs is the same old trout to tempt a little angler, and a still reach tale-father and mother drunken or dead, of water be the haunt of merry bathers on and nothing but a life of misery and crime a summer afternoon. Here there are Homes before and behind them Chikhren picked for 350 orphan children, quiet beautiful up on the street are the most difficult to deal. Homes folded up in the green hollow of the

At the door of the lurge central building curbed, and not infrequently break away we were received by the schoolmaster in into the old roving, unrestrained life. This kindly welcome. And first we look into the only happens in the first few weeks of admit- store-room, where a bright fire blazes behind Very quickly they learn with know and the counter. Here the food staples for appreciate the kindly individual interest taken feeding the little folls-meal, flour, barley, This City Home serves as a pre- pear set up in clean fresh bins liminary training and testing place. When times a week the Homes are supplied from tue) have taken on a little crysisation they thus central store, not m exact allowance, but are drafted into the Cottage Homes in the with just what they can use. There is no sunt in the necessaries, but'a wise thrift in all We had no ordinary pleasure in examining extres. Here also is a row of "sweetie" jars, this is such of the work. A run of thirteen tempting to any boy or gul with a taste for lence every convenience. The floors are of stamed master—a Scotchman of a fine old type

sugared delight-and a penny withal And wood and the staircases lined with bright the children in these Homes are not without white and blue tiles. There is a Hall beau their pennies, to save or to spend. In last tiful in tint and proportion, that will hold years balance sheet you will find the mems 400 children, where on Sabbath they worof Premium and Reward Pennies ranging up ship in sober quiet, each household with above £,100 Large as this sum may seem its father and mother, where also on New it is well bestowed. It gives the boys an Year's Day and Halloween, and many a tide interest in their work—they earned £838 between, there is high frolic and festivity last year ,-and it serves to take the edge off. Then there is the schoolroom, large and well what might look like a hard official benevo lighted, where the boys and girls gather And it is to be noted that in these 'with satchel and shining morning face. It Homes, inside and outside, there = given to si not found possible, just now, to give them the visitor a feeling of homely ampleness and other than a carcial grounding in the elements In the central building there is of learning and this is done under the school



We did not see the children gathered to great storm of wind that had prevailed through late homes, making merry in the biacing faces, but resumed as we went our way

formity of diess nor any dull servibly of gether, for the day was Saturday and they demission to lessen the pleasure of meeting were all in the play rooms of their separate them. The boys touched their caps with a Homes, or busy on the swings outside. The frank ur and when, on looking through the "Washington Home," we took a peep into out the week was lulled to day. It had stream the play room, we were greated with, " Good our shores with wreck, and made many a morning, air, good morning,' by a score of hearthside desolate, but here were these happy voices. The loud romp was hushed children, children of social wrick and deso for a little as we looked round on the bright November air The sound of their laughter There in the shining kitchen were busy house came very pleasant ■ us , the more pleasant , wife hands preparing dinner , and ■ was no as we thought of whence they had come, small pudding that we saw tossed out steam each one of them with a tale of hanger and mg and spreading a rich savour, and no hardship. Then there was no foobsh um. bittle toil has this mother with her 30 chil-

with their 30 small beds, each with its tiny wardrobe for Sunday clothes and all little sacred possessions of book or doll. It is a delight to peep into these small wardrobes, for you can see a child's character in every one of them. Here also is the bathroom, with an abundance of pure water and an array of 30 little bags, each with its comb and brush. Looking at all these things we felt that this was indeed a true home; where all the individual needs and possessions were cared for and conserved.

Most of these fine buildings are the large gift of individuals. Here as an instance are the offices, built, as this carven stone tells us, by "T. C.;" no gift, small or great, being acknowledged here by fuller designa-tion than that. These offices contain engine house, printing shop, joiner's shop, laundry, stables, &c. For it is in the purpose of Mr. Quarrier to give his boys an opportunity of learning a trade under skilled direction. It is also his intention to have a ship set upon the meadow by the riverside, where boys who have a strong desire for the sailor life may be enabled to learn a little of their profession before going to sea. In all things here there is a spirit of forethought and enterprise; so that when we drove homeward over the old bridge, it was with a feeling of pleased surprise at the greatness of the work and the silent, dream-like way in which it had all eprisen.

But there is another side of this noble work which we must note. It was very soon found out by Mr. Quarrier, that to give these children a few years' training, and then turn them back into the temptations of the city, was simply to undo all the good that had been done. So he bethought him that a scheme of emigration would be the best, as it seemed the only way to solve this difficulty. The wisdom of this scheme has been proved by its splendid success. Of the 856 children who have found a home in Canada, 95 per cent, have turned out well. So well trained and such good children have they proved themselves in Ontario, that there is no difficulty in finding comfortable homes for them. The farmers are very anxious to adopt them into their family circle, so that of the 156 children sent to Ontario in the spring of 1881, the most have been provided for. they are started in life far away from the old evil associations and temptations, and amid healthy and encouraging circumstances.

The children to be thus dealt with are set apart and specially trained. This is done in

dren to care for. Up-stains are 3 domnitories the Cessoock and Elmpark Homes, situated in the suburbs of Glasgow. These two roomy country houses, with open ground round about them, make good training homes for the little emigrants. Here we found 130 boys and girls, in separate houses, gleeful with the prospect of going "out West" next year. The boys in their workshop and the guls in laundry and kitchen were busy = they well could be. In the schoolroom the smaller girls—and some of them were very wee-bent over slate or seam, but when we entered there was greeting of blythe voice and happy face on every side. Then they sang us a hymn, entitled, "The Children's jubilee." Every smallest voice was eager to join in when the elder girls took up the melody; every face was radiant with joy. The level morning sunlight came in through the wide window in a great flood and dazzled the room, and every little child there was touched by it. Still they sung of "Jubilee, jubilee;" and with such a stir of gladness in the chorus, and such a pathos of appropriateness in the words, that we had to stry our own singing, for our eyes were wet with tears when we thought of these little ones as they once were, and as now they were here to-day singing " Jubiles." They take great pleasure in the prospect of a home in that far country, for many are the cheery letters sent here by those who have already gone forth.

Yet the work of getting them equipped for the journey is an ardnous one. For many months beforehand, busy needles all over the country are preparing their outfit. Every child has its own store of dresses. Then there comes a day in the spring-time when all the small howes are packed, and the band of little emigrants ready to go. There is a parting service, when hymns are sung, and God's blessing asked to be with the children. The carriages stand ready at the door, and there is laughter and acrambling as to who shall be up first. So with flag flying and shouting they drive to the quay. A great crowd lines the way, and there is a kind of triumphal procession, with much cheering. When the children are gathered on the ship's deck, the boys in dapper jackets, and the girls in red hoods, they make a pretty and pleasant sight. The many friends and onlookers who crowd the wharf toss fruit and sweeties on board, to the great delight of the little ones. Then the big ship swings slowly out into the river, and the people cheer and the children send it back in earnest, led by Mr. Quarrier, who usually goes with them; and thus these rescued ones go forth to a

new life with many a "Good speed," and and goes forward. There is never more than

"God bless you," sent after them.

Quarrier has given to the question, "What can we do with the city waif?" It is a reply of hard work and solid good accomplished, people to find a home for any orphan child, well trained and cared for. We have seen the children as he takes them in wild, hungry, miserable; we have seen them as they are sent to Canada-clean, bright, joyous ; and the contrast is so great, the change so good, that we cannot find words strong enough to express our appreciation of it. He has done much in self-sacrifice and devotedness during the last eighteen years. Yet his ambition is to do more. He would like to take in 365 children every year, and send forth as many. Money he requires for this, yet he asks from no man, but trusts to God

God bless you," sent after them.

This then ■ the noble answer William faith fails not, and the fountain of his trust never runs dry. For there have been many who have seen God's work prospering in his hands and have given as they could; and He has placed it in the power of Scotch he welcomes the widow's mite as well as the merchant's thousand. For the work and given undoubted evidence that it will be still to be done is great. The poor little ones we have always with us. Yea, not the pathetic "cry of the children" forced upon us in street and highway, until we have sorrowfully # say with Mrs. Browning-

"Do ye tour the children weaping, O my brothers,
Ace the acrow pome with years?
They are bearing their young heads against their methers,
And that cannot stop their bears.
The young lumbs are blanting in the meadows;
The young horts are chirping in their meadows;
The young flowers are blowing foward the weatlink the young, young children, to my brothers,
They are weaping betterly!
They are weaping betterly!
They are weaping to the playsum of the others
Is the country of the line."

lo t HE GOLDEN SHAFT. Anting

d down to HARLES GIBBON, AUTHOR OF BOSIN GRAV," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV. -- SOMETHING MULT BE DONE.

HAT that something was to be Mrs. Musgrave had no definite idea. She was too weak to assume the rôle of the stern and uncompromising parent. She could be obstinate in the refusal of her consent and sufter dreadfully in being so-she knew that she would suffer and so she cast vainly about endowed her with special powers of authority. for some means by which she could flustrate the obvious intention of Ellie and the Fiscal without standing entirely on her maternal alght minterfere. She would of course appeal to her daughter's sense of duty, and under other circumstances that would have been sufficient; but in the present instance she could not expect that Ellie would subordinate to it her own feelings, approved as they were by her father.

Still she was to do something.

From the first moment when she suspected the possibility of Armour entertaining the preposterous idea of marrying her daughter, she had shown how disagreeable it was to

She had not then imagined that Ellie would hesitate to respect her wishes; and it was could be by any process of persuasion blithe and contented the girl had been brought to sanction a marriage which she during this visit with Dinwuddies; and see pronounced unsuitable and altogether dis- how agreeable she was with young Fenwicks

tasteful to her. She had not interfered with the education of her daughter; she had left the management and direction of it almost entirely to her husband. Therefore she had the more reason to expect that in a matter of this kind her experience of society, not to mention her relationship to the girl, should have been taken into full account and have

Poor Mrs. Musgrave had had no experience of the deeper feelings of passion which bring about so many marriages in spite of experience and discretion. To her marriage was a social arrangement in which the convenience and comfort of the lady was to be considered above all things. The lady's own wishes were to be consulted only so far as her judicious elders might think well for her happiness: because her wishes were generally inspiring by the whim of a moment often involving a life-long regret.

This privilege it seemed was to be denied to her. A son-in-law had been chosen without the slightest reference to her feelings or respect for her position as the daughter of a late Lord of Session. She would not permit it. She felt sure that Ellie would be grateful certainly far from her thoughts that the Fiscal hereafter for her interference. See how

Mrs. Musgrave was honest enough to question herself-Why should she object to Armour? With the exception of this miserable story about his father there was not a breath even that was not in his favour. He was prosperous and it was predicted that he would be one of the most successful men of the day if he went on as he had been doing. She did not think much of his looks; but he was not an ogre, and in this respect he evidently satisfied Ellie. Why then should she have such a rooted objection to him?

She could find no definite answer to her own question, and indeed felt somewhat confused and embarrassed by it; for she did not like to own even to herself that she dishked him because she liked Fenwick and believed that on every account he would be the most suitable match for her daughter. And yet that was a very good reason for objecting to a words should be regarded as earnest.

Armour, were it not that he happened to be had not yet succeeded in getting El have obtained the good will of father and

daughter.

But he had not obtained her good will and she knew that she was right. There was this horrible scandal; there was no getting over that. It would cling to him and to all belonging to him for a generation at least, and she would not have her daughter married to the son of a man who had murdered his friend = cold blood. (She had of course got hold of the story in one of its worst forms, and was content to abude by it as she had pieced it together from the various rumous which had reached her.) She would never consent to that: but she was aware that the refusal of her consent could not prevent the marriage if the Fiscal and Ellie were determined upon it; and she wanted to prevent it.

She did not know how it was to be done: still she was to do something, and that before

they returned to Torthorl.

The man whose assistance she would have most desired in this emergency came to offer it.

Under circumstances which precluded the probability of it ever being repeated to him, even his friends admitted that he was not a bad sort of fellow. On that head Fenwick had a very decided opinion himself. So although he had admitted that Armour was not a bad sort either and saw that he had found some favour in Ellie's eyes, he had not the least doubt of his own victory if he chose to enter the lists against him.

He had chosen and m far his self-confidence had been justified. His vanity did

volunturily given place to him the other evening; and that Ellic's attention was secured by his persistence, which gave her no option but to listen or openly express displeasure. Her courtesy was translated into special favour and he was delighted by the success he imagined had been so quickly obtained.

There was, to be sure, a certain tantalising way she had of always eluding any serious suggestion on his part. Everything he said which another girl would have understood and taken at its true value, she turned into jest. He had no notion of being serious when making love; only fools were so. There would be time enough and reason enough to be serious after marriage. But it was desirable and necessary to bring about a proper understanding, that some of the lover's he had not yet succeeded in getting Ellie to do, and after her disappearance with Arraour at the bowling green he had made up his

mind to call for the help of her mother his decision. There was a sunbeam all the in through the principal window and post of the Dinwaddies' pe of the Elite's dainty black bonnet with gold as it passed over her. Fenwick was in the seat behind and could study her profile without being observed. He never did pay much attention to sermons; but he heard nothing at all of this one. So far as the kirk was concerned, without reflecting upon the subject, he took it for granted that his whole duty was performed it he were there in the body, and he found the soothing influence of the monotonous hum of an ordinary preacher's voice highly conducive to the consideration of his private affairs—seeing how he might amend some things, and repenting the neglect of others.

On the present occasion the calm beauty of Ellie's face directed his thoughts, and somebow he felt that he had never been before so well pleased to be in the kirk. even fancied that the sermon had been short and was quite prepared to return to the afternoon service if she should be there.

It was on the way back the house that he found his opportunity of speaking to Mrs. Musgrave. He had no difficulty in broaching the subject to his good friend, for he was assured of her ready assent beforehand.

"The better day, the better deed, they say, Mrs. Masgrave," he commenced as he not allow him to perceive that Armour had walked by her side, smiling. "You once

asked me for my advice and I couldn't give you any worth having. Now I am going to ask you for yours, and I am sure you will not be such a helpless counsellor as you found mė."

"That will depend on the subject, Mr. Fenwick," she answered, graciously; "but I shall be glad if you find me equal to your expectations."

"Oh, I have no doubt of that. To begin

with, I have metell you a secret."

"I will respect your confidence. What

"I am meditating a step which will make or mar my future. Can you guess what

"You don't mean that you are going to be married?" she inquired, with a curious mixture of pleasing anticipation and doubt.

" Well, I want to get married," he replied jauntily; "but I can't get the lady to believe that I am in earnest, and I want you to help me in trying to convince her that I am."

"Really, Mr. Fenwick, if you have failed to convince her of that, I do not see how any

one can help you."

"Well, I know that most girls are ready enough I understand a fellow on that subject-sometimes a deal too ready. But she isn't one of them. I do believe that if I were my down on my bended knees and declare that there was no fun in it, she would only think it was the climax of the joke and laugh the more. Now what do you think I should do?"

"You have not yet told me who the lady is. If I know her that will enable me to

advise, perhaps."

"Can't you guess? You guessed what my secret was at once : now can't you make out

who this wilful young person is?"
"I should not like to venture on such delicate ground even with such a close friend as you, for you know every gentleman in love thinks the object of his attachment so superior to every one else that his choice must be obvious to all."

Fenwick smiled: she was a droll creature, this future mother-in-law of his. She knew quite well who he meant.

"Well, she here and isn't Miss

Dinwuddie." " No!"

"And | isn't her sister."

" No!"

"Very well then, you know now who it is." She did not know whether to pretend to be surprised, or trankly to express her pleasure III thus finding her expectations realised.

So she walked on with her stately step and slow for a little while in silence.

However lightly Ellie might have treated his advances, the mother regarded them

seriously enough.

"She looks as if it was a funeral and not a wedding I was talking about," thought Ferwick, glancing askance at Mrs. Musgrave

Presently he became a little restless m he observed indications on the part of Ensign George of an intention | interrupt them.

"You cannot have misunderstood me, Mrs. Musgrave. You must be aware that I am referring to your daughter, and I would expect from the kindness you have always shown me that you are not displeased."

His self-confidence was a little hurt and he could not help showing it. He had entered upon the subject so jauntily in the exnectation that she would immediately rejoice at his proposal, that even this brief silence was like a slight.

"Dear me, no, Mr. Fenwick," she replied blandly, "so far from being displeased there no one I would so gladly welcome as a

son. But----"

She looked at him if he ought to be able to complete the sentence. She was smiling graciously, and yet there was a shale of unessiness in her expression. Now that matters had gone so far according to her wishes, she was trying to discover how she might best help them forward still more, and at the same time she was afraid that if Fenwick spoke too resolutely at present he might receive such an answer from Ellie as would drive him away. She could see far enough into his character to understand that he might be easily turned away and easily caught by the next pretty face he saw. She did not see far enough to discover to what lengths his vanity could good him.

"There is that dreadful 'but' in everything," he said a little impatiently.

does it mean in the present case?

" I am to regard what you have been saying as a formal proposal for my daughter's hand, I presume," she said, with the majestic solemnity bentting the occasion and the daughter of a late Lord of Session.

"Why, of course," answered lightly, "I am not a good hand at formalities; and it does not matter so long as you know what

I mean."

"And I may announce the fact to my husband?"

"Certainly, be much obliged you will do it. I don't altogether like the idea of having to speak to the Fiscal about II myself." that I may present the matter in its most favourable light. You are aware that he doats on his daughter and will not be easily induced to part with her."

"I know that, but she must marry some time, and I suppose as well that she should marry somebody you all know. As for prospects and all that sort of thing. I dare " say you are both pretty well satisfied regard-

ing them."

I am not mercenary, Mr. Fenwick, but of course these are matters which ought very properly to enter into the consideration of parents when they are deciding such an important question as the future position in life of a daughter. So far as means and position are concerned I think I may speak for my husband as well as myself—we are antisfied."

She looked as if this expression of satisfaction had conferred the highest honour upon him. He was not in the least impressed

by her magnanimity.

"Thank you. Now about that 'But'?" "Ah !" and the uncasiness appeared in her expression again. "I was thinking that if Ellie does not believe you to be in carnest it is because she does not wish to believe

"She will not be able to help herself when you tell her what I have said to you, and that is the favour I would ask from

you."

Mrs. Musgrave did not answer immediately. She felt kindlier than ever towards Fenwick. He had gratified her not only by his proposal, but also by supplying substantial grounds for her objections to Ar-mour. Here was the scion of one of the oldest border families desirous of making her daughter the future mistress of Cluden Pecl. He had been known to them for a long time; whatever spiteful rumour might have to say about him, his backslidings had been no worse than those of every young gentleman of means and leisure; andthere was more weight in this argument than she was conscious of he had always been most attentive | her and she liked him.

"Do you think you can consent to be guided by me?" she said at length.

"I will be your most obedient and obliged

"Then I think you should just go on as you are doing with Ellie. You must not attempt to force her to say or a snything; for that would only turn her against you.

"I will inform him of it by letter-no, I You may trust me to take care of your will wait until we return to Torthoel in order interests with her, and when I find the suitable occasion I will tell her how much happiness it would give me in learn that she had accepted you."

"All right-thank you again : and I'll try to show her somehow that I am in downright

Carnest."

They were at the house now and parted at the door; Fenwick and Ensign George proceeding for a stroll and a smoke. The young soldier had the satisfaction of proving to his companion how easily Sedan might have been held against the Germans if he had only been there, for Fenwick said yes to every proposition he advanced.

Mrs. Musgrave was busy with her problem -how to induce Ellie to say to her father that she wished to break off the match with

the paper-maker.

CHAPTER XXV.—VALUABLE INFORMATION.

"Norting yet about the man Thorburn," was the chief constable's daily report to the Fiscal.

The latter would give a slow nod, emitting a sound like "um," and proceed with the other matters before him.

But on the Saturday afternoon, as he was preparing to leave the office, Captain Brown arrived, and laid on the table a one-pound note of the City Bank.

"Something at last," he said in his stolid.

jerky way.

"What is that?"

The Fiscal had been putting on his overcoat, but he hung it up again, and took his seat at the table.

"It is one of the notes Thorburn had in

his possession."

"How do you make that out?"

"Armour's clerk pall it to him about a month ago, and to-day it was passed at the Queen's Arms by Greer, a ploughman at Campbell's tarm. He says it must have been paid to him as part of his wages, but I don't believe him."

"Why not?"

"Because he has not received any wages during the last month. There is no doubt that he either stole if from Thorburn or got it from him for some service. But if he came by it hohestly, why does he repeat that he knows nothing about the man we are seeking? Had we been after him for anything more than the satisfaction of his friends and to protect himself, I could have understood the fellow keeping dark. As it is I can make nothing of II except that we had better collar

Greer, and so maybe bring him to his my conclusions are upon considering this in-

The Fiscal considered the case for a little while, and then he surprised the chief con-

"As you say, this is a matter we have taken friends. You think there has been robbery, and maybe murder. I do not think there and rigid. has been either one or the other."

As he spoke he took from his private drawer a document, which he regarded with

much interest.

Captain Brown surveyed the Fiscal with amazement, and then spoke somewhat irrit-

"If that is your opinion you must possess other information than that which I have

given you."

"Exactly. I do possess other information : but be good enough to understand, Captain, that I have been favoured by special circumstances, and that my knowledge does not in the least reflect upon your capacity as a detective of evil-doers."

"Will you be good enough to explain?" "Ay, I mean to do that. My special information gives me these facts. Thorburn, as you said from the first, was in the shed at Campbell's farm on the night he left Armour's house. When there, a man rode up on a horse and saw him hiding. That man had some words with him-engry words. You see they had been old friends-and for real downright angry words give me two old friends. Well, the words ended in what might have been murder, but wasn't, for this man who found Thorburn in the shed had sense enough, at the minute when he gripped him by the throat to strangle him, to mind that there were a heap of other folk that would suffer for such a deed more than the poor creature that was the victim of it, so, instead of throttling our man as he had thought of doing, he just fing him away, mounted his horse, and rode off as fast as he could for fear the devil should tempt him to go back and finish his

"Who told you this?" inquired the chief constable, not only amazed but somewhat hagrined that the Fiscal should have been le to secure more information than he could

w him.
(Never you heed that at present, you had since. In the mean-

formation, if you care to listen."

"You know that I am always grateful for any suggestion of yours, Mr. Musgrave," replied Captain Brown, but there was very little gratitude in his tone, and no feeling up chiefly for the satisfaction of Thorburn's could be surmised from his expression, for that never altered—it was always cold, white,

> "Very well, Captain, I'll explain I the best of my ability. Do you remember that when we examined the shed at Campbell's farm, the harrow which was leaning against

the wall had its teeth outwards?"

" Certainly."

"Good. Then my notion is, that when these two men came to close quarters and Thorburn was flung down, he fell against the harrow and got cut. Maybe he was stupified for a time; any way he lay there long enough to let out all you blood we saw. When he came to himself he tried to crawl away into any hole in which he might hide himself, for he was badly hurt by the words that had been spoken to him-more hurt by them than by his fall."

The Fiscal's eyes brightened and his cheeks became pale as he gave this account of the accident; but his words were uttered in his ordinary quiet deliberate way. Whatever emotion he felt, the only outward indications of it were in the eyes and the cheeks.

"Well?" queried Brown, observing Musgrave steadily, and expecting further infor-

"Well, I have now led you to that point where the man got his wound : follow i up yourself and see what you would make of

"You are assured that everything you have told me in a correct report of what

occurred?"

"Absolutely correct. You can act upon the information as if you knew that I had

seen the whole thing myself."

Captain Brown and the Fiscal were looking at each other steadily. The small glittexing eyes of the former were full of strange "This all the information you have on

the subject?"
"All that you need know at present.
What think you about it?"

"In that case I should say that we have learn all in good time. In the mean- got to discover who came up after the Old I want you to had the man Thorburn, Friend best him; whether the person or It the person that gave me information. | persons who came up robbed him as he lay your guidance I will tell you what | unsemble, or finished him, and robbed him and stowed away the body; or whether the person was bribed by Thorburn to hide him somewhere till he regained strength enough to get away. I imagine that he would not he strong enough to get away without help."

"That is my own notion precisely." "There is another thing to consider."

" Ay, what may that be?"

"Thorburn was in a weak state, and the fall on the harrow may have killed him out-

right."

"That | true," commented the Fiscal very clowly, his cloows resting on the table as he balanced the paper containing his information on his fingers.

"In that case we should want the man who flung him down. I suppose you can

find him?"

"I have no doubt that with the information contained in this paper you could easily lay hands on him, Captain."

The two men were again looking at each The Captain, briskly other steadily,

"Good. Then the first thing we have to do is to collar the ploughman Greer, and the next is to find Thorburn alive or dead."

"You still have the notion that he is

dead ?"

"That is my decided impression—whether it be that the fall did for him, or, as I say, that he was done for by the robbers. A dead body is more easily put out of the way than a living one."

Once more the Fiscal surprised the chief constable by his curious method of proce-

dure in this case.

"I think we will let Greer be in the meanwhile, and see if he passes any more of the notes. Keep your eye upon him, so that you can stop him if he tries to get away from the district. I'll take another daunder over to the farm and see if there is anything more to be picked up by the help of the new light we have got."

"Shall I go with you?"

The Fiscal hesitated. Presently-

"No; I doubt that would scare the birds. I believe we will get more out of it if I go alone,"

" Very well. I won't be out of the way. I am going home for an hour now, and after that you will find me the office till eight o'clock. Should anything take me away I

or send a note C discoveries."

The Captai cottage on he devote

tion of geraniums and "fancy" hens. There was not the least suggestion of the constable's business about the place; and in all the arrangements of the house a remarkable confidence in the honesty of mankind was displayed. The doors were never locked except at night, there were no shutters to the win dows, and the henroest was only protected by a door with a latch. Yet he was never troubled by thieves.

On this afternoon he neglected his geraniums and hens. He scarcely spoke to his pretty little wife, and he sent his children

out to the garden.

The chief constable was much perplexed by an extraordinary idea which had occurred to him; and he did not like to be perplexed. But the idea was so extraordinary !

CHAPTER XXVL-" SHOULD AULD ACQUAINT-ANCE BE FORGOT?"

THE Fiscal in his calm deliberate way locked up the document to which he appeared to attach so much importance. Then he put on his coat and hat, took up his umbrella and walked slowly out into the street. The shadow of the grim walls of the county gaol lay across the road, but he passed through it quietly, unconscious of it.

He had a mechanical way of observing and responding to the node and greetings of acquaintances out of doors without permitting them to interrupt the train of thought which occupied his mind. As he passed down the High Street towards the Town Hall three councillors and two bailies saluted him from their shop-doors and were evidently desirous of detaining him. He escaped them, but he met the Provost (by courtesy called Lord Provost) himself, and there was no avoiding him.

The Provost was a burly, good-natured man, upon whose broad paunch the chain office was displayed in the utmost advantage, He had been an East India merchant, he had been, by some mysterious arrangement, made a knight of Nova Scotia, and was proud of the title. Ignorant or mischievous reporters of the local press often omitted the "Sir Peter" in their note of those present at the council and other meetings, and set him down with no higher dignity than Provos' McVitie, which obtained for the blamele will leave a message."

editors, as well as the real culputs, a degr
"Then I will ther come to you myself of coolness on the part of the chief may editors, as well as the real culprits, a degr t.nte. But he was too genial to bear mad y. He had a prefty and all was forgiven on the publication C. of the town, where next paper with the full title, Sir plan the cultiva- McVitie, Provost.

The Fiscal had to endure ten minutes of very earnest discourse about the proposed new arrangements for the feeing market, and the general improvement of the police regulations on all the market days in order to check the drunkenness and brawling which the Provost and council believed to be

largely on the increase.

Mr. Musgrave was aware of the Provost's hobby; he had returned to his native town having made money abroad and married a wealthy widow, and he was bent upon reforming the old customs of the place. Hitherto his efforts had not met with general approval amongst the country people, who regarded market day as one intended for merry-making as well as for business. But douce burghers who relished peace and order were his staunch supporters, and the Provost was en-

The Fiscal knew that once started on this topic the worthy man would go on for an

hour | least.

"It's very true, Sir Peter," he said gravely, " there's a heap of reform needed in the ways of the folk on market and fair days, and I have no doubt that if you live long enough -which, of course, we all hope you willthere is no doubt that you will bring it about. You ought to have a word with Captain Brown anent Monday next; I hear there's to be a big market."

"Yes, I should like - see him. There are a lot of Irishmen in the town already, and the Sands will be covered with their

droves."

"You'll overtake him if you haste; he left me a minute ago, and was making his way to his house,"

"I'll catch him up; but, as I was say-

"We'll have a long crack about # another time, Sir Peter. I am obliged to be at

Thorniehowe in half an hour. Good day." The Fiscal went on his way with quickened steps until he had turned out of the High Street and reached the Sands - a large open space by the river, where the markets were held. It was bordered by old-fashioned inus and other houses; and

on fair days especially it was the scene of nuch mirth and rough wooing as well as [cattle dealing.

The Fiscal's steps became very alow as he ered Thornichowe. As he walked up till door, of Armour's house, his hands wh clasped behind him on the umbrella swung pendulum fashion whilst he No for his knock to be answered. -30

Yes, Mrs. Armour was at home, and he was shown into Armour's room.

"Wad you please 🔳 take a seat for a minute and the mistress will be wi' you?"

He did not sit down; he stood at the window looking out, yet seeing nothing of the pleasant garden or the clear sky over-But for the steady movement of the umbrella he might have been a statue, he stood so still and his features were so

The door opened and he did not observe it. Grannie paused, doubtful for a moment whether or not he was there. But " she could see with her cars," as she said sometimes, and her doubt was brief. She closed the door, and he turned from the window.

" How are you to-day, Mrs. Armour?" he said, approaching and taking her hand. "I have no news for you, but I thought as an old acquaintance I would come in and speir for you. It's a long while since we met."

" Ay, it's a long while," answered Grannic in her calm gentle way; "and I'm rael pleased to see you. I was menning = see you before long though, for I wanted to tell you that I'm awin you and your Ellie a pleasure that makes up for a hantle sorrow,

"I'm glad we have been able to be your creditors in that way, for you have had your share of the bitter cup. You bear up wonder-

fully."

"Ou, ay, folk only ken how muckle they can, thole when they are obliged to put up wi' it. There's a heap of confusion whiles wi' the guid and the bad, but there's aye a wee thing of the one to sizzon the other. That's our case cnow."

He was observing her closely, and as she spoke thus fiankly to him a shade as of disappointment for some reason gradually over-

spread his countenance.

"Are you not lonely here I thout your

braw young man?"

"Me? I never was long, and canna understand what for folk ruld 🔳 sze. There's plenty o' work for th that's willing, and laneliness is just lazing Besides, when I'm resting I can see Johns at Ellie together, and kenning them to be appy makes me as cheery as a body like missan be."

"Are you not enzione bout—Thorburn?"

He put the question in a low voice as captionaly as

cantiously as Co/Pet and it seemed as if the light faded fror er face. Her answer, however, was in he sual calm tone.

"I think I hae a used to being anxious about him, puly 1 John bid me no be feared for him ,cause if 🔤 did do himself any mischief we would hear about it, and there is nothing I can do but wait."

So, she knew nothing of what had been found in the shed and the suspicions it had aroused.

"We are doing what we can to find him, Mrs. Armour, and I believe we are likely to learn something soon. I suppose he has sent no word of any kind to you?"

"No-did you think I wouldns hae let

your folk ken?"

"He would very probably ask you not to let us ken. You mind that he does not like me, and he fancies that I keep up old scores against him."

Ay, you were good friends once upon a

time," she said sadly.

"Well, be that as it may, I would be glad to see him again safe and sound. I would like him I understand that there is no desire on my part to meddle with him."

"You hae proved that, but the puir crature canna be persuaded out of the notion

he has that you mean ill by him."

"That's a pity, and we can only do what is in our power to satisfy him. Now will you promise that if you should got any news of him you'll send for me?"

Grannic hesitated to give that promise.

"You see, there's this in the way; the sight of you or the mention of your name puts him clean out of his judgment, and it might be the death of him if you was to come upon him."

"I need not see him until we know that there I no danger of upsetting him too

much. But I must see him."

"Aweel, if John says it's to be done, I'll

do your bidding."

"Thank you; and I may give you some comfort by telling you that if we do meet I believe it will be to his advantage. Now, Mrs. Armour, whatever he may think of me there is no reason why you and I should not be friends as we were in the old time."

"I aye had a great respect for you, Mr. Musgrave," said Grannie simply, "and when you and Jock fell out I had no doubt that the greater part of the blame was on his side,

though he was my ain bairn."

As the Fiscal took the blind woman's hand he felt a cold chill pass over him, for the horrible thought flashed through his mind that she might be grasping in friendship the hand of her son's murderer. It was horrible I He was tempted to tell her at once all that hed happened. . . . No, for Ellie's sake, for Armour's, and even for Grannie's II was best to remain silent yet awhile.

But during that brief pause his spirit was carried far back into the old time. He saw himself, a tall raw-boned gawky youth, with nothing whatever to recommend him in women's eyes, and only his dogged industry to win favour from men. True, the youths of his own age were pleased by the local satires, composed by himself, which he sang at the soirées of mutual improvement societies; and the csays which he read at the ordinary meetings of these institutions were acknowledged to be wonderful displays of research, but decidedly heavy.

Then he saw beside him the handsome, elever Jack-of-all-trades who was now called Thorburn. He could do anything, and every one expected that he was to be a great man some day—he was certain to "make a spoon or spoil a horn." Richard Musgrave had thought so too, and gave him a place in his friendship next to that of Edward

Graham.

Prominent amongst those sad shadows of the past was the figure of a girl, pretty, impulsive, and, he could now understand, thoughtless. She had roused in him noble thoughts and worthy ambitions. He had been silent, desiring that when he did speak he should be sure, as mortal might be, of a comfortable future for her. The handsome Jack-of-all-trades spoke and won her, too hopeful to study the future at all. What a future it proved to he—so brief, so terrible in the legacy it left to others i

The dead youth rose up and spoke to

him.

"You loved her. It was true love-that most sacred of all the sentiments and passions of human nature. You suffered, you submitted. You regretted, you were angry, but you loved. You would have done anything to make her happy then, and you held back, not because you were angry, but because you knew that you were powerless. Now the power is in your hands to make her son happy. Do what you can to that end. Disappointment made you turn away for a little while from the direction of your own generous instincts; but although you have never again been inspired by a woman to live rightly for her take, and to attempt to do nobly the work that fell to your hand, so that your decds might bring honour to her, you have never faltered in the performance of whatever duties you have undertaken. Do not falter

"It's hard for you have to say that, Mrs. Armour," said the Fiscal, but let me be generous too. I daresay if had not

been so ready to cast out with your Jock I that has set his whole life wrong. Maybe the blame of the whole trouble lies on my shoulders and not his. He knew as little what ill be was doing to me as what ill he was doing himself. That is all byganes, and as we cannot forget we must try to make the best of the present,"

"That's just my way of it, and gin we could only get some word of where he is I think I would be satisfied to let him gang his

ain gate."

"If he is able to do so I decidedly think

he should be allowed to go."

So they parted as good friends, and his head seemed be bowed a little lower than

usual in consequence.

The Fiscal's strange conduct on this afternoon was still more marked by the fact that, instead of sending to Torthorl for his own horse or gig, he hired a machine at the Thornichowe Inn.

He drove himself to Campbell's farm, but he did not go up in the house at once. stopped in the middle of the road and sur-

veyed the steading.

There was the shed, behind it the byre and the hay loft; beyond that the cattle court, the farther side of which was formed by the stable. Above the stable was the bothy in which the men slept.

As there was no one about he tethered his horse and went into the stable. He ascended the ladder leading to the men's sleepingplaces. The men's blue painted "kists" and the empty bunkers were all he saw,

He examined the place closely, and was satisfied that no man, dead or alive, could be caution than before, and descended to the

hidden there.

He retraced his steps and again surveyed the hay loft from the outside. The evening was singularly calm, and only the cattle and pigs suggested the neighbourhood of living things. The square, cosy-looking white farmhouse was only about four hundred yards distant on the rising ground back from the road. There was a gravel path in front broad enough to permit a gig to be turned, and then a shrubbery screening the henhouse and other outbuildings which it was hill. One phrase was humming in his brain desirable have close to the farmer's dwell- like one of those musical catches which ing. Everybody was engaged indoors, doubtless at early supper. A strapping lass rushed across the path after a presumptious young pig which had found its way up to the front relieved of much care. door. The pig and the lass disappeared in the shrubbery and the place looked again God, he lives yet." deserted.

The Fiscal proceeded with his inspection of might have prevented the mistake he made the byre. An addition had been made to it at one time, and he observed that there was a square door in the gable of this addition facing the road. A series of large square staples in the wall formed a ladder up to the door. The new part of the loft was used as a bothy for the Irish workers in the busiest period of harvest, and, when required, as a granary. What had been the outer wall of the original building now formed a division between it and the new part.

> He went into the byre and up to the loft. The place was packed to the roof with straw; and apparently any one who wished menter the new part would have to go to the door in

the gable at the other end.

On closer inspection he found a pathway had been tramped through the straw. Groping his way cautiously through the passage, he came to an old door in what was now the dividing wall. There were numerous chinks in it through which one could see the greater part of the granary.

He placed his hand on the door; it was fast and he paused, listening. A light seemed gradually to shine on his face, and he restrained his breathing. By and by he peeped through the chinks one after the other until he came to one at which he kept his eye fixed for some minutes. When he withdrew from I the light on his face became an expression of satisfaction, of relief and joy.

He lifted his hand as if about to knock, but checked himself and remained a long time hesitating. Then he made his way back through the straw, moving with greater

There was a transformation in his whole manner; every movement was lighter and brisker than it had been for days past. The dull look and heavy step with which he had walked through Thorniehowe were gone, and

youth seemed to be restored.

Sitting down on the edge of a barrow at the door of the byre, he wiped the perspiration from his face, breathing as one does when reating after a hard walk up a steep always appear to be leading to something and never do. There was this difference in his catch, it was the glad Hallelujah of a heart

"Thank God-he lives yet. . . . Thank

For the moment that was sufficient,

had been preparing to meet the worst: earnestly striving to find the way which it might be met so as to cause least pain to others. The worst was spared them; the next worst could be borne with more grace, if it could not be hidden altogether.

Hidden?

He turned away from that possibility with a sensation of contempt for himself for allowing to find an instant's rest in his calculations.

" If he dies we will have to find the man who flung him down, as Brown says; if he lives he will have his vengeance and proclaim it all. Maybe no. He has some heed for others, or he would not have been trying so hard so get away. Whether or no, my work is to help him to live, and to spare the baims as much as may be of the shame of his wrong-doing and

A man was coming down the road from the direction of the town. He was a stalwart-looking fellow, with a ruddy good-natured face, whose twinkling eyes suggested considerable quickness of apprehension and waggishness. And indeed he was known all over the country side as a wag, and "a terrible clever chiel wi' a snere and a salmon

This was Wull Greer, the ploughman. His dress was a round cap with a peak, a doublebreasted moleskin jacket, the back of which was white, the front a deep brown ornamented with two rows of large white bone buttons; moleskin trousers, and thick "tacketty" ironheeled boots. He was smoking a short clay pipe and carrying a brown-paper parcel under his arm.

He saw the Fiscal sitting on the barrow, and halted as if desirous of turning off the road into the field; but noting that he had already been observed, he advanced boldly as if going to the stable.

"I was waiting for you, Wull," said the Fiscal, rising as the man was about to pass

him with a nod of recognition.

He stopped, took the pipe out of his mouth, of evil-doers answered innocently;

"Was you?"

been kind to. He was sair hurt, poor chap. How is ■ getting on?"

Wull Greer was seldom taken off his guard; spoke so naturally—as if he knew all about about that note you got in your last wages,

the secret; the place where he had been sitting suggested that he did, and Wull was unconscious of having been involved any scrape lately which could bring him under the hand of the law. Therefore he at once fell into the trap cleverly laid for him. He made one feeble effort to assure himself that it was not a tran.

"Whatna frien' do you mean?"

"Do you mean to say that he has not told you his name? Surely you ken it. I mean Daft Jock Thorburn, and I am very much concerned about him. I did not like to go in upon him, as 🥅 might be feared 🔳 the sight of me, for 🖿 has got a foolish notion that we are wanting to do him some ill. So I was waiting for you to come home."

There was no resisting this evidence of knowledge and the assurance of kindly intention afforded by the explanation of the

desire not a disturb the invalid.

"How did you ken?" inquired Wull in some amasement. "I'm sure there's no a sowl about the place but inysel' that has any notion that he's in the granary."

"It's of no consequence how I ken. What I want you to do is to tell me about him so that his folk may be set I their ease on I account. Do you think he well enough to see me?"

"Eh, keeps a'! no-that would kill him offhand. He hands on beggin' an' prayin' me to throttle him rather than let you find him alive. He's in sic fear too about his friends, because they want to put him in the madhouse, that I couldna help takin' pity on him and keepin' him quiet in the loft. He hasna dune onybody ony harm as he tells me, an' as I believe, for he was aye a freehanded sowl at the inn, wi' never a bad word for a single cr'ature. I hope there was nae harm in giein' him shelter."

"You might have done better you had let his friends know that | was safe."

"But I'm tellin' you that was just what he was in mortal dread o'. He's sensible enough, and I would take pity on onybody that was gaun to be put into a madhouse. I'm no ashamed o' what I have dune, an' I would and looking straight into the face of the terror hae stuck till't if you hadna found | out some way."

The man was bold in his self-defence "Ay, I am wanting to have a bit crack even before the Fiscal, for it was an unusual with you about that friend of mine you have privilege to me able speak to that gentleman with the feeling that the action in ques-

tion was a right one.

"I have no doubt you would, Wull, for this time iii was completely. The Fiscal you have a kindly nature—to say nothing

said the Fiscal with a touch of his usual jocosity of manner.

"He gied it to me, an' I had to get a lot

o' things for him," was the answer.

"I don't question that; but you must tell me everything about him now. What was he like when you found him it the shed?"

Awfu' forfough'en and bluidy, wi' a nasty

cut on the side o' the head."

"Were you alone?"

"Ay, I was the first out of the bothy that

"Maybe you were not in it all night," said the Fiscal, nodding his head.

Wull stared and grinned.

"Atweel, sir, that's true. You see I hae a frien' that bides ower near St. Mary's Loch. and it's a long road there and back. I hadua been there for a week or twa-that's how it cam' that I was just getting hame at daylight, and I saw him in the shed. He was getting up aff the ground, an' staggering as though he'd been fou. I ken'd him at ance and speired how he cam' there at that hour. Syno he tauld me about rinnin' awa frac his frien's and cried on me to hide him for twa or three days till he could get clear awa. As I said there was naething daft-like about him | except get him his bite and sup, and quiet and I thought there was noe harm in helpin' him whenever he thought there was onybody

"Did he explain how he was hurt?" The Fiscal was grave again as he put this

question.

"Ou, ay. I speired if ony body had been meddlin' wi' him, and he tauld me that he was wack wi' lang sickness, and that couping ower a stane he cam' down on the teeth o' the harrow, and sae got the nasty clour on the side o' the head. It was a lang cut but no sae deep as I thought at first. He said there maun has been an airtry cut and that it was a won'er he didna bleed to death afore I cam' up,

"Was that all he told you about it?" asked the Fiscal slowly, searching Wull's

"That was every word on that head. wanted to get the doctor, but he said he ken'd as weel as ony doctor what to do, and kept on cryin' to me for the Lord's sake no' to betray him or he would just let the bluid rin till he died. He bade me tie a naipkin round his head, and when that was done I got him up to the last. He's been there ever since, sleeping maist o' the time, and whiles that soun' that I has feared he was game."

"Has he never mentioned me?"

Wull Greer shifted his cap as if to air his But are you sure that naebody else kens?" wits and looked uncomfortable.

"Weel, air, he did come ower your name SDOL."

"Ay, and what did he say about me? Nothing complimentary, I'll be bound.

"I couldna say that it was a'thegither what you would like | hear."

"Never heed that. Say on."

"He just mentioned that aboon a' folk in the world 🔤 wouldns like you to ken that he was livin' and that III would rather see the deil himsel' than you."

"Ah, I daresay you have whiles said as much as that yourself, Wull. | is a compliment. But we'll in that be. You say he is getting on fairly well under your care,

"He's getting on bravely, but MI dreams whiles and havers about some fine lass that be murdered and some lad that he hanged, a' through his ain blind fury an' her telling a lee. I canna mak' head or tail o' the story for he never speaks o't when he's waukin' . . . I suppose it's just his havers?"

"You needna fash yourself about that, Wall. I am obliged to you for this informa-tion and his friends will be grateful we you

for taking care of him."

"As to that there was naething 📖 do comin' to take him awa."

The Fiscal remained silent for a few

minutes. Then:

"Are you sure that no one except yourself knows about his living here?"

"I canna be sure now, seeing that you ken a' about it-but you hae an awfu' way

o' puttin' twa and twa thegither !"

"Just that, Wall," was the Fiscal's comment, acknowledging the man's admiration with a nod; "and you have something of the same skill. So, I am going to tell you what to do. You must not give a cheep about me having been here. Say nothing many one; go on with my friend as you have been doing and watch over him in every way till he is able to get about. Every day you will report progress to me; and you are understand that I hold you responsible for his safe keeping. If you allow him to get away without giving me timely warning, I may have a word to say to you anent certain snares that were found in the Duke's grounds last week -you understand?"

"Ou, but you can lippen to me, Fiscal," protested Greer, alert to the disagreeable consequences of disobedience. "I would never has cheeped a word about him onyway.

"Captain Brown has suspicions, but he

will not give you any fash. You come to me at Torthorl to-morrow morning at ten o'clock, and we will act according to what you have to tell me then. Now, I want to see his face without him seeing me."

"How can that done?"

"The loft dark. You can leave the granary door open a bit when you go in, and you must find some excuse to hold a light up so that it will shine on him."

" I hae an auld stable lantern, but I canna keep alight long for fear the maister should see't, and there would be an unco steer

then. He's no hame yet, though."

"Stop a minute. You need not come out to me again unless you hear me whistling 'Auld Lang Syne.'"

"Very weel-but I hae your word that

there's nae harm meant to him?"

"You have. Go first."

Greer led the way up to the loft and through the straw to the old door of the granary. He passed in, and the Fiscal stood in the darkness, holding his breath and waiting for the light.

"Is that you, Green?" queried a facble,

startled voice.

"It's just me. Keep your mind casy, man, there's nacbody wantin' a harm you. What

like do you feel yoursel' noo?"

I've had another good aleep. Death | dainty in his choice of guests, and won't have me. Every kind of sickness, fire and water have got me invitations to the feast of worms, but he won't let me in. Hanging is my only chance."

As the weak, quavering voice spoke the ghastly jest, Greer, having lit the candle in

the lantern, held it up,

A thick bed of straw on the floor; a figure well covered with coarse blankets; a head in white bandages, on which were several red stains-the features of a skeleton. When the lantern was held up, the eyes closed as if the light were too much for them.

Surely those long shadows on the wall were the arms of Death, reaching out to welcome the new-comer. Surely that was the face of z dying man the Fiscal saw.

The figure moved, and a hand was reached

towards the lantern.

" Put out the light, Greer. I can't stand Have you anything to drink there?

Greer blew out the light.

Through the straw again and down to the

ground

Richard Musgrave was a strong man, mentally and physically. He had encountered the worries of life calaly, with the "Auld Lang Syne."

wisdom born of strength, always postponing lamentation till the evil which was the cause for it was overcome or disposed of somehow, and then there was no need to lament. In like manner he dealt with the problems of duty : he made as certain as mortal could that his motive was to do right; and then proceeded with his task unswervingly, whether it brought pain or pleasure to himself or to others. In consequence his way had been hitherto a comparatively smooth one.

But here was a problem for which he could find no solution that would harmonize with his wishes and his sense of duty.

As the ploughman Greer had stated, Thorburn appeared to be sensible enough. Yet he had given no hint of what had occurred 📗 the shed. This was strange, especially as he had declared his dread of the Fiscal freely. He had done the same at Thornichow before he knew the strongest of the reasons why he should avoid him. But, now, it was in his power to be spiteful, why was he silent? He had been vengeful towards Graham, he could not be expected to be otherwise towards Musgrave, to whose reticence, at a time when speech had been much needed, he might with some show of justice trace all his misfortunes.

"Shall I take this evidence as sign for my guidance?-for their sakes? God knows I want to spare them before anything elsebefore truth and honour - almost before

fidelity to my office."

At that thought he bowed his head in shame, although he had his resignation duly

signed in his pocket.

The chief constable had said that if Thorbeen were found dead it would be necessary to find the man who had flung him down on the harrow.

Here, he, the Fiscal, had discovered Thorborn in a dying state. His duty was to make the fact known; to see that he deposition was properly taken, and in that he would, no doubt, denounce him. . Poor Ellie! Poor Armour! it would be a bad time for them. His duty was to have the man removed, even at the risk of frightening him to death, to some place where he could have proper care and nursing ; then might live.

But he might die without naming his assailant 1 Who then dare say that the father of

Ellie Musgrave was a murderer?

Half an hour after Greer had extinguished his lantern, he heard some one whistling CHAPTER XXVII,-THE MINISTER'S GARDEN.

"I'LL alloo, minister, that ye ken Greek and Lactan roots better nor me; but you mann admit in your ain conscience that you canna even yoursel to me in the matter o' dung for the roots o' plants."

"I mean to have guano, Matthey Kirk- grave."

patrick, and I have no more to say."

The minister was delving vigorously in his garden and the dispute between him and his man was in regard to the important ques-

tion of natural or artificial manuse.

Mr. Moffat called himself a young oldfashioned minister, but Matthey was the most uncompromising of old-fashioned minister's men. He had been with the minister ever since he had had a kirk and in his patronage of his master he was "ten times waur nor a wife," as Mr. Moffat often told him with a threat of introducing that useful officer of the rather be out here; and please do not let me household in the place of the submissive Team Morrison, the housekeeper. Matthey was not frightened: he only said that he couldna' be fashed wi' sic nonsense and went on his own way in spite of the minister's threats.

In a town Matthey's interference would have been regarded as insolence: in the country it was accepted as the personal interest of the servant in the affairs of the

master.

But Matthey knew that when the minister addressed him by his full name the limit of his patience had been reached. So he proceeded to the business which had brought him to the place where the minister was delving.

you'll be sorry for't gin this time next weir. The Fiscal's wife wants = see you."

"I thought somebody had come," said the minister dryly, " or you would not have been here when I told you | clear away than weeds. Eh, Matthey, Matthey, how can you expect me | heed what you say about the dung when you winns pay attention to what I say about the weeds !"

"Oh, but I'm gaun to have a day at them

"Very well, begin wi the weeds in your ain head and announce Mrs. Musgrave properly. Look at me; make a bow like that and say ' If you please, sir, Mrs. Musgrave.' Syne hand me her card on a salver."

" Noo, minister, there's nae use flytin' at me about that things," replied Matthey dourly. "I hae tauld ye afore I canna do them. She gi'ed me a caert an' I put it on the

when I kent well enough what it was? Get Jean to answer the door wou're no pleased."

"Any way you might say—just to oblige me-Mrs. Musgrave, instead of the Fiscal's

wife, as though she was naebody."

"Weel, to obleege you-here's Mrs. Mus-

The lady berself was coming down the path from the house at the moment, and the minister had no time to give his man the admonition he had intended. So Matthey moved away as the minister placed a garden chair for his visitor.

"I hope I see you well, Mrs. Musgrave. I was just about to go in to red myself up in proper array we see you, but that villain Matthey has only this instant told me you

were here."

"Thank you, Mr. Moffat, but I would

interrupt your work."

"There's no fear of interruption, Mrs. Musgrave. One of the greatest blessings of Adam's work is that a man can chat or think, and delve or prune, or plant all the same. I am at the simplest of all the grades, only delving, and well-pleased to have a crack with a sensible being like yourself, after being worried by that gowk Matthey."

"I will not detain you long, I hope, for this is only a flying call, as one might say. I have just returned with Ellie from the Dinwuddies, and circumstances have arisen which compel me to seek the unbiasted opinion of some close friend of the family. I could not think of a better or truer friend "Aweel, hae your ain way, minister, but than you, Mr. Moffat, and so I am here."

The minister bowed, dropping his hat on the gravel, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow. He observed that Mrs. Musgrave, although looking gracious and stately as usual, was somewhat agitated. He ceased

"I'll be delighted to serve you in any way, and if it's only a matter of opinion, you know how easily everybody gives that,"

"Yes, but thus is a serious matter, and you, above all men, are qualified to answer me. I ask in a spirit of carnestness, being desirous of doing my duty to one who is dear to me."

She was still smiling, but he could see that tears were not far off. Placing one foot on his spade, he rested his elbow on the hand which grasped and looked gravely at her.

"In that case I will answer as earnestly as

"Then will you tell me, Mr. Moffat," she table. What need had I to fetch it to you inquired with a dignified inclination of the head, "what the limit of a mother's authority?"

" Unlimited for good, and it should have

no place at all for evil."

"I thought so," she exclaimed, = if much relieved. Then, as it entirely for Kilie's good I am acting, I want you to tell me what I can do to prevent her marrying John Armour."

The minister was astounded by the request; but | the same time his sense of humour was tickled by the notion that he should be asked to mar the union he had in some degree helped promote. So, he rested his cheek on the knuckles of his hand as he replied thoughtfully:

"I would just like to know why that

should be, Mrs. Musgrave."

"Why l-there are most serious reasons why, Mr. Mollat, and you must be aware

of some of them.

"So far, Mrs. Musgrave, I will admit that it within my knowledge the young folk have agreed to cleek thegither, and I know of no reason why they should not. This, however, I will undertake to say, that if you can show me serious reasons to the contrary, I will show you how to prevent the match being struck. But we had better go indoors."

He dropped the spade, picked up his hat, and with an old-fashioned courtesy conducted his visitor into what he considered the best room in the manse, namely—the one in which all his books and his papers were stowed, and where he not only lived the greater part of his time, but the truest and

moblest part of his luc.

He closed the door carefully, placed a large easy-chair for her, and somehow, as she sank into it, the grey-headed little minister seemed to grow bigger and grander there amongst his books than the plain, commonplace looking man she had found digging in the garden.

His manner seemed to change, too. "Now, Mis. Musgrave, I am waiting for you ahow me why John Armour should

not marry your daughter."

He did not sit down; he stood on the hearth-rug, his hands under his cost and waggling as if it were a bantam's tail as

paused for her reply.

Much to her amazement she found a difficulty giving a definite reply. Brought at once strict account, she was conscious that the answer which had satisfied herself would not satisfy anybody who did not share her prejudices and predilections.

But she could in honest with herself, and failing any other argument she confessed the

real position.

"You see, Mr. Moffat, the spheres in which my daughter and Mr. Armour have moved are quite distinct; and I believe that although she may incline III the man at present, she would soon repent and be miserable herself and make him miserable. My experience of the world enabling me to see that, I consider it a most serious reason why I should for my daughter's sake protest

against such a union."

"Quite right, my dear madam, and there is no reason why you should not protest. At this moment I am not prepared with authorities, but I have no doubt that Eve protested when her bairns were about to wed. At any rate it has been the privilege of mothers to protest ever since her time; and it has been the deplorable habit of children to mate with the folk they like best in spite of the protest. You have not made out your case, I am afraid."

"But you said that a mother's control was

unlimited."

"Exactly—for good. But how can you say that your opposition to her settlement with the man of her choice is for her good? Is be a blackguard? Is he a beggar? know John Armour and I know that he is neither one nor the other. You must find a better reason than that before I can keep my promise and show you how to break off the match."

"I want her to marry a gentleman of position,—the scion of an ancient family, who has been long courting her and has asked for

her hand in marriage.

There was a short pouse and then the

minister gravely:

"Now, that is a real sensible and, therefore, understandable reason, and I can show you how to put all things right m once."

" How?" she inquired eagerly.

"Go to Armour himself, and I will pledge my faith in human nature that if you satisfy him your daughter will be happier with another man than with him, he will not only withdraw from the list of competitors for her. hand, but will help you with all his power to make her happy.

Mrs. Musgrave rose. Not the minister's argument, but a fancy of her own made her

approve the course he now proposed.

"I will see Mr. Armour," the said condescendingly; "Thank you."

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"I would just like to know why that should be," said the minister.

THE GOLDEN SHAFT.

By CHARLES GIBBON, AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAV," " For Lack of Gold," sic.

CHAPTEN XXVIII .- MANCEUVRING.

THE minister conducted the stately dame to her carriage, and she was particularly gracious as she chatted about the weather. "Did Mr. Moffat think it would rain to-day?" "The evenings are becoming very cold now, are they not?" "We shall soon be into winter again. Dear me, what a short summer this seems to have been." Then she reiterated her thanks effusively and drove away, leaving the minister standing at his gate looking after her with an amused yet puzzled expression.

There was the long yellow-grey road stretching down to the village through its channel of larch, and hawthorn hedges, and loose stone dykes, through the houses and winding over the billowy fickly beyond, now disappearing altogether behind some dark plantation and again flashing out like a streak of sunshine across the deep green pastures.

The picture was familiar to him; but he was always discovering new graces in it-new combinations of light and shade, when the trees were bare, waving skeleton arms and tience; "you are like the rest: in everything fingers over the white ground or over the except life we all want the lastly first. In fields bespeckled with flowers of snow and our tortunes, which we always expect to indiamonds of frost; through the periods of bud and blossom to the full foliage; or when. as now, the fallen leaves danced and trembled like narrow brown streamlets along the roadsides with many splutterings across the open way, whilst overhead was a glory of many colours in the sunlight.

But at this moment the minister's vision was fixed upon that one object now fast disappearing; the carriage conveying Mrs. Musgrave straight to Armour's mill-from the tall chimney of which the smoke rose darkly in the clear air, swaying towards the approaching visitor one moment as if to welcome her, and the next swirling back as if come to that?"

shrinking from her.

"Now is that silly woman going to make it spoken." mischief between two sensible young folk? She a giddy old body; but nevertheless it is one of the most wonderful mysteries of human life how it comes about that wee things have been endowed with such great powers of doing harm."

"Am I to yoke Dawnie the-noo, or are you gaun to wait till after dinner?

Matthey Kirkpatrick was the speaker and Dawnie was the minister's pony.

" Meat and mass hinder no man, Matthey, as you are well aware, and therefore I think we'll bide till after dinner. The more readily as, if my nostrils do not deceive me, there is a sweet sheep's head in Jean Morrison's pot. Meanwhile I want you to read me a riddle,"

" Hoots, I hae nae time for bairns' play. I want to get a heap o' thee plants potted

afore nicht."

" Ay, but bide a wee, Matthey, bide a wee. This is no bairns' play, but matter for most serious consideration. It is a subject which has occupied the mind of the wisest and the simplest since the days of Adam; and 🖩 still remains like the philosopher's stone-an unsettled problem, still attracting all men to the endeavour m solve it, and still compelling wise men in their age to own that their endeavours have been vain. Firstly, Solomon

"Oh, skip the beads, minister, and come to lastly, an' in conclusion first, or I'll never

get through my wark."

"Just so, just so," continued the minister placidly and amiling at his hearer's impacrease, we strive for the lastly, and in our misfortunes we cry for it. But in this particular matter, as we e'en must end where we began, I will unfold to you at once the trouble of my mind-I am vastly exercised to comprehend what a woman means."

Matthey looked at his master with a slight frown as if suspecting that he was trying to make fun of him; but seeing that the minister was perfectly serious, his expression became

one of lofty wonderment and pity,

"Eh, minister, has it come 🖿 that! You wantin' to ken what a woman means! Eb, minister, minister, wi a' your learnin' hae you

"It's true, Matthey, with humiliation be

"To think that you would fash your head seeking to ken what a woman means! She never kens hersel' and how can onybody che ken. You might as weel try to find out what airt the wind will be blawin' this time a bunner yezra hence."

"I believe that would be the casier task of the two. Thank you, Matthey. I daily learn to appreciate your wisdom more and more, and will not waste time in the futile

was so clear and resolute. Most certainly the day of serfs was over. "And about the sort of understanding there was between

you."

"The understanding is perfectly clear, Mrs. Musgrave, me the Fiscal, Ellie, and myself. I intended to speak to you to-day or to-morrow. Your visit has forestalled me only by a few hours. The understanding is this—that as soon as arrangements can be properly made, Ellie and I are going to be married."

And he stood there and told her that to her face and there was not an earthquake! That horrid machinery went on with its dull din as if nothing implying a social revolution had been spoken. It was incomprehensible how the world could mo on in such a state of things.

"That is the subject, Mr. Armour; and I regret to say that you cannot have my con-

sent m any such foolish step.

"I don't see anything foolish about it and neither does she," exclaimed the lover, contentedly.

"But, Mr. Armour, it cannot be," she said

with pitcous earnestness.

"Why not, Mrs. Musgrave?" The man's obtuseness was dreadful.

"I have told you that you cannot have my consent, and Ellie will not marry anyone

without it."

Thereat Armour was silent; for he could well understand that Ellie's sense of duty might even carry her so far as to submit to the unreasonable command of her mother that she should not marry him—he knew that nothing would induce her to accept Then he had somehow imbibed a little of the old-world superstitious respect for parental authority, and he did not like to enter into single combat with her on this subject. If he had to defend himself, he would rather do it in the presence of the whole family.

Mrs. Musgrave misunderstood his silence

and took courage.

"I know, Mr. Armour, that it must be difficult—perhaps impossible for you to comprehend why I should refuse to consent; and I can quite fancy you may even doubt my word when I tell you that I refuse because I love my child and because I believe that her future happiness would be minred by the union you propose."

She rose and there were tears in her ey. There was no mistaking that sign of genue feeling, however stiff her words might

and Armour was troubled.

4 Are you quite sure that you are | better judge than herself and her father as to her prospect of happiness with me?" he asked

buskily and looking down.

"I am perfectly sure of it. I am a woman and have had experience of the world. I have had more time than you or my husband can have had to think of these matters, and to observe their progress in the case of others; and I am satisfied that, cruel as it may seem to you both now, I am acting with the truest kindness towards you in doing all in my power to prevent your marriage with my daughter."

"But, why, Mrs. Musgrave, why?" he

asked, a little bewildered,

"There are so many so many delicate points in all such matters that I cannot easily explain myself. But there is no dis-respect to you, Mr. Armour. Far from it. I prove my high respect for you in coming to you to ask you to help me to secure the happiness of my child."

He looked up astounded by this extraordinary appeal. But for her tears and her carpesiness he would have laughed at the

absurdity of it.

"But, Mrs. Musgrave, how can you expect me to help you to do what would make me miserable and what I believe to be wrong?"

"I do not expect you to take my view of it at once—that would be more than any one could expect. What I ask is very simple, and if you are the gentleman I take you to be you will not refuse to grant it."

"I will gladly do anything except give up

of my rounded him.

" No, you cannot do that at my request— I never thought you could. All I ask is, that you will make no public announcement of an engagement for a little while, until you have had time to study her character more intimately and she has had time to—time to in fact time to make up her mind."

"We can wait," he exclaimed, with intense relief, "if that is all you require and it will

give you any satisfaction." "Ah, that is so kind of you-id he could of you, Mr. Armony; but there to her than which the country to have the than which the country in his own house, for he pointed be surrounded by all the coarse my be surrounded by all the coarse chinery of his trade. Not that she exsected him to fail in courtesy anywhere : ha and proved at the Dinwuddies that he could be agreeable. But she fancied that her appeal would be the more effective when he felt the contrast between her own dignified, to refined person and the things which sur"If any such thing should occur I would

the first to cry off."

"That is sensible—so very kind. You don't know how much good it has done me to have this chat with you—how I wish that I had come wou at the first. But now, Mr. Armour, you understand that the most important thing of all is to prevent folk talking. Should the least hint of an engagement be given, it would become the talk of the town in a few hours. You know how people will talk, and if you could only think how many well-meaning couples are forced into miserable marriages because they are afraid of the scandal a breach would make! It wrong—it is wicked,"

"You may be quite sure Ellie and I will

not commit that wickedness."

"Yes, but we must avoid gossip, we must avoid scandal. And if you would—oh, Mr. Armour, if you only would tell the Fiscal that you do not want the matter to be made public yet awhile, you would make me so

happy.

i'I will mention your wish and tell him that I can see no objection to it. Ellie would like everything to be arranged as privately as possible. We have both a dislike to have matters which are sacred to us turned into the gossip and foolish jest of the place. Inteful, and yet I dare say some folk like it. We don't, however."

How persistently he would speak of "we" or "Ellie and I." And here was a dreadful misapprehension of Mrs. Musgrave's meaning! The man was talking as if she were discussing the arrangements for his marriage with her daughter, not how the possibility of such an event was to be kept out of sight

altogether.

"But, Mr. Armour, you must not tell Mr. Musgrave that is my wish: you must tell him as if it was your own, that there should be no public declaration until everything is quite settled. I am anxious not to say anything that might cause you the least pain, but self-pu can understand that there are reasons she would ances—which make me desire, very respect, the effethat for the present at least my keep his place my. "A gentamish would not be require such adventitious aids.

So, she was again gracious and digme, when she took the chair Armour offert he

her.

"I see you are surprised, Mr. Armour, and indeed you could not help being so at my presence here. I assure you I would not have disturbed you for any less reason than the one which brings me here."

said with a gracious smile as she held out her hand. "We have precisely the same object in view, and that is enough to make us good friends. I tell you it will tend very much to Ellie's happiness if we can avoid fuss and goasip at present; I depend entirely upon your skill and judgment to protect us from them."

"I will do my best."

Mrs. Musgrave was delighted: her clever idea was so far a complete success.

"Thank you again, and so many times. I cannot tell you what a load you have taken off my mind. Ah. Mr. Armour, men can never understand the anxieties which beset a mother who has a due sense of her responsibility in fostering and guarding the happiness of a daughter."

He accompanied her to the carriage, and as she was driven away she gave him a more gracious how than she had ever given him

before.

Armour was delighted too; for it seemed that he had completely won the good graces of Ellie's mother by simply agreeing to do what he would have done in any case—try to avoid goesip! She was a singular woman.

CHAPTER XXIX.—IN SAFE HANDS.

Hs could not get into the humour of those figures again immediately after the departure of his unexpected visitor. He was to see Ellie that evening, and it would be such pleasant news for her that the fear which had oppressed them both of the difficulty they would have in dealing with her mother need no longer have a place in their thoughts.

Mrs. Musgrave was satisfied. She only preferred a reasonable request—amounting to no more than that before they should be assured of its constancy. What a laughing reel those figures danced; and how entirely their plain business purport was changed for the moment into that symbols of mirth to the eyes of this confident lover. How unjust they had been Mrs. Musgrave in their doubt of her readiness to sacrifice her own prejudices as soon as she should be convinced that in doing so she would be promoting her daughter's welfare.

He felt disposed to throw aside these papers and run away at once with the good news to Ellie. But that would never do; he could not afford to shirk the unpleasant task he had before him. They would find time somehow to talk it all over in the evening.

M So he made another effort pursue with yo clear vision the intricacies of those important

figures, and to decipher the proofs of past and prospective success or faiture which lurk in every balance-sheet, although visible only to the eyes of the initiated. Somehow the items which had been suggestive of possible disasters did not appear to be half so threatening now as they did before Mrs. Musgrave called.

The result of his labour was not satisfactory and he was glad at length to pass the papers

into the hands of his cashier.

"It will take me a couple of days to make a thorough examination," he said. "I don't

like the look of some of the items."

"There are a lot of them that do not please me," said Mr. Oswald, taking a pinch of snuff after elaborate preparations with his anuff-box and silk handkerchief.

He was a white-haired man of sixty, thin, shap-featured, and solamn. He had been casher for the last thirty years to each successive tenant of the Thorniebowe Paper Mills. As one after the other had failed he had retited, only to take his place again as if he were an immovable part of the building itself. He had suffered a kind of stolid distress at each bankruptcy, and the one hope of his his now was to die whilst the mill was in full work and his master solvent. He beheved that his hope was me be realised.

Armour want homeward by the Green. He had not for weeks experienced such a sense of peace as he did that afternoon; he was even indifferent to the east wind.

The aspect of two subjects of troublous thought had materially changed for the better. In the first place he was now able to see the way movercome the dreaded opposition of Ellie's mother more rapidly than he had hoped. In the second place, he knew that Thorburn was under the care of trustworthy hands; and that had comforted thannie as well as afforded another proof of the Fiscal's friendship—for it was he who had found him.

He came to the house on the Saturday night, and was pleased although surprised to find Armour just returned from Kirkend-

luight.

The latter could not help observing that the Fiscal looked pale and fatigued. There was the same curious expression on his face as on the night when he arrived late at Torthoil, where Armour had been awaiting him to seek his aid in discovering Thorburn.

"I have found him," he said, "but he is not well. He got his head hurt, and may die." The voice was low, steady, and cold as he

gave this information.

"Let me gang to him this minute," said Grannie calmiy, at she rose to her feet.

"No, Mrs. Armour, you cannot go yet. There is as much to fear from the state of his mind as from that of his body—probably more: he so dreads being found by any of as that the doctor bids me say he is convinced that the shock of seeing you, or Armour or myself would be instantly fatal."

"Puir bain, puir bairn, to turn that way against his best frien's," murmured Grannic resignedly, as if she were speaking of a hope-

lessly refractory child.

"Now, I want you to trust me with the

management of him for a few days."

"He canna be in better hands since he winna let us do anything for him," said Grannic. "It's something to ken he's in safe keeping."

Ellie had asked him to trust her father, and Armour simply added to Grannie's

words—

"We will act in every way as you may direct us, Mr. Musgrave. Perhaps afterwards when he recovers and hears of your kindness to him at this time, he may be able to tell you himself that he is grateful."

The Fiscal went on as if he had not heard

the latter speech,

"I have done what I could for his comfort at present and I hope to-morrow to get him removed to more suitable quarters than those he has been hiding in until now. I shall see that he wants for nothing. Daily reports will be brought to us of his progress, and as soon as it can be brought about, with as little danger to him as may be, you will be allowed to see him. But make your mind easy regarding him, Mrs. Armour. Nothing more can be done for him."

That was all the information he had to give; but the relief of knowing that the man was still alive and under proper care was

enough.

Amour knew Campbell's farm, and thought it a good resting place for Thorburn. As was rest that was chiefly required for him, and as the place was of his own choosing, there could be no doubt that the course pointed out by their friend was the right one, namely, to leave him for the present to his own whims, care being taken that so should not lack any of the comforts essential his recovery. Since arrangements with that view had been made the kindest thing they could do for him was to remain quiet.

The only reference the Fiscal made to Kirkcudhright was mexpress his catisfaction that Armour had come home at the moment

fugitive. He did not mention Ellie or Mrs. This Armour attributed to his Musgrave. fatigue and did not thrust the subject upon him. On the following days brief messages were brought for Grannie's comfort to the effect that all was going well and there was no additional cause for uneasiness.

Grannie was satisfied, and Aimour could not be otherwise. He made no attempt to unalyze his own feelings, but he knew that what feeling he had was still for the man

Thorburn, not for the parent.

He did not like that subject, but it forced its way into his mind at intervals. And always he seemed were as in a faintly remembered dream the shadowy form of a woman. He never could see the form distinctly, but there were two sad pitiful eyes shining clearly upon him through the white mist as if pleading that he should think of her tenderly. And he did give gentle and kindly thoughts to that mother he had never known whose story, whatever might be the rights of it, must tuve been a sorrowful one, Somutimes. looking in Ellie's face, the shadow would flit across his mind, leaving a wondering question nehind—was there any possible combination of circumstances which could make him cloubt her truth! Could she by any inrenuity of blundering make him turn from her in mad rage and hate as his father had turned from that sad woman in the mist?

The answer was passionately prompt—No -No-his whole nature cried out against the

his love.

Then he kissed her with such sudden vehemence that he almost frightened the blush-

ing and smiling girl by his fervour.

The sunshine which she made in his life was too pure, too bright ever to be darkened by any cloud from within themselves. Worties and troubles they were already experiencing, and there would be more to come no doubt, but they would be borne calmly on the Atlas shoulders of their love.

With Grannie he had beld scarcely any conversation on the subject. The instinctive shrinking from it which had kept him silent when he knew nothing had become intenaified by what he had learned from his father. He did not wish to hear more about that miserable past unless I might be that he could learn his mother had been innocent and that there had been some extenuating circumstances in his father's conduct.

when he was able to give him news of the Graham. She had said that she could take the curse off his shoulders; and vague as the words were. Armour timidly admitted to himself—timidly, because it seemed such folly to attach the slightest importance in themthat they set him thinking of how it might be that Thorburn was less guilty than any one believed him to be.

> But he did not question Grannie. knew that if there had been anything to clear his mother of blame she would have told it in spite of any prejudices she might have in her son's favour. But the most she had

ever said was-

"Puir lass, he was ayt ill to do wi, and she didna tak' the right way wi' him. Puir

lass, she was san fashed."

There was comfort m thinking that his mother had been much tried, and he did not wish to know more. And so he could answer with kindly thoughts those appealing eyes which shone on him through the mist.

He believed that it was best not to inquire too curiously into the past, since he could do no more than he was doing to redeem it.

"I think it is not selfish fear which makes me wish to let these matters be," he said to M1. Moffat. "At any rate I have put my motives on trial again and again, and believe

that I am bonest to myself' "Ay, most folk think that—every rogue thinks it," rejoined the minister; "and it's a great blessing. We would be miserable creatures if it were not for our unconscious self-conceit. Vanny is in our blood, and possibility of such a monstrous inversion of just as the blood may be spoiled by an excess of adipose tissue, so it may be spoiled by adi-The most vain often think pose vanity. themselves the most modest in accourance with their own estimate."

"When we are really trying in our secret thoughts to be honest to ourselves, surely we

may be.

"It's clean impossible to be perfectly honest even to one's self about one's self. With every possible desire m grasp Seli and comprehend him, there is always a shadowy Ego prompting us to tell a lie about the other fellow... When we have caught hold of this shadow the mere effort projects another shadowy Ego claiming honours for the cadeavour and blinding us to our faults of judgment. And so we may go on without ever reaching the last atom of Self that we wish to find. The atomic theory in physics would be the equivalent of this in morals. That brings us back to the old saw which This latter possibility had been suggested cuts so many Gordian knots—we must e en to him by the strange ravings of poor Miss do the best we can according to our lights."

He was doing the best according to his lights, and as with him muscle held nerve well in control he was not visited by any morbid nightmares of doubt and hesitation, although he would sometimes pause to question the wisdom of his course. So, he waited in readiness for the moment when he might be called to action on Thorburn's account; and he trusted to the Fiscal for the call to be made at the first sign that he could be of use.

Meanwhile he could be happy thinking afforded by the visit of Mrs. Musgrave.

Grannie did not rejoice over that visit as he thought she ought to have done. He could not get her to see that what he had been requested to do was only what he wished do-to avoid gossip; and to understand that there was an immense deal gained in having arrived at a thorough understanding with Ellie's mother. That would enable him to speak freely sher about the future, and would in any case enable him to understand her and she him. They could not expect her to be pleased with the match at the first. Ellie and he had known that and had been greatly troubled to discover how they were to act in regard to her. Even the Fiscal had been a little anxious on the subject, and now she came forward herself to telieve them of all trouble and to ask only a little consideration for her view of things. She was entitled to that and he thought it was exceedingly kind of her to deal with him in this straightforward way.

"I daresay it's a' right," said Grannie. shaking her head and smiling at his enthu-

sighn; "and hhope it anny be."

The minister called expecting to find Armour in need of condolence and was amazed to hear his report of Mrs. Musgrave's friendliness.

"You know that she does not want Ellie to marry you," said Mr. Moffat, much per-

plexed.

"Of course. I knew that all along, and that is why I admire her frankness in coming straight to me and explaining the conditions which would enable her to set aside her prejudices. She only wants to be sure of Ellie's happiness; and as I want to be sure of the same thing I will do anything in reason that she may require."

"She is a curious woman," said the minister, thoughtfully. " Matthey is right, it's nonsense stood her, for my notion was that she would do anything rather than let you have her

daughter."

Then when Armour was about ■ start for Torthori, this note came from his future mother-in-law,-

"Dear Mr. Armeur,

" I am obliged to ask you to postpone the visit you intended to pay us this evening. Family affairs render it most desirable for us to be alone.

"Remember, I quite look upon our conversatien to-day as forming a compact between us about Ellie and rejoicing in the relief for Ellies happiness, and I wunt upon your kınd assistanıcı.

> "Ever yours most faithfully, " E. MUSGRAVE,"

Armour was greatly puzzled and disappointed, but of course he obeyed,

CHAPTER XXX.—ANOTHER TRIUMMI.

Such a thing had never been heard of before. Indeed it used to be one of Mrs. Musgrave's principles of marital duty that she would never disturb her husband at his office except on a matter of life or death. And she had never done so.

But there was Mrs. Musgrave's carriage at the door of the Fiscal's office, and there was Mrs. Musgrave herself stepping out of it.

This was her second visit in one day to a place of business, and she marched in with an air of proprietorship in the whole establishment.

Although she had never before honoured the office with a visit she was known to the clerks, and they looked as if they thought that a matter of life or death were involved in the event of her coming. One hastened to inform the Fiscal of the strange arrival, and another, advancing, timidly inquired if he might offer her a chair-he dare not go through the usual formula of saying with supercitious indifference-

"Have you an appointment? What is

your business?"

There were six clerks in this outer office, two of them apprentices. The six were unanimous in treating ordinary visitors with that discourtesy which by some mental twist the underlings in office imagine enhances their own importance and upholds the greatness of their master. They were equally ppanimous in subservience to an extraordinary visitor.

The second clerk had scarcely accomto seek her meaning. I must have misunder- plished his feeble proffer of a chair and received the stately bow declining it, when the first returned, and Mrs. Musgrave was shown the way into her husband's private office.

The Fiscal also treated her as an extraordinary visitor. If she had been the Lord President of the Court of Session himself who had unexpectedly, appeared in the office he could not have received her with more profound courtesy.

He rose from his place, took her hand and conducted her
a seat, bowed, and stood as if waiting for the commands of some high dignitary. But she was used
his ways, and all this only made her feel nervous and intable in the presence of the confidential clerk, who sat like a piece of the furniture.

"Praise undeserved, is satire in disgnise," was her feeling, and if she had only had the phrase handy she would have used it. As it was she said sweetly—she was still full of the glory of her complete victory over Armour—

"You know that only a matter of the very gravest importance would have brought me here. I shall not detain you many minutes, but we must be alone, if you please."

" Adamson."

The confidential clerk glided silently out of the room, as a shadow moves away when

the position of a lamp is changed.

"I trust you do not come to consult me in my professional capacity, madam," continued the Fiscal, maintaining the attitude and manner of one who is addressing some distinguished personage,

"I come to speak to you in your position a father and a husband, and I beg of you

to he serious," she said earnestly.

"The position is a very serious one," he replied gravely, but there was a glimmer of his wicked smile in the corners of the eyes indicative of his enjoyment of the surprise which her reception excited. "I heard that you had both reached home safely or I might have thought that something had befallen Ellie when I saw you here."

Mrs. Musgrave got up and laid ber hand on his arm. There were tears in her eyes real tears, for she was very much in earnest. He felt that they were real and became

slightly uneasy.

You know that something has happened to Eilie, and it is not too much to ask that my views may be considered in the matter. You cannot desire her happiness more than I do, and it is impossible for you to know her ways so well as I do—I who am constantly with her."

The Fiscal was not prepared for either the tears or the simple carnestness with which

she spoke.

"You had better tell me at once what all this is leading up to," and good-naturedly.

"It leads to this, Richard—that you and I are almost separated because we seek measure her future in different ways: you think II will be safest in Mr. Armour's keeping; I think it will be safest in Mr. Fenwick's. Can we not join hands III we ought to do in this matter and try between us to find out what is best for her?"

"We ought to do so, and I will try," he said. "But, you see, Armour has proposed and I have accepted him, subject to her

approval."

"Mr. Ferwick has proposed and I have accepted him, subject to her approval. You may differ with me regarding him, but you cannot deny that he has family and position,"

"Both very excellent things in their way, I am bound to admit; but they do not overcome the important fact that Ellie prefers

Armour, and so do I."

"I do not intend a question your preference or your grounds for it—although I do not believe her preference to be so firmly established as yours. Let us take all reasonable measures to prevent her making mistake—that cannot be more than it is right for me to desire."

"Of course not, guidwife," he said, resuring his customary easy manner; "but you puzzle me to make out what you want. They have my consent; you know the only conditions on which I will withdraw it—one of them must ask me."

"Perhaps they may both ask you; but, whether or not, there can be no harm in a little delay. Will you agree not to hasten

the marriage?"

" I am not likely to do that."

"And not to speak of it out of doors?"
"I am not likely to do that either."

Then that is all I want. I do not believe this will ever be a match, and I am anxious that killie should not be talked about. Mr. Armour himself does not wish to have the subject talked about more than can be helped. He is indeed as anxious as myself that it should be kept quiet."

n EP 5 a

Conviction inspires he feeblest declaration with a degree of force, and so Mrs. Musgrave's reference to Armour elicited that long-drawn, questioning exchanation. She had touched unwittingly a hidden spring of his thought, and for an instant the heavy cychrowa were lowered.

Could Armour suspect anything, and was

"How do you know what Armour wishes?" he inquired calmly.

" I have just come from him."

"And it his wish that the engagement hould not be spoken about?"

" He said so.

"Well, it is easy to gratify him and you oo, for I had no intention of sending the sellman round with the news. or other reasons than you are aware of that ve should all be silent regarding this matter or the present."

"I am glad, Richard, that we both see it n the same light at last-I have been so niserable. You must speak to Ellie this evening, and try to convince her that we are ill studying her happiness and nothing else."

Mrs. Musgrave was a proud woman as he drove home that afternoon. She had | nade a triumphal progress and laurels expect. cemed to be sprouting all over her bonnet. l'o Ellie she did not speak a great deal, but he gave her the impression that something of ital importance had occurred.

"Mr. Armour will not be here this evenng," she said with much significance; "but our father will speak to you when he comes iome. You need not be alarmed, Ellie. We are only thinking of your welfare."

The well-meaning counsel-" don't be larmed," generally produces the opposite fact to that intended, and it always suggests he presence of danger even when there is no

uspicion of any impending.

Ellic could not help being alarmed and erplexed. To begin with, it was a disapointment not to be permitted to see Armour hat evening, and there was no clear reason thy he should be kept away. Then ber sother's conduct was so mysterious, and the itimation that her father was to speak to her then he came home combined to suggest at something very unusual had occurred.

And, above all, there was that announcetent which from her earliest recollection had cen always associated with disagreeable flairs-that was the announcement that amething or other was being specially done for her good." Anything resembling that hrase used to frighten her in childhood, and tis evening somehow she experienced the une feeling she remembered so well. She as frightened and did not know why.

She wearied for her father's coming so that ne might learn what it all meant; but, as lings will happen contrariwise as if to disess the more those who are already troubled aough, he was unexpectedly detained until ,

late hour.

In her own room there was a cheerful fire, nd for a little while she sat before it, a book | be perfectly satisfied with me."

in her hand which she did not open. She was seeing strange phantoms in the sparkling coal; and by-and-by, as she slowly undressed,

those phantoms haunted her.

She had not been able to make anything of her mother's strange ways that day; but now, piecing her fragmentary observations together, she found in them such bewildering indications of determined opposition le lover, that she could see no way | pleasing Yet she was a kind mother and she wanted to please her, but-

"It's no use trying," sobbed Ellie, as if

she abandoned hope.

For it seemed plain enough that the only way to please her was to sacrifice her love. Surely that was more than a mother ought to

A hand touched her head softly.

"What are you so downcast for, Ellie?"

said her father.

With a little hysterical cry of pleasure she sprang into his arms and clung to hum, as one drowning clings to a rescuer. They remained so for a few moments. Then he-

"Come and sit down and let us see what

all this coil is about."

He took an easy-chair by the fire, she drew a hassock close to him, clasped her hands over his knee, and looked up anxiously in his face, whilst he passed his hand gently over her head and through the long fair hair which fell like a cape about her.

"You ought to have been fast asleep by this time, and not spoiling your face with greetin'. What do you mean by it?"

" Mamma-

She stopped, and he completed the sentence.

"Has been worrying you and has kept Armour away. Ah, well, never heed; your mother means kindly, and maybe it is better that he should not come here at present."

"But she wants me 🔳 give him up altogether, and I can never do that. You do

not want me to do that?"

"No, and I hope there will be no need to think of it. But you have the hard lesson to learn like other folk, my lass, that the things we most want are often the very things we cannot have."

There was a note of hesitation in his voice

which startled her.

- But you are not going to draw back,

papa-you are satisfied with him !"

"Oo ay, perfectly satisfied with him; but wonderful as it may sound wyou and to your mother, it is possible that he might not



"It s we see trying," sobbe a Like, as if the quite shouldered bego

her face, and it was like the first flash of sun-each book-case and exactly II the centre light after a shower.

"I will be his surety on that score, so long as you do not take me from him," she re-

joined archly.

He held up his finger in jocose admonition. "Never be caution for any man: the best may fail."

Although this was spoken in the old pleasant manner, she had a vague feeling that there was something more serious it than she could understand or he cared to explain. But she became somewhat resssured as he continued, and explained to her how they were to be very secretive about her engagement, as it would please the mother and do them no harm.

But as he was going away there was that

note of hesitation in his voice again.

things may happen."

neck and she was looking earnestly in his tents, and speculated upon what they might face—he gazing down fondly into hers, be. He looked up again at those cold-faced Under the reassuring amile with which he judges and advocates and they were still regarded her there was apparent an expression ' frowning. of sorrow.

He kissed her as he said "Good night," and this was the second time since these peculiar rather by your way of putting it than troubles began that he had thus manifested, by anything I see in the case itself. his affection. Her distress had brought the underlying gentleness of his nature to the do in the ordinary course as Lord Advo-urface. As a rule he "couldna be fashed cate," and at the same time to speak as one wi' that palavers"-but it was because he faiend to another. Business and friendship covered what was really shyness by a pre- never mix well; but I will see what can be tence indifference.

Ellie was comforted, she was not going to that strange look of sadness on her father's letter gives me is that you have some poor

tace.

CHAPTER MEXIL-" A SENTENCE; COME, PREPARK."

hun the smile faded from his countenance; according to moral law might be none at all altogether. Every step he took away from in the eyes of the Court of Session. her door became heavier; and when he entered the library his head was bowed, his shoulders bent, and there was an expression as of settled gloom upon his face.

Here as at his office there was an atmosphere of scrupulous order: it was a cold and him. They quarrel. A. has a momentary uncomfortable atmosphere. Every straight- impulse to throttle B., but instantly regains backed chair occupied in fixed place with a his wits and simply flings him from him and self-assertive air of rectitude; the clean grey | runs away. and yellow backs of the law-books which "B., however, has fallen upon a sharp lined the walls were like the keen faces of instrument and is so injured that he dies lawyers watching a case, the gold letterings from the effects.

At this absurdity the smile came back to being their glittering eyes. On the top of was a full-sized bust of some eminent judge or advocate.

> As he moved slowly to the table and sat down, he was like a man taking his place at the har for trial. His heavy brows were knit, and for some time he sat staring hard at an unopened letter which he had placed Then when he on the table before him. lifted his eyes, the lawyers and judges seemed to be looking down upon him frowning.

> "Ay," he muttered, as addressing them, " it would be hard for her to give hun up. Must she do it? . . . My poor bairn."

There was a sound in the room as of a heavy sigh, and the gloom on his face seemed to deepen. With mechanical precision of movement he opened the letter which he had placed on the desk, cutting the envelope "You see we never can tell what queer with a paper-knife so that the large official seal was left unbroken. He held the letter Iller hands were now clasped round his in his hand without seeing a word of its con-

Then with lips closed tightly he read:

"The case you submit to me is rendered

"You ask me to decide upon it as I should done for you.

"You do not say whether or not the case is thandon hope yet; but she was haunted by | purely hypothetical; but the impression your fellow in your mind's eye whom you want to help out of a difficulty. You must, however, in advising him—and I am surprised to be , obliged to give you this warning-be careful As the door of her room closed behind; not to forget that what may be a crime

"As I understand it from your statement A. meets B. accidentally. There an old grudge between them. A. frankly admits that he so thoroughly bates B, that he would feel no compunction whatever in murdering

"Supposing it could be proved that A. had committed the assault with intent to murder, and the result-death-followed, although A. in the course of the assault altered his mind and wished mavoid the crime, it would be difficult for a jury to bring in any other verdict than guilty. Granting the intent and the result, it would be impossible for any one except the man himself decide where the element of accident came in | clear the incident of crime.

" It would be a pretty point for an advo-

"You tell me there were no witnesses whatever. In that case I do not see how you could bring any charge home to the man except on his own confession and the statement of the person assailed. denounced him you are bound to put the man on his trial.

"But the case is altogether a delicate one, and a most disagreeable one, if, as you say, A, is a man who has led a reputable life. hope it is wholly hypothetical. If it is not you must give me a more detailed statement of all the circumstances involved in it."

The Fiscal leaned back 🖺 his chair and

closed his eyes.

A mist gradually filled the room, and through the mist he saw a court of justice. There were the judges in their ermine and portentous wigs; here were the rows of eager-faced advocates, and behind them a crowd of spectators. He himself was the

panel on trial.

There was great sensation in the court; for the panel was a man who had been widely respected for his probity; who had long held a responsible legal position; and who had been regarded by many who believed they knew him intimately as one of such calm and even-balanced temperament that he was above the common passions of ordinary His judgment was so cool and clear that functionaries of high position had often said that III might have been one of the most distinguished judges of his time.

Yet here was this man now standing in the position of a common criminal-shown to be one subject to the commonest passions of uncultivated nature, whose outward hearing had been nothing more than a mask of exceptionally cunning manufacture.

that only themselves remembered it.

at the crime, and a low murmur of execration filled the court.

The respect which he had received in the course of his career rendered his guilt the more shameful and unpardonable. The panel stood there so calm that, to the crowd, he seemed insensible to the horror of his position; but the Fiscal could see into his heart and could feel its agony. He knew that the man was looking through the mists of the court at the stricken child whose whole life was destroyed by his act. It was the spectacle of her misery which made the position terrible to him.

Then in his anguish he pleaded for him-

"He has said nothing yet-I need not speak and condemn myself. Why should I speak and murder her as well as him? For it would kill her. I it punishment for my guilt that is required? No sentence that the court can pronounce can inflict upon me the thousandth part of the torture I am enduring."

"Be silent, then," said the advocate who was at his elbow. "There is no one to accuse you, except yourself. Without your own confession it would be impossible to convict you. Be silent-live-they will

marry and be happy."

"Ay," said the principal judge, looking down blackly, "they will be happy; they will have children; they will gather around them many friends; and one day the truth will become known and their added shame will make your guilt the deeper. It will not be one crime you have committed, but many. Speak at once, and let the court decide the question-guilty or not guilty."

He could not answer that, but the advo-

cate spoke again-

"You know that you are not guilty. You are allowing the sentiment of the past to prey upon your mind and induce it to take a morbid view of the case. You know that if it were not so, and if it were another man who stood on his trial before you, you would at once acquit him. Come, take a plain practical view of the affair. Your meeting practical view of the affair. with the man was accidental; you avoided him for months; you did try to control your passion—the result was a pure accident. Think of Ellie-you can see that the dearest hopes of her life are grafted on the lover This big, strong man had assailed and from whom your confession must separate murdered a poor, weak, half-witted creature her. Why should you bring this unnecessary for an offence committed so many years ago misery upon her, and upon her lover too, because of this muschance between you and The whole crowd seemed to rise in horror the man who has been a curse meverybody condition that he was not likely to live long, at any rate. Come, he practical Richard Musgrave, whose judgment has never yet judge's-called: been questioned in the case of other men, and acquit yourself."

Then there was a long silence, and the figures which surrounded him melted in the mist; but that of the frowning judge above him had not yet gone, and to him the

culprit made answer-

"Ay, I would have acquitted another man. I cannot acquit myself. I am guilty."

As that verdict was pronounced there fell a great silence on the place. The man's heart missed a beat, and that halt of the machinery of life, which was only a breath's space, seemed we represent a long lapse of time.

Then the strange, cold silence was succeeded by a loud murmuring of voices which rapidly swelled into the loud roazing of an angry sea that was rushing in upon him to overwhelm him and all that was his with its resistless fury.

Again there was a pause—such a pause as that before a mighty whirlwind swoops like a destroying angel over the earth. Then seemed to be walking a long distance through the midst of ruin, his footsteps faltering, his heart heavy with despair, and not a living creature to make a sign of comfort and I shall be ready to meet my fate." to him, or even of pity.

he knew that they were those of his advocate and the judge, although he could not see them

now.

One said—

happiness of your child is more than lite, is more than honour to you; you alone can nation of his office of Procurator Fiscal.

connected with him? He was in such a mar her happiness. Be dumb, then, and let her be happy; you alone will suffer."

But the other voice—the stern, unseen

"Be dumb, and he will speak before he dies. He will denounce you to the people as his assassin, and the period of grace will have passed-even those who love you will be unable to pity you. Speak at once and save yourself from the disgrace of falsehood."

The first voice, with a scornful laugh-

"Let him denounce you, if he will | You and he alone on earth know the truth. Answer you that he is a liar. Appeal you we your past against his wasted life, and the people will scorn him as one who, with his dying breath, would have wrought evil. All that you have done will plead for you: all that he has done will condemn him.

"And the curse that has marred his life will fall upon you-the curse of a lie," said

the solemn voice of the judge.

The place cleared again.

The Fiscal arranged paper before him and took pen in hand. Hill brows were knit, and there was a stern resolve in his expression.

"I know that he will speak as 100n as he has strength—maybe it will be some satisfaction to him to denounce me. I will arrange everything for him. His people will be there

Then he began write with his usual Out of that desolation voices spoke—and calm deliberation of manner. His pen continued to move steadily over the paper until

early morning.

When he finished, he placed two documents in separate official envelopes. The one was Wake, man, wake out of this mance—the his statement regarding the accident at Campbell's farm. The other was his resig-



SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

By PROPENSOR J. S. BLACKIE.

1.--SICKNESS.

AS when a sea-gull, customed long to sweep With breezy range from shimmering sea to sea, In revelry of wasture tair and free, O'er the broad bosom of the boundless deep; Him now an idle boy, after a storm, Hath caught, and pruned his wing, and closely barred All outlet from the farmer's narrow yard, Where he must hop about from worm to worm, A sorry sight to see. So me, once king Of thoughts far-stretching, and far-wandering ways, Mischance hath caught, and clipt my venturous wing, And chained me to a round of deedless days, With all life's organ-hymns of high desite Sunly to the creakings of a broken lyte!

IL-RECOVERY.

THERE now, thou faithless heart, learn once again To doubt thyself, and put thy trust in God, Whose virtue breathes live breath into the clod, And with a touch lures forth a golden vein Of joy from sadness! When one dismal blot Mars the blue sky, and wraps the day in night, Is the sun dead, for that thy little spot Glooms for an hour, uncheered by kindly light? O fool! fool! as soon may craft of man Dry up the swelling founts that richly pour From the broad flanks of Nevis Ben, as span The breadth of blessing Gon doth keep in store For whom He loves. His nature is to give, Thine - receive; this truth believe, and live!

DR. JOHN BROWN.

By WALTER C. SMITH, D.D.

FINE stock of Scottish preachers, be- his way-fust as a packman, then a village A fine stock of occurring parameters are schoolmaster—to be at last a minister and ginning with a Perthabline shepherd- schoolmaster—to be at last a minister and boy, found its perfect flower in the dainty professor of theology. He was never exactly and delicate humorist who, on the 11th of a popular preacher, yet his earnestness was May last, passed into the world where their such that it impressed even so cool a sceptic sun goes no more down. The first of the as David Hume. In him, too, we seem to race, John Brown of Haddington, taught find a trace of the quiet humour which dishimself Latin and Greek when watching his tinguished his great-grandson, if the story be slock among the green hills that look down true, that he used to tell the students in his on the Firth of Tay, and afterwards fought parting counsels to them, "If ye want grace,

want learning, ye may get that, too, by working for it; but if ye want common sense, I dinna ken where ye are to get it." His son, John Brown, of Whitburn, was a divine highly estermed in his day, author of several books of theology, but without the fresh pith which marked the writer of "The Self-Interpreting Bible." Still continuing the tradition of John Browns, the Whitburn John was followed by another who was first minister at Biggar in the upper ward of Lanarkshire, and afterwards in Edinburgh, where he attracted many of the more thoughtful and educated classes by his honest efforts rather to explain the Scriptures than to preach dogmas. A comparatively liberalminded man, as liberal as, in those years, it was possible for a "secession minister" to be, and still retain his pulpit, he did a good deal to break down hard doctrines of "limited atonement," and such-like extreme outworks of Calvinism, and was altogether a man of some mark in his day.

It was while he was minister of sleepy little Biggar that to him was born another John, our John, on the 22nd of September, 1810, by his first wife, Jane Nimmo. died early, and his father married again, yet not till many years after, and his experience of stepmothers led him to have a Eardly feeling for those who had to fill that delicate post. His father's second wife a Miss Crum of Thornlicbank, shared her lye equally between him and her own childin, and they, in their turn, were not less for of their wise and witty elder brother. I remember, one day last summer, that some girls wh talking to him in a girlish way against .epmothers, when he gently stopped them, sing, "You must not speak so, my dears. or if I had not had a stepmother, I shoulthever have had Alexander" (his brother), and what would I have done without him. It was in Edinburgh, whither he went wh he was ten years old, that he received all a education. Dr. Carson, then at the head of e High School, was something of a pedant, rdly a fit successor for Dr. Adam, yet a gr Latin scholar, and no bad Grecian for a Schman of those years. John Brown learned at least, we have a real love for classical rature, and a sufficient perception of its ellence, if he was not iamihar with its ellence, if he was not had for companions. There, too, he Inglis and Moncriden men as Lords Ainslie of whom hesides that Bob

ye may get | by praying for it; and if ye was somewhat younger, and to the last looked up to him with a kind of reverent affection "as an upper-form boy." Departing from the clerical tradition of the family, this fourth John Brown took medicine, and was apprenticed to Syme, of whom, alike as teacher and friend, he has given so pleasant a notice in his last published volume. When he was some eighteen years old-for in those days university education began with boys of twelve or thirteen-he went up to Chatham as assistant 🔳 a surgeon or physician there, and remained a year, brightening, I daresay, many a sick-bed by his sweet boyish face and his gaiety and sympathy, and, it # m be hoped, without avenging Flodden by much administration of "calomy and lodamy." In 1833 he graduated M.D., and at once began to practise in Edinburgh, where his father's name and connection ere long secured him a fair practice. 🔳 was never large, for after all, his heart was not exactly in it. He was too sensitive for the surgical branch of the profession, and, like most thoughtful physicians, had not much faith in medicine, though he was recognised in the profession to be a great doctor too. Indeed, we have heard such accounts of his professional skill, and especially of his fine "diagnosis," that we can only explain his very moderate success on the assumption that his heart lay more to art and literature than to feeling pulses and drawing fees. Certain it is that at its best his practice did no more than provide him with a very modest living. But with that he was quite content, caring chiefly to lay up the better riches of thought and wisdom and the love of all men,

Among his carlier literary efforts were some papers on art, notices of the Academy's annual exhibition in the Witness newspaper. John Brown had a fine feeling for art, and, like Notman MacLeod too, was fond of making rapid pen-and-ink sketches which hit off a character almost as nicely as his words could. When he was in good trim, one hardly got a hasty note from him without some scratch of this kind, brimming over with fun. His reviews at once showed that a new kind of art-criticism was rising among us, and that Ruskin's " Modern Painters" was already bearing fruit. One noted that there was an eye here able to see the artist's thought, if he had one, and to discover the genius of a Nocl Paton or a David Scott, even when it was still only struggling for expression which, Ainslie" of whom in eaks in "Rab and alas! in the latter case it never fully attained. his Friends," and Sir dore Martin, who Brown soon became an authority among painters, for he had a rare insight into what is true both in form and colour, and I doubt not that his influence helped not a little the progress which our Scottish art has made of late years. Harvey and Paton, and Duncan and D. O. Hill and Scott were close friends of his, and profited, all of them, by his appreciative criticism.

ciative criticism. But, after all, this was not the field where his real honours were 🖿 be won. He was essentially an essayist of the type of Addison and Charles Lamb, blending humour and pathos and quiet thoughtfulness, not inferior to theirs, with a power of picturesque description which neither of them had. For though city-bred, like Lamb, his delight was not "in the habitable parts of the earth," but in its lonely glens and by its quiet lakes, on Minchmoor, or in the Enterkin, or where Queen Mary's "baby garden shows its box-wood border grown into trees among the grand Spanish chestnuts in the Lake of Menteith. How it was that he came to find his right vein, I cannot tell; but its first "lode" produced the touching story of Rab and Ailie and Bob Ainalie, which at once gave him a foremost rank among our English humorists. One can hardly say whether it is more pathetic or humorous, for the smiles and the tears fight with each other all through; only in the end the cheerful feeling comes uppermost. Having opened such a vein, and opened so many hearts by means of it, whose purses also would have cheerfully opened for as much more of the same article as he chose to give them, one is rather astonished, in these days, to find that he did not work it to death. But Brown was afflicted with a profound self-distrust. He could not be persuaded that he was, in any sense, a great writer, or that he could do anything people would care to read. No amount of favourable reviews could change his idea permanently on that head. It might be pleasant for a moment to read them; it was kind, of course, in people to write them; but they gave him no encouragement by try his hand again. Not even Thackeray's letter, which he has published, or that of Wendell Holmes which appeared lately in the Sovisman, could make him at all believe that it was his clear duty to go on. Therefore his friends had very hard work to get him to take up his pen again. He would talk, and tell the most delightful stories, and make the gayest-hearted fun at pleasant social gatherings; and one longed to have a short-hand writer hid in

then so naturally flowed from him. But sit down and write, and still more to correct proofs, the very thought of seemed freeze him.

When Dr. Hanna became editor of the North British Review, in managed to get from his friend the article on Locke and Sydenham. The late Norman MacLeod also obtained for Good Words some popular lectures on Health, for he had more faith in hygiene than in medicine. But had not his publisher, Mr. David Donglas, kept most lovingly "peatering him," we should never have had even the very imperfect fragments that remain to tell what a rich and beautiful nature his was.

In a brief notice like this, we cannot, of course, attempt - do anything like critical justice to his work. That, we trust, will yet be done by some more fitting hand with ample time to do it. But "Rab and his Friends," "Pet Marjorie" and "Mystifications," " Jeemes " and "Our Dogs," John Leech," and "William Makepeace Thackeray," "The Child Garden," and the "Enterkin," will never cease ■ delight and to profit those who read them, whether they understand, or do not understand, the subtle cause of the pleasure they Jeemes the Beadle's family worship, feel. when he himself was all the family, with its fixed tune for each day of the week, whatever the psalm happened to be; Pet Marjorie's struggling thoughts, wrestling with limited ideas of spelling, and of what was proper language for a little miss to use, and the tender hand that touches her weakness is so lovingly; the various dogs who I .come almost human as this most human spirit traws out their several characters the old Aberdeenshire Jacobite family, and Miss Grahame of Duntrune, and indi d every bright picture he has painted for us will they not all hang in our mind's gallery smong our choicest treasures of art, which the more familiar they are, the more we sharytove to look on? There is one spirit in the all, and yet there is no sameness. Everywhere we find the same pathetic humour and humorous pathos, whether he is dealig with man or dog, and he seems to enter into the mind of both alike, with tender sychathy that gives him clear understanding. For he had that fine reverence which low with a kind of awe both up to the Credet and down to all his creatures.

delightful stories, and make the gayest-hearted fun at pleasant social gatherings; and one longed to have a short-hand writer hid in some cupboard near by to take down the wise, quaint, odd, and tender words which; a they have, and to the word of they are set divided."

Religious he was if the truet sense of the word. If a good may of the formulas of the some cupboard near by to take down the since the paper of writing he also has followed as fined to the word of age to. They were lovely and pleasant in their laws, and to the word of they are set divided."



fallen away from, or, at least, sat loosely on trust, it was uttered with the utmost gravity. ally God, and lived in the light of his cothtelance. Of course, his piety was the adverse of sour-was as sweet, and gentl, and loving as a pure spirit could be. It was not

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him, yet was he the true heir of all their faith and the fun was kept up as long as they and virtues. A more beautiful soul never could toss the light shuttlecock back. Nor) wheel out from a more beautiful face, and did it stop there. Little notes would come for days after-daily little notes, with illustrations of the joke, pen-and-ink illustrations of the quaint absurdity, enlarging and unfolding the original germ, till I grew to be really a part exactly the old Scottish piety, but it was still of one's life, which one talked of at breaklast, less the English kind; and, indeed, I know wondering what its next development would not that it belonged to any age, or to any be. The fancy seemed to take hold of him, Church, but just to John Brown; and to him it and grow from day to day, with fresh outwas perfectly natural and real. Always serious, comes of fun and fresh lights of humour, he was often even and; and yet what an almost as if he studied it, and yet a was only amount of playful, tricksy, wayward nonzense the veriest play of a spirit that tried make be would perpetrate, and even carry on for its world as merry-hearted as a could. For whole weeks on end! Some odd fancy would underneath that crisp froth of guiety there strike him, and being with those he could lay a great deep of solemn thought, which he tried to sound, and often found no bottom to it; and the midst of his " ouips and cranks" there were many wistful sighs to know the And over all there still hidden mystery. rose, and abided steadfast in his faith, laugh and jest as he might, the face of the Crucified, the ever-beloved, ever-trusted Image and

Glory of the Father.

Our somewhat formal and commonplace picty, therefore, did not find many points of contact with his mind, and rather held aloof from him, as he did also from it, not because he doubted its reality, but because it was narrow and strait-laced, which he could not Strait-laced folk never could comprehend him; thought him strangely loose, irreverent, unprofitable, though nothing would have profited them so much as get really for once close m his mind. It would have done them no end of good to learn how much true divine reverence could be under forms of speech quite alien to theirs, and how much yearning Christian love could express itself in ways wildly foreign to their lips. I wish I could remember half the quaint touching stories I have heard from him in illustration of this. He was an exquisite storyteller, quiet, simple, with a look in his face half-pawky, half-pathetic, which never failed to catch and keep the interest of the hearer. Other reconteurs, like Sir Daniel Macnee, had no particular point in their stories, or rather they were prickly all over with points, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," which in the end is all one as if they had no point at all. But John Brown's stories never failed to come to a distinct point, and leave a definite impression, so that, minus a great deal that belonged to him personally, they could still be tolerably well told by another, Those who could not pierce beneath the surface, and get at the deeper thought which they often oddly draped, were apt to be staggered by them, or, at any rate, they lost their real meaning. But most of his stories would bear twice thinking over; and the more you thought, the more you found in them, wondrous things often being wrapped up in their quaint dress. Consider, for instance, how much this implies. I forget now, for it is many years since I heard him tell at Craigerook, what exactly were the circumstances giving rise it-peril of a boat in a storm, or danger of a gig whose horse had madly run off, and become unmanageable : but whatever the risk was, it was enough to make one of the parties suggest his neighbour that, if he had a prayer he could pray, was high time to say it. And the answer

Lord's Prayer, and what is the good of that ?" Was it that there was no express petition there suitable for their circumstances; or that he had been from childhood so accustomed to that he had got to think of as only a "bairn's prayer," of no use grown men; or that our Scotch habits of thought have tended to evacuate that prayer of its meaning and power? You may ponder over it for a long while, and fail to get | the bottom of it; but rest assured there was strange deep import to John Brown in that question, "What's the good of that?" I remember, not many months ago now, and yet what has happened since makes it look me like years, for I have to gaze across "the valley of the shadow of death," and its bleak silence feels ever so vast-1 remember, as he paid me one of his frequent morning visits which broke with such a bright gleam of natural sunshine on the daily task of sermonwriting, that something led me to speak of the various motives which brought people to church, which were not always so noble as a desire to hear of the way of salvation, nor always so flattering I the preacher as he might fancy. And I adduced as an illustration a circumstance that had come under my notice long ago. One country clown was heard calling to his fellow on the Sunday morning: "Are ye gaun to the kirk to-day, Jock?" To which the reply was, "Na, I dinna think it. I has naething to tak' me. I hev tobacco." He had been wont to get his weekly supply of that weed at "the kirk town" on Sunday, and as he was now provided for, he saw no occasion to go up to the house of the Lord. Brown enjoyed the story very much, but seemed be set amusing by it on yet deeper matters, for after a little he said: "There is no connection exactly between them, but yet it reminds me of a story my old friend Coventry used to tell me. The minister was catechizing, one day, over in Kinross; and asked a raw ploughman Isil, 'Who made you?' which he answered correctly enough. Then another question was put, 'How do you know that God made you?" to which, after some pause and head-scratching, the reply was, 'Weel, sir, it's the common clash o' the country." "Ay," Brown added, "I am afraid that a deal of our belief is just founded on the good common clash o' the country; " and therewith he wrong my hand and went his way, having thoughts clearly in his head that he could not then utter. Nearly all his stories-and you hardly ever met him at a street-corner was, "I don't remember anything but the but one at least would quietly drop from him

meaning beneath the surface; they were not bitter fellowship of his Lord's darkest hours.

kindness,

All the more are those who knew him and loved him, and no one knew him but loved him, filled this day with a great sadness that the sweetest, purest, brightest of Scotland's with his presence no more. A truct, tenderer heart never heat; and now it has crased to beat for ever, and we are left to mourn. Yet there was and we willingly acknowledge it, not a little in his end assuage our grief. In his latter years he was often subject to mysterious clouds, overshadowings of great darkness, when his self-depreciation became something almost like despair. It was unspeakably painful to hear him cry, as he did sometimes, out of the depths, and to feel how little even the warmest love could do to comfort him. For no words of good cheer seemed to reach his darkened soul, and full of glory.

-had this pregnant character. They had a as he felt like one forsaken, and had the wit but humour; and they were full of human. He understood Cowper and loved him, but I think he did not write about him for that very reason, because he understood him only too well. Happily during the whole of last winter these desponding fits never, almost, visited him, "Towards sons has passed away, and will gladden us evening it was light." For the last dozen years, he had not spent on the whole so bright a time. Friends were made glad by frequent visits. He did not shrink from little dinner parties of choice old familiars, and was as happy at them as he made others, Nor were his last days burdened with long suffering or saddened with any disquietude of heart. The end came somewhat suddenly and very sweetly, surrounded by the fondest love, and endured in a patient hope, and perfect peace, and, like the morning star that shines out and disappears amid the light, he died away into the light that is inaccessible

"GOD IS LOVE."

BY THE VERY REV. J. J. STEWART PEROWNE, D.D., DEAR OF PETERSOROUGE.

THERE have been two very opposite found expression in those lines in which a philosophies of human life. The first German poet writes of his grave: the optimist philosophy of a selfish Epicureanism. It takes life as it finds it, and finds it on the whole very pleasant and very full of enjoyment. Its single aim is to get pleasure, case, happiness. If it cannot altogether deny ugly facts which clash with its theory-misery and sorrow, and the sense of guilt-it passes them by with averted eyes, as the Priest and the Levite passed by the wounded man in the parable, lest they should disturb its selfish dreams. "Come on," it says, " let us enjoy the good things that are present. Let us fill ourselves with costly wines and with ointments, and let no flower of the spring pass by us. Let us crown ourselves with rose-buds before they be withered. Let none of us go without his part of our voluptuousness; for this our portion and our lot is this." (Wisdom of Solomon, ii. 6-9.) Let us crush down the busy, importunate thoughts which rise within us to trouble our peace; let us bury our dead out of our sight. For this system the world of time and matter is all. 🔳 refuses 🖿 look beyond; its hopes and its fears are here. In hates and abjures all religion, but most of all the religion of the It says with Joh's wife, " Curse God (if there Cross, because of its associations with pain, be a God) and die." and its aspect of gloom and awe. It has Of these two philosophies of life there can

"Upon my grave place ye no cross
Of stone, of iron, or of wood ,
My sool hath ever leathed that tree
Of mattyrdom, of pam, and blood.

"It ever pained me, that a world helfed by a God well light and jny, should abone as symbol of its faith, like rack on which a slave must die

"Let then no cross my head-sinne be But plant ye isagrant room shere! Of a new manhood's glorious faith, He come now the symbol fait."

At the opposite extreme is the pessimist theory of life. According this system whatever is, is wrong. The whole world is like sweet bells jangled out of tune. If the first theory is the theory of inational hope, this theory is the theory of irrational despair. fastens on all the facts which make Nature besself awful and human life wretched, and arrays them with pitiless severity before our cyes. It gives us no religion unless it be the religion of a cynical resignation. Its molto and its creed are

"Thou art so tall of mayory."
Were it not better not to ue?"

be no question which deserves the more respectful consideration. The first will die against the hard facts of the world. The second derives its strength from these facts, The indictment which it brings against the constitution of things has its truth, and its truth makes it formidable. The world feels it, the Lible confesses it. All the great thinkers of the world, all the poets who have touched men's hearts, have had the garland of sadness on their brow. All have felt "the burden and the mystery of all this unintelligible world," and the weight, "heavy as lead and deep almost as life," pressing upon them as they fixed their gase upon nature and upon life. And the founder of that religious system, which at this moment counts the largest number of adherents on the face of the globe, based his religion on misery, pain, and death; and it may be said with truth that the wretchedness of existence is the creed at this very hour of many millions of the human race.

Quite recently, both in Germany and amongst ourselves, this pessimist argument has been urged with great force against the belief in that sublime and consolatory truth. which St. John declares with such simple

majesty, that God is Love.

Look, it is said, at that Nature which you tell us is the handiwork of God, and which manifests His goodness. Is it not terrible with its inexorable law? Is it not one vast laboratory of destruction? Are not its forces cruel? "Everything," says one writer, "which the worst men commit, either against life or property, is perpetrated on a larger scale by natural agents. Nature has neyados more fatal than those of Carrier, her explosions of fire-damp are as destructive as human artillery, her plagues and cholera far surpass the pouson cups of the Borgias." And if we turn from the devastation wrought, apparently with complete indifference to the character of the sufferers, by the giant forces of nature and look at the world of man, our hearts find no relief. Inbour, want, vexation, disappointment, pain of body, anguish of heart, are the lot of men from the cradle to the grave. "The saying quoted by Herodotus," says the pessimist philosopher, Schopenhauer, "that there never existed a man who did not more than once wish not to outlive the folhorror; and if the most obstinate of optimists the dilemma, either God is not Almighty or were led through the hospitals, Issurettos, God is not Love.

and surgical operation rooms; through the prisons, torture chambers, and slave holds; over the fields of battle and places of execution; if then those dark abodes of misery, where it creeps out of the view of cold cutiosity, were opened to him; and finally a sight were afforded him of the starvation of some Ugolino, he would surely at last perceive what kind of best of all possible worlds this is." This is the picture painted, no doubt, with a pencil dipped in hell, and yet giving the shadow side of the world with awful truth. And this is God's world! Can you look at the facts and say without doubt and hesitation, knowing what you say, God is Love? You may say it with careless lips as part of creed that you have been taught, but can you say it knowing what you say? Do you wonder that one of the writers already quoted has come to the deliberate conclusion either that God is not a Being of boundless beneficence, or that He is a Being of limited power.

I confess I do not wonder at it. not forget how much may be said on the other side even from the ground of natural theology. Mr. Mill himself has admitted that there are abundant evidences of a provision in nature for the happiness of creatures. and no evidence of any design to make creatures unhappy or to cause pain; and is impossible for any of us, unless we are wilfully blind, not to see joy in nature. 1 do not forget how much there is of beauty and glory in heaven and upon earth. do not forget how much liappiness God has shed abroad, how His creation rings with the melody of joy. The Hebrew poet, a true interpreter of nature, hears the cornfields in the golden sunlight sing and shout for joy; the trees of the field clap their hands; the waves of the sea beat high with joy. The bounding of the lamb, the merry laugh of the child, the blessed sweetnesses of love and friendship have made this world luminous with the light of the smile of God. All this is true; the world is not a ghastly charnel-house, or the gloomy fortress of a tyrant. Still the terrible side of the picture remains, the awful facts are there, and our eyes see them. And if a large deduction must be made from the sum-total of suffering on the score of that which man brings upon himself by his own wilfulness lowing day, has never yet been refuted. If and perventity, still innocent suffering remains all the terrible pains and sorrows to which a stumbling-block in our path. Still we must his life is exposed could be brought before admit that the logic of the Theist in unthe eyes of each, he would be seized with answerable who impales us on the horns of ment drawn simply from the facts of the lion in the kingdom of God. And you would world which could confute that position. I believe John Stuart Mill is right when he concludes from his own premisses that all we have to do I to make the best of it in joining our forces with the God who at war with an evil which He cannot wholly master.

But I maintain, nevertheless, that God is Almighty and that God I Love. I do so taking my stand upon the Revelation of God in Christ Jesus. The Bible admits all that has ever been said by any man = to the The Bible misery and evil of the world. casts a light upon the darkness for which you will look in vain elsewhere. I do not say it solves all our difficulties or frees us from all our doubts, but I do say it gives us enough to satisfy the reason and to stay the heart.

Two great words give us the key to the mystery of sorrow-Sin, and Redemption. Sin is the key in the misery; Redemption tells us that God is love. Look first at the fact of sin. I am not going to attempt to explain what no thinker has ever yet been able to explain, the existence of moral evil. Why it was permitted I do not know. Why God, who kept some of the angels from falling, did not shield all by his restraining grace I do not know. Why He so created man as to be liable to temptation, and so ordered the constitution of his pature that the whole race is enveloped in the consequences of the first transgression, I do not know, except so far as I can see that freedom is far nobler than an iron necessity, and that through the very solidarity of the race the redemption of the race is possible. But that having given man this freedom, his most glorious prerogative, and man having so abused it = turn all God's gifts to base ends and to rise in base ingratitude against his Maker, that then God should manifest His truth and holiness in His righteous abhorrence of sin, this I can understand. A God who should regard sin with indifference is not a God before whom His creatures can bow worship; for worship is reverence done to that which is worthy of reverence. Bow down before His footstool, for the Lord our God is holy-that is an appeal which commends itself to every unprejudiced conscience. Bow down before One who forgives sin that He may so touch and win back the transgressor, that I can understand; but bow down before One to whom sin is indifferent, that I cannot do. For what is sin? Sin is the will of the creature set against the Creator. Sin is moral disease and corruption and deadly plague, not punish, who cares neither for good

I confess I have never yet seen the argu- Sin is disorder in the realm of order, rebelmake light of this violation of the moral law of the universe? You would have this disorder, this anarchy bring no consequences in their train?

But how is this possible? "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die. Is that merely an arbitrary sentence? not rather a moral necessity? Is not suffering inseparable from sin? Either say that God is not the supreme good, or admit that the creature cannot break the bond that unites him to God without cutting himself off from life and happiness. Either say that the soul is not made for God, and degrade II to the level of the beasts that perish, or admit that it loses its higher life, that it suffers therefore and dies by its wilful separation of itself from God. Suffering, immeasurable suffering is the first-born of sin. You cannot change or abrogate that eternal law; and as long as rebellion exists, suffering will follow sin, as the shadow follows the substance, or, to speak more correctly, suffering must be the offspring of sin. To ask mod that it might be otherwise is to ask Him to cease to be God, it is to ask Him to sacrifice every moral attribute, it is to ask Him to cease to be the supreme source of life, happiness, and glory. We pass too lightly over this awful fact of sin. Its heinousness does not make us afraid. If there 🗏 a disease in our modern theology and our modern philosophy of life more conspicuous than another, it is this indifference to sin. We full it with anodynes. We call it anything but sin. We form our schemes of social improvement and material progress without any conviction of this deep plague-spot of our nature. hide it from ourselves until it breaks out in some scandalous form and startles us with its intensity. We will drill men into morality; we will repress crime by education; we will empty our gaols by philanthropic legislation, but the sin that dwelleth in us is too strong for human remedies, too rampant for the social reformer's pruning-hook. Far truer the novelist's sentiment when he puts into the mouth of one of his characters the awful but grand words, "How gladly would I endure the torments of hell if thereby I might escape from my sin i"

The casy, indulgent god whom the world has fashioned for itself is not our God-We say boldly that we believe in the God whose name is love, because we believe in the God who hates sin. A God who can-

nor evil, is a God who does not trouble himself about us, and his goodness is simply a cold indifference. Such a distant and scornful majesty fills me with indescribable It a terrible thing doubtless to fall into the hands of the living God; but there is something more terrible still to fall into the hands of a dead God, a phantom God, the gaping and empty void of a soulless universe which you would give me in the place of the person who lives and loves. What can I care for that mean and trivial love which can neither be offended nor wounded? The heart of a God who smiles at evil is of too little worth to be cared about. He who is indignant at sin and smites. He only can love. He does not dwell in an inaccessible region. a cold and dreary heaven, not to be reached by human sin, because it cannot be reached by human prayer. He ill a father, and a father does not look calmly upon the degradation of his child. He is love, and love carries the fire of jealousy in its bosom.

But again, granted the moral freedom of man. I my that we have in the fact of this moral iaw, by which the separation of the creature from the Creator brings with it suffering in its train, a very striking evidence of the love of God. Mark the great blessedness of that first promise in Eden. "I will put enmity between thee and the woman." Mark the blessing in the curse pronounced not on man but upon the earth, "Thorns also and thistles shall In bring forth to thee : in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." There was to be the enmity put by God's own hand between the tempter and the tempted, that man might be armed against his enemy by a patural repulsion : there was to be conflict, and suffering inflicted in the conflict; there was to be the pain of travail for the woman, and labour in the sweat of his brow for man. Was it not merciful thus to set a hedge about the sinner's path and to curb the easiness and laxity of sensual indulgence, and to put a dam to the high tide of selfishness which else had overflowed the world? Was it not love which planted the thorns on the pillow of self-indulgence? Was it not love which gave man the stubbornness of nature to conquer, cheating him thereby of his sorrow? Was it not love which knit and braced his sinews by the life of trial and struggle? There is nothing more puny-do we not all feel it?-than the man of pleasure; nothing more contemptible than the life whose supreme end II selfish happiness. Terrible as has been the wasting and the plague of sin, with all burden of pain and suffering, what would have been its horror if left to

revel in its triumph? If anything has made life beautiful and glorious I has been the contest with evil. If anything has restrained the floods of passion and the march of crime, has been the effort and the pain of selfsacrifice. Yes, the aching head and the bleeding heart, the pain that makes life an agony, and the bitter sorrow which bows us to the dust, these are not a tyrant's racks and chains, they are the healing discipline and the crowning mercy of the God whose name Love. Suffering, I say, is the necessary fruit of sin, and suffering is made in the hand of God the instrument not of man's

destruction, but of his salvation.

But there another word which yet more forcibly convinces us that God is love, and that word REDEMPTION. When the persimist philosopher of Germany said, with blasphemous audacity, "If God made the world I should not like be in the place of God: its woes would break my heart," he knew not what he said. Its wors have broken THE HEART OF GOD manifest in the flesh. Like Caiaphas he uttered an unconscious prophecy. The woes of the world, I say, have broken the heart of God made man. Here is the explanation; here, rather let me say, is the light cast on the ways of God in His dealings with man. God, we have seen, by the very fact of His righteousness at war with sin, must punish sin. He cannot be hely and look upon ain and goodness with the same supreme indifference. But how wonderful is that love which takes upon itself the burden and the shame and the suffering of sin that thereby it may take it away! This is the mystery and the greatness of the love of God. And you will observe that when St. John speaks of God as love, he immediately proceeds remind us of the most convincing proof that this is the nature of God in the fact that He gave His son to die for us. "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved m and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins."

No doubt that God is love is true from all eternity. He is so in Himself, in His nature and essence, quite apart from any manifestation of Himself to Hill creatures. Surely it is an argament against any form of simple monotheism that it does not contain in it this truth that God I love in Himself. God never was solitary. Three persons in one Godhead there were from all eternity, and the relation of these three persons must have been a relation of perfect love before any created being moved along the path of existence. "The loving, the loved, and the love," to borrow the illustration of St. Augustine, or, as a recent writer expresses himself, "The Everlasting I, and the Everlasting Thou, in the converse of holy love,"-this was God, before the wing of an angel swept the firmament, or a star shone out in the vast expanse. But still, as I have said, St. John dwelling on the way which that love has been manifested to us, on the wonderful proof which we ourselves have that God is love. And this proof is the gift of His Son. In this was manifested the love of God towards us, that God hath sent His only begotten Son into the world that we might live through Him. But St. John adds a further particular. God gave His Son not only to humiliation, but to death; and He did this not for friends, but for enemies; not for those who loved Him, but for those who had broken His laws and defied his threats and rejected His messengers. This is the record of God's love; this is the tale which we have heard so often that we cesse to fix our thoughts on it; this is the proof of God's love which falls upon listless cars and cold and callous hearts. And in truth, as I have said, it is just because here is the greatest proof of God's love, that none but those who believe in Him can estimate it aright. For, if we are to understand this love aright, we must have felt our need of it, we must know something in our own experience of the condemning power and the guilt of sin. When we have felt within ourselves our own darkness and sinfulness and estrangement from God; when we have seen how our very nature is defiled; when we have found how hopeless are all our efforts to discover a remedy for the mortal disease which has fastened upon us; then we know what a gospel of glad tidings is the revelation which tells us that God gave His only begotten Son that He might by His precious blood-shedding put away our sin. Then, beneath the cross of Jesus, we believe with all our hearts that God is love.

We appeal also to those who have a right to speak, to those who have felt the sorrows and trials of life in the largest degree and yet whose confession
God lalove. We summon, as our witnesses, a Paul and a John. We read the story of the life of the great missionary to the Gentiles as he sums it up for us in a few pathetic sentences—a life of tender mercies are over all His works; but hardship, of pain, of hunger, of nakedness, of | those who have seen ain in the light of God, obloquy and persecution, a living martyrdom, a living death. We hear his confession of the deep sorrow and unrest of creation. "The seen also and believed the 'ove that God whole creation groaneth and travaileth in bath to them in His Son, they say, and they pain together until now. And not only have a right to say, God is love.

they, but ourselves also, which have the firstfruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groun within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body." But does he doubt that God is love? More than all earthly ills he felt was the burden of sin. "Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" But does he doubt that God love? No; from the De Profundis of sorrow he rises to the Te Deum of victory. " For Thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter," But "What shall separate us from the love of Christ? I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things m come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." We turn to the record of the Beloved Disciple. St. John could speak in words terrible in their simple severity of the devilish hate and malignity of man. St. John could write deliberately "the whole world lieth in wickedness," and yet St. John could write no less deliberately, and repeat the statement, " God is love." St. John, above all men, might have questioned it. He had seen the face of perfect love and purity buffeted and spit upon by miscreants, and the sacred head of love crowned with thorns, and the hands that were never lifted but to bless, and the feet which went only on errands of mercy, nailed to the tree, and the heart of love pierced by the soldier's spear. He had beheld that most awful tragedy; and for him there might have been some excuse, if he had thought that wrong and injustice sat upon the throng of the universe, or that the power of the Most High was limited. But I is he who, holding fast to the truth that the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, tells us also that God is love.

Let these and such as these be heard, for they have a right to speak. Not those who have wrapped themselves in their hard misanthropy, and who, living and dying in peace and prosperity, themselves untroubled by the real calamities of life, look forth upon the world only to criticize it, and arraign in their impotent blasphemy the operation of Him who is loving unto every man, and whose its deep defiance me the Most High, its awful guilt, its merited chastisement, and who have



OUT OF DOORS IN JULY

3 % imble in Muril #g wige

now absolutely still. Lven the cows on the trim little green are too lazily inclined to do more than he about chewing the caid ceased from his prickly repast, and sits calmly cottages below and goosebernes, a drowsy ham demes that day the children are quite askep, but the only other definite sounds are the long drawn out "caw" of a languid rook floating over us and the crazy tinkle of a sheep tankard in the meadow below.

NOT a breath of an a straing, and under like scabious. Now up the hillsuic by the the influence of the July heat our little donkey path among the gorse and brambles, out of the world hamlet—drowsy always—is where luncious rasisherites bashfully hide beneath the white downy under surface of the pinnate kaves. On where the noble willow herb flaunts its great mass of ross blossoms, Up on the hillside, where the forgioves make near to the spring that nourishes a colony of such glorious display, the old donkey has healthy buly ferms protected by the endless clumps of bramble. Little do the hamlet looking down upon the scattered cluster of folk know of the treasures that abound up The birds have hushed their here upon the sandy platforms and recesses a songs, the lambs refram from play, and all little higher than their church steeple. Scarce things seem to be enjoying a siest: As ever does a village, essay these donkey paths, we pass the little red tiled school house, except in autumn, when the biamble-faut is with its garden full of tempting cutrants tipe and pies and pieserves the order of the The botanical beauties of this moor are unknown to the natives, bramble, and goise, and bracken are the only plants that come within their ken

But here are fragrant bunches of sweet woodbine, here milkwort pn and white, and Everything seems lazily inclined, and you there the long white bearded blooms of seem to be no exception to the rule, but your clemans, the traveller 1 joy Come, pluck you protests against walking beneath such a sun flowers of each, and soon we'll sit on springy are useless. Come with me over the moor, couch of heather, in grateful shade, and count all dotted with white eyebright and modding our spoils. Here, spreading over acres of high ground, the purple heath plants muffle every footfall, and by the sheepwalks and the gorse clumps, too, the azure harebells ever nod and

Il e r w idee og ch mee to vagrant

You are hot and tired, you say? Well, kt us make for yonder clump of firs, where all the ground m covered with yard long fronds of happily named "hard ferns Do you seek out a soft, dry, shady spot whilst I obtain refreshment for you in the shape of juicy black blackerries with the delicate bloom upon them

Well, here is fruit in plenty for you, and, whilst you eat and quench your thirst, let us see what me contained in our vasculum, or "andwich box ' as the rustic called # I list here is agrimony with its prettily cut pinnate leaves and its long spike of tmy golden flowers. A floral gent surely this is a plant would well adorn a parden border, and probably obtain admittance were it not so provokingly common Here too, is bugloss, as prickly as an urchin, culled from the stony border of the corn-field by the aj inny Here is the solitary purple head of the dwarf



plume thistle nestling down into the heart of its spiny radicle leaves, black knap weed and wild hop, the greater exlanding and baleful hemlock

Here is the singular two-pe tulled pinky flower of enchanters mightshade, a plant that entered, probably, into many mystic ceremonies, if there is anything in its name This waxen cluster of pale 10sy flowers is the centauly, and those much divided leaves and long, thpuring seed vessels belong to the stork's bill, a plant we must look out for a little later in the year, when the secds are ripe, for it has a most remarkable method of burying them

But here, among rock rose, St John's wort, mullow, vetch, and toudflax, and I whilst its beautiful flowers, it must be ad know not what beside, are heather and hare bell and cross leaved heath, about which you barren I his sandy hill, for instance, would

more substratory will it be to ask these flowers to tell about themselves You do not understand quite what I menn? Well, here are plants and flowers, and we have but to examine them patiently and carefully to find out most of their history

First let us take this sprig of common ling or heather, which botunists distinguish by the name of Caliuna, which signifies to cleanse or to adorn, a term singularly appropriate, for it is often made into brooms which cleanse, mitted, adora spots which would otherwise be asked me to tell you what I knew I ar support very hitle vegetation were it not for

but we are to the rescue. The wessel is off and each one tries to be in the very centre strength and courage to get on her feet and make wistfully for her hole. Such an occurrence is very common, but most frequently the tragedy is completed, and much havor is among game and poultry also, by this deadly fur-coated marander.

And now let us return. The sun is losing its power and a slight breeze has sprung up from the west which, besides promising rain, will make the return journey bearable to you, who felt so lazily inclined when we set out. The haymakers, too, are expecting rain, for over in the meadow they are making every effort to carry the last load before the shower comes.

But what have we here? Aha! my ovine friends, "Thus conscience does make cowards of us all." A black-faced fleecy sestett of marauders have broken the meadow-hedge and are in the wood among the fern, and with them a wee long-tailed lambkin, who has evidently been led into wrong-doing by his elders. What a terrified rush and crowdthem! Look at the comical expression of dragged you out of doors. guilt in their faces as they huddle up close,

into the wood as quickly as he left it, and of the group. They know full well they the poor quaking puss soon finds sufficient should not have left the meadow, but the shade of the wood was so cool and inviting, and the crystal pool gleamed so seductively, that one weak ewe broke through, and, as a natural consequence, the rest followed. They made, not only among hares and rabbits, but couldn't help themselves. They simply conformed to an inviolable law of the genus ovis, which enacts that "whatever one may do, that shall the rest do also." There they go, helter-skelter, basing and bleating with the colly at their heels. And now they are safe the meadow again and we are out on the road, where the hedge white with the great snowy masses of hog-weed bloom.

And here are your flowers. Take thom, and if the rain should come and prevent an evening walk you may find full occupation in the house by examining them and finding out how they are fertilised, whether II II by bees, by other insects, by the wind or without extraneous help. Study that, and if you should be so constituted as to learn no lesson from it, it will at least have an influence upon your mind as healthy as that obtained by a ing up together as they hear the sharp, short perusal of the latest novel, which you would bark of the sheep-dog, who has just missed have dozed over all the afternoon had I not

E. S. WALKER.

MY OWN FAMILIAR HILLS.

YOUR charm abideth ever, My own familiar hills: Let sun or storm cowrap you, My heart with passion fills.

Though yours no Alpine grandeur To thrill the sensuous eye, A hand unseen, slow working, Through ages long gone by,

In wavy lines bath shaped you, Far-spreading, silent, free; O'er an earth-ocean moveless The eye goes ceaselessly.

Your uplands have a music In the depth of summer calm; Your noonday voices fusing In one low heavenward psalm.

O' night, your broad brows shimmer In the white and weird moontide; In your glens far down and awesome, Dim haunting shapes abide.

Oft on the morn of winter I've seen your grey crags stand, White-crowned in mowy radiance, The joy of all the land.

In June you gracious greet me, With the rock-rose, meek and still; The yellow violet smiles to me, And the fairy tormentil.

In August glows the heather, And gleams the bracken green ; The milk-wort lifts its gentle face, The grassy tufts between.

October spreads its spaces, High o'er the moorland tree, Of lint-white bent in ripples, A breezy golden sea.

When o'er you clouds are rushing, I'm borne on fancy's wing; Pass high in air old riders, I list their bridles ring.

And then the heavens will open,-The free fair face of noon; Awhile I rest in blest dreamland, As I hear the burnheads croon.



"Then compared downstan countries of an all."

Ye bright and gladsome burnies, That leap and flash and gleam, Where the bonnie birk is drooping, And the rowan shades the stream.-

Ye make the rarest music, The rocks are earless, grey; In fulness of your own sweet heart Ave singing by the way,-

The voice of one that heeds not Our earthly sympathy; Still hymning to the Love Unseen, A lyric true and free.

Ye solitary uplands, Whom rarely foot bath trod, Known but mone who loves you, And the open eye of God,

In saddest mood ye've found me, Thought dark as of the tomb, The sun-glints glancing o'er you Have scattered all my gloom.

I've seen in skyey spaces Looks not of earth or time, and folins of shadowy mountains, In a her far-off clime.

nd th 🦰 e mist would wrap me Chassy fold,-In m. yoes around me, 2 MAG tom ... usm dreamland of old:

They rise, they flit before me, In silent airy tread; In the speeding forms and speechless, I know historic dead.

A strange hushed life deep buried, Ye keep within your breast, The stain of ancient story, The spirit of unrest;

The grace of knightly presence, The faith of lovers' yow; A tenderness of hearts long quenched, Ye bear the memory now.

In that still sheen of moonlight, I see their track, their tread: Behind them in the valley The seven brothers dead.

I see him stoop, drink faintly, Beside the water wan; The purple stain; the maiden, She fears a dying man.

This old life gone for ever, A void and airy dream; The forms of all the legends, But shadows on the stream!

No! not while heart can feel it, Or bosom heave a sigh; There is a living presence For every living eye.

Ye give me thoughts all holy, Ye knit me to the strong; Ye nerve the will for duty, And stir the heart to song.

Let fickle same go by me, Mean forms of earthly good, If God my mountains leave me, And my mountain solitude.

J. VEITCH.

RAINDROPS, HAILSTONES, AND SNOWFLAKES.

By Professor OSBORNE REYNOLDS.

were little more than guesses, having been very generally accepted m sufficient.

history of the origin and growth of these it relates. objects, a scientific history founded upon

in the subject was an accidental observation constituted of small distinct particles of water

COMMONPLACE and important as are made six years ago as to the very definite and the small objects which descend from the peculiar form of ordinary hailstones. This clouds, it is only within the last few years form, which appears very generally to have that the manner of their formation has been escaped observation, afforded the clue which made the subject of careful and accurate led to what appears to be the true solution investigation; imperfect explanations, which of the problem, and hence occupies a prominent position in this article. The order here followed, however, is not that in which the The purpose of this article is to place investigation was conducted, but the natural before the readers a definite and rational order of the growth of the objects to which

For the sake of clearness | | | necessary to observations and physical laws and further enter shortly upon the consideration of Air tested by experiment. The origin of the author's special interest imagination to apprehend that cloud or fog is distributed in the air, but when we come to an analogous hesitation which iii the absence inquire into the size, shape, and number of of any determining objects prevents the these particles and in to the manner of their groups forming on the first lowering of the suspension, there are certain difficulties before temperature. The presence of particles of

We start with clear air such as that near the earth's surface on a clear day. In this, strictly speaking, there is no water present, i.e. in the form of water, but there is steam, clear steam, a gas as clear as air. The apprehension of this universal presence of steam in the lower strata of the atmosphere is the very foundation of a knowledge of meteorology. The atmosphere at the earth's surface consists of nitrogen, oxygen, and steam; these gases are all mixed, and the

mixture perfectly clear. Another important point is that the amount of clear steam present depends almost entirely on the temperature. At the temperature of 60° there are about six grains of steam in each cubic foot of air, or one grain to the gallon. Taking a fair-sized room twenty-five feet long and seventeen broad, containing six thousand cubic feet, it would take about half a gallon or five pounds of water to make the steam in this room at 60?. the temperature were only 40°, the steam would only be half a grain to the gallon of air, just half what it is at 60°. If, then, the air in the room were cooled from 60° to 40°. two pounds and a half of steam would cease to exist, i.e. it would cease to be pure steam gas and would become water. Where would this water be? The steam was distributed all through the room, and if the air were suddenly and equally cooled the water must be very nearly in the same position as the steam. It has not time to move far, but it does move a little. The clear steam consists of separati molecules, distributed amongst the molecules of air, and the change from steam water implies an aggregation of these steam molecules. The molecules collect to centres in their immediate neighbourhood, forming numberless minute masses of water distributed throughout the entire air. The manœuvre is somewhat analogous to that of infantry if suddenly attacked by is no time to collect so as to form a single square, so they group themselves in small knots as best they can. The difficulty such a case with the soldiers is their indecision in initiating groups, each individual

dust or smoke, however, entirely prevents this, as has recently been shown, and greatly enhances the rapidity with which the groups are formed. Such particles also influence the character of the groups as they ultimately arrange themselves, for where they exist each particle becomes the nucleus of a mass of water; the number of such masses therefore depends on the number of smoke particles; whereas in the absence of these particles, though the groups hesitate to form when they do form they appear at regular and greater intervals; the size the groups being larger and more regular, that they present the appearance of cloud white fog instead of yellow mist. It is it portant to notice that there a cause while determines the distance from-which steam molecules can collect I form the ticles of water. This is the distance between the molecules at they exist in steam, steam molecules are in a high state of ag tion, moving to and fro, and they collect f as far as this motion carries them. once collected into masses of water internal motion ceases, as does all aggregation except when some stray cule joins the group.

The groups are extremely small, and are not all of the same size; the largest group or particles may be visible under a microscope, but by no means can the smaller particles be rendered visible. Such, then, is the history of the water particles in a fog or cloud. They are numerous small masses of water ranging in size up to microscopic objects, and they are caused by the cooling of a mass of air. The production of cloud is thus seen to involve the cooling of a mass of air. This may take place in several ways, but principally in two-the mixing of warm with colder air. This generally occurs at night and I the autumn. The ground is colder than the air above, and the warmer air from above mixing with the air cooled by cavalry when in skirmishing order. There contact with the ground produces fog near the ground. The other means I by expansion. When air expands it is cooled according to definite laws, and this expansion is the principal origin of clouds. A mass of warm air rises like a column of smoke. As I rises steking to join an existing group; the exist he pressure of the surrounding air becomes tence of trees or other objects marking centres less and less, so that it expands, and when is thus a very great assistance. In the case it reaches a sufficient height f f u is so much of the molecules of steam there seems to be cooled that it can no longer maintain its steam as steam, which therefore forms a of the thickness and use of clouds owing to cloud.

This formation of cloud is very definitely seen on a clear summer evening over a large When the wind m in the west, from a position north of the town the smoky air from the town may be seen drifting away to the east, with its irregular outline, issing and failing in mountain like undulations. And it frequently happens that the highest points of this outline are capped with dense clouds, which, illuminated by the light of the setting sun, are much more conspicuous than the smoky air beneath them, but to the outline of which they strictly conform "



Ly r - the formation of clouds

The bottoms of the clouds are all struck | floating off at the same level as if by a line, showing that they are all descending, although they that the change from steam to water takes descend very slowly. The dew on the grass place at a definite elevation

These clouds generally resemble the detached woolly clouds so common towards mid day in summer, and the certain inference is that, were the outline rendered visible by smoke, we should see that these summer clouds are but the higher prominences of the the slowness with which they descend. lower stratum rolled up by the motion of the air above.

summer storm clouds, particululy thunder [rapidly with but lettle resistance from the air, clouds. A mass of the lower are ascends in small and feather, bodies descend slowly a column, and as it passes a certain elevation. The mind naturally attaches resistance to the it is converted into cloud, which increases in feathers form, but the feathers form is but density as it uses. In this way the huge the result of a number of very small bodies masses, so often seen in summer, are formed linked together. The true reason for the measured in tailes. In winter the clouds are thus reason as now well understood. The not in general so thick, being the result of weight of these particles of water m proa general disturbance which covers the portional to the cube of their diameters, or whole heavens instead of taking the form of thickness. Thus if we double the thickness, a column at one place. But under all encum- we increase the weight eight fold, whereas

the great distances at which we see them.

Returning now to the particles which constitute a cloud, it has been said that in size these range from invisible smallness up to the size which may be seen through a microscope, or may be distinguished with the naked eye in a sufficiently strong sunlight. Now the next point to which attention should be directed is, why these particles do not settle down? We know that water will not float in air any more than lead will float in water. The question why these particles of water in the air do not descend is, as will presently appear, absurd, but | is

a question which has exercised many minds, and which has led to the invention of at least one hypothesis, which has been very generally accepted. Almost all writers on this subject appear to have adopted the assumption, that because the only known objects which float in ur are balloons and bubbles, therefore cloud particles must be hollow vehicles or bubbles full of hight gas, like balloons. When looked at from a scientific point of view, this idea is preposterously abourd, as is also the assumption on which it is based, that cloud particles are

Careful observation at once shows in the morning shows this, for all that water has descended in the form of cloud particles during the night

The cloud particles do not float, but are all descending through the air, and what we have to explain is not their suspension, but

The up heation of known causes m quite sufficient for this. Experience at once tells The action, too, is the same in the case of us that while large solid bodies descend These clouds often acquire a thickness to be slowness of descent is smallness of size, and stances we are apt to take a very poor view the surface exposed to the resistance of the

just balances its weight. A drop of half the thickness failing at the same speed would encounter one-fourth the resistance; but its that speed its resistance would be double its then, they were all of the same size they weight. would therefore diminish its speed would all move with the same velocity, and until its resistance equalled its weight; and if the drops were very small, this would be the case when the velocity of the smaller drop was one-half that of double its diameter. Although some explanation of this sort had long been surmised, it only became complete when it was shown by Professor Stokes, that wery small velocities the resistance which small bodies encounter on moving through the air is not, as had been supposed, proportional to the square of their velocity, but is simply proportional to the velocity. Thus, as small drops of water fall through the air, their velocities will be proportional to their diameters; and when the drops are very small their velocities are also very small.

Having now explained, not the suspension of the cloud particles, but their extreme slowness of descent, it remains to explain how these minute particles can aggregate together is form the very considerable raindrops, for as compared with the size of cloud particles rain-drops are considerable.

It may, however, be pointed out that the size of rain-drops is apt to be overestimated. The drops that drip from a flat board, such as an eaves-board on a house, are about an eighth of an inch in dismeter; such a drop falling on a sheet of smoked paper will clear a space about an inch across, whereas, after many trigls, the largest rain-drops did not clear a space of more than half this extent.

But taking a rain-drop of one-sixteenth of an mich in diameter, and such drops fall during heavy rain, it would take all the particles at least a gallon of the densest fog we can conceive mexist constitute such a drop. How, then, have the particles initially dispersed through the space of a gallon come together form the drop? for that they have come together is beyond question.

Sometimes one hears it said that the cloud particles are continually jostling one another: but whence comes the motion that I to carry them across the spaces which initially separate them? We have seen how the air resusts their motion even against the force of earth. The evidence of our eyes tells us gravity; what lateral forces, then, can we that this is sometimes the case.

air | proportional to the square of the conceive which would bring them together? diameter, or would be increased four-fold. The answer must be, none at all; the par-A small drop falling through the air increases ticles do not aggregate laterally. How, then, its speed until the resistance encountered do they aggregate? The answer to this will be found in the consideration of their vertical motion.

The cloud particles are all descending weight would be only one-eighth, so that at with velocity proportional III their size; if, would descend like a regiment of soldiers, without collision. But why suppose them all of the same size? As far as examination can show, they are of all sizes up to the largest. In this difference of size lies the key to the whole mystery. The larger particles descend faster than the smaller, and consequently overtake those immediately beneath them; and assuming for the present that when a larger particle overtakes the smaller one beneath it they unite and form a still larger particle, then it follows that, so augmented, the particle will descend with apincreased velocity, and, more quickly overtaking the particles beneath it, will add to its size at an increasing rate.

> It does not appear to be possible render the more rapid descent of the larger particles of fog visible; but a reverse phenomenon may be observed in any glass of effervescing liquid. Thus in a glass of fresh soda-water the larger bubbles will be seen overtake those which are smaller. In this case, however, the bubbles do not generally combine, and it appears probable that the combining or non-combining of the cloud particles when they encounter plays a very important part in meteorological phenomena. Clouds very often exist without giving rise to rain. This fact must have some cause, and a condition of the particles in which they would not combine on encounter would constitute such a cause. That such a condition does sometimes exist there 📕 evidence to show. It is a matter of common observation that while some fogs deposit moisture on all exposed objects, in other fogs quite as dense the trees and other objects will perfectly dry; and we also know that under certain conditions small spheres may float on the surface of water without combining, while under other conditions this appears to be impossible.

> There amother cause why in times there may be clouds overhead, while no rain reaches the earth. The clouds are raining, but the rain I dried up before it reaches the

the size of the drops. We may arrive at boats. some idea of this. About the densest cloud from the cooling of air down from 65° to 32°. Such densities may be attained in summer. Imagining a particle commence its descent in such a cloud, and assuming it to simple mathematical question at what rate it would grow as it fell. We find that the diameter of the drop would grow in proportion to the distance fallen through. Thus, after falling through one thousand feet of such a cloud, a drop would have a diameter of the sixteenth of an inch; after two thousand feet the eighth, and so on. Now, although difficult to realise, it is well known that clouds are often several miles in thickness, particularly the heavy summer clouds which give size to the larger drops. So that it would appear there is no difficulty in explaining the size of drops; the difficulty is to explain why they should not be sometimes larger than they are.

This raises the very important question as shown in the annexed figures.

to what holds the drops together? what causes the particles in the first instance to take the form of spheres? These questions have attracted much attention, and are now completely answered. They are phenomena of what is called capillarity. And from these and other phenomena it has been found that the force of coliesion in liquids has the effect of holding the liquid

in a bag; the surface of the liquid being like a tight membrane, which requires a with strice radiating from the vertex. This certain force to stretch it, and always the form when seen the instant a fair-sized stone

same force for the same liquid.

fog it will be seen that when the drop reaches a certain size it will break away from its of a sphere, especially when the vertex attachments and fall. This not because gone, and this the part first to melt. This the forces holding it are smaller, but because the strength of the skin of the drop, which is little notice. It was in the effort | perceive sufficient to sustain its weight when amall, a reason for this shape that the idea of the becomes insufficient as the size increases, aggregation of the cloud particles being due So when a drop is moving through the air to the more rapid descent of the larger parthe strength of the skin is sufficient to keep ticles first occurred. The shape and texture a small drop together, but not where the drop of the stone suggested with the force of cerhas more than a certain size; such a drop, tainty that a particle of ice, which ultimately XXIII--13

Admitting that the more rapid descent of owing to the forces it encounters from the the larger particles in a cloud does cause resistance of the air as it descends, breaks up aggregation, a is still a question how far such into smaller pieces, would a large ship if aggregation may be sufficient to account for made of the same thickness as the small

We are thus able to explain how | that we can conceive is one which would result the drups are not larger than they are, however great may be the thickness of the cloud. And this completes the explanation of the manner in which raindrops are formed.

It is not, however, only on the simple sweep up all the moisture before it, it is a explanation that they afford that the foregoing conclusions are based; there in not

wanting direct proof of their truth.

It has already been mentioned that it was the peculiar shape of hailstones which gave the clue to the solution of the problem. Now it will at once be seen that hailstones possess an advantage over raindrops, inasmuch as they retain evidence of the manner in which they have been constructed; such evidence lies in their shape and textureneither of which appears to have received much notice until about six years ago, when the author was surprised to find that the ordinary hailstones had a very regular shape, and this not a more or less imperfect sphere, but a definite cone with a rounded base, as



Fig. s.-Perfect Harlstone,



Broken Harlstone.

The conical surface of the stone is covered caught on some soft substance, very In the drops which form on trees during a striking, but # the distance of the eye from the ground the form may well pass for that may explain why this form has attracted so

descend from some point within a cloud, which cloud consisted of ice particles, that the falling particle in its descent swept up the particles in front of it, which, sticking to its lower face, added to its size and gave it the conical form,

In large hailstones the texture | much form, the rounded base, the stricted sides. more solid than in the smaller ones, while careful examination shows that the same stone is much firmer towards the base than at the top of the cone, at which the texture is quite loose, so that the point is often broken off in the fall, or blown off in the descent. This increase of firmness towards the lower face is exactly what must result from the increased velocity as the atone increases in size; for as its speed increases the force of the collisions, as it overtakes the frozen cloud particles, must increase, and hence that portion of the stone which is last formed will be the firmest.

The question as to the union of the cloud particles when they encounter rises into great consequence in the case of hallstones. Under what circumstances will particles of ice unite when they encounter? Experience derived from the snowball is sufficient to answer this question. We know that squeezing the snow in the hand will cause it to stick together when at a temperature of 320. but not when it is lower. The reason for this is well understood, but the fact is sufficient here. It is only at the temperature of 32° that the cloud particles can unite on encounter, so that hall is impossible when the temperature of a cloud is below this point; and this in strict accordance with the circumstances under which hail is formed, for it never falls during a hard frost.

In order further to test the truth of these stituted of beautiful lace-like crystals. conclusions, efforts were made to produce halistones artificially. It being impossible to experiment on a frozen cloud of sufficient thickness to produce a stone of sensible size, a current of frozen fog was forced through a nozzle so that it emerged into open air in a vertical stream. The fog was produced by an instrument similar to the spray distributor, in which a small jet of water and another of ether were introduced in a jet of air, which caught up and divided the water and ether into fine spray; the ether, by we evaporation, cooled the whole fog thus formed, until the water particles were converted into ice. This end downwards in the fog. was then crystals, and the shape of these being such

formed the vertex of the cone, started to found that when the quantities of water and other and the strength of the blast were nicely adjusted, the particles of ice would adhere to the end of the wood and accumulate into a mass, which, not only in the general shape, but in all minute particulars, resembled the actual hailstones. Thus they had the conical





Fig. 3 .- Attition | Lasistones, Ind alan-

The adjacent figures show two such stones full size. Hailstones do not usually attain a size of more than a pea or a small nut, but scarcely a year passes but storms occur in which stones as big as a walnut are observed. The occurrence of stones of this size is a proof that but for the want of cohesive strength rain-drops would sometimes also attain a large size.

The difference in the causes which result in hail and mowflakes is also a matter of great interest. The difference between these objects is not only in shape and solidity. The hailstone is an aggregation of small granules without crystalline form, while snow is con-



This difference, which is invariable, at once blast of cold fog was directed upwards in a explains the difference in the shape and vertical direction, and then a small splinter texture of the hailstone and snowflake. The of wood, like the end of a match, was held snow cloud consisting of individual snow

as to offer the greatest possible resistance to action that crystals are formed. Both these tween encountering a wicker-basket and a crystals in the anowflake. cannon-ball. Nevertheless, although the which are smaller.

A cause may also be assigned for the differonce between the solid ice granules which constitute the hailstone and the open lacelike snow crystal. When a cloud of water particles already formed is cooled by subsequent elevation to a temperature below 32°, the at a temperature below 32°, is further cooled, is well known, it is by this mode of conden- which aggregate to constitute halistones.

their motion through the air, the descent of actions may be seen on a window during a these crystals is therefore very slow, and if sharp frost. As the window cools its lower on encounter they entangle, the subsequent portion becomes covered with dew, deposited rate of descent is but little accelerated; and first in the form of water; as the cooling proeven when many crystals have combined to coods this dew becomes frozen into an opaque form a single flake their open order is the coating of ice, but without showing any cause of so much resistance that the descent crystalline forms, and thus corresponds to is very slow. The force of encounter be- the hail granules. But the dew deposited, tween such flakes is quite a different thing particularly on the upper portion of the from the encounter between two hodies like window, after freezing has commenced, takes the solid particles of ice which constitute the the beautiful crystalline shapes so well known, hailstone. There | all the difference be and which correspond in all particulars to the

This cause for the difference which results result is somewhat different, the same pro- in anow and hail fits perfectly to the concess of aggregation goes on, and owing to ditions under which snow and hall are the comparative slowness of the motion the observed to occur. Snow occurs during action may be observed, for in watching a frosty weather when the general temperature snow-storm the larger flakes may often be of the air is below 32°. But hail hardly ever seen to overtake and combine with those falls when the temperature of the lower air is low, and generally when in I high. It is the suddenly formed dense cloud of higher temperature which sends down hail. When a body of heavily saturated air, at a temperature of 60° or 70°, ascends, as it rises it forms into a cloud, three-fourths of its steam being condensed before its temperature falls to 32°. fog becomes frozen but the particles retain If then no further elevation of the cloud their spherical shape, and the downfall from takes place the downfall will be rain; but auch a cloud is hail. But when clear air, the temperature is further lowered, the water particles are frozen into ice particles of the the steam condenses at once into ice, and, as same shape, and it is these frozen spheres

SICILIAN DAYS.

By AUGUSTUS J. C. HARR, Author of "Walks in Roke," etc.

IV .- PALERMO AND ITS MEIGHBOURHOOD.

vast central corn-fields of the sulphur country, apses, singularly ornamented with arcades

TT is a most uninteresting milway journey mixture of Greek, Roman, Byrantine, and from Girgenti to Falermo, traversing the Norman details. At the east and are three where Goeths wished for the winged car of of slender pillars under the cornice. The Triptoletuus to escape from the uniformity of west front is very plain, with a pillaged porthe scene. From the station of Corda a dili- tico between heavy projecting square towers, gence runs to; Messins, and affords the best and a richly ornamented postal; The inmeans of communication with Cefalm, which terior of the appe and the walls of the saucwell worth visiting, for the sake of its tuary are covered with mosaics, an army of glorious cathedral, founded (xx3x) by King saints, angels, apostles, prophets, kings, Roger, who, when in danger of perishing by judges, and warriors, with the Saviour III the shipwreck whilst returning from Calabria to centre, in glory and benediction. Two white Sicily, vowed that he would build a church murble thrones at the entrance of the choir wherever he was permitted to land. He are also encrusted with mosaics, that on the came safely to shore at Cefalu, and began right being inscribed "Sedes Episcopalis," that the cathedral in the following year. It is a on the left "Sedes Regia." An exquisitely Latin cross of pointed architecture, with a beautiful clointer, with elaborately sculptured the cathedral with the Bishop's Palace. Im- geographical changes, that though Panormus

the Greek fortress Cephalcedium.

The road to Cefalu passes close to the site of the famous Greek city Himera, where Syracuse defeated (480 B.C.) the army of Hamilear, in a victory which was scarcely less celebrated amongst Sicilian Salamis amongst their brethren on the mainwas cruelly avenged by Hannibal, who captured the town when it was deserted by its Syracusen allies, and sacrificed three thousand ot its citizens in cold blood to the memory of his grandfather Hamilcar. The country near this abounds in the manna or Amolloo tree (Frazinus ornus), from which the gum is extracted in summer, a gash being made in the bark in the beginning of July. and renewed daily, as long as it exudes, each tree yielding about half a pound of gum yearly.

The railway reaches the sea at Termini "la splendidissima"—a large town, with several good Renaissance churches and a castle on a height. It derives its name from the Thermae (Himerenses), the warm springs of "potent Himera" which were celebrated by Pindar, and still exist as Bagni di S. Calogero. Hence the line runs near the sea and

through gardens to Palermo.

Yet the first approach will give no idea of Italiae pulcherrimus," for the town is sur- may pass through at her featival. rounded by a vast garden of orange and olive trees, which fill the Conca d'Oro, the lovely

columns and ever-varied capitals, connects was once the bed of the sea. Such are the mediately above rises the cliff, crowned by a was important both in Carthaginian and Saracenic castle, which occupies the site of Roman times, no memorials of them remain, except the statues and inscriptions in the Museum. In A.D. 835, the town was made the Saracenic capital under the name of Bulirma, Theron of Agrigentum and Gelon of and it still retains some traces of Arabian palaces (though of later date than that of the Saracens in Sicily), and commemorates the scarcely less celebrated amongst Sicilian Saracenic rule in their names, and in that of Greeks than the contemporary victory of its little harbour—La Cala. But its greatest prosperity was due to its brief line of Norman land. But the defeat of his countrymen rulers, the great Count Roger, and the Kings Roger, and William the First and Second. and to these sovereigns it owes its finest buildings. The town is still divided into its four ancient quarters-Loggia, Albergaria, Kalsa, and Capo.

The Hotel Trinscria, which well known to all Sicilian travellers, but which is fast losing the good reputation of many years, looks down upon the promenade of La Marina, extending along the sea-shore, with noble views of Monte Pallegrino on one side, and Capo Zafferana on the other. Desolate and gloomy in winter, it resounds with music late into the summer nights, when its walk is crowded by the lower orders, and its drive by carriages filled with the Sicilian ladies, whose beauty is so greatly

extolled-

"Gil ecchi strilenti, e le vereno mglia, La bulla bocca angelica, di parle Picna, e di scor, a di dolto purula."

From the Marina, the Porta Felice leads the wonderfully beautiful situation of the into the town, always left open at the top, Sicilian capital-"ager non Siciliae modo sed that the high-towered car of Santa Rosalia gate opens upon the main street of Palermo, which, like the chief thoroughfare shell-like plain bounded by the red crags of of every other large South Italian town, Monte Pellegrino on the west, and the has received the name of Corso Vitwooded Capo Zafferana on the east, and torio Emmanuele since the Sardinian occubacked by Monte Griffone and other dark pation, yet will always be remembered mountains of rugged outline. The early by its historic Saracenic name of Cassaro, name of the town, given to by its Phoe- from Caser, or Alcazer, the Moorish palace nician founders, was Panormus; for the to which it led. This, and its cross street of city, even as late as the fourteenth century, Macqueda, intercept a labyrinth of feature-presented an entirely different aspect from less alleys, but are themselves lined by stately that which we now see; it was "all har- houses, with bold cornices and innumerable bour." The sea, which penetrated the town iron balconies, recalling the Toledo of in two gulfs divided by a peninsula, reached Naples. The ground floors are almost almost to the cathedral, now far inland, and always used for the mean-looking shops, the city was divided into three wards, each of which the fronts, Rastern-fashion, are with walls of its own. Gradually the hargenerally an open arch. The first floor is bours became filled up by deposits from the "pisage nobile," or family residence; rivers Oreto and Papireto, and the modern, the second and third floors are usually let Palermo, for the most part, occupies what | in lodgings; and, above all, wooden lattices are often seen, belonging to convents fre- Norman kings, though the Greek in this and there a church breaks the line of houses, plain enough externally, but covered internally with Sicilian jaspers, of which there are fifty-four varieties—rich to a fault. The Cassaro II the only street in Palermo which at all crowded. Travellers who have visited the eastern and southern coasts of Sicily have plenty of opportunity of observing here the change to an inferior race—from the frank, free-spoken, honest peasantry of the other side of the island, to a grovelling, idle, begging, vicious population like that of Naples,

On the right, where a street opens towards the pretty little harbour of La Cala (from the Arabic word Kalah-a hollow), is the charming brown Renaissance portico of S. Maria della Catena, built in the end of the sixteenth century by the sons of Antonio Gagini, the great sculptor of Palermo. The name is derived from the fact that the chain which secured the mouth of the harbour in former times was attached to the building; but tradition ascribes it to the story that three criminals, being sheltered in the porch on their way to execution, were miraculously delivered here from their chains in answer to prayer, and that King Martin (1392), recognising the power of the Madonna, granted them a free pardon. On the other side of the street is the pretty public garden of Piasza Marina, with the Palazzo dei Tribunali frowning down upon it—a grand building, half Saracenic, half Normanfounded in the beginning of the fourteenth century upon the site of the Moorish palace of Khalesa, and long used as a residence for the Viceroys.

Farther down the Cassaro we see the sun streaming into a small piasza on the left, and lighting up the immense Fontana Pretoriana, nearly filling up the narrow space, and adorned with a crowd of statues of almost too delicate workmanship, executed for Don Pedro di Toledo by the best Florentine sculptors of the sixteenth century. Just behind is the curious church of La Martonana, or Maria dell' Ammiraglio, built, 1143, by Georgios Antiochenus, emir or admiral to King Roger, and first noble in Sicily--- "protonobilissimus"—but afterwards united to a convent endowed by Aloisia Martorana, whence the name. The church exhibits the mixed style of Greek, Saracenic, and Gothic

quently far in the background, but arranged case predominates. The original plan was to allow the nuns, themselves unseen, to a square with apses at the east end, look down on all that going on. Here covered with a cupola supported by pillars, but additions have since been made at each extremity, and the church has been united to an ancient belify belonging to another building, of which the lower story is a porch with pointed arches; the second story Saracenic, with windows surrounded by the Saracenic billet; the upper story French Norman. The original square of the interior is exactly marked out by the ancient pavement: its pillars are of marble taken from eather buildings. The upper part of the walls is covered with mosaics; the lower, as at St. Mark's at Venice, depends for its decoration upon the slabs of marble and porphyry with which it is clothed. Two of the mosaics, of the date of the church, are very curious. One represents Georgios Antiochenus at the feet of the Virgin, who holds a scroll recommending the founder to mercy, enumerating his claims, and inscribed at the bottom, "The Prayer of George the Admiral." In the other, the Saviour is Himself crowning King Roger, who is represented in the Byzantina costume, and wears the Dalmatian tunic, a strictly ecclesiastical garment, to show that the kings of Sicily were, what Urban II. made them, hereditary apostolical legates, and therefore at the head of the Church in the island. The inscription, "Rogerius Rex," is in Greek letters. This inestimable church was given up in 1880 to "restorers," who have since worked carefully, though with great destruction of picturesqueness and interest, as well as of the ancient "pating" upon its marbles. The neighbouring church of S. Cataldo, built only eighteen years later, retains its original form-a Greek square and cupola, and its ancient pillers and inlaid pavement.

Passing the Piazza Quattro Cantoni, decorated by four fountains, where the Via Macqueda, a relic of Spanish rule, crosses the Cassaro, we soon reach the Piazza del Duomo. A crowd of statues of holy or distinguished natives - bishops, popes, and sainted virgins surrounds the enclosure in front of the cathedral, which, though it wants dignity of outline, is beautiful in the golden colour of its stone, and splendid in the richness of its Saracenic-Norman-Sicilian decoration, the apre especially being quite barbaric in its magnificence.

The older parts of the cathedral (of S. Rosalia) were built in 1169 by an English architecture which existed under the early archbishop-Walter of the Mill (Gualterius

Offamilius), who pulled down an earlier a sentence of excommunication from Celes-



Tomb of Frederick II-

south and cast walls are of Walter's time. the rest has been rebuilt at different dates. The pillars of the beautiful fifteenth-century porch are relics of the mosque, and bear Cuphic texts from the Koran. Within is Cuphic texts from the Koran. Within is the proud inscription, "Prima sedes, corona regis, et regul caput," bearing witness to the choice of Palermo m the capital of the The interior was modernised by Ferdinando Fuga in the eighteenth century, and contains little of interest except the tombs of the Norman kings, which are one of the most interesting groups of royal se-pulchres in the world. At the back of the second chapel is the monument of King Roger-"mighty duke and first king of Sicily "-the wisest monarch of his time, the poet-philosopher, who "did more sleeping than any other man waking," and whose beneficent rule was the golden age in the bistory of the island. His porphyry sarcophagus, supported by kneeling Saracens, was brought rich vestments of priests, produce an ecclefrom the cathedral of Cefalu (where Roger stastical authorized unequalled in Italy. An had intended to be buried) by Frederick II. inscription outside the door, recording the In the first chapel, on a line with her father's erection of a clock by King Roger (at a tomb, is that of his daughter Constantia, time when clocks were great rarities), is mother of Frederick II., who brought Sicily interesting, because the three languages by marriage to the house of Hohenstansen, in equal use at that time—Greek, Arabic, In front of Constantia rests her husband, the and Latin—are employed. On the Sala Normanna (Figure 1) is the Sala Normanna (Figure 2) in th "King of Sicily," who died at Memina under (also of the time of King Roger), of which

church which had been used for a mosque, tine III., which was removed ■ allow of his But only the crypt and a portion of the burial. In front of King Roger stands the sarcophagus (also brought from Cefalu) of his grandson, the great Frederick II., who died at Castel Fiorentino, in Apulia, Dec. 12, 1250. It was opened in 1342, when the body of the Emperor was found wrapped in the robe which had been given by the Seracens to the Emperor Otho IV., when they wanted him to assist them. On the right an succent sarcophagus containing the remains of Constantia II. of Aragon, the unhappy first wife of the Emperor Frederick II. On . the left, against the wall, is the white marble surcophagus of William, Duke of Athens, som of Frederick II. of Aragon: his figure is represented in a Dominican robe, and his epitaph asks the prayers of the faithful.

Beyond the Duomo is the great sun-burnt Piazza Vittoria, one side of which is occupied by the Palazzo Reale, filling the site of the Saracenic palace, but possessing nothing older than Norman times. Its first floor contains the unique and beautiful Cappella Palatina of King Roger, finished in 1142 in the mixed style of the early Norman kings, both Greek and Saracen architects being employed in the work. Though only measuring eighty-six feet by forty, this loveliest of chapels has all the features of a large church-nave, side aisles, and three apses. It is of Latin form, with a Greek cupola. The pillars are of granite or marble from other buildings. 'the roof, after the Saracenic manner, is of wood, the central roses or stars being divided by inscriptions in Cuphic characters, being a repetition of the inscription on the royal robe wrought for King Roger by the Saracens of Sicily, which was carried off by Henry VI., and afterwards used as the coronation-robe ("the Nuremberg robe") of the German emperors. The mosaics, so splendid in their general effect, are inferior in detail to those of Cefalu, and have been more injured by injudicious "restorations;" yet the glorious peacock colour of the walls, the subdued light falling through the dome into the dark church, with clouds of incense and

the angles are decorated by small marble and turning on pivots, served to show the and hunting scenes.

The quaint little domes, which rise in the



La Ziva.

holiow below the palace, belong to the church of S. Giovanni degli Eremiti, also built by King Roger, who wrote to ask for monks for its monastery from William, superior of the Hermits of Monte Vergine, whence the name. In his diploma of 1148, he grants the buildings to the monastery (Sancti Johannis) "for the love of God, and the salvation of our mother; and our father, the great Count Roger; of the most screne Duke Robert Guiscard, our uncle of most revered memory; and also for the welfare of our consort, the Queen Elvira, of most blessed remembrance." Though erected for Christian worship as late as 1132, this building, constructed by Anabian workmen, is as much a mosque as any in Africa. The church is nearly intact. Its form is a Latin cross. Four of its five cupolas remain. There are three apses, of which the northernmost united the quadrangular tower, which has a tiny cupola of its own.

We have now visited the principal curiosities of Palermo, but those who stay long will find much to interest them in remains of Gothic palaces in the smaller streets, and in churches which frequently have pictures by the native artists Ainemolo and Pietro Nothe highly curious metopes from Selmanto; was once a fountain. many grand fragments from Tyndaris, Himera, and Solunto; and one of the cele-brated bronze rams from Syracuse, which way constructed by the philanthropic Arch-

pillars, while the coved ceiling and walls direction of the wind, which, pouring through blaze with mosaics representing wild animals their mouths, produced a sound like bleat-

The semi-Saracenic remains of palaces are

all outside the town. About a quarter of a mile to the right from the Porta Nuova at the end of the Cassaro is La Zisa, a lofty tower built of large ashlar stones, with an inscription in Cuphic characters round its parapet, proclaiming that "Europe in the glory of the world, Italy of Europe, Sicily of Italy, and the adjacent garden the pride of Sicily." On the ground-floor is a little open hall, having three recesses covered with honeycomb decorations like those of the Alhambra, with mosaics of huntsmen and peacocks on the walls, and in the central recess a fountain whose waters stream through a channel across the floor. The name La Zisa.

is an Italianized version of the Arabic name of "El Axis," or "Glory," given to the palace by its founder, William the Bad, whose habits and manners were those of an Arabian emir, and whose love of everything Mootish so endeared him to his Saracenic subjects, that when he died the streets were filled with Saracenic women clothed in sackuloth and with dishevelled hair, lamenting him in loud cries and functal songs, which they accom-

panied with their tambourings.

The straight road from the Porta Nuova leads in a few minutes to La Culia, a Saracenic palace, erected by the Norman king William II. in 1182. It is an oblong building decorated with pointed panels, and, like La Zisa, it has a parapet surrounded by a Cuphic inscription. Its little court has a recess with Moorish honeycomb work. It was here that Gianni di Procida found his lost love in the palace of Frederick II., as is picturesquely narrated by Boccaccio. La Cuba is now a barrack, and the greater portion of its gardens, whose glories are described by Fazellus, has disappeared. The part which remains on the other side of the road contains the small vaulted pavilion called 1.a. Cubola, perhaps the most perfect Saracenic velli. But the best works by these artists are remnant in Sicily. Four pointed arches collected in the Museum, which also contains ashlar-work support a small cupola over what

If we continue I follow the high-road from were brought thither from Constantinople, bishop Testa, bordered by aloes, with foun-



Monreale, crowned by its cathedral, the latest work of the Norman kings, which, built in obedience III a vision, as that of Cefalu to a vow, at the noblest ecclesiastical building in Sicily, and in many respects unrivalled in the

King William II, whilst hunting here in the forest, fell asleep under a tree, and the Virgin, appearing to him, bade him build a church to her honous on the spot He obeyed, and crected the glorious church and the Benedictine monastery of Monte Reale—the "Royal Mount" In 1182 Monreale was made a cathedral by Pope Lucius III, who said, "the like of this church hith not been constructed by any being even from ancient times, and it is such as must compel all men to admiration." The see of Monreale was raised to an architehopric at the instance of with his family in S. Maria Maddulena in

the kaid, or chancellor, Matteo d'Ajello, who was anxious thus to include his spite against his political rival, Walter of the Mill, Archbishop of Palermo.

This cathedral, as Gally Knight observes, m perhaps the most remarkable example of the mixture of styles which existed in Sicily under the Norman kings. It is of Latin form, with a Roman colonnade, Byzantine mostics, Greek sculpture, and Saracenic and Norman details. The exterior is exceedingly plain, except the eastern apses, which are covered with small pillars and interlacing arches, the north porch, which has grand bronze doors of the twelfth century

tains and seats at intervals, which leads up by the same Barisano di Tiani who made the from the Conca d'Oro to the lattle town of doors of Trans and Ravello , and the west north, which has bronze doors decorated in 1586 with subjects from Old Testament his-

tory by Bonanno da Pisa,

Iruly glorious m the interior. Single pillars support long lines of arches, and the walls are covered by golden grounded mosaics, the general effect of which is subdued by time into a purple haze. The central point in these pictured walls is the colosial figure of the Savious in the apse His right hand is raised in blessing, in His left he holds an open book on which "I am the Light of the world" is written in Greek and Latin Thus His divine attributes are represented below His humanity is recalled by the Child on the knees of His mother St Peter and St Paul guard the sides of the apse. The corners of the choir are occupied by patritichs and prophets, with scenes from the New Lestament below relating to the life of our Saviour the transepts and aisles are covered by Old Lestament history. Between the arches of the nave are medallions of saints The toyal and episcopal thrones in the choir are of porphyry and marble, with bands of tich mo saic. Over the king's seat is the figure of the Redeemer laying His hand upon the head of the toyal founder, William II, who is attired in the same dalmatica in which King Roger m portrayed at the Martorana Above the bishop's throne the founder offers his church to the Vugin

In the right transcut are the tombs of William I. (the "Bul") and William II (the "Good") Originally William I was buried



The Cleater, Ma

Palermo, but he was removed hither by his his father Roger in Palermo, but it was dehad only a miserable tomb of brick till 1575, junction religione." contains the remains of Queen Magaret of of S. Rosalia and the hermitage where Navarre, wife of William the Bad, and regent during the infancy of William the Good.

is well worth while to ascend Monte son to the new foundation. His porphyry Pellegrino, which closes in the western side sarcophagus had once a canopy like that of of the bay of Palermo. The ascent, impracticable for carriages, is by steep paved zigstroyed in a fire of 1821. William II., the 22gs, supported on arches. The path through founder, who died in 1189, aged thirty-six, the grand red precipices | generally most desolate, only a few goats are looking for cytiwhen Archbishop Lodovico Torres removed ans amongst the rocks, and gendames are his remains, at his own expense, to the white often sent from the foot of the hill to follow marble surcophagus which they now occupy, strangers for their protection. After passing In the opposite transept is a sucophagus a gate in the rock, the view beyond the procontaining the entrails of St. Louis, who died montory becomes visible, with the western of the plague at Tunis, erected by the Viceroy sea framed in mountains. At 1474 feet Duca di Alcala-"affinitate conjunctus, con- above the sea, jammed amongst the rocks Another surcophagus under the shoulder of the hill, is the shrine

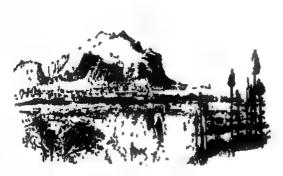
" Far from the youth of Souly bt. Rosahe retired to God."

Beyond a church the sacred grotto, hewn out of the rock, where the noble maiden Rosalia, niece of King Roger, is said to have passed many years of her life in devotion, and tohave died in 1166. surrounded by a host of lamps, is a beautiful figure of the sainted girl by the Florentine sculptor Gregorio Tedeschi. An angel fans her with a hly; all around are votive offerings of jewels and other valuables. Water trickles out of the rock on all sides, and the network of bluish green tubes arranged to catch it gives, as Goothe observes, the appearance of being overgrown by cactus to this wonderfully picturesque cavern. The festival of the

coupled columns, often encrusted with mosaics mountain to visit her grotto. At the time in varying patterns, with ever-different clas- of the festa the streets of Palermo have all the appearance of a pagan saturnalia, for the Sigulans, careless about religion in other respects, carry the worship of their especial

samts to the wildest excess.

The remains of a beacon tower stand on A winding path of several miles leads from the highest point of Monte Pellegruo, the ancient Ercte, where, in the First Punic War, dictine convent of Martino delle Scale, Hamilton Barca established a cump which he founded, amid barren mountains, by Gregory was able to hold for three years in spite of all the Great, but with no buildings older than the efforts of the Romans I dislodge him. the last century. On this excursion women Polybius has left an accurate description of with kilted petticoats and white mantas may the mountain, with its rough and craggy pre-often be met coming down from Piano dei cipices, its three possible means of approach, Greci, an Albanian settlement, where Greek and its wide spreading view. In the distance the volcanic island of Ustica II visible,



Palumo kom 5 Mana di Gum.

The magnificent cloister of the convent is saint lasts from July 11 to 15, when the surrounded by pointed arches, resting on whole population of Palermo swarm up the sical capitals of marvellous beauty condensing the religion and poetry of their age. At one corner is a fountain in a little arcaded court, thoroughly Saracenic in character-"as of a monastic Alhambra."

Monreale to the desolate unfinished Beneis still the language.

If we leave Palertoo on the other side, the south-east, we shall come, not half a mile from the walls, to the now dry bridge of many arches, called Ponte dell' Ammiraglio from its builder, the great emir or admiral, George Antiochenus, in 1113. It crosses the ancient bed of the Oreto (of which the course II now changed), in which Goethe hunted for peobles with his artist companion Kniep. was between the river and the city that Caecilius Metellus gained that decisive battle over the army of Hasdrubal, which gave the Metelli an elephant for their arms. A little farther is the church of S. Giovanni dei Leprosi, built by Robert Guiscard on the spot where his afterwards victorious army first encamped before Pa-Its external walls and its little cupola are original. The name # derived from a hospital for lepers once attached to the church, but now pulled down. In this neighbourhood are the remains of the Moorish palace of La Favara, sometimes called Mare Dolce, from the freshwater lake, which has now almost disappeared, but from which it once rose in an island covered with orangetrees. The Moorish palace was probably used by King Roger II., and a tiny chapel with a cupola is of his time: the Emperor Henry VI. also made it his residence. The chief existing remains are the three arches of the vaults for steam baths, in which the ancient water-channels and the chimneys for letting off smoke and steam still exist. Nothing is left of the lovely surroundings of Le Favara, of which many poetic descriptions are handed down to us, especially that of the Sicilian Arab Abderrahman, who extols "the lakelet of the twin palms, the island where the spacious palace stands, the transparent waters in which the great fishes are swimming, the ripe oranges hurning like fire," &c.

A little farther in this direction is the village of S. Maria di Gesu, where a modern cemetery occupies the terraces near an ancient church founded by the Blessed Matteo di Girgenti, whose embalmed body reposes within, and, according me an inscription, has been known to rise and adore and the views across the broad terraced the host during mass. The sucient cypress streets of ruined buildings to the wild heights avenue of the Minorite Convent, which winds up the lower slope of the mountain, has exquisite views of Palermo and Monte Pellegrino, and with broken balustrades and rempants of monastic crest of the hill, below which the farthest statues, should on no account he neglected by artists. One may return from hence boldly seawards. to Palermo by the Toxte de Diavoli, a Ere this article

picturesque building of the Aragonese kings in the glen of the Oreto, and the Church of S. Spirito, founded by the English arch-bishop, Walter of the Mill. As the church bell was ringing here for vespers on Easter Tuesday, 1282, an insult offered to a Sicilian maiden during the popular festa by one Drouet, a Frenchman, led to the general massacre of the French, called the "Sicilian Vespers." The foreigners, if there was any doubt about them, were detected by observing their pronunciation of the word "cieri," "vetches," a test similar to that of "Shibboleth," instituted by Jephthah on the slaughter

of the Ephraimites.

A longer excursion must be made to Bagheria and Solunto, easily accomplished in the day either by carriage or rail. Bagheria, the Richmond of Palermo, presents the most curious mixture of grandeur and misery, the most lavish ornament having been expended on buildings, afterwards left to utter decay. Grand arched gateways lead to neglected cypress avenues with roads scarcely practicable for a cart. The palaces of the nobility, with few exceptions, have moss-grown courts, dry fountains, barred-up windows, and falling roofs, and this dilapidation is now greatly on the increase, owing to the equal division of property. Perhaps the most characteristic villa is that of Prince Palagonia Gravina, a climax of architectural absurdity, having a garden filled with hundreds of caricatures in sculpture, which have been described in verse by Giovanni Meli, and to which Goethe, furious as he was at them, has devoted one of his longest letters from Sicily.

Just beyond the great church and the railway station of S. Flavia, a gate in a wall admits travellers a private road leading up the heights to the remains of Solunto or Solus, a Phœnician colony which afterwards became a dependency of Carthage. The great excavations which have been made here have opened to view whole streets of small houses like those of Pompeii, a gymnasium rather like the Temple of Castor and Pollux at Girgenti in miniature, and various other ruins. The situation is exquisitely beautiful, of Monte Griffone, and the varied windings of the coast, are scarcely surpassed by anything in Sicily. Delightful walks through the prickly pears and palmetto lead to the promontory of Capo Zafferana juts out

Ere this article appears, another and more

important excursion from Palenno will have wild in the extreme, and long before reachbeen rendered easy by the milway to ing it the yellow majestic and desolate



ruins of the temple are seen rising on a barren eminence surrounded by loftier moun-It A temple in tains. a wilderness. At the foot of the hill on which it stands runs the Gaggera, originally called the Scamander. in recollection of the famous stream near Troy, for the city of Segesta, originally Egesta, is said to have been founded by Trojan fugitives. The ruins of a theatre have been excavated, but nothing remains of the town, whose relief, in its quarrels with Selinus, was great Athenian expedition

Trapani, that to the great Temple of to Sicily, though it was almost forgotten Segeste, which is within little more than an in the still more important struggle with hour's ride of Calatatimi. The country is Syracuse.

RECENT ADVANCES IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

last two years have wrought in the one of the most interesting; and now practice of photography. The whole method our very breath is taken away, when of taking negatives has been completely we see in the papers that the train known altered by the advent of a new process, of as the "Flying Dutchman" has been successwhich the key word is "gelatine."

This gelatine in the medium for holding in

suspension the sensitive salts, and it gives

very valuable qualities in the image. Objects, hitherto completely beyond the grasp of photography, have now been brought within its reach by the wonderful rapidity of exposure, rendered possible by this most marvellous process. We read with amazement of the photographs of the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race, taken instantaneously by Messrs. Wratten & Wainwright, of London, showing the rival boats rowing at Jull specil; again of the wonderful feat of Mr. Gale in his catching the image of the swallow on the wing; we are astonished at a series of views lately taken by Messrs. Hills and Sounders. depicting some military athletic sports—these exercise; one of the last of these, in which

a performer is actually in the act of dropping

EW people know how great a change the | present him as motionless, being perhaps fully photographed while tearing along at sixty miles an hour. What will be the next surprise, it is hard to guess; perhaps we shall see photographs of the eighty-one ton gun being discharged, with the cannon ball in the act of leaving its mouth; who can tell?

But mesume, must be obvious to any one, that in order to take rapidly moving objects, the exposure of the photographic plate in the camera must be very brief indeed. Even for comparatively slowly moving objects, such as pedestrians and shipping scenes, the exposure must not, as a rule, exceed one-twentieth of a second, and such things as express trains require exposures of as short duration as one-five-hundredth part of a second, or even less. A few years ago photographs representing that and hardle would have been impossible to produce races, horse vaulting, and horizontal bar any image at all on plates so very briefly exposed, and it is only the advent of the "gelantino-bromide emulsion" process that from the bar to the ground, his photograph has rendered it possible. Very rapid gelatine having being taken while he was in mid-air, plates are now a marketable commodity, and and in so short a space of time as to re- can be procured of a comparative sensitive-

ness to light, ranging from one to fifty times the rapidity of the old wet collection method. That is, in a light where a wet plate would require fifty seconds exposure in the camera, a rapid gelatine plate would require only one

second's exposure.

This wonderful advance in the chemistry of photography has put quite a new power in the hands of photographers, both amateur and professional, and thanks to it, and to the excellent instantaneous shutters now to be bought, instantaneous photographs of moving objects have become quite easy to take.

is not, however, only in instantaneous photography that gelatine has left its mark. It is equally applicable to all branches of the art, both to portraiture and to landscape photography. Most professional photographers now use II to take infants and animals, and for ordinary portraits on dull days, and some have even gone the length of entirely abandoning in its favour the older process of wet collodion. Colonel Stuart Wortley, whose marine photographs are well known, in a recent photographic tour round the world, took with him nothing but gelatine plates, and has reported most favourably of the process, both in different climates and as applied to different kinds of subjects.

To tourists and amateurs the process especially recommends itself, for as the prepared plates will keep without deterioration for months before and after exposure, the photographer need not carry with him any chemicals at all, but only his box of plates.

his camera, lens, and tripod.

The great rapidity of gelatine has also rendered it possible to take portraits in ordinary sitting-rooms, and even by artificial light. The London Stereoscopic Company have fitted up their studio with the electric light, and with it take excellent photographs. Mr. Laws, of Newcastle, employs gas for the same purpose, and numerous photographers throughout the country employ these and other kinds of artificial light, as an aid to, or a substitute for, daylight during the dark winter months. People going I fancy dress balls can thereby be photographed on their way to the place of entertainment, and thus he saved the trouble of again dressing on lished himself in the same building as the ball-room, and taken portraits and groups of the dancers in the intervals between the volutionized, and instead of with silver and

the platinotype method of printing. Most, if gelatine,

not all people have bitter remembrances of what were once beautiful photographs, but which now, alas! are but sickly, yellow, and faded phantoms of their former selves. The instability of ordinary silver prints on albumenized paper well known, and is a defect unhappily inherent to the process, least experience seems to prove it so. A new method of printing is, however, is be found in the platinotype process of Mr. Willis. It is based on the reasonable assumption that a picture in platinum must be permanent, as platinum is one of the most unalterable and stable of metals, Mr. Willis's first care was a find some ready agent to reduce the metal, which he wished I form the base of his pictures. After many experiments, he discovered that a solution of ferrous oxalate in neutral potassic oxalate, precipitated the metal from ordinary platinum chloride. The platinum being thus reduced to its metallic condition, the next step was | cost paper with platinum chloride and ferric oxalate. When exposed to light under a negative, and subsequently immersed in a hot solution of potassic oxalate, the metal is reduced in proportion corresponding to the action of the light. The picture now only requires to be washed in alightly acidulated water, and it is finished.

The prints produced by this process are exceedingly beautiful, and have, moreover, been found to resist destructive tests under which silver prints would have completely disappeared. From their cold tone and flat surface they have somewhat the appearance of finely executed steel engravings, and are therefore considered by artists and other critics superior to the glossy surface of ordinary prints on albumenized paper. The public, however, who have become accustomed to the brown tones and gloss of the latter, do not as yet seem to favour the new process, at any rate in any great degree. Public taste, however, is an article of very plastic mould, and we shall neither be surprised nor sorry to find that in a few years the platinotype process has not only worked its way into popular favour, but has nearly superseded every other kind of silver and carbon printing, except for subjects purpose to be taken; and more than one whose special nature may still be favourable enterprising photographer has even estab- to the employment of one or other of the older processes.

Photography will then be completely recollection, the proofs and negatives of the day Another recent photographic discovery is will be printed and taken with platinum and A. A. CAMPBELL SWINTON.

SOCIAL PLAGUES.

CORRESPONDENTS.

STEALTHILY, as a conspirator, in the bespicare, a well-meaning and kind-hearted first watch of the night, I return to what man; but of the two he has proved to be the is, by a bitter mockery, called an English- greater malefactor and enemy of his race man's castle—his house; unknown to credi- The French philanthropist only cut off the tor or friend, in the dull season, confiding heads of a few thousands of people—many of only, under pledge of secrecy, in one blood-whom probably did not deserve to live—in relation and an indispensable cook, with one age and country, and, sided by another another illusory hope of a month's peace. philanthropist—who made his bed and lay Like a spent swimmer tossed asbore on a in it—he did this in a peculiarly merciful bed of nettles, I find my table littered with way. The English philanthropist, by his letters thick as the Vallambrosa leaves, practices and example, will continue to be *I recoil with a shudder, like Coupeau the source of untold torment to generations from his bottle in the last act of L'Asson- to come, in all the regions of the habitable moir; but they clamour for audience, and earth. His work has not followed him; it one may announce an unexpected in follows us, it haunts us everywhere, and heritance. sentences of a half handful :- "We request weed. your attention wour account as rendered." "I rely on your candour to give me a frank There were books enough in the days of opinion of the enclosed verses, and on your Solomon; but we are not bound m read kindness, if you think they have merit, to get books. Not read letters requires a genius them inserted in Good Words or the Corn-like that of a great writer and great visitor, Aill." "I am an applicant." "Accompanying who, being reminded by his host of a nethis is a copy of a little book," &c. "The unfortunate circumstances in which I am placed will, no doubt, lead you - overlook this intrusion on your valuable time." "You may remember me as a former unsuccessful some strength of purpose, or the nerve, now candidate, and could you again, on this occasion, exert your influential influence on my behalf?" "We are building a new missionhouse under difficulties, and getting up a Sir Rowland - the sin for the suspected series of gratis lectures." Referring to our communications of the 7th June and 17th Platonic state, at his birth, suppressed—is, July unanswered, we desire to inform you that he has not merely invented a new inithat further delay of MS, will be prejudicial to your interests as well as ours." "We beg remind you of your over-due subscription to our Association for the Extension of the Franchise Imbeciles. On the question of your joining us, we have taken your silence for consent." "Our club having agreed to make you a referee on the disputed point as people only wrote letters when they had regards the reading of the line in Lyndesay's something to say, or to gain, worth a little 'Squire Meldrum," &c. "We request your enterprise; they gave a fair amount of attenattendance at a meeting of the Society for tion to express themselves when they had to the Suppression of Vice." "Take notice, risk outlay for the chance of being read. you have rendered yourself liable "-here The letters of France are the most lively follow the "aweet amenities" of the tax- and interesting records extant of certain gatherer.

irremediable. Rowland Hill was, like Ro- Byron, many volumes of vigorous English,

Alas I thus run the opening spreads over the world like the American

Doubtless Gutenberg began the evil course. Solomon; but we are not bound m read glected heap, replied, "I need not open these, it would only hurt my feelings; they are from my daughters, and it is always the same story; they are starving!" It even implies mine, inspired by desperation, not to answer letters.

The gravamen of the charge against capacity of which he would have been in the quity, like the milroad or the telephone, but that he has abused and distorted one of the past pleasures into one of the prime pests of our existence. The communication of thought or fact by postage may, when attended by some degree of difficulty, be amosing, or even instructive. In old days phases of continental, especially of femi-The wisest remark I recall is, that half the nine history, habits, and social life. In business of the wise is to undo the mischief our own country, we have, from those of done by the good. Unfortunately it is often the Paston family to the masterpieces of the best of which are invaluable. Sir Rowland | write letters, as poetasters write verses, because absurd creature who can dip his pen in ink requires to inflict himself on any one unprotected by a secretary; and, as if this were not enough, he is " by the card " invited publicly insult the most eminent persons in the kingdom, for a cent. 🔳 is not in nature to resist such inducements to vice; consequently the worse half of the world goes writing to the better half—the bulk from stupidity or conceit, the baser sort for aggran-Drunkards and paupers apart, disement. give any one a penny and he or she-most certainly she-will put it on a letter. Nor age, nor rank, nor sex, nor misfortune, nor infirmity protects, and to have attained the humblest known position is to be the butt of every scribbler who can by any possibility ascertain your past, present, or future address. This a motive more powerful than George Warrington's remain utterly obscure. At the risk of being accused of an analytic mania, we must point out that correspondents belong to two great classes.

I. The first are, in a sense, DISIMTERESTED; they write, as great talkers talk, not so much to be admired for their much speaking, as to relieve a mental restlessness, proceeding, according to Burton, from "some imposthume of the brain," and most of what they have to say is, save for wanted time, mereharmless chatter. Representative letters of this sort are those of school-girls, who

Both waching of one scag, sect as one say,"

have contracted an unalterable and everlageing friendship, to break up suddenly when Lysander comes between Helena and Hermis. or fade, through years, into non-recognition when Agatha keeps her carriage and Agnes rides in an omnibus. Other varieties are:-many-paged discussions of religion, metaphysical twaddle, or literary platitude, by students who have no power of speech,-in reading which we constantly exclaim, "Who would have thought the dull fellow had so much gush in him?" descriptions of sconery on return from the Coolans or the Campsies, by people who cannot drink the fresh air and hold their tongues; sketches of character that no magazine will print; political ideas to which no Daily will commit itself. Their authors

and his accomplices have, mone swoop, de- they have nothing better to do. Their corstroyed this whole branch of our literature, respondence is a mere vent for the incon-The art of letter-writing, no longer culti- timence that sees on the table of every acvated, is being rapidly lost; already, by quaintance the sign, "rubbish shot here." haste and thrift, it has become utterly Between equals it must be endured, or revulgarised. Ten centimes and ten minutes butted by silence or the enviable reputation of his worthless time are all that the most of an unsympathetic character. From the molestation of the class of secretaries to "Lecture associations," &c., who write ten notes where, on a simple matter of business, one would suffice, there is no release save in the resolve to have, in future, nothing to do with them.

> II. INTERESTED, or self-seeking, correspondents may be at once distinguished by the fact of their letters categorically requiring " an answer, many of them adding the impudence of an enclosed postage-stamp, which sensitive consciences are unwilling to retain. They, in turn, are of four distinct kinds, united only in their common aim to push themselves by pestering their neighbours.

(e.) Those who write for Direct Gain, and demand hard cash; the epistolary beggars, including the tribe of Joseph Adic, who live by obtaining money on false pretences. The arena of their depredations is wide, their appeals being addressed to all persons supposed-often, me teste, most erroneously—to have a few pounds or pence to spare. Some already fall under the law; the rest should be dealt with according to the straight rules of Anti-Mendicity-professing to be also anti-mendacity-Societies. Generally the dupes of imposture deserve to pay. But there are cases hard to handle, the chief being those of the Poor Relation, of the accomplished exile, and of the honest woman The first has been temporarily destitute. limned by the gentlest and subtlest humorist of our century, and "in that circle none date salk but he." Who has not bled beneath the lance of the Begging Foreigner, and ended by handing him over to some of his friends, or to the police? He flatters by writing to you as to a Messolanti, in a language you imperfectly understand; humours your politics, for which-whatever they may be-he has suffered martyrdom; and touches you by the pathetic situation of a learned man, "like yourself," reduced to search for the means of a dinner or a coat. The Baging-Woman, when an adept ther art, is the most dangerous of all; you are amazed wher English style, and wonder how her graphic powers have been retained smid her grinding toils. Her profession, in fact, is letter-writing, in which, inspired by the genius of theft, as Jessie Maclanchian

the vividness of Defoe. You have, at some records of examination results, are either time or other, unfortunately employed her; fraudulent or superfluous. The Tratimonial dence, she addresses you from a distance, veterate that I requires consideration apart. monetary drains are the duns for "nebsoris"

(b.) Those who want Promotion, and expect you to devote your whole life indirectly epistolary aggression are, in many respects, professional thief. the more obnoxious, because there is in our yet imperfect civilisation no statutory remedy men, and women, have as fierce a thirst against them. Under this head Patrons as the dypsomaniac has for brandy. These must have much to say; my lines have fallen are the literary beggars, who insist on sending on humbler, if not more pleasant, places; you MSS, or books, and, as III was pistol but a full third of my correspondents expect in hand, call for "your mudid opinion" or me to assist them to impose upon Patrons, your life. As regards this form of extortion, to testify to qualities which they have never all but the merest novices will observe the exhibited, to vouch for deeds which they have rule never to read MS. unless it is their rold never done, and to exercise on their behalf profession to do so, MS. is often L. of an "influence" which I do not possess. A written on pink or yellow or transparent draft on imaginary "influence" is worse paper, and-not to speak of your time (which than tugging at the strings of an imaginary no one but yourself considers worth anything) purse, for you may refer to your deficit at -you may fairly say that your eyes cannot the banker's; but shrick till you are house stand it. Be callous to the most heartthat you have no "influence," that you are rending appeals-" Only this once make an so unpopular that your support can only exception in favour of my drama, which has do harm, it is put down to mock-modesty. been discarded by all the managers." The I am in my own eyes degraded by ama- chances are that the managera, being unaniteur authors appealing for my "influence" mous, were right; in any case an exception to get their MS, accepted in quarters to entails upon you the fatal notoriety of a which I myself have never had, and never squeezable man. The more pains you take, expect to have access, till the very word has the less thanks you will get. "Should I become the most hateful in the dictionary. publish this?" inquires the aspirant, always One of the worst vices of the age is the at first deferential, on his way to be indignant, practice of applying for "special certificates," and ultimately renomous. If you say "yes,"

by the instinct of self-preservation, she rivals which, it the face of a surplusage of authentic circumstances having led to a change of resi- NUISANCE has grown so extensive and inthe extremity of distress alone constraining. Here I must suffice I refer to an ingenious her to take advantage of your farmer kindness. article by a Saturday Reviewer, some ten She has, till now, at least, kept a respectable years ago, who pointed out that their only roof over her head, and over a sick child, left walte was in their negative evidence. "Obbehind by the brutal husband who abandoned serve," he remarked, "the points omitted," her; but during the last three months every- I can corroborate him. A vacancy in the thing has gone wrong. In the recess, her floor-sweeping department of a public instipatrons are out of town; her debtors have tution having been advertised, the testibecome insolvent; day after day she has monials to the intellectual and moral emibeen putting off the bailiffs, they will wait nence of one old woman were overwhelming: no longer, and III her last resource, "your but after the election, II appeared that generous heart," fails to send \$5 to morrow, she had only one arm. The broom should her "poor sticks" must go. She will receive be applied to the whole system, and a refeyour remittance, of course, only as a loan. rence to the names of a few responsible Would it not be well, by way of a show with- persons accepted instead. Meanwhile, whenout reality of work, to attach to the Chiltern ever I receive a letter beginning, "I am an Hundreds the secretaryship of an Office for applicant," "There is a vacancy," "Could the Registration of Returned Loans? Other you exert," I feel inclined to go to the colonies or commit a crime. It is a delutions" or "donations" to churches or sion to suppose that a single struggle with "causes." As to these, if you are so minded, one's wit, or one violation of conscience, in give what you can afford at the time, but, as each case is enough. Some people are you know not what a day may bring forth, always demanding testimonials. They are never saddle yourself with an annual blister. either restive in their situations, the claim of discontent-or out of them, the plea of incompetence. They are as thoroughly proto their advancement. The subtler forms of fessional candidates as Jack Shepherd was a

(c.) These who want Praise, for which some

you lure him on destruction, and make injuria ingenti." The frankly criticized is a yourself an accomplice in his guilt. If "no," he twits you with Zoilus on Homer, Gabriel Harvey on the "Faery Queen," Johnson on "Lycidas," Jeffrey on Wordsworth, Brougham on Byron. Boldly declare you cannot read his MS., sent back by return of post; tell him -what is true—that the literary market is glutted, as never was that of iron, or theology, or wool; that he had better break stones than write books; add-what is most true—that he has not the ghost of a chance of it is to enrage. justice, unless he belongs to a London clique. Waste of words on him, the try Prince who will succeed where the many fail; the born Genius who will burst out into sudden blace: but you are saved. Examine his MS., you are undone. The man who not only sends it, but comes and reads it, is, generally speaking, beyond the paic of humanity; but there are pathetic cases. Not long since a worthy middle-aged man read me in a faltering voice several pages of very fair verse-but neither unintelligible nor disgusting, and without the power required to compensate for the lack of those popular qualities. Warned not to expect a fortune from Poetry, "I don't want money," he muttered, "but fame, fame, vame." "Poor creature, poor creature!" cries Thackeray, as Mrs. Deuceace atruck down by the nuthless hand. The "short method" with obtraders of MS. must be slightly modified with obtruders of books, either worthless or to you uninteresting. These you cannot profess not to read; but you need not read them. When they come simply "from the author," acknowledge them at once; "anticipating much pleasure," &c., and you may escape. But, in nine cases out of ten, there is a comment appended, as to the articles of the Catechism; you are implored to "say a good word for the volume" in a review, or to give "a candid opinion" by which the author "will benefit in a second edition." In any case it is "frank criticism, not praise," that your correspondent hungers for. Lives there the man who ever believed the shameless asseveration? The alarming development of female talent and brain activity, fostered by our cactus-house "Higher Education," competition and morbid emulation, has complicated matters in our own to a degree unprecedented in any other age. Few men can bear "candid criticism" -no women; at least, in my sad experience, making a shoal of enemies, I have never found her. In these times of her triumphant Rights, the terrors of the "species injuria and never either solve a problem or climb formst" are eclipsed by those of the "spreti an Alp.

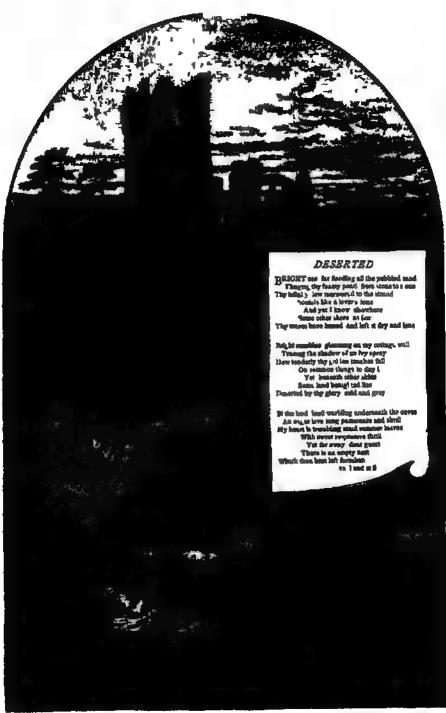
grossly outraged woman, and she communicates to her belongings the inheritance of avenging her wrongs. Some fifteen years ago my "green, unknowing youth" yielded to the urgency of an infatuated husband, some carefully sugared, but occasionally critical, remarks on his wife's indifferent verses. shall never do the like again. But to give no reply to such a request seems rude; to refuse to grant it is to offend, to comply with

"Quidquid melius, leviusque putarie Paubenda un glades pulcas hac et candido cervix."

Whether I read Mrs. Pepper or no, Mr. Pepper is my mortal foe.

(d.) Those who demand Advice or Information.-This last class, without meaning it, are perhaps the most troublesome of all, and none the less that their intrusion comes in the guise of a compliment. In the initial chapter of this series we referred to those who write offering advice, and added ours, "Don't take it." To those who are asked for it we would say, as a rule, " Don't give it." To legislate for another's life, by directing his choice of a profession or a wife, is a responsibility too horrible to be contemplated; and yet I knew a man who, for half a decade, came regularly once a year to ask whether he should join the bar, or enlist in the army, or "take to literature." Happily he is now an ornament of the Church. Many regard you as a living catalogue, who will tell them what books to buy and what to read. Shall we take the notes of Poppo or of Hänck? Shall we get up Freeman, or Froude, or Stubbs, or Green? To whom, generally, the answer is-" Got, get, get them all. ('Bind a library to your back, said Burns), but with all thy getting, get understanding.

Finally, requests for information on matters of which you are profoundly ignorant—as on remote quotations, disputed texts, the authenticity of doubtful passages—are, to say the least, humiliating, especially as, nowadays, such questions are most frequently put by ladies. I would exceed our space to dilate on the remedies for this persecution. Acquire, perhaps easily, a name for ill-nature and a reputation for negligence, advertise in some "influential" periodical that you are the worst, the dullest, slowest, and most unseliable correspondent in the world; or you will live out your life as a reviewing, criticizing scribbling corresponding machine, J. NICHOL.



Fair sea, bright sunshine, bird of song divine, I too may lose the tide, the light, the lay; Others may win the kinses that were mine, My night may be their day; Yet though the soul may sigh For precious things gone by, I shall have had my rapture, come what may !

SARAH DOUDNEY.

HOW CHRISTIANS WAIT.

By Mrs. L. B. WALFORD, AUTHOR OF "DICK NETHERBY." Erc.

our hurrying and worrying will not advance one step the thing we would press on until the Hand at the helm gives it a turn in the desired direction; all our ardour and activity will not driver forward the actions of One ate; and we may wonder, and sigh, and exclaim, "How I have tailed for this ! How I have spoken about it, written about it, prayed about it!" and yet the coveted good is withheld-it may be ours in time, but not just yet,---do what we will, strive as we may, we can not force the decrees of Providence.

The thing for Christian people to consider then is, not whether or no they will fulfil this law of their existence, not how often nor for how long they will have to submit to seeing their plans delayed, their favourite projects hindered-but hore, that is in what spirit and in what fashion they will "wait," while God shove holds down the cuttain before their eyes.

Some Christians wait clamorously. Confident that the object they pursue is worthy, their urgency to obtain it. Seldom it it ofar from their thoughts, night and morning enters into their prayers; no opportunity is lost of furthering it in season and out of season; and friends and relations are taxed member it before the Throne of Grace, and I foolish and fractions as the little feeble things seems as if everything must give way beneath we train often are. These big children, these such resolute and accumulated paternee. It clamouses, must be borne with, and given signifies not a jot that the required answer appears the mind is made up is, that it will not endure a refusal, it will not take "No," even from the lips of Omnipotopice.

unfrequently achieve their end. The boon blessing than a concession. they seek is granted—a little to their own

[X/AIT we must perforce upon the will of surprise perhaps, though this, of course, they God. All our fretting and fuming, would not own for the world-and greatly do they now rejoice and exult in consequence. Everybody hears of it; the wonderful "answer to prayer" is vannted, if we may so speak, right and left; the successful suppliant is raised many degrees in the estimation of his with whom "a thousand years are as one or her circle who are in the secret, and will, day," and who can therefore afford to deliber- we cannot but suspect, inwardly coincide in the general applause, and plume him or herself thenceforth on being so specially favoured and honoured in the sight of the world.

But is it really so? Is our God really akin spirit to that unjust judge who yielded worn out by a woman's importunity, and does He really like to be beset by tears and entreaties when He sees fit to withhold-and that, it may be only for a season-a blessing? We are indeed instructed to "make our requests known unto Him," but we are also bidden to " be careful "-that is over-anxious -about nothing; and it seemeth to us with regard to such a besieging of Heaven as we have above suggested, that the key to its success may, with reverence be it spoken, lie in this. Some Christians need to be they give themselves and Heaven no peace **meneral; they are not wise enough nor strong enough to con the deep things of God; they are sincere, carnest, loving and true men and women, but their understandings are weak and their passions vehement; they are like very young and very wayward to join in the pursuit, and pious acquain- children-children of the kingdom all the tances are confided in and besought to re-same, honest, and in the main obedient, but way to when occasion permits,—and so our is long coming; the one thing to which it Heavenly Father, in His infinite forbestance and compassion, just grants their desire because it is not worth while to try the pour souls more severely, and because they could Now, a curious fact is this, that such de- not perceive the value of a refusal which termined and vociferous petitioners do not would involve an infinitely higher and purer

Again, Christians will fly to the opposite

nature, the deceitful voice is double-tongued, and its undertones mutter, " is of no use to dash one's head against a stone. The Divine decree arbitrary and unassailable, and our poor little wills are such gossamer webs in comparison that is nothing but folly to attempt to carry out their designs in opposition. It is our place obey—and indeed we shall have obey, whether we choose or not." This is, sad to say, the spirit in which not a few real Christians wait for the turning of the next leaf in the book of fate. A sort of feeble, stupid acquiescence takes the place of an active, ready, cheerful resignation, and the noble feeling of duty is smothered in a sense of abject helplessness.

There are Christians, again, who "wait" by fits and starts. One day they are all up in the air, quite sure that what they wish for will come me pass presently, and quite willing to hold on for a time, praying and watching. Expectation makes everything easy. I has been good for them, they tell you, to have had to undergo disappointment and discipline hitherto. Looking back on the past they own that had God bestowed on them their heart's desire, that very heart had itself been broken; that had he given to their affections that whereon they had been set, those affections had been wrung to agony. But now, now all is changed. In the plenitude of their present satisfaction, and in the comfortable conviction that events are shaping as desired, they discern no need of further trial, and they aver-in truth, so far as they know it -that they are ready to give up the cherished hope or scheme (so long as there seems no prospect of their being called upon to do so).

But observe this latter reservation; note that while the good tolks thus think and speak, they inwardly fat that they will not be called upon to make the sacrifice. A placid certainty that their wishes are about to be accomplished and their plans carried out, enables them easily to contemplate imaginary defeat and disaster, even as a blue sky and shining sun overhead nerves the most timid to speak lightly of possible storms. But wait a little; the devoutly desired communication seems no nearer at hand than I did a while

extreme. They will await the development before; a little hitch arises; there an unof the future doggedly and sullarly, with a sort easy undefined dread—the merest chance of passiveness which shows well enough on that all may yet get out of gear, and how the surface, but which, if analyzed, would soon I the temper ruffled and the pleasant throw up some curious and little-suspected mood departed. The spirit sinks, the hands elements. Consciously the heart only dic-fall down, the head droops. At once the tates submission to the Eternal Will, ordaining woe begone aspect of the dejected one betrays that further desires be checked and further the hidden secrets of the heart, since, no longer efforts he desisted from-but, true to its buoyed up by outward prosperity, i gives way to the bitterness of disappointment or humilistion. Instead of simply "waiting," quietly, patiently waiting to see what will happen next-and who can tell but that the very next bend in the path may show a change of scene?—they, these volatile Christians, so to speak, give up the ghost of hope then and there, and prepare for the worst with all the speed they can muster. This they call submitting to the will of Providence :- this we are disposed to call anticipating, and impatiently and unreasonably anticipating it.

And again some Christians will "wait" well enough in the abstract, if they have nothing to

"wait" for in particular.

These, as a rule, are cheerfully anxious to walk in the ways of righteousness, and to be taught day by day the work that God Almighty would have them do : they are not headstrong, self-willed, opinionative people; they are not set on any chosen course, pursuing it in the teeth of opposition and discouragement, against the wishes of parents, guardians, or family---no, they are very sober, steady-going, reliable men or women, leading a useful happy life, and asking little or nothing beyond a daily round of duties and pleasures to fill up the measure of their contentment with the lot appointed them. Surely of these, you say, surely of these and such as these we may sately affirm that they will "wait" in the true spirit of waiting, for the finger of God to direct their goings out and their comings in. It seemeth so, as the years roll gently on, and time brings only little tender griefs, and easily smoothed cares, and soon-forgotten troubles-but mark, this is mere child's play while all thus calm and easy, while no depths of emotion stir the soul, and no great thundering waves of anxiety and misery break in upon the 'eart, and there are no burning passions' gings to be dealt with, no absorbing ams to be perchance frustrated, no hands to be wrung in anguish over impotence and utter inability. Oh, it is casy, very easy and simple and sweet, to look lovingly upwards for the kind Hand which draws us along, when the way below is straight and smooth-but I is not so easy, it is often a hard and terrible thing to stand still, motionless, perforce petrified, in the

when, compelled to inaction, tantalised by what would appear to be the vagaries of fate, torn this way and that, blinded by unforescen complications, tormented by officious comand our pulses beating-nothing to be done, yet everything to be feared or desired-then, and then alone, is it seen whether or no we can indeed "wait patiently," wait as God would have us wait "for Him."

We have touched on but a few heads; but divers, indeed, and curious are the ways in which Christians evade the unpalatable command. They will not, and cannot, as a rule, endure it. For one who will arait, dozens will work. For one who can steadfastly and loyally cast his eye upwards, exclaiming, Do Thou Thy holy will," there are hundreds ready and eager to cry, " Let me do it."

It is so much easier, pleasanter, more con--to sit down and see things going wrong (as we call it) before our very eyes. Why may we not pull out the tangled skeinwhich we could so easily do if we were perdelayed, and arrives too late. Only an hour teach you no greater lesson.

midst of a howling wilderness of doubt and sooner and ill would have been in time to perplexity, while the pillar of cloud and of alter a whole course of untoward events. fire hange overhead, and will not move a pace not this enough to force a groan of vexation, to right or left. Then, and then only, can a stamp of the foot? It is, alas 1 it is. No be made manifest of what virtue is the one wonders, no one thinks anything amiss patience we profess. Then, and only then, if we give way a complaint and chagrin under trial so pungent. It is natural, we say, it is but natural, it is what any one of us would do. Nobody can be expected to put up meekly with provocation of such a forters, distracted by opposing counsels—our kind. Knowing our own frailty, we are dishands tied and bound, our veins throbbing posed to be lenient judges when our fellow-Christians fail at such a moment.

But, dear friends, let us not mistake. This may be all very well, very comprehensible, very true to life, but | | not resting in the Lord, and waiting patiently for Him. You aspire to this? You realise its blessedness? You long for the peace and holy calm which you perceive must fill the souls of those found waiting, watching, and following? Then look inwards, and see what you find there, when, bidden to "halt," you would fain go forward; when, obliged to remain motionless, you are thirsting for action; when, a cloud descending upon your path, you may not even attempt to pierce it. How are you genul our nature to be up and doing "waiting," then? Besting against the prison-than to be bearing and suffering. It is little bars, as some do? Sourly and gloomily less than maddening—to some of us at least despondent, as others are? Now in one mood, now in another, according to the ways of others again? Try yourselves, test yourselves. "Study to be quiet," learn "be still." Let your dearest hopes and noblest mitted-push into shape business that has aspirations be laid humbly at His feet, to be gong awry, reduce to order a mess of cir-dealt with in His own time and after His cumstances? Often it seems as if a very own fashion. This done, what remains? touch would do it. Why may we not give Your soul will have returned unto its rest; the touch? A word, a whisper, would amend what needs it more? You may have, indeed, a misunderstanding which has wrought griev- to "wait," perhaps at times to wait long, to ous mischief; but as Christians we are de- wait in sorrow, to wait in fear and trembling; barred from giving that dishonourable whisper, but once you have learned "wait pam not this a hard case? A letter has been tiently," the Holy Spirit of God Himself can

MORE ABOUT PLANTS WITHOUT EARTH.

The inventor of the new method of rais- which we have great pleasure in giving our ing plants without earth has, in consequence readers, as a general reply to their inquiries. of Mr. Heath's article on the subject in the We may further premise that since the article May part
Good Wonds, received such a appeared, two or three of our readers have large number of letters inquiring for further visited M. Dumesnil at Vascœuil, and have information, that he finds it impossible to been automished to see the results obtained reply to them individually. He has, however, by the fertilizing moss; while at the Horti-kindly sent us, through Mr. Hesth, the following short statement of directions as to the ago, M. Chaté, the horticulturist who sells the method of proceeding, with some further moss in Paris, had a Roman gate festooned particulars of his extended experiences, with flowers growing in the moss. We have no doubt that very soon depôts for its sale will be opened in this country. In the meantime it can Mobtained, stated in our May part, from MM. Langer, Havre. From them prospectuses and price lists, with the cost of carriage to different parts of this country, can be obtained post free on application. En.

YEAR MR. HEATH, " Permit me to use the publicity that I owe to your excellent article on Plants without Earth, in order to thank the numerous readers of Good WORDS, who have shown by their letters the great interest they take in the subject. I cannot better express my gratitude than by offering first of all to them, the

following communication.

"Practical instruction concerning the use of Fertilising Moss and the results that can be obtained from it in the decoration of apartments with plants at their highest stage of beauty, and under conditions of mobilisation hitherto unknown.

"In order to replace by a clod of moss the clod of earth adhering to the roots of every plant, take a turf of natural moss a little larger than the root of the plant from which the carth has been removed (it is unnecessary to refer again to the manner of doing this, as it is minutely described in the prospectus, which can be obtained from MM. Langer, Havre). Spread out the turf of moss, and fertilise with a small quantity of the fertilising moss, more or less according to the force and vigour of the plant, the fertilising moss having been previously opened, pulled to pieces, crushed and broken, so that the nutritive matter to be incorporated with the turf can be well scattered in the same degree over every part. Then extend over the turf thus fertilised a very slight bed of natural mose, damped, on which the roots of the plant should be carefully spread out and covered with another light bed of the damp natural moss. Then raise the edges of the turf to the level of the collar of the plant, fastening them and consolidating the clod of moss above, below, and on sides, with some sort of bandage, e.g., a thread of cotton.

It is important to use only turks of moss which are very velvety, and not broken, but form a single lump. They abound in woods

the foot of oaks and beeches.

"The minimum quantity of moss necessary at will; a plant which, without soiling any- able to the eye than clusters of this fine and

thing, adapts itself with complete elasticity to every kind of vase and all imaginable groupings. Nothing is more easy than to give it necessary water. It has only to be dipped in a pail of water and left to drain on an earthenware plate. With light and warmth the plant is thus provided with all mat is needful iii its life and development,

" Every one who will exactly follow these instructions will obtain results the spectacle of which astonishes me every day, but most of all in the case of plants which have commenced to bloom. If after the earth has been removed from a plant in bloom, it is put for two or three days under a glass and protected from the sup, a development will take place in which, to use the words of an American, who has tried Plants without Earth, 'One can almost see the buds springing; the flowers already open wear an extraordinary splendour, those which are in bud expand, while the leaves become intensely green without losing the least accident of their colouring or variegation, and in two or three days after the removal of the earth, one has plants in fine as could possibly be wished for the decoration of apartments. It need hardly be said that their beauty or freshness will not be maintained if they are exposed to too much dust or not allowed to receive a due amount of air and light.

" In the same turf different kinds of plants can be assorted, flourishing together, some erect, others in tufts, or drooping plants, and thus by contrast and harmony living bouquets are composed in which nature undertakes to produce combinations as charming as they are unforeseen, if only the way has, in the least degree, been prepared with taste.

"I use the same process to serve at table strawberry plants laden with ripe fruit.

"In order to facilitate the result and 🔚 take up the plants from the earth without hurting the roots, I prepare them in moss, that is to say, I plant out the runners in the earth under a little fertilising moss. The result is an abundant development of roots, which, entangling themselves in the moss. form a flexible and adherent sod that can be taken up the following year with the greatest facility, at the moment that suits best, either on the appearance of the first blossoms, or after the fruit is formed and on the point of colouring. The strawberry plants thus prepared are put in turns of moss which have to form a clod is soon discovered, and thus been fertilised in the manner explained one has a plant of the least possible volume above, and are kept in frames until complete and weight, manageable and transportable | maturity. Nothing can be seen more agreesplendidly coloured fruit, springing from or sheltering themselves under leaves of a luxu-

riant vegetation.

"As it sometimes happens that turis of natural moss are studded with woodland plants such as oxalids, lycopods, small ferns, lichens and grasses, one may have in the midst of glass and porcelain a little bit of vegetation from the underwood, vigorous as in the depths of a forest, relieving the richest productions of horticultural art.

"I have treated in like manner, for two years past, entrant bushes which have given me the finest fruit. But the culture, in fertilising moss, of fruit trees cut as dwarfs in order to appear on table, although most easy, would exceed the bounds of this short notice, and I stop so as not to abuse the indulgence of my readers.

"Yours affectionately, "ALFRED DUMESNIL.

"VAROUTEL, June 1, 1883."

KEPT IN THE DARK.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER VII.-MISS ALTIBIORLA'S ARRIVAL. JES;—Sir Francis Geraldine was a beast for mischief! Thinking the matter over he resolved that Mr. Western should not be left in the dark as | his wife's episode. And be determined that Mr. Western would think more of the matter if it were represented to him that his wife had been filted, and had been filted unmistakably before they two had met each other on the Continent. He was right in this. According to the usages of the world the lady would have less to say for herself if that were the case and would have more difficulty in saying it. Therefore the husband would be the more bound to hear Sir Francis was a beast for mischief, but

he knew what he was about. But so did not Mrs. Western when she allowed those opportunities to pass by her which came to her for telling her story before her marriage. In very truth she had had no reason for concealing it but that his story had been so nearly the same. On this account she had put it off, and put it off; --- she answered him, but it was a matter as to and then the fitting time had passed by. When she was with him alone after their did and conscious that he was thoroughly a story, which was disgraceful in that it had is," he added as he left the room. not been told before.

forgive an injury. He wished | have everything about him perfect, and then life should go as soft as a summer's day. He was almost idolatrous to her in these first days of their marriage, but then he had found nothing out. Cecilia knowing his character asked herself after all what there was to be found out. How often that question must occur to the girl just married! But there was nothing. He was pleased with her person; pleased with her wit; pleased that money should have been offered to him, and pleased that for the present he should have declined it. He liked her dress and her willingness to change any portion of it at his slightest hint. He liked her activity and power of walking and her general adaptability to himself. He was pleased with everything. But she had the secret at her heart.

"I wonder that you should have lived so long, and never have been in love before." he said to her one day as they were coming

home.

"How do you know?" She blushed as

which any girl might blush.

"I am sure you were not. I should have marriage she could not do it, without con-heard it." And yet she was silent. She felt fessing her fault in that she had not done it at the moment that the time had come,—the before. She could not bring herself to do only possible time. But she let the moment so. Standing so high in his esteem as she pass by. Though she was ever thinking of her secret, and ever wishing that she could happy in his appreciation of her feminine tell it, longing that it had been told, she merit, she could not make him miserable by could not bear that it should be surprised descending from her pedestal to the telling of from her in this way. "I think ■ nicer as

Then she got up and stood alone on the And there was a peculiarity of manner III floor, thinking of it all. There she stood for him of which she became day by day more ten minutes thinking of it. She would follow conscious. He could be very generous for him and, not throwing herself on her kneesgood conduct to those dependent on him, but but standing boldly before him, tell him all. seemed to be one who could with difficulty There was no diagrace it, --- to have loved

that other man. Of her own conduct she was confident before all the world. There had been so little secrecy about it that she almost had a right to suppose that | had been known to all men. The more she tried bring herself to follow him and tell him the more she assured herself that there should he no necessity. How ought she to have told him, and when? At every point of his story should she have made known to him the same point in hera? "It was exactly the same with me." "I wouldn't have my young man because he was indifferent. "With yours there was another lover ready. That has yet to come with me," You have come abroad for consolation. So have L" It would have been impossible :-- was impossible. "I think it nicer as it is," he had said. and she could not do it.

There was some security while they were travelling, and the wished that they might travel for ever. She was happy while with him alone; and so too was he. But for her secret she was completely happy. Let him only be kept in the dark and he would be happy always. She idolised him as her She loved him the better for thinking that "it was nicer as it is;"-or would have done, had it been so. Why should they go where some sudden tidings might mar his joy :---where some sudden tidings certainly would do so sooner or later? Still they went on and on till in May they reached their house in Berkshire,—he with infinite joy at his heart, and she with the load upon hera.

Early in May they reached Durton Lodge, in Berkshire, and there they stayed during the summer. Mr. Western had his house in London, and there was a question whether they would not 20 there for the season. But Cecilia had begged to be taken to her house in the country, and there she remained. Durton Lodge was little more than a cottage, but it was very preity and prettily situated. When the Ascot week came he offered to take her there, but offered it with a smile which she understood mean that his proposal should not be accepted. Indeed she had no wish for Ascot or for any place in which he or she must meet their old friends. Might it not be possible if they both could be happy at Durton that there they might remain with some minimum of intercourse with the world? Six months had now passed good-natured friend had as yet told him the occupied." truth. Might it not be possible that the

years could be made to run on, then he would have become used to her and the telling of the secret would not be so severe.

But there came to her a great trouble in regard to her letters from Exeter. Miss Altifiorla would fill hers with long statements about Sir Francis which had no interest whatsoever, but which required to be at once destroyed. She soon learnt in her married life that her husband had no wish to see her letters. She would so willingly have shown them to him, would have taken such a joy in asking for his sympathy, such a delight in exposing Miss Altifiorla's peculiar views of life, that she lost much by her constrained reticence. But this necessity of destroying papers was very grievous to her. she knew that he would not read the letters without her permission still she must destroy them. In every possible way she endeavoured to silence her correspondent, not answering her at first, and then giving her such answers as were certainly not affectionate. But in no way would Miss Altifiorla "be snubbed." Then after a while she proposed to come and stay a week at Durton Lodge. This was not to be endured. The very thought of it filled poor Mrs. Western's heart with despair. And yet she did not like to refuse without telling her husband. Of Miss Altifioria she had already made mention, and Mr. Western had been taught to laugh at the peculiarities of the old maid. "Pray do not have her," she said to him. "She will make you very uncomfortable, and my life will be a buiden to me."

"But what can you say iii her?" "No room," suggested Cecilia. "But there are two rooms."

"I know there are. But is one to be driven by a strict regard for literal truth to entertain an unwelcome friend? Miss Altifiorla thought that I ought not to have married you, and as I thought I ought we had some words about it."

"Whom did she want you to marry?"

asked Mr. Western, with a laugh,

" Nobody. the is average to marriage altogether."

"Unless she was the advocate of some other suitor, I do not see that I need quarrel

h her. But she is your friend and not hate, and if you choose to put her off of course on can do so. I would advise you in find something more probable than the want of a by since they had become engaged and no bedroom in a house in which one is only

There was truth in this. What reason same silence should be yet preserved? If could she find? Knowing her husband's

regard to truth she did not dare to suggest any reason in her friend more plansible than the want of a room, but still essentially false. She was driven about thinking that she would get her husband to take her away from home for awhile-for two or these days. The letter remained unanswered, when her husband suggested to her that she had better write. "Could we not go somewhere?" she replied with a look of trouble on her brow.

"Run away from home on account of Miss Altifiorla?" said he. She was beginning to be afraid of him and knew that it was so, She did not dare to declare to him her thoughts and was afraid at every moment

that he should read them.

"Then I must just tell her that we can't

have her."

"That will be best,-if you have made up your mind. As far as I am concerned she is welcome. Any friend of yours would be welcome."

"Oh, George, she would bore you out of

your life ! "

"I am not so easily bored. I am sure that any intimate friend of yours would have something to say for berself."

"Oh, plenty."

"And as for her having been an advocate for single life, she had not seen me and therefore her reasons could not have been personal. There are a great many young women, thirty years old and upwards, who take up They do not wish to subject the idea. themselves,-perhaps because they have not been asked by the right person."

" I don't think there have been any persons

here. Not that she is bad-looking.

V Perhaps you think I shall fall in love with her."

"I'd have her directly. But she is the last person in the world I should think of."

"I can get on very well with any one who has an idea. There at any rate something The young lady who agrees to strike at. with everything and suggests nothing, is to me the most intolerable. At any rate you had better make up your mind at once or you'll have her here before you know where you are."

was this which did, indeed, happen, On the day after the last conversation Mrs. Western wrote her letter. 🔳 it she expressed her sorrow that engagements for the present prevented her from having the power to entertain her friend. No doubt the letter was cold and unfriendly. As she read it over to herself she declared that she would have been much hurt to have received such a letter from

her friend. But she declared again that under no circumstances could she have offered herself as Miss Altifiorla had done. Nevertheless. she felt ashamed of the letter. All of which, however, became quite unnecessary when, in the course of the afternoon, Miss Altifiorla appeared I Durton Lodge. She arrived with a torrent of reasons. She had come up to London on business which admitted of no excuse. She was sure that her friend's letter must have gone astray, -that letter which for the last three days she had been expecting, To return from London to Exeter without seeing her dear friend would be so unfeeling and unnatural! She must have come to Durton Lodge or must have returned to Exeter. In fact, she so put it as 📰 make 📗 appear impossible that she should not have

come.

" My dear Miss Altifiorla," said Mr. Western, "I am sure that Cecilia is delighted to see you. And as for me, you are quite welcome." But, as a fact, there she was. There was no sending her away again ;--- no getting her out. of the house without a sojourn of some days. Whatever mischief she might do might be done at once. There could be no doubt that she would begin to talk of Sir Francis Geraldme and declare the secret which it was now the one care of Cecilia's mind to keep away from her husband. It mattered not that her presence there showed her to be ulgar, impertinent, and obtrusive. There she was, and must be dealt with as a friend,or as an enemy. Again Cecilia almost made up her mind as to the better course. Let her go to her husband and tell him all, and tell him also why it was that she told him now. Let her endure his anger, and then there would be an end of it. There was nothing else as to which she had need in dread him.

But again, when she found herself with him, he was happy, and jocund, and jested with her about her friend. She could not get him into the humour in which 🗎 was proper that he should be told. She did not ell him, and went down to dinner with the errible load about her heart. Three or four imes during the evening the conversation was on the point of turning I matters in which the name of Sir Francis Geraldine would sarely be mentioned. With infinite care, but without showing her care, she contrived to master the subject, and to force ser friend and her husband to talk of other hings. But the struggle was very great, and he was aware that could not be repeated. The reader will remember, perhaps, the stern houghts which Miss Holt had entertained as

proper give her some idea of what her duty ought is he in regard to her present husband. She remembered well that Miss Altifiorla had written to her, asking whether Mr. Western had forgiven "that episode." And her mother, too, had in writing dropped some word,-some word intended to be only half intelligible as to the question which Miss Altifiorla had asked after the wedding break-She knew well what had been in the woman's mind, and knew also what had been in her own! She remembered how proudly she had disdained the advice of this woman when it had been given to her. And yet now she must go to her and ask for mercy. She saw no other way out of her immediate trouble. She did not believe but that her friend would be silent when told to be silent; but yet how painfully disgraceful to her, the bride, would be the telling.

She went up to Miss Altifiorla's room after she had gone for the night, and found her friend getting into bed, happy with the assist-ance of a strange maid. Oh my dear," said Mies Altiforla, "my hair is not half done

yet; are you in a hurry for Mary?"

"I will go to my own room," said Mrs. Western, "and when Mary will tell me that you are ready I will come to you. There is something I have tell you." She had not been five minutes in her own room before Mary summoned her. The "something to be told " took immediate hold of Miss Altifiorla's imagination, and induced her to be ready for bed with her hair, we may suppose, half "done."

"Francesca," said Mrs. Western, as soon as she enter the room, "I have a favour to ask you."

"A favour?"

"Yes, a favour." She had come prepared with her request down to the very words in which a should be uttered. "I do not wish you, while you remain here, to make any allusion to Sir Francis Geraldine." Miss Altifiorla almost whistled as she heard the words spoken. "You understand me, do you not? I do not wish any word to be said which may by chance lead in the mention of Sir Francis Geraldine's name. wou will understand that, you will be able to comply with my wishes." Her request she made almost in the stern words of an absolute order. There was nothing humble in her demeanour, nothing which seemed to tell of nearly washed out; and her hair as I have a suppliant. And having given her command said was "half done." But in her trouble she remained quiet, waiting for an answer,

m her friend when her friend had thought answer me. You did not want to see me, and therefore remained silent."

"I did not want to see you. But I was not on that account that I remained silent. I should have written to you. Indeed I have written to you, and the letter would have one to-day. I wrote to you putting you off. But as you are here I have to tell you my wishes. I am sure that you will do as I would have you."

"I have to think of my duty," said Miss

Altifiorla.

Then there came a black frown on Mrs. Western's brow. Duty! What duty could she have in such a matter, except to her? She suspected the woman of a desire to make mischief. She felt confident that the woman would do so unless repressed by the extraction from her of a promise the contrary. She did believe that the woman would keep her word,—that she would feel berself bound to preserve herself from the accusation of direct falsehood; but from her good feeling, from her kindness, from her affection, from that feminine bond which ought to have made her silent, she expected nothing. "Your duty, Francesca, in this matter is to me," said Mrs. Western, assuming a wonderful severity of manner. "You have known me many years and are bound to me by many ties. I tell you what my wishes are. I cannot quite explain my reasons, but I do not doubt that you will guess them."

"You have kept the secret?" said Miss Altifiorla with a devilish mixture of malice,

fun, and cunning.

"It does not matter what I have done. There are reasons, which made me wish to avoid your immediate coming. present moment it would interfere gravely with his happiness and with mine were he to learn the circumstances of Sir Francis Geraldine's courtship. Of course | painful to me to have to say this we you. It is so painful that to avoid I have absolutely written to you telling you not to come. This I have done not to avoid your coming. which would otherwise have been a pleasure to me, but to save myself from this great pain. Now you know it all, and know also what it is that I expect from you."

Miss Altiforla listened to this in silence. She was sented in an easy bedroom chair, clothed from head to foot in a pale pink dressing-gown, from which the colour was to collect her thoughts she became quite "Then this was the reason why you didn't unaware of all accessories. Her dear friend

Cecilia had put the matter to her so strongly thateshe did not quite dare to refuse. But yet what a fund of gratification might there not be in telling such a story under such circumstances to the husband! She sat silent for a while meditating on it, till Mrs. Western roughly forced a reply from her lips. "I desire have your promise," said Mrs. Western.

"Oh, yes, of course,"

"You will carefully avoid all allusion to the subject."

"Since you wish it, I will do so."

That is sufficient. And now good night."

"I know that I am doing wrong," said

Miss Altifiorla.

"You would indeed be doing wrong." said Mrs. Western, "if you were to take upon yourself m destroy my happiness on such a matter after having been duly warned."

CHAPTER VIII .- LADY GRANT.

IT ■ literally true that the tongue will itch with a desire to tell a secret. Miss Altifiorla's tongue did itch. But upon the whole she endured her suffering, and kept her promise. She did not say a word in Mr. Western's hearing which led to Sir Francis Geraldine as a topic of conversation. But in reward for this she exacted from Mrs. Wostern an undertaking to keep her at Duston Lodge for a fortnight. The bargain was not exactly struck in those words, but it was so made that Mrs. Western understood how great was the price she paid, and how valuable the article which she received in return, " A fortnight! " Mr. Western said, when his wife told him of the promise she had made. "I thought that three days would have been too much for you."

"Three hours are too much,—as interrupting our happiness. But as she is here, and as we have been very intimate for many years, and as she herself has named the time. I have not liked to contradict her."

"So be it. She will interfere much more with you than with me, and I suppose that the coming will not be frequently repeated."

Two days after this another guest proposed. to visit them. But this was only for two nights, and her coming had a fact been expected from a period before the marriage. Lady Grant was Mr. Western's younger sister, and the person of whom in all the world he seemed to think the most. Indeed he had assured his wife that next to herself she was the nearest and the dearest to kim. She was a widow, and went but little into society. According to his account she was clever, made to suffice.

agreeable and beautiful. She lived altogether in Scotland, where her time was devoted to her children, and was now coming up to England chiefly with the purpose of seeing her brother's wife. She was to be at Durton Lodge now only for a couple of nights, and then to return and remain with the understood purpose of taking them with her back Scotland. Of Lady Grant Cecilia had become much afraid, as thinking it more than probable that her secret might be known to her, But it seemed that as yet Lady Grant knew nothing of it. She corresponded frequently with her brother, and as far as Cecilia could tell, the subject had not yet been mentioned between them. Could it be possible that all this time the secret was known to her husband and to her husband's sister? If so his

silence to her was almost cruel.

Up to the morning of her coming Miss Altifioria had certainly kept her promise. She had kept her promise, though there had been twenty little openings in which it would have been so easy for her to lead the way to the matter as to which her tongue longed to be speaking. When any mention was made of Baronets either married or unmarried, of former lovers, of broken yows, or of second engagements, Miss Altifiorla would look with a meaning glance at her hosters. But of these glances Cecilia would apparently take no heed. She had soon got to know that Miss Altifiorla's promise would be kept unless she were led by some other person. into an indirect breach of it. Cecilia's life during the period was one of great agony. But still she endured it without allowing her husband to perceive that it was so.

Now, on the coming of Lady Grant, what steps should she take? Should she ask her friend to be silent also to this second person, or should she presume the promise be so extended? She could not bring herself to make a second request. The task of doing so was too ponderous. Miss Altifiorla's manner of receiving the request made it such a burden that she could not submit berself to it. The woman looked at her and spoke to her in a manner which she was obliged to endure without seeming to endure aught that was unnatural. She thought of her own struggles during that evening in the bedroom, and could see the woman as she sat struggling, in her pale pink dressinggown, to escape from the necessity of promixing. She could not have another such scene as that. But she thought that perhaps with one added word the promise might be

When they were alone together Miss Alti- evening of her life instead of still enjoying fiorla would constantly refer to the Geraldine the morning, which I peculiar to widows who affair. This was to be expected and to be have loved their husbands. She was very endured. There would come an end to the lovely, even in her mitigated widow's weeds, fortnight and the woman would be gone. "Do you think that Lady Grant knows?" she said, in the whisper that had become usual to her on such occasions.

"I am sure she knows nothing about it,"

said Cecilia.

"How can you be sure? You do not know her and have never seen her. will be very odd if she has not heard."

"At any rate nothing need be said to her in this house. No hint need be made to her

either by you or me."

" I think she must have hourd it. I happen to know that she has a great correspondence. Laws! when you think of who Sir Francis and of the manner in which he lives, almost impossible to conceive that a person should not have heard of it."

"We need not tell her.

"You are quite safe with me. I have given you my word, and that ought to be enough. Nobody could have been more studious to avoid the matter; though, indeed, it has sometimes been difficult. And then there whereas Cecilia was ready to accept her sisterhas been my feeling of doubt whether my duty ought not make me divulge it." There was something in this which was terms, and the mode of her coming to Durton peculiarly painful to Cecilia. The duty of Lodge without an invitation was subjected this woman to her husband, to him whom to some little ridicule. she loved so truly, to him with whom it was in the very core of her heart to have everything in common! Francesca Altifiorla to speak of her duty to him! But even this had be borne. "Indeed, I feel every day that I am staying here that I am sacrificing duty to friendship." Oh, into what trouble had she fallen without any sin of her own,as she told herself; -without, at least, any great sin. When was the moment at which she ought to have told the story? She thought that she could remember the exact moment; when he had come back to her for her answer at the end of that week. And then she had not told him, simply from her dislike to repeat back to him the story which she had heard from himself!

Lady Grant came, and nothing could be sweeter or more gracious than the meeting. Miss Altifiorla was not there, and the two ladies, in the presence of the husband and brother, received each other with that quick intimacy and immediate loving friendship which it given only to women to entertain. Lady Grant was ten years the senior and a nothing rough, nothing unkind, nothing in-

with a tall figure, and oval pale face, rather thin, but not meagre or attenuated. And Cecilia thought that she saw in her a determination | love her, and she on her side at once determined that she would return Lady But not for that reason Grant's affection. was her secret be known. She looked on Lady Grant as one whom she would so willingly have made her friend in 🔣 things, but still as one whom, as to that single matter, she could not but regard as her enemy.

They sat together for a couple of hours before dinner, and then at night there was another sitting from which Miss Altifiorla was again banished. And there were some joking questions asked and answers given as to Miss Altifiorla's presence. There was a something in the manner and guit of Lady Grant which made Cecilia almost ashamed of her Exeter friend. It was not that Miss Altifiorla was ignorant, or unladylike, or illdressed; but that she knew her friend too well. Miss Altifioria was little and mean, in-law as great and noble. Miss Altificila. was not therefore spoken of in the highest

But Mrs. Western when she went to her room was comforted at any rate in thinking that Lady Grant did not know her secret. How poor must have been her state of comfort may be judged from the fact that this could add to it. On the following morning they met at breakfast, and all went well. But Lady Grant could not but notice that the young lady from Devonshire seemed to exercise an authority incommensurate with the tone in which the had been described. The day passed by happily enough, and Cecilia was strong I hope that Lady Giant might take her departure without a reference to her one subject of sorrow.

That night, however, her comfort, such as it was, was brought 🔳 an end. As they were sitting together in Lady Grant's bedroom Ceciba's ears were suddenly wounded by the mention of the name of Sir Francis Getaldine. In her immediate agony she could hardly tell how it occurred, but she was rapidly asked a question as to her former engagement. In the asking of it there was widow, and had that air of living through the tended to wound, nothing to show a feeling that it should not be so; -but the question had been asked. There was the fact that Lady Grant knew the whole story.

But there was the fact also that her husband did not know it, or else that other fact which she would have given the world to know to be a fact, -that he knew it, and had willingly held his peace respecting it, even to his sister. If that could be so, then she would be happy; if that could be so,if she could know that it was so, -then might she afford | despise Miss Altifiorla and her But though the word had been tyranny. not yet a moment uttered, she could not at first remember how it had been said. There was simply the knowledge that the name of Sir Francis Geraldine had been used, and that it had been declared that she had been engaged to him. Up to this moment she had been very brave, and very powerful, too, over herself. Up to this she had never betrayed herself. But now her courage gave way, the colour came to her cheeks and forehead and neck, and then passed rapidly away,-and she betrayed herself. "Does not he know it?" asked Lady Grant. As she said the words she put out her band and pressed Cecilia's in her own; and the tone of her voice was loving, and friendly, and sisterly. Though there was reproach in it, it was not half so bitter as that which Cecilia was constantly addressing to herself. The reproach was in her cars and not in Lady Grant's voice. But the words were reseated before Cecilia could answer them. 4 Does not he know it?"

All her hope was thus abolished. Almost from the moment of Lady Grant's coming into the house she had taught herself to think that he must know it. It was impossible that the two should be ignorant, and impossible also, as she thought, that the sister should know it and that he should not. But all that was now at an end. It was necessary that she should answer her sister's question, and yet so difficult to find words in which to do so. She attempted to speak but the word would not come. Even the one word, "No," would not form itself on her lips. She fell upon her knees and burying her face in Lady Grant's lap, thus told her secret,

" He has never heard of it?" again asked Lady Grant. "Oh, my dear. That should not have been so ;---must not be so."

"Tell me what? I am sure there is nothing for you to tell which you need blush to speak,"

" No. no. Nothing, nothing."

"Then why should he not know? Why should he not have known? Cecilia, you will tell him to-night before he goes to his rest?"

"No,-no. Not to-night. I is impossible. I must wait till that woman has gone."

"Miss Altificula knows it?"

"Oh, yes,"

"She knows, too, that he does not know it?" This question Cecilia answered only by some sign. "I fancied that it might be so. I thought that there was something between you which had been kept from him. Why, why have you been, -shall I say so foolish?"

"Yes. Yes. Yes; foolish; oh yes! But it has been only that. There is nothing, nothing that is not known to all the world The marvel is that he should not have known it. It was in all the newspapers. But he never thinks of trifles such as that."

"But why did you keep it from him?"

"Shall I tell you? You know the story of his own engagement,"

"To Miss Tremenhere? Oh yes, I know

the story.

"And how hadly she behaved to him, receiving the attention of another man, absolutely while she was engaged to him."

"She was very pretty; -but a flighty inconstant little girl. I felt that George had

had a great escape."

" But such was the story. Well ;-he told it me. He told it before he had thought of me. We were together and had become intimate; and out of the full heart the mouth

"I can understand that he should have

told it you,"

"He did not think of loving me then, Well:—he told me his story, but I kept mine to myself."

"That was natural,—then."

"But, when 🔣 came to me with the other story and asked me to love him, was I to give him back his own tale and tell him the same thing of myself? I too have had a lover, and I have — jilted him, ■ you please to call it so. Was I to tell him that?

"It would hardly have been true, I think."

"It would have been true,-true to the letter," said Cecilia, determined that Sir Francis Geraldine's lie should not prevail at "If I could tell you! I I could tell this moment. "I had done to Sir Francis just what the girl had done to your brother. I was guided by other motives and had I think behaved properly. Was I to tell I to him then?"

"Why not?"

"His own story, back again? I could not do it, and then, after that, from time to time the occasions have gone by. Words have been said by him which have made it impossible. Twenty times I have determined to do it, and twenty times the opportunity I was obliged to tell this has been lost. woman not to mention it in his presence."

" He must know it."

" I wish he did."

"He is a man who will not bear to be kept in the dark on such a question.

"I know it. I have read his character

and I know it."

"You cannot know him as I do," said Lady Graut. "Though you are his wife you have not been so long enough to know him; how true he is, how affectionate, how honest; -but yet how jealous. Were I to say that he is unforgiving I should belie him. Without many thoughts he could forgive the man who had robbed him of his fortune, or his health. But it is hard for him to forgive that which he considers to be an offence against his aclf-love."

"I know it all,"

"The longer he is kept in the dark the deeper will be the wound. Of such a man it is impossible to say what he suspects. He will not think that you have loved him the less, or that you are less true to him; but there will be something that will rankle, and which he will not endeavour to define. He is the noblest man on earth, and the most generous-till he be offended. But then he m the most bitter."

"You describe his character just as I have

read it."

"If it be so you must be careful that he learn this from yourself, and not from others. It come from you he will be angry, that it has come so late. But his anger will pass by and he will forgive you. But if he hears it from the world at large, if it be told of you, and not by you, then I can understand, that his wrath should be very great."

"Why has he not heard ahready?" asked Mrs. Western after a pause. "Why has be not been like all the world who have read it in the newspapers? It was talked of so much, that was hardly necessary that I should

tell it myself."

"You yourself have said that he does not think of trifles. Paragraphs about the loves and marriages of other people he would never read. You may be sure at any rate of this,—that your engagement with Sir Francis Geraldine he has never read.

"I have sometimes hoped," said Mrs. Western, "that he knew it all." Lady Grant shook her head. "I have sometimes thought that he knew it all, and regarded as a matter on which nothing need be said between us. Should I have been angry with him had he not told me of Miss Tremen-

here?"

Do you measure the one thing by the other," said Lady Grant; "a man's desires by a woman's. man's sense of honour by what a woman I supposed to feel? Though a man keep such secrets deep in his bosom through long years of married life, the woman is not supposed to be injured. She may know, or may not know, and may hear the tale at any period of her married life, and no harm will follow. But a man expects to see every thought in the breast of the woman to whose love he trusts, as though it were all written there for him in the clear light, but written in letters which no one else shall read."

"I have nothing that he may not read,"

said Mrs. Western.

"But there is something that he has not read, something that he has not been invited to read. Let it not remain so. Tell it to him all even though you may have to support his anger, and for a time to pine in the

shadow of his displeasure."

Mrs. Western as she went away to her own room felt some relief at any rate in the conviction that with Lady Grant her secret would be safe. Strong as was the bond which bound her me her brother there would be on her tangue no itching desire 🔳 tell the secret simply because it was there to be told. She had not threatened, or spoken of her duty, or boasted of her friendship, but had simply given her advice in the strongest language which was within her power to use. On the next morning she took her leave, and started on her journey without showing even by a glance that she was possessed of any secret.

"Does she know?" asked Miss Altifioria as soon as the two were in the drawing-room together, using a kind of whisper which had

now become habitual to her.

It may almost be said that Mrs. Western had come to hate her friend. She looked forward to the time of her going as a liberation from misery. Miss Altifiorla's intrusion at Durton Lodge was altogether unpalatable to her. She certainly no longer loved her friend, and knew well that her friend knew that it was so. But still she could not risk the open enmity of one who knew her secret. that was asked her. Wes, she does know

"And what does she say?"

"It matters not what she says. My request to you in that you should not speak of

" But woorself !"

"No, not to myself or to any other person. Then she was silent and Miss Altifiorla, pursing up her lips, bethought herself whether the demands made upon ber friendship were not too heavy. But there still remained five days of the visit.

CHAPTER IX .- MISS ALTIFICRIA'S DEPAR-TITER

THE fortnight was nearly gone and Miss Altifiorla was to start early on the following morning. Cecilia had resolved that she would tell her story to her husband as soon as they were alone together, and make a clean breast. She would tell him everything down, as far me she could, to the little feelings which had prevented her from speaking before, to Miss Altifiorla's abominable interference, and to Lady Grant's kind advice. She would do this az soon as Miss Altifiorla. was out of the house. But she could not quite bring herself me determine on the words she would use. She was resolved, however, that in owning her fault she would endeavour to disarm his wrath by special tenderness. If he were tender;—oh, yes, then she would be tender in return. If he took it kindly then she would worship him. All the agony she endured should be explained to him. Of her own folly she would speak very severely -if he treated it lightly. But she would do nothing to seem to deprecate his wrath. As to all this she was resolved. But she had not yet settled on the words with which she would commence her narrative.

'I he last day were itself away very tediously. Miss Altifiorla was in her manner more objectionable than ever. Mr. Western had evidently disliked her though he had hardly said so. During the days he had left the two women much together, and had remained in his study or had wandered forth alone. In this way he had increased his wife's feeling of anger against her visitor, and had made her look forward to her departure with increasing impatience. But an event happened which had at once disturbed all her plans. She was sitting in the drawing-room

And she was bound to answer the question. That is to say Miss Altifioria was persisting in the discussion, whereas Mrs. Western was positively refusing to make it a subject of conversation. "I think you are demanding too much from me," said Miss Altifiorla. "I have given way, I am afraid wrongly, as to your husband. But I should not do my duty by you were I not to insist on giving you my advice with my last breath. Let me tell it. I shall know how to break the subject to him in a becoming manner." At this moment the door was opened, and the servant announced Sir Francis Geraldine,

> The disturbance of the two women was complete. Had the dead ancestor of either of them been ushered in, they could not have received him with more trepidation. Miss Altifiorla rose with a look of awe, Mrs. Western with a feeling of anger that was almost dominated by fear. But neither of them for a moment spoke a word, nor gave any sign of making welcome the new guest. "As I am living so close to you," said the baronet, putting on that smile which Mrs. Western remembered so well, "I thought that I was in honour bound to come and renew our acquaintance."

> Mrs. Western was utterly unable to speak. "I don't think that we knew that you were living in the neighbourhood," said Miss Alti-

"Oh, yes; I have the prottiest, funniest, smallest little cottage in the world just about two miles off. The Criterion it is called."

"What a very odd name," said Miss Alti-

forla.

"Yes, it is rather odd. I won the race once and bought the place with the money. The horse was called Scratch'em, and I couldn't call my house Scratch'em. I have built a second cottage, to that it is not to very small, and as it is only two miles off I hope that you and Mr. Western will come and sec it.

This was addressed exclusively to Cecilia. and made an answer of some kind absolutely necessary. "I fear that we are going to Scotland very shortly," she said; "and my husband I not much in the habit of visit-

This was uncivil enough, but Sir Francis did not take it amiss. He sat there for twenty minutes and even made allusion to

their former intimacy Exeter.

"I am quite well aware how happily all that with Miss Altifiorla at about five III the even-ing, discussing III a most disagreeable manner the accrecy attending her first engagement. well and very wisely. And I,"—he laughed

as he said this,-" have succeeded in getting over it better than might have been expected. At any rate I hope the there will be no illwill. I shall do myself the honour of asking you and Mr. Western to come and dine with me I the Criterion. I is the little place that Lord Tomahawk had last year." Then he departed without another word from Cecilia Western.

"Now he must be told," whispered Miss. Altifiorla the moment the door was closed. "My dear, if you will think of it all round you will perceive that this can be done by no one so well as by myself. I will go to Mr. Western the moment he comes in, and get through it all in half an hour."

"You will do nothing of the kind," said

Mrs. Western.

"Let me pray you. Let me implore you.

Let me beseech you."

"You will do nothing of the kmd. I will admit of no interference in the matter."

"Interference! You cannot call it inter-

"I will not have you speak to my husband on the subject."

"But what will you do?"

"Whatever I do shall be done by myself

"Dut you must tell him instantly. You sanot allow this man to come and call and yel say nihing about it. And he would not have calle without some previous acquaintance. The you will have to describe, and if you say that you merely knew him at Exeter, thes will be in that case an additional fib." The use of such words applied to herself b this woman was intolerable. But she could only answer them by an involuntary friwn upon her brow. "And the A." continued Miss Altificria, " of course he will refer to me. He will conclude that as you knew Sr Francis at Exeter I must have known hits. I cannot tell a fib."

She could not tell a fib! And that was uttered in such a way as - declare that Mrs. Western had been fibbing. I cannot tell a fib! "You will leave me at any rate to mind my own business," said Cecilia in an

indignant tone as she left the room.

But Mr. Western was at the ball door, and the coming of Sir Francis had to be explained at once. That could not be left to be told when Miss Altificria should have gone,-not even though she were going tomorrow, "Sir Francis Geraldine has been here," she said almost before he had entered the room. She was immediately entered the room. She was immediately by our own. At any rate he is going to ask aware that she had been too sudden, and us to dinner."

had given by her voice too great an importance to her idea of the visit,

But he was not surprised at that and did not notice it. "Sir Francis Geraldine! A man whom I particularly do not wish know! And what has brought him here?"

"He came to call. He is a Devonshire

man, and iii knew us at Exeter."

"He is the Dean's brother in-law. I remember. And when he came what did he say? Unless you and he were very intimate I think he might as well have remained away, There are some stories here not altogether to his credit. I do not know much about his business, but he is not a delectable acquaintance."

"We were intimate," said Cecilia. "Maude Hippesley, his niece, was my dearest friend." The words were no sooner out of her mouth than she was aware that she had fibbed, Miss Altifiorla was justified. Why had she not stopped at the assurance of her intimacy with Sir Francis, and have left unexplained the nature of it? Every step which she took made further steps terribly difficult!

After dinner, Mr. Western, as matter of course, brought up the subject of Sir Francis Geraldine. " Did you know him, Miss Alti-

fiorla?"

"Oh yes!" said that lady, looking at Cecilia with peculiar eyes. Only that Mr. Western was a man and not a woman, and among men the least suspicious till his suspicion were aroused, he would have discovered at once from Miss Altifioria's manner that there was a secret.

"He seems to have lived in very good clerical society down in Exeter, - a very different class from those with whom he has

been intimate here."

" Of course he was staying at the deanery,"

said Cecilia.

"And he, I know, is a very pearl of Church propriety. It is odd what different colours men show at different places. Down here, where he is well known, a great many even of the racing men fight shy of him. But I beg your pardon I he be a particular friend of yours, Miss Altifiorla,"

"Oh dear no, not of mine at all. I should never have known him to speak to but for Cecilia." Her words no doubt were true; but again she looked as though endeavouring to tell all she could without breaking her

"He is one of our Devonshire baronets," said Cecilia, "and of course we like to stand "We cannot dine with him."

"That's as you please. I don't want to

dine with him."

"I look upon it as very impertinent. He knows that I should not dine with him. There has never been any actual quarrel, but there has been no acquaintance."

"The acquaintance has been on my part," said Cecilia, who felt that at every word she uttered she made the case worse for herself

hereafter.

"When a woman marries, she has to put up with her husband's friends," said Mr. Western gravely.

"He is nothing on earth to me. I never wish to see him again as long as I live."

"It is unfortunate that he should have turned out to be so near a neighbour," said Miss Altifiorla. Then for the moment Sir Francis Geraldine was allowed to be for-

golten.

"I did not like 👪 say it before her," he said afterwards in their own room; -and now Cecilia was able mobserve that his manner was altogether altered,—" but to tell the truth that man behaved very badly to me myself. I know nothing about racing, but my cousin, poor Jack Western, did. When he died, there was some money due to him by Sir Francis, and I, as his executor, applied for it. Sir Francis answered that debts won by dead men were not payable. But Jack had been alive when he won this, and it should have been paid before, I know nothing about debts of honour as they are called, but I found out that the money should have been paid."

"What was the end of it?" asked Cecilia. "I said no more about it. The money would have come into my pocket and I could afford to lose it. But Sir Francis must know what I think of the transaction, and knowing it ought not to talk of asking me to

" But that was swindling."

For the matter of that it's all swindling as far as I can see. One strives to get the money out of another man's pocket by some juggling arrangement. For myself I cannot understand how a gentleman can condescend wish to gain another man's money. But I leave that all alone. It 📕 so; and when I meet a man who is on the turf as they call it, I keep my own feelings to myself. He has his own laws of conduct and I have nine. But here is a man who does not obey It is nothing to me. But he ought not to as a gambler and a swindler?

come and call upon my wife." In this way he talked himself into a passion; but the passion was now against Sir Francis Geraldine and

not against his wife.

On the next morning Miss Altifiorla was dispatched by an early train so that she might be able to get down to Exeter, via London, early in the day. It behoved her to go to London on the route. She had things to buy and people to see, and to London she "Good bye, my dear," she said, seeming to include the husband as well "I have as the wife in the address. spent a most pleasant fortnight, and have been most delighted to become acquainted with your husband. You are Cecilia Holt no longer. But Il would have been sad indeed not to know him who has made you Cecilia Western." Then she put out her hand, and getting hold of that of the gentleman squeezed it with the warmest affection. But her farewell address made to Mrs. Western in her own room was quite different in its tone. "Now I am going, Cecilia," she said, "and am leaving you in the midst of terrible danger."

"I hope not," said Cecilia.

"But I am. It would have been over now and passed if you would have allowed me to obey my reason, and to tell him the whole story of your former love."
"Why you?"

:aL, lunniest, "Because I am your most intim world just And I think I should have told ifiletion it is manner as to disarm his wrath."

"It is out of the question. Aid Miss Alth

him."

"Do so. Do so. But I won the rac courage. Do so this very mith the mone remember that at any rate Kranatch'em, and

has been true ther promise, sch'em. I he That such a promise she that it is been needed and should have by two mited of with such violent vulgarity western ost more than Mrs. Western could stau.. She came down-stairs and then underwent the additional purgatory of listening to the silver-tongued farewell. That she, she with her high ideas of a woman's duty and a woman's dignity, should have put herself into such a condition was a marvel to herself. Had some one year since told her that she should become thus afraid of a fellow-creature and of one that she loved best all the world she would have repelled him who had told her with disdain. But so was. How was she us own laws; and puts money in his pocket to tell her husband that she had been en-by breaking them. He can do as he pleases, gaged to one whom in had described to her

THE GOLDEN SHAFT.

BY CHARLES GIBBON, AUTHOR OF "ROBUS GRAY," " FOR LACE OF GOLD," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.-AT COCK CROW.

birds are never late in awakening of a morning, and how the cock never fails to crow at the turn of the night, whether there is light or darkness? Here was a dull grey mist which would have deceived anybody who did not look at a clock with the notion that it was still midnight; you could feel the cold damp atmosphere cling about you and the eyes discovered only vague dark lines which might be the branches of trees or the outlines of skeleton buildings. Yet here were the chanticleers of Campbell's farm proclaiming the morning m resolutely and resonantly as if they had telegraphic communication with the sun and knew that, however poor ordinary mortals might be deceived by the mist, it was their duty a sing out that he had risen and would presently appear.

A cart was standing near the byre; in it there was a cosy arrangement of straw and rugs, such as country folk prepare when they are going out for a holiday. A cart with some bundles of atraw and rugs, and some half dozen merry lads and lassies going for a picnic is one of the most luxurious conveyances yet invented - granted the merry hearts. No one ever discovers that it jolts for lack of aprings, the straw being an admirable substi-

It was Wull Greer who brought the cart to the place. No one who knew him would have been surprised I find him out at that early hour, although the cart might have His early habits and the puzzled them. results of them were known to most of the cottars round about-and to the keepers and water bailies, too, although they had not been often able to catch him redhanded,

At present he made his way up to the old granary, and there he struck a light. His movements were cautious, but they were devoid of that sense of dread which affects the boldest when engaged on some work they do not wish to be detected in.

"I'm sayin'—I hae the cart ready and the sooner we're awa' the better," 🔤 said, advancing to the rough couch on which Thorburn lay.

Ay," muttered the wounded man, "but what is the use of it? What does the man who dies care about the place? I can die here as well as anywhere else. What does it matter where?"

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"Just that; but you see, it might matter to me. There's that confounded constables OES anybody know how it is that the after me and if they found me wi' a dead man they might do mair than fine me. Do you no see that? And you maun mind that you promised me you wouldna get me into ony barm."

"Ay, that's true, and 🛮 I can manage 💵 you shall not be sorry for your kindness to

"Let me see that. Here are your breeks; if you canna put them on, I'll help you. . . . That's the way. Ods my life, I think you are a guid sowl yet, and I'll do what I can to help you. But you maun mind that I can do naething unless you are ready to do a' that you can for yoursel'."

" I want to do that, Greer," almost mouned

the man.

"Aweel, just try it. Come awa' wi' me. Our folk are ready for you, and they'll do ony mortal thing to please you. There's my sister Leezie to nurse you, and there's me to let you ken how things are gaun on at Thorniehowe-there's just naething that you want that will no be dune for you.

" Ay, you are a good friend."

"Then you should do your best to prevent a good friend frae getting into mischief. tell you that Captain Brown has got word o' where you are, and he will be here the-day, I had everything ready for you me hame and Leezie is waitin' for us,"

"I don't feel up 🖿 much. I don't feel able make an effort, although I know the bother you may have on my account and wish to save you from it. Standing is not easy when a fellow's legs have forgotten the way Now, Greer, if you wanted to put spunk into me to serve our turn you would give me a stiff glass of the Enemy."

"I was thinking about that mysel_and

hae a drup here for you."

He drew from his breast-pocket a lemonade bottle and Thorburn eagerly extended a trembling hand. He held up against the light and saw that it was more than half full.

"It's a cold morning," he said, shivering.
"It is that, but tak' a drain—there's naething like it for warmin' a body-

"And damning a body," interrupted Thor-

burn grimly.

"O, that's just as you tak' it," continued Greer, insensible the bitter earnestness with which Thorburn's words were spoken and re-

garding them as containing some joke hidden beyond his ken; he was also unconscious of the philosophy in his own comment. "We aye ca' it chlorodyne, because a neebour loon cam' to the house as night late, as fon as he could hand, wi' a bottle stickin' out o' his pouch. Mither speirt what was that and the lad in a confushioned way says, 'Oh, it's Chlorodyne. I hae just come frac the doctor's." We a'gied a scraich and he made his way out o' the house as quick's he could, drappin' the bottle in his hurry-for ye ken he was courtin' Leesie. Sac my father takes up the bottle and took a wast and says be-'Ay, that's racl fine chlorodyne.' And since that time we had aye gi'en it that name."

Wull Greer chuckled with much enjoyment of this simple joke. Thorburn stood all the time with the bottle in his hand, a stupid expression on his face, and shivering occasionally as if he still felt the cold in-

tensely.

"I have made a toss up with myself, Greer, whilst you have been speaking. The head is, I win, the tail I lose. The head is myself: the tail is this bottle . . . All right, the bottle has it, give us the cup."

Greer handed him a dilapidated-looking teacup with a diamond-shaped breach on the edge. Thorburn drank and smacked his

"I am stronger now, man; I am in the right spirit to give you a fine lecture on tectotalism. Here was I a poor helpless creature, not able to lift my head, and you just put a spark of the Enemy into me and up I get. But, losh, man, the fire burns only a wee hile, and already I am dropping back. Give me your arm. We will manage as far as the

cart, at any rate." As Greer helped him along he continued

"It's a notion I've had for a long while hat Next Time is the biggest devil in the whole army of Hades. Everybody says Next Time I'll do this or that, and Next Time eternally skulking in the corner, chuckling at the poor wretches who call for help, and never coming to it unless he is caught by the ear and held fast by Now.

I Greer lifted him into the cart and tucked the rugs round him; then mounted the ifront board himself, resting his feet on the hight shaft and drove gently away from the

steading.

The road was a good one, and although the journey occupied some bours Thorburn had been made; he had not spoken during hpparently experienced no inconvenience, the last hour of it. He was scarcely able at intervals he spoke, inquiring how long it to do anything for himself now.

might be now till they reached their destination, or making some observation on the gradual clearing of the mist and the promise

afforded of a fine day.

At length they came to a steep hill up which the horse toiled slowly. The road was made on the edge of a deep glen, the sides of which were green and grey with firs, whins and brambles and boulders of rock : the latter had apparently halted in their headlong course from the hill-top towards the rushing stream below.

Greer drew rein, the horse panting with a sense of relief. On one side of the road was a thatched cottage with a patch of ground front well stocked with cabbages, potatoes, gooseberry and current bushes; on the other was a small meal-nuill. This was the home of Greer's parents, where his father combined the occupations of miller and farmer in a small way. Although the mill had only two pairs of stones, as most of the farms on the same estate were "thirled " | it-that is, the farmers were bound to send their grain to be ground there—the miller, Greer, made a comfortable living, and was accounted a thriving man. He had eleven children; three worked at bome; the youngest son was studying 🔣 Glasgow for the kirk; another was a farmer in Canada, and six were out at service.

Nobody ever thought that the miller's dignity was in any way lessened by the fact that his children were "out at service;" and there was nothing in it to call for special admiration either. It was simply the natural order of things. The bairns had to make their way in the world as he had done; they were set to healthy work as soon as they were fitted for it, and they took their lot

cheerfully.

Wull had always been the most unmanageable of the family, and consequently had always obtained the most attention. He was the chief amongst his brothers and sisters; even his learned brother who was soon to be a minister had to play a secondary part at Dalwheattie Mill when Wull was at home.

Wull's unmanageableness was due 🔳 a distressing mixture of good and evil in his nature: he was one of those most troublesome of all characters who are "ower guid to ban

and ower bad to bless."

When the cart stopped at Dalwheattie Mill Leesie was waiting for them, as her brother had said she would be. Thorburn was fatigued by the journey, leisurely as



What is he like in day /" was the Fiscal a quantite

"Just put your arm ower my shouther," said Wull cheerfully, "an' I'll lift you in. Man, you're no the weight o' a sookin' pig.

. . . . There, that's the way."

And he carried him into a cosy little room which, although known as the parlour of the cottage, had a box-bed. A comfortable bed it was, too, spread with to conespun lines, fragrant with "app." say," indicating that it had just been tay to me the drawers where all the best blacy walker abeets were careful, parded, or i each obacd on such an occasion as the atentut in bonour of a distinguished guest. · lov

The furniture was un.o., and comprised a small sofe and threner chairs covered with black horsehalt; a tall's covered with brown oilcloth; and a che of drawers on which lay a huge family Bib1 that had been taken out in shilling parts, 6 hd then bound in dark morocco leather. em the mantelpiece were some china ornan-16-ts, and on the walls were a few amalpresignavings, two coloured prints given away with the Histrated News, and sundry photographs of the family choose of the father and mother belonging & the smudgy glass species, and so faded that they demanded close inspection before they

aled their subjects.

Shwas a room which at once conveyed the Bression that it was always on its best udinviour; the bare floor was so clean that the absence of a carpet scarcely attracted attention.

Thorburn was too tired to take note of these things, or to question why such comfortable quarters were provided for him, or why so much trouble was taken on his account. Wull helped him into bed and he breathed with a sense of relief and restful-Dèm

Wall did everything with never failing good humour, and his sister gave him cheer-ful assistance.

"I'm thinkin' he'll be pleased noo."

"Nac doubt," said Leezie, "for he was feart for naething but the difficulty o' getting him this length. The next thing he says is getting him to see the doctor and I'll contrive that."

The A referred to was the Fiscal. Wull was acting under his directions: it was he who suggested the argument by which Thorburn was persuaded to quit the old granary: it was he who arranged with Miller Greer to take an invalid lodger, and it was he who provided for all expenses.

One condition was imposed upon all who were taken into his confidence, namely, that joyously towards them.

Thorburn should never know who was looking after him, or hear his name mentioned.

Daily the Fiscal came for tidings of the invalid's progress. He did not enter the house. Leezie always saw him coming and went to the door.

"What is he like to-day?" was the Fiscal's

question.

"Just getting on fine," was Leezie's

And then the Fiscal turned away relieved and made his report to Armour. There was no sign on his face of the quivering anxiety of his heart.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—BY THE PLANTING.

THERE is no sensation more delightful than that which results from the consciousness of having got one's own way. Mrs. Musgrave was very happy. She had persuaded Armour, and, what was much more important, she had persuaded her husband, that it was really imperative to delay the arrangements for Ellie's marriage. Delay was everything in her opinion; because she was convinced that with a little time ber daughter would feel the advantages of becoming Mrs. Fenwick, the mistress of an ancestral home, and the representative of a " county family."

It had certainly been rather painful to bear the evident distress of Ellie, although she had behaved submissively enough. But all things considered, she had every reason to be satisfied with the result of her day's diplomatic exertions; and, being sustained by the consciousness that she was doing her duty, she went to bed with an easy mind.

Mrs. Musgrave, however, was not an eatly bird, and had no suspicion that her plens might be interfered with in conse-

Armour was well contented with matters as they stood. He had come, as he believed, to a complete understanding with his future mother-in-law; and that he counted a great gain. At the expense of much selfsacrifice he had obeyed her behest and had remained away from the house on the evening on which he had expected to see Ellie. But the request did not apply to the following morning; and, knowing Ellie's habit of generally accompanying her father part of the way towards his office, he was out betimes and waiting by the planting in the expectation of meeting her.

Presently he saw them come forth from the side gate of Torthorl, and he advanced

Think of a beautiful landscape, dull under mist which wouldenly cleared away by the sun: think of the heavy drops of dew in an instant transformed into diamonds by the light suddenly flashed upon themthat was Ellie's face when she saw her lover.

She drew her arm from her father's and

almost ran towards him.

The father noted this, and although his pace had been slow before, it became slower now as he purposely hung back. Presently he found something the matter with one of the young trees which compelled him to stop. But his inspection was brief; he decided that there was nothing particular the matter with the plant, and he might leave it to the care of nature. - he could go on.

"I am rather in a hurry this morning, he said as he approached the two, before their hands which had clasped in greeting were parted. There was something unusually grave in his voice and manner, which was rendered the more marked by the attempt "And I dare to assume his jocoge smile. say you young folk will not be very sorry. . . . I hope you don't meen to try to make me believe that you are. . . . That's right. I sye keep mind that two are company and a third party always in the way. I'll see you later, Armour, probably."

Then he passed on with long, hurried steps. Armour grasped her hand again and would have kissed her, but that he was checked by the strange expression of anxiety with which she looked after her father.

"What is the matter with him?" she said as if speaking to herself, and yet turn-

ing to Armour.

"Only some case which is worrying him," was the gleeful reply; "some vagabond has escaped his clutches and he is annoyed about it. Never you heed, he will get hold of the vagabond soon, and then he'll be as merry as ever."

"No," said Ellie slowly and thoughtfully; "it is something about us that as troubling him. I cannot make out what it is, but he

said to me last night that-

She was puzzled how to explain the strange words which haunted her; but she felt that sentence order to satisfy Armour. So she! went on hesitatingly-

"He said that perhaps it would be as well; it will make any difference?" that you did not come here at present."

abashed; then he laughed.

"I know what 🖢 the matter," 🖿 cried confidently.

"Tell me," was her eager exclamation.

"The grey mare," he replied with great solemnity.

" What ! "

"The grey mare," he repeated, trying to look more solemn than before, and holding up his hand with the finger extended as if about to deliver admonition. "Now I the future, and what am going to l do you think I ?"

I don't know," a cwered, half amused and still perplexed ab ter father.

"I see a man th call John Armour, with a grey pow and and brilly person, who in supposed to was a metr who has a will of his own—that is outside hit house. Then I see inside the house a be nie, gentle-looking lady they call Ellie Arn ur, and who is supposed to be so sweet the she has me will of her own. But I see that ume John Armour a perfect slave m her v w, just because she is so sweet and so dear at him. Do you understand yet?"

" Not quite."

"Well, the whole matter is this: your father wants to please your mother, and wants to please you too. At this minu he does not see how he to manage it. cause it is her wish that you should not mar But he does not know that your mothe. and I have entered into a solemn league and covenant, and we are perfectly agreed upon all its conditions."

"My mother and you agreed !" exclaimed

Ellie, bewildered.

"Yes, and the conditions are perfectly fair. They involve everything that I desire-your happiness."

"Did she say so?"

"Of course she did, and I mean in help her with all my might to that end. What she wants is fair and reasonable, and 🛮 comes to nothing more than this, that you yourself are to decide whether you are mand happiness with me or no."

"But I have decided, and she says I'm

"No, no; she only says that your present having gone so far she must complete the conviction may be a mistake, and that you must have time to make quite sure that it is not so. I say, grant the time-do you think

His face was beaming with confidence; he She felt awkward in saying this, but she was smiling with the satisfaction of one who was astounded by the manner in which it knows he is granting a concession which costs was received. Armour for an instant looked | him nothing. Her face brightened too, and the disengaged hand was placed on his arm.

"No time can make any difference in me," she said simply.

And then-

Well, they were by the planting; there was a calm sough among the trees, and there were no eyes of people or houses upon them.

They walked to and fro along the side of the planting; and they were happy although they did not speak very much. Perhaps they were applest in those moments of perfect silend when they walked side by side full in the sense of each other's presence, and so, quite content. These are the moments in which love a fullest of sweet imaginings: the brain is active with tender thoughts, and the mental eye is full of pleasant visions of a long and happy future.

What a pity these are only moments !

But fortunately in these moments there is concentrated the life of years; and it is worth living to realise them. So Armour and Ellie would have thought, had they not been too blessed in the present to reflect about it at all. One enjoys the perfume of a rose without pausing to speculate upon its source. Love grants brief spans of perfect happiness and the lovers do not stay to inquire too curiously into the reason why.

He was there; that was enough for her. She was there: that was enough for him. Father and mother and all the world were forgotten by them: they only knew that they were together and believed that they might be thus walking through life with the bright morning sun upon them and the pleasant aroma of the green trees about them.

What did they care about the calculations of Mrs. Musgrave, founded upon her narrow experience of ordinary men and women? Maybe she was right so far as concerned them. Undoubtedly she meant well, and was actuated by a pure motive. But they did not belong to the ordinary category. They were lovers and all the commonplace ordinances of the world must yield to their love.

Listen to those birds: did ever birds sing so sweetly! Look at those trees: how fresh and fragrant they were! Look at this green field stretching down to the river; and look at the cows leisurely browsing or stolidly gazing mothing. Was there ever a field so green-were there ever cows so contented -was there ever water gleamed so beautifully as the field and the cows and the river which appeared through the halo of their love?

They were very happy that morning and the memory of was a treasure to them aiterwards.

CHAPTER XXXIV .- SOMEBODY WRONG.

NOTWITHSTANDING Armour's assurance that her mother was willing enough a consent to their union under conditions which she thought desirable, and the natural repagnance of the girl | think that she could have attempted to deceive him, Ellie was not satisfied. This was, however, due more to her uneasiness about the conduct of her father than to any serious doubt as 🖿 her mother's truth. Indeed her thoughts were almost entirely occupied with the former.

What was the matter with him? At first he had been so pleasant in talking about the edgagement; and now he seemed besitate so much; and he had even said that it might be better that Armour should

not come to her at present.

What was his meaning-no unkindliness to herself or to Armour, of that she felt sure. was something about them both which was vexing him: of that she also felt sure. But what was it? It could not be the scandal about Armour's father; for he had known all about it and had said that no man was responsible for the conduct of his parents. He had given his consent at once to their union; he had raised no objection except that they would have some difficulty in overcoming the dislike of her mother to the match. Then had come this curious change He seemed to be distressed and half desirous that the marriage should not take place.

Two things he had said to her which remained vividly in her memory. The first was spoken before the visit to Kirkcudbright -"Whatever happens, Ellie, I'll do the best I can for you." There was comfort in that assurance; it was a charm against all fear. But the second-spoken on the night when she was made so unhappy by her mother's determined opposition to Armour-inspired the misgivings which were only soothed by a constant use of the charm. "You see," he had said, "we never can tell what queer things may happen;" and that commonplace phrase, combined with the sadness of his expression, still haunted her.

In her growing anxiety she spoke to her

"Do you think papa 🖩 quite well, just

now?" she said thoughtfully.

Mrs. Musgrave was astounded at the idea of the Fiscal ever being anything but well. In all her experience of him, he had never been afflicted by any ailment more serious than a alight cold; and she could not imagine him on the sick list.

there being anything the matter with him," she replied. "Why do you ask?"

Because I have been watching him and I see that he looks sad and weary. His voice so weak and he moves about in such a slow way that I am sure he is not well."

The mother hesitated for a minute; she was not in any degree alarmed about her husband, and the saw here an opportunity of influencing her child to the advantage of her

own designs.

"It will be some of those thresome things in his office that are affecting him. Perhapa also his anxiety about you may have something to do with his present state."

"That is just what I would like to understand, mamma," cried the girl eagerly. "Why should he be anxious on my ac-

count?"

" I think you should be able to understand without asking me," rejoined Mrs. Musgrave

significantly.

Ellie understood her mother, and particularly wished to avoid any further discussion about Armour present. So with a touch of impatience in her voice, she only said-

"I do not think it can be that. He is

satisfied."

Then Mrs. Musgrave looked unhappy. She did not like to feel the reproach that was conveyed by her daughter's tone and look.

"Now, Ellie, what else could it be?" she exclaimed, partly pleading and a little imitable. "You know quite well that although he may be worried by his office affairs, he is never sad about them. He sees that we are-not pleased with each other; and he knows that there is nothing unreasonable in my desire that you should not involve yourself too far in this hasty engagement with Mr. Armour. He is satisfied that I am right—so is Mr. Atmour, and so would anybody be who But you are understood the circumstances. obstinate and your father, who, I believe really cares more for you than he does for me, is depressed in consequence. I am sure, Ellie, if you would try to think of it calmly, you would admit that I am right."

There was such a blending in these statements of what Ellie knew to be fact with what was only supposition that she was much more deeply impressed by them than her mother could have expected. Here was such a wild suggestion that her father might have been persuaded to take her mother's view of the case. Was it possible that he was and , skles, it was true that Armour, who was as anything I may do."

"He has not given me the least hint of deeply interested in the matter as herself, had assured her that there was nothing unreasonable in what her mother required.

> Then was possible that she had been all this time playing the part of a disobedient child and causing both father and mother unnecessary trouble?

"I would like to do whatever you want,

mamma, . . . I do wish to please you."

"I knew that, Ellie, or I could never have bome half the worry this affair has caused me," cried the delighted mother. "I knew that you would soon come to see that my only desire was to do what seemed to me best for you."

" I never doubted that,"

Then she kissed her mother and went out, leaving the good lady full of joy, for everything was coming about just as she had foreseen it would, and her daughter would yet be mistress of Cluden Peel. It was certainly unfortunate that Fenwick had no title; but he was young, he was clever, he belonged to an ancient family, and he might win some distinction for himself yet. So with childish giee she continued to build her house of cards.

Ellie went down by the terraces which overlooked the river. She wanted somebody with clear vision to help her to make out what she ought to do; and she was thinking about Grannie when she heard steps behind her.

She had chosen this walk because she was least likely to be interrupted by any one; and

now here was Fenwick at her elbow.

"You had just gone out when I called and your mother told me which way you had gone," I said in his jaunty way and without the remotest suspicion that his presence could be otherwise than agreeable.

"I would rather you had not come, Mr.

Fenwick," she said awkwardly.

He halted, bowed, and looked as if he intended to wheel about, right face, and march

"I am corry to bear that, Miss Musgrave; but perhaps you may consent to endure my society for a few minutes when I tell you that I came to say good-bye,"

That did alter the case, and she exclaimed with an air of very frank but what he considered very ungracious relief-

"Oh, you are going away!"

He smiled with a comically malicious anticipation of her disappointment.

"Yes, but only for a few weeks; and my

going depends a little upon you."

"Upon me! I do not understand how because 🏬 did not like to tell her so? Be-i any of four movements can be influenced by

fluenced. You will permit me to explain, four hours." will you not?"

She had turned towards the house, knowing that there she could most easily escape from him. Her cheeks were tingling, and

she feit altogether uncomfortable.

"I will take your silence for consent," he said, again at ease and confident; "and tell you all about it. A, wonderful thing has occurred-I have decided upon doing something !"
"Indeed !"

This with an expression which would have convinced any one but Fenwick that whilst she congratulated him on this noble resolution, she cordially wished he had chosen some other friend to be the hearer of the wonderful news.

"Yes, I have decided to go into Parlisment, and I have also decided to make a hit there somehow, if it would please you."

He laid emphasis on the last words, but

she affected not to observe it.

"I wish you every success—no one can do

so more sincerely.

"Thank you: to have your good wishes is something. You know that we are not millionaires, but my father thinks we can afford to stand an election or two with the highly commendable object of getting me started on a useful career in which my energy, et-cetera, will find scope for development. The sudden retirement of old Balfour, the member for Gartburn, gives me an immediate opening. The borough is not a large one and I am going try fortune at once. I begin the campaign to-morrow."

"That is very prompt," she said, trying to show some interest in his project, and hoping that in his enthusiasm he would forget the other matter at which he had

hinted.

"Prompt's the word. We must let no grass grow under our feet, and I don't think we have done it yet. Balfour's retirement was made known yesterday; we decided last night; my address was ready this morning; it will be printed in all the local papers to-morrow; and I will be on the spot to stump the place, to spout beautiful platitudes about land laws, game laws, hypothec and poor laws. I have one grand card to play, which will go straight to the heart of every true Briton! (You see I am getting into the style already.) Would you like to know what that particularly grand card is?"

"If it's not a secret.

"Secret-it will be known through the you now as the only answer I can e

"Oh, but they can be very greatly in- length and breadth of the land in twenty-

"It must be a very bright idea."

"The brightest possible for helping a man into Parliament. Are you getting impatient? Well, here it is. I mean to show every man how he can live without paying taxes, rent, or debts of any kind! . . . There, is not that a magnificent idea? of a Utopian state, which every man is to be as good as another. But you do not seem to be deeply impressed with the Napoleonic grandeur of my notion."

"I do not understand how it is to be carried out," she said, laughing | his bur-

"The understanding is not of the slightest consequence," was his reply, as he too laughed merrily. "It is a catching idea and that is enough. But what I want to understand very much is, will you be greatly pleased if I win the day?"

" Of course we shall be pleased."

"Ay, but what I want to know is, will it give you any particular satisfaction to learn that I, rather than any other friend of yours, is returned at the head of the poll for Gartburn? I think if I could take that knowledge with me, there would be no doubt of the result. Shall I have it?'

In Fenwick's wooings, boldness had always been a stronger characteristic than tenderness; but now, touched with m real passion, his words, his manner, his expression, and even the form of his features seemed to obtain a mysterious refinement, For a few minutes | received no reply, and he watched her downcast face eagerly. He saw that the expression was very serious, but there was no indication of emotion.

Presently she turned her clear, frank eyes

full upon his face and said quietly-

"I have told you, Mr. Fenwick, that none of your friends will be more pleased than I shall be if you are successful, and none will sympathize more you fail. But that is all. Now I am going to ask you to prove your friendship for me.

The calm kindness with which this was spoken added to the feeling of disappointment with which Fenwick heard it, for increased his admiration of the woman.

What a splendid creature she was!

"Well, if that is all, I must be content with it for the present," and cheerfully; and you know that you have only to tell me 📰 what way I can prove my friendship."

"By accepting the answer I have given

repeating it."

"That is too much mask," he said impulsively; "I can never give up the hope of winning you until I know that you have given yourself to some one else."

"Then you do not wish be my friend?" "You know I am your friend and will

be always."

"In that case you can only prove it by granting the favour I ask without conditions."

Then the bowed and went into the house. She did not know that Fenwick was somewhat justified in his persistence by the assurances he had received from her mother that all was going in his favour.

"A fellow might do anything with such a woman for his wife," was Fenwick's mental exclamation, "and I know women too well

to give up the chase yet.'

The refinement with which his sense of real love had endowed him for a little while, had disappeared.

CHAPTER XXXV.-BAD NEWS.

WHEN the Fiscal arrived at his office he dispatched Adamson in search of Captain Brown, and then proceeded methodically to examine the correspondence which lay on his desk. This was probably the last time he would have it to do; for the end was near.

The chief constable came promptly. The

Fiscal handed him a plece of paper.

"That is where the man Thorburn is lying. I think you should be there to-morrow forenoon at eleven o'clock. I believe he will have something to say to you. I expect him to point out the man who caused his injury." "Very good. Do you go with me?"

"I shall be there at the same hour; but as I am not able to fix the time at which I shall start, you had better not trouble to call

for me."

" I suppose you have got full information

now about the case?"

"Yes, but I would like you le hear what the man says himself. I dare say you think queer that I should take so much interest in this case. You will understand why tomoiióa' a,

Captain Brown's sallow face did not display a shadow of curiosity, but his keen eyes

were gazing steadily at the Fiscal.

"I was puzzled to make out why you were so eager at first and then so suddenly stopped."

"My interest did not cease. As I ex- Grannie's face passed away as quickly as 🖿 plained to you I had found him, and for the had come.

give you, and so sparing me the pain of time there was no necessity for you to make further inquiry. However, to-morrow everything will be explained. I have news for TOU.

" Another case?"

"No, not that. The news is only that you will soon have a new Fiscal. I have resigned."

"Tited of work?"

The question was put without any intona-

tion of surprise.

"Not exactly. It would have pleased me very well to have gone on for some years longer; but an event which occurred recently has made me think it incumbent upon me to resign."

"Sorry to hear it. Who will get the ap-

pointment?"

"There's no saying; but if II had been in my power to recommend any one I should have given Adamson my best word. He knows the whole routine of the work. Put in a word for him if you can."

" I will."

The chief constable retired, much occupied with speculations as to the probable cause of Musgrave's resignation,

At noon the Fiscal's horse was brought to the door of the office. Its owner mounted and rode to Campbell's farm. There he gave some instructions to Wull Greer and obtained for him leave of absence for a couple of days.

Next he rode to Thorniehowe and found Armour at home. His arrival was not a surprise now, as his first two or three visits had been, although this one was made earlier

than usual.

But the tidings he brought did give them a surprise. One of Grannie's first questions had always been--

"When are we to see him noo?"

"Not yet," had hitherto been the invariable answer.

This time, however, the answer was, "To-

MOITOW."

"Then he's better," said Grannie quietly, although she was full of joy. "The Lord be thanked. And when did he come to himsel' when did he ask to see us?"

"He has not asked to see you," replied the Fiscal slowly; "he does not yet know that you are going to him. I have taken upon myself the responsibility of making the appointment because I think it important that you should see him pow."

The light which had suddenly flashed in

"Then he's decin' . . . ;" then, standing erect, her sightless eyes turned towards Musgrave, whilst Armour took her hand in his, her lips moved, but they did not hear the words, "Thy will be dune."

"The case I not yet hopeless," said the

Fiscal gently; "he may mend."

"Ay, he'll mend," she said in a low steady voice, and both men understood the significance of the words. After a pause she went on: "What for can we no gang to him

"Because it is necessary first to persuade him to let you come. He is still under the impression that none of m know where he is

"Sae be it," she said softly. "I would fain see him, but I'll no do onything that might hasten his hour. I ken that he's no keepin' us awa' frac him out o' ill will to us. but because he thinks it best for us."

Then she bowed her head and quitted the room, Armour going with her. But he stopped at the door of her room: he knew that she wished to be alone, and he knew why.

He returned quickly to the Fiscal who was standing in precisely the same attitude as when he left him.

"Is it death?" inquired Armour. "You

can tell me the worst,

"I fear it is; but the doctor does not think it will be immediate—he even thinks recovery possible. I hope he may recover."

This was spoken with so much earnestness that Armour could not help looking at him

inquiringly.

"You will not be surprised that I am anxious about him when you learn that should he die you may find I necessary to break off your engagement with Ellie."

What I" ejaculated Armour, scarcely able

to believe his ears.

The words were repeated coldly enough, but with an undercurrent of agitation.

"Oh, impossible ! " said the lover.

"Any kind of misfortune is possible," rejoined the Fiscal bitterly. "Let us hope he may recover."

"But what is it you mean?" was the bewildered question. "Nothing can ever make me break off my engagement unless she tells me what I know she cannot."

" We shall see to-morrow," was the strange

"If were not that I know you are incapable of jesting at such a time as this, I should regard your suggestion as one of the resigned answer whenever his father had at-

biggest jokes you have ever made. As it is

I wish you would explain."

"I ought not to have spoken. I would like you to have the explanation from his lips, not mine. But as-

The Fiscal stopped: he had been about to say, " as I have startled you by my remark, I must tell you the whole circumstances myself. I am not so thoroughly the master of my tongue lately as I used to be, and without my leave it uttered the thought which has been uppermost in my mind for some time."

But he could not do in then; and it was best to leave the explanation a come tomorrow, as he had arranged. So he said-

"I must ask you, Armour, not to worry yourself by my careless words. Rest assured of this, I am more resolved than ever that nothing but your wish or here shall keep you

"In that case, I can forget your curious suspicion that it was possible for me to wish for any change. But you did startle me; for only this morning we were talking about the possibility of your having changed your

mind."

"Then it is well that the opportunity occurred for me to repeat my assurance at the only conditions on which I will retract my consent."

Armour was satisfied; at any other time he would have laughed loudly at that wildest of all wild imaginings—the possibility of his wishing to give up Ellie. He was happy in smiling at it now; still when the Fiscal had gone away he had uncomfortable thoughts about what was to happen to-morrow.

It seemed somehow as if a shadow had fallen across the path which had been so

bright that morning.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—ON THE EDGE OF THE STORM.

A BLITHE man was Wull Greer with his unexpected holiday before him and an unexpected pound note | his pouch. The first was still long, and although there was a brisk north-east wind blowing, was bracing and the sun was shining. The second was short, for it was soon changed; and Wull's experience had taught him that although a note was a respectable sum whilst it remained whole, it was just like a nest of new-fledged sparrows as soon as it was transformed into small coin, and each piece took to itself wings, "fleeing awa' in unkenned airts " with incomprehensible and mysterious velocity.

"There's nue accounting for it," was his

tempted to remonstrate with him on his extravagance; "there maun hae been had

tailorin' about my pouches."

"It's nac use speakin'," would be the father's melancholy comment: "ye are a sare hair in my neck an' I mann just thole,"
"Just that," Wull would say cheerfully,

"an' be thankfu' it's nae wanr. You ken

there was-

And then Wull would give a list of ne'erdo-weels who had been transported or hanged, and felt quite satisfied that his father ought to be comparatively proud of him. of the anomalies of human nature and a reproach to its judgment that the ne'er-doweels awaken so much pity that they always

cause more paid than they suffer.

Wull had to pass through Thorniehowe because he had to go to Descon Simpson's for some delicacies which had been ordered for the invalid at Dalwhesttie Mill. So he had a chat with Eppie Lawson, who was always about her door seeing that the bairns who were too young for school did not fall into mischief; or on the way to or from the well with her water stoups swung out from her sides by means of a large hoop.

Then he encountered Tawtie Pate and had something to say to him which involved a dram. Gow, the smith, came into the inn whilst they were at it, and that involved another dram. Next came the Souter and that meant one more dram, whilst the return

treats had to be counted in between. But they all kept their heads steadily, con-

sidering, and even then Wull did not betray the secret about Thorburn.

"I'm just gaun to see a frien' that's no weel at hame," was the explanation he gave

of his holiday.

At last he got his parcel from the deacon's shop and strode out sturdily to make up for lost time. He was proud of his position as an assistant of the Fiscal; the novelty of being on the side of law was still fresh upon

You are clever the up-tak', Greer, and I expect you to manage this business as well as you have done the rest," the Fiscal had said; "and if you do-well, there's a small farm somewhere that might suit you."

And, consequently, Wull was determined to manage the business intrusted to him. Knowing what prospects he had before him. he was merry at the spectacle of his father's diamay at his appearance at that time of day.

"Back again!" exclaimed the miller, frowning as he thought that this wastrel son was once more thrown on his hands.

"Never you heed, father; it's a right this time. You'll maybe be proud o' me yet."

" Proud |---whan?"

"Sooner than you think. You just never heed me the noo, and in a whilie you'll no be sorry. I'm come to see my frien' and to bring some things he needed."

So Wall went into the cottage. He saw Leezie first. She had been baking, scouring, and milking—she was now washing—and in the intervals she had been nursing Thor-

" He's just the same as far as I can tell," she said in answer to her brother; "at as minute you would think there was naething wrang wi' him an' the next you would think he was at the last gasp. The doctor thinks he's a wee better."

"Was he speiring for onybody?"

"No, but Maister Musgrave was speiring for you and says III is coming back to hear what you has done."

" I'll be ready for him."

Wull went into the little room where Thorburn lay staring at the shelf near the ceiling and at the foot of his bed, which formed a kind of general receptacle for Sunday bonnets and other articles not frequently required.

At first he did not appear to notice Wull's arrival, in spite of the latter's repeated in-

"Hoo do you find yoursel' the-day, Mr. Thorburn?"

By and by, however, he turned his face slowly towards him and eyed him absently.

"I suppose you think you are going to keep me here for ever," he said, huskily; "but that I not so. I mean to get out of your clutches soon."

"I dare say you will," answered Greer, consolingly, "but it will depend on yoursel' whether you walk out o' our clutches or are

carried out o' them."

Intelligence dawned on the invalid's face and he spoke more clearly.

" That's you, Greer."

" Just me."

years is a since I saw you last?"

"That depends

"That depends on how many hours you count to a year. I would say that it was only a wee while since I brought you here."

The man was silent, looking dreamily at

his visitor's face, and then-

"Ah, you count time by the hours of the You do not know what suffering is."

"I hae had my head smashed wi' a horse; my hand nearly ta'en off, wi' a chaff-cutter; my arm broken in two places wi's tumbe frae a cart, and a heap o' things forbye."

"I wish I could swop with you," said Thorburn, a grim humour on his ghastly face. "Man, if you only knew what it was to lie here for, say two of your hours, with all these ghosts passing and repassing before you; every one looking at you with sad, weary, repreachful face, filling your soul with remorse and dread that you had done them wrong—then you would know what it was to be living through ages of torture."

"I never saw ony ghosts," said Wull simply, but moving unessily a page back

from the bed.

"Then break your bones and be happy:

you do not know what pain is yet."

He laughed faintly but contemptuously at the commonplace wees which his friend had recounted.

aid Wull, a little burt by what seemed to be the ingratitude of the man he had aided at the cost of so much trouble to himself before he knew what rewards his action was to bring him.

bring him.

"No, no, I don't want to skear you, man," replied Thorburn in a hopeless tone as he moved his head from side to side. "I was only telling you how the time goes with me.

How long must I wait now?"

There was a kind of impatience of despair

in the tone of that question.

"There's nae sayin'—maybe it'll be a long while yet; an', if I was you, I'd try to find out some kind o' thochts that wouldna fash ye sae muckle."

"That's true, Greer. You are becoming

as good as a parson,"

Havers in exclaimed Well, as if he did

not like the satire.

"You may complete the character by telling me what I ought to think about."

Wull was quick in the uptak', as the Fiscal had said, and he saw a good opportunity here for effecting his purpose.

"Maybe I can do that too, if you would

listen wi reason."

" I'll try."

"Weel then, you said that you would like to do me a good turn."

"Ay, but I cannot."

"Onyway you needna do me an ill turn if it's wour power to prevent it."

How's that?"

Weel, it's just this, an' it's the chief reason for my bein' here the day. You see, as long as you was likely to get on your ain feet soon ■ was a' right for me. But you're no

like to do that; and by your ain way o' thinking you'll never do it. Noo, what'll happen to me?"

Thorburn was silent, and his faithful friend.

went on.

"You ken there's been a heap o' seekin' for you—an' though I dinna want to say onything to hart you while you're down, I cama say that you seem to me to hae done the right thing by your friends, judgin' frae what I has heard about them and ken about them."

"What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to let your folk come and see you. I'll gie you my word that they'll no touch you, or try to tak' you awa' unless it be your ain pleasure."

Wull gave that assurance with the air of one who knows that his guarantee is enough.

"You have seen them."

"True enough, I has seen ane o'them, an' I ken that they mean to do naething but what will please yoursel'. I ken mair—that your keepin' awa' frae them is like me prevent a marriage that was to has come aff you had bided at hame, and would come aff yet if you were just me let your folk ken where you are."

"I did not know that."

"Oh, but it's true, though I'm no gaun to tell you hoo I came to ken it. You see it's in your power to do me a good turn, and your folk tae."

Thorburn did not speak. He closed his eyes and remained quite still. At length—

"I have been thinking about that, Greer, but I doubt if it can do them any good to see me. I always made mischief amongst them, and it seems me still that the best thing for them is never to hear another word about me."

"Oo, but you're clean wrang; you has done them the worst mischief in rimin' awa'; and there's nac sayin' what mischief you may due to me if you hide frac them muckle langer."

There was a long pause, during which the

invalid again closed his eyes.

"Very well, you can to Thorniehowe and tell Mrs. Armour I would like to see

"I'll dae that, man, right gladly; and I'll fetch Maister Armour at the same time."

"Fetch anybody you like," said Thorburn

wearily.

"I'll no fash you ony mair the noo then, but you can lippen me to dae everything needfu."

Wull went out with a contented mind. He

with much more ease than he had expected. Of course he had no need to go to Thorniehowe, and when the Fiscal came again he warm," had his answer ready for him.

So the night went by; it was one of the quietest Thorburn had experienced for some Wull Greer remained in the room with him throughout the night, but his assistance was scarcely required, and for the most part he was allowed to snore peacefully on the little sofa.

Thorburn slept fairly well, but he lay awake at intervals listening to the rising wind which was mouning through the glen; and then iii the heavy rain which began to beat violently against the little window.

"It's an even downpour," said Wull, as he looked out in the early morning. "I haena seen rain like that for mony a lang day."

The cottage might have been a divingbell at the bottom of rapid moving water and the view from its window would have represented what was visible outside. Dull grey water through which the trees on the other side of the road could not be seen. It had subdued the wind and its own continuous splashing on the ground was the chief sound that reached their ears.

"It's a fine morning," said Thorburn,

blightly raising his head.

"A what?" exclaimed Wull, turning quickly to stare at him.

"A fine morning, I say."

"You're no gaun wad again surely?"

"Oh no, I'm better this morning than I have been since the night you picked me up. I begin to think that bloodletting did me good, for my head is so clear."

"Then I wouldns say that this is a fine

mornin'."

Although he spoke lightly, Wall was not altogether at his case; he had been unbued with the superstition that during the few hours which immediately precede death, the intellect is supernaturally keen.

"That is just why I say it; because in this weather the folk will not come and I shall be

glad of a respite."

"I'm doubtin' you're mista'en: they'll be here. This min is ower heavy keep on lang. I hear the wind beginning to rise doon there already."

" I want to get up then."

"That's clean ridic'lous on sic a day as this. You're far mair cosy in your bed."

up. I want to see them at my best and Grannie quietly into the little room.

had accomplished the object of his mission so give Grannie the least fright that may

"Bide a wee then or I get you something

As Wull had prognosticated, the min had abuted by breakfast-time, although II still fell beavily. I had made deep channels of the cast mis on the steep red road, and the streams were rushing down angrily, gathering strength as they approached the foot of the hill, and uniting their forces into a considerable burn as they reached the level ground. they swelled the ditches to overflowing, and a couple of inches of water spread over the level road.

Whins and brambles and all low-lying bushes were beaten down, and the branches of the trees moved heavily in the wind. The burn in the bed if the glen had become a stormy river, dark and drumly, and with a few hours more of this rain would attain the dimensions of a spate. No glint of sunlight relieved the dull, sulky face of nature.

Through it all came Grannie and Armour to keep the appointment that the Fiscal had made for them. They were in a gig, and a strong horse took them along the road III a good pace in spite of the elements. But they had to go at a walking pace when they came to the brac leading up

Dalwheattie Mill. The streamlets rushing down washed the horse's feet and the wheels as the slow progress was made upward.

Armour remembered with a kind of shudder that he had attended a country funeral on such a day as this; and it seemed to him as if this was only one stage in another funeral. Grannie had spoken little to him since they started. She answered his inquiries about her "haps" and general comfort in monosyllables; and on the bras they

did not speak at all.

Leezie was at the door and led Grannie into the kitchen whilst Armour went with the miller to the stable III attend to the horse. The miller would gladly have done this service himself, for he knew Armour as a thriving manufacturer and was proud to see him at his place.

When they returned to the cottage, Grannic had been relieved from her wet outer garments and was asking Leezie about the strange guest. At the same time Wull came

from the parlour.

"He scarcely thocht you'd come, but you can gang in noo. He sitting in the chair."

The fact that was able to be out of bed "If the folk are coming I want to get gave them some relief; and Armour led The man was sitting bolt upright with his back towards the bed. His white face resembled that of a corpse with its bandages. He stretched out his long thin hand, which the bandage with a court speaking placed it in Greenic's.

out speaking placed it in Grannic's.

"I'm glad to see you again, Jock," was brought upon yo what she said in her calm quiet voice, but ruin you seek in her fingers trembled a little as they passed would have beegenly over his face and head. "Are you seen me again."

better noo?"

A pause; then—"Ay, I am better now."

And then there was another long pause. He had been always sickly-looking, but Armour was glad Grannie could not see him as he appeared now. In his own breast the intensity of pity for the man's misfortunes was forging those tender links between them which should have been made there long ago. There was something, too, in Thorburn's expression which suggested that he understood what was going on in his son's mind.

"I was feared that we would find you past speaking to us," Grannie went on; "I'm rael glad you have got that length yet."

" I will speak better presently."

"Dinna waste your breath. I hae note doubt that if we can get you safe hame you'll hae mony a blithe day afore you yet. . . . You are gaun to come hame, of course."

He looked towards Armour, who promptly

answered-

"You know that I have always wished it."

"You do not know how my presence will interfere with you."

"I say, come whether or not"

For an instant a grim smale flitted across Thorburn's face.

"You do not know the curse you have brought upon yourself in pursuing me—what ruin you seek in taking me home. Your life would have been happier if you had never seen me seain."

"That's just a' your ain fancies," interposed Grannie. "You canna do ony harm to us, and we are thankfu' to Mr. Musgrave..."

" Musgrave!"

"Ay, it was him that found you out and that's been daein' everything for you."

The man's face had been anxious, but not displeased or ill-humoured. Now II became dull and gloomy as the day.

The Fiscal was riding slowly up the steep brae through the rain, his head instinctively bowed low against it. He was insensible to wind and rain, although they seemed to crush him down on his saddle as they crushed the plants down to the ground.

There were voices in his ears speaking

louder than the elements,

"That dying man will charge you with murder, and murder was in your thoughts at the time. You are going to your own execution." "Then let it come," was the answer; "I

am ready."

MY OWN GIRL

FIFTEEN shiftings—no more, sir— The wages I weekly touch.
For labour steady and sore, sir,
It isn't a deal too much;
Your money has wings in the city,
And vanishes left and right,
But I hand a crown to Kitty
As sure as Saturday night.
Bless her, my own, my wee,
She's better than gold me!

She lives in a reeking court, sar,
With roguery, drink, and woe;
But Kitty has never a thought, sir,
That isn't as white as snow—
She hasn't a thought or feeling
An angel would blush to meet;
I love to think of her kneeling
And praying for me so sweet.'
Bless her, my own, my wee,
She's better than gold to me?

I must be honest and simple,
I must be manly and true,
Or how could I pinch her dimple,
Or gaze in her frank eyes' blue?
I feel, not anger, but pity,
When workmates go to the bad;
I say, "They've never a Krity—
They'd all keep square if they had."
Bless her, my own, my wee,
She's better than gold to me!

One day she will stand in the altar,
Modest, and white, and still,
And forth from her lips will falter
The beautiful, low, "I will."
Our home shall be bright and pretty
As ever a poor man's may,
And my soft little dove, my Kitty,
Shall nest in my heart for aye.

Eless her, my own, my wee,
She's better than gold to me!

FREDERICK LANGERIDGE.

THE SCOTTISH HERRING FISHERY.

By J. G. BERTRAM, AUTHOR OF "HARVEST OF THE SEA."

FIRST RAPER.



serving the move-Wick Harbour. never till that moment had the true signifiknows not how the other half lives," come pro- rising sun, is a night that is slow to fade perly home in him. He had been witnessing from the memory. The herring, although for the first time, a portion of the work a wonderfully abundant fish, and playing an incidental an important branch of in-important part in our national commissariat dustry-herring fishing-the details of which (being in some degree the daily food of thouwere new to him; an industry that, in Scot- sands, who seldom, or indeed never taste land during certain seasons of the year, any other fish), is an animal the natural hisyields remunerative employment to about tory of which I am ashamed to say we know seventy thousand persons, and upon the very little about; in particular, we are all proper equipment of which, during these grossly ignorant of the cardinal points which latter years, a sum of probably not less than mark its birth and growth. Ichthyologists, two millions sterling has been expended, it is true, have written much "about" the Although fishing for herrings - successfully herring, and have frequently indulged in carried on in other countries, it may safely be most learned disquisitions on its anatomy asserted that it is in Scotland the seat of the and general structure, have told us the "great fishery" (once an appanage of Hol-land) is now to be found, the Dutch being too fin mys, but they cannot tell us, or at any longer masters of the situation; those whom nate have not told us, how long a period they had taught I fish having wrested from clapses from the time the spewn is exuded them the secret of the herring care, dis- from the parent fish till it becomes nursed into covered by Joseph Benkelsen, of Bielvhet, a living thing by the ravening waters; nor Yes, Holland the teacher has long since been can they tell us how old the herring must be outdone by Scotland, the industrious and before it is able to repeat the story of its painstaking pupil! Amsterdam is reputed birth. Once upon a time this fish, which were

A Disting the Dutch centuries ago derived millions guish- per annum from the fish; but the well-aped Eng. pointed "busses" of the Netherlands have lish cler- almost disappeared from our seas, chased g ym a n away by the simply built clinker boats of the passing Scottish fishermen. For these two hundred several and more years, hardy Scots have been drawyears ago ing from the fish-teeming waters which surthrough round their island homes, without fee or the town price of any description, save the wages of Wick expended in Isbour, annual supplies of (the capi herrings which, in round figures, may be tal of her- estimated as worth the sum total at present ring dom invested in the machinery of capture. in Scot-

The harring, which has become a source land, as of so much wealth to so many countries, and Yarmouth to our kingdom in particular, is one of the is in most beautiful of our fishes. Some few out England) of the tens of thousands who peruse Good confessed Words may have had the fortune to pass a while ob- night in herring fishing, and to see a "herrin' new drawn frae the sea" in all its pristine glory, in **m** beauteously blanded colours of

ments of "gleaming gold and silver, and glancing a gang of industrious herring-gutters, that purple," as thousands upon thousands of these fish are rained into the boat from cance of the saying, "one half of the world well-filled nets all aglow in the sparkle of the to have been founded on henring bones, and it less abundant would be more esteemed as migratory in its habits, and is come at re curring periods a our warmer waters, from frigid zone " the colder star of high northern latitudes, in a shoal so vast as to occupy more than a hundred miles of the sea way. It was Pen nant who concocted the story of the herrings annually recurring migrations from and to here and to the manner born framed a narrative that was largely circulated, tinguish a Loch Fync or Ayishire fish from

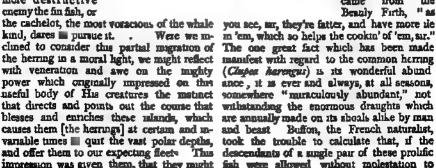
and which for a number of years ob tained almost uni versal credence, at WELL MOTCOVET IN proved upon by other writers, who assign ed to the Almighty the great generals and leaders of columns who guided the various brigades of the vast puscine army to the seas and bays to which they had been destined by nature, and where for a time they found a home. The words of Pennant may be here repeated, he says, "In these in accessible seas, that are covered with ice during a greater part of the year, the herring finds a quiet and sure retreat from all its numerous ene mes, there neither man nor its still more destructive

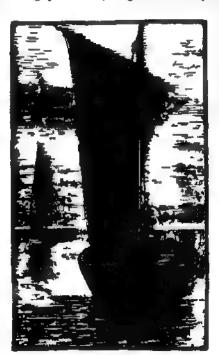
enemy the fin fish, or kind, dares 🖿 pursue it. impression was given them, that they might fish were allowed without molestation to

a delicacy of the table, was supposed by remove for the sake of depositing their naturalists and fishery economists to be spawn in warmer seas that would mature and vivily it more assuredly than those of the

However agnorant they may be of the more minute details of its history, naturalists now know very well that the herring is not a inigratory fish, but on the contrary, "native Those who the Arctic seas, he interviewed the fishermen trade in these fish can tell with precision the during his grand tour, and by collecting and localities to which different lienings belong, collating their somewhat imaginative storics a dealer or other expert can a glance dis

either a Firth of Forth or a Moray Furth one Lech sort has different characteristics and private marks, just, in the same way as there are certain differences between a salmon of the river Tay and a fish of that species which has been taken in Tweed'a once "sil-"The ms," perng in fish have to difficulty whatever in pointing out which is which. and are able to do so even in the case of the sprat! A London contermonger told the writer on one occasion that for his part, of the sprats that came from Scotland, he far preferred those from the Firth of Forth to those which from came





Clude:-buit Leat



twenty years, the produce would bulk large as the globe Knowing that

on which we are living! every female herring is endowed with the power of depositing some twenty-five or thirty thousand eggs, it | easy to believe that the calculating naturalist did not m any way exaggerate the multiplying power of the fish during the time specified. As a matter of fact, however, an enormous discount must be allowed on its powers of production. In the case of the salmon, a fish which, so to speak, enjoys the protection of man (at any rate, of the law) during its breeding season, it has been calculated that barely two per cent, of the ova deposited by the female fish survive to revisit the procreant cradle of their parents. How then can it be expected that the herring, which has the wide and stormridden sea as a place for the deposit of its settle these points, would be welcomed about spawn, can fare otherwise than | hinted? | all our food fishes. In the case of the would not perhaps be very wide of the mark salmon—about the natural history of which if it were in be affirmed that not more than there are many curious circumstances—we

for a period of spawo of the herring was only required to afford a supply of food to other fishes, whilst countless thousands of the young of that fish from the moment they are hatched fall an easy prey to those hordes of enemies which are constantly lying in wait to devour them. Some naturalists have asserted that the eag of the herring arrives at maturity in about six weeks, and that the tiny fish is then able to burst the walls of its fragile prison and begin its experience of life in the great deep, but no really reliable evidence has so far been offered on this point of its natural history; nor so far as is known to the writer has | been satisfactorily proved that a herring becomes reproductive till in more than twelve months old. These, however, are just the problems which all who take an intelligent interest in the prosperity of our fisheries are anxious have solved; nor does the desire obtain such obvious particulars apply only to the herring, similar information, such knowledge as would

hundred and thirty days to hatch, according to temperature; we know also that at least from two | three years clapse before it becomes reproductive, and that is more than we know about almost any other fish.

--- The "Whitehait," or to put the case more correctly, the fish sold under that name, is now known to be the young of the herring. or of the sprat-which fish is by some reputed be also the young of the herring! London Whitebait, it should, however, be explained, has hitherto been the young or fry of all sorts of fish so dressed by the arts of the cook as to be rendered pala-

know that its eggs require from ninety to one table. It was asserted of old by several naturalists of fame that the Whitebait was a distinct member of the herring family breeding on its own account; upon which assertion afterwards arose a great controversy which has only recently been terminated by a decision given by an eminent zoologist, in fact by Dr. Gunther, of the British Museum, who stated that the fish upon which he was asked to decide-so-called "Whitebart"-were the young of the herring. The controversy as to Whitebait forms an interesting chapter in the natural history of British fishes, too long, however, to be transferred to the pages of GOOD WORDS. Much that is interesting has



Packers and Coopers at week

also been elicited by controversy regarding asked. If the sprat he assumed to be the the natural history of the sprat. Whether or young of the herring, how can the two fish not the fish commonly known as the sprat be duringuished when they are mixed? but (Ciupea sprattus) is, or I not, the young of the sprat having a strong saw-like projection the herring has often been debated, and as from its abdomen can at once be pointed out, usual a good deal has been said for both the young of the common berring being withsides of the question. Some of the disputants maintain that sprats are rarely found containing milt or roe; I must myself admit careful observer in the shape and colour of the that I have personally examined hundreds, and have never once found one with any show of spawn in it. Curiously enough, too, when fishing for aprats, young herring are number of vertebree than the herring, which caught at the same time in nearly equal pro- has been accepted by some naturalists as portions. I have seen at Newhaven, near settling the question, and determining the Edinburgh, a boatload of these small fish fact that the sprat 18 a distinct member of

XXIII--36

out this very pronounced mark. There are other differences apparent to the eye of the sprat its paler and more only appearanceand also in its size and weight. Besides these outward distinctions, the speat has a smaller which were thoroughly serious. I may be the Chipes family breeding on wo own ac-

fishes being so frequently taken in quantity boat over sixty barrels—are but as a drop at the same time, and the sprat, when it in the ocean compared to the destruction comes into season, being without spawn, caused by other agencies. The dog-fish prey have never been properly explained, whilst extensively upon the shoals, and the chief many curious suggestions have been thrown food of the cod-fish is also out on the matter, such as that the one fish Aquatic birds of many kinds likeword in the male and the other the female, as also upon these fish, and interesting estimates that the sprat is the young of the pilchard!

ably correct idea of the wonderful abund-granted that every cod-fish having access to

ance of the herring. By means of the Scottials Fishery Board, an account is kept and annually published of the quantities of these fish which are cured for sale. It may set down here, for the purpose of easy calculation, that one million barrels of herring are being cured every year in Scotland for the home and foreign markets, and that each barrel contains eight hundred fish, which gives a total of eight hundred millions of herrings from the Scottish curing stations. But in addition | the number cured, it has been calculated that quite as many are in the course of the season sold as what are called "fresh herrings;" the wholesale buyers being now enabled by means of the railways dispatch large supplies to the great seats of po-

over three nullions sterling! | reality they portionately increased. yield a far larger amount, the barrels of cared large cities, as all householders know, is not

But the circumstances of the two a trail of nets that brought at one haul to the have been made of the quantities annually is happily an easy task is give a toler-supposed to be devoured. If it be taken for

> the herring shoal cats only five of these fish per diem, it will at once be obvious that the numher which | consumed will be something enormous. Taking for granted that only five millions of cod, ling, and hake, in all are to be found in our northern seas, they will consume twentyfive millions of herrings every day. The aquatic birds, and some of the fishes which inhabit the deep seas other than those of the Gadida family, will require for their food as many more; so that in reality the hand of man should scarcely be felt upon the shouls, and yet it has been ably argued, and indeed proved, that in some districts the supply of these fish has fallen off because man has "overfished" them! The grounds of this argument are plain enough when it

The Captured Codfish.

pulation the moment they are caught, and to 📗 stated that although the net power now have them in the marketalmost before their sea employed in the herring fishery is about triple, bloom has begun to fade. If these fish be esti- or even quadruple, and the number of boats mated as being of the value of only one half-double, what they were some sixty years penny each, they would yield a total sum of aince, the take of herrings has not been pro-

The facts and figures of the netting, as fish in some seasons bringing as much as showing its enormous increase, are suggestive; from twenty-eight to fifty shillings, and a twenty years ago each boat carried twentycharge of three-halfpence, and sometimes of four nets made of hemp, each net being forty two-pence, for a single fresh herring in our yards long, with twenty-eight meshes to the yard, and ten or twelve score of meshes deep. at all uncommon. But it has also been Now, the boats of the period carry each from estimated that the number of herrings taken fifty to sixty nets made of fine cotton, each from the sea by the fishermen, miraculous as net mixty yards long with thirty-five meshes the draughts sometimes prove to be—and to the yard, and eighteen score meshes deep. I myself have personally assisted in drawing To put the case still more plainly, a boat used to carry about a thousand yards of net- than seven thousand bouts engaged | the power fivefold. At present there are more more than one-half of London.

ting, it now carries more than three times Scottish berring fishery, and the suites of that quantity-the catching surface of the netting which they carry would reach in 2 train of nets used to be three thousand square continuous line for nearly twelve thousand yards, it I now thirty-three thousand; each miles; they would more than three times boat has in reality increased its catching across the Atlantic Ocean, and would cover

CALLER OU!

3. Song of the Merabini 14th of October.

A NY fish, ye say, the day, un'am? Aye, an' bonnie—just new m; Silver haddles, allver whities, Skate and gurnet, cod and ling, Whells and meuels, clams and cockles.

Are they fresh, ma'am? In ee' 200—

Think ye'll no bave c'tht the day, ma'am?

Then gude mornin'. Caller On!

Would you help me wi' ma erect, me'em?
It is heavy, d'yo say?
Weel, it aye gets licht and lichter,
As I toil my weap way.
A' for hainnes, orphan barraies,
For to fill their wee bit nose,
Playing fishwhee, while these mither
Is out cryin' Caller Ou!

Whatr's ma mon? Oh, does mit, ma'est. He is wi' on laddies twa. They went out and no'er cam' home, me'am, For the boat was lost wi' a'.

But there's cases wear than mine, ma'am, When they'll have to battle through; For my suddest haits a line, run'are, And the youngest crees Ca-oo!

On the pier that tearfu' day, ma'am, As the spray did own me hit, Did I hear them cerie say, ma'am, "Lead the pair thing oot the drift,"
Then I kent what had bela'en me; And could, could my heart it grew, Could the hoose, and could the hawnes--Cauld days crying Caller On I

But, thank you, ma'sm,—gude morain'.
The sun glines on Inchketh; So ye'en I must be dann'erin'
Up the weary bras o' Leath—
Silver haddies, silver whites,
Clams and cothles,—in oe' noo;
Soles and floundar, cod and guinet.
None the day, ma'sma' Caller On MEWHATEN, Afoy, 1882. T. DYRES.

THE PLACE OF THE OLD TESTAMENT IN THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

By W. ROBERTSON SMITH, M.A., LL.D.

PAPER.

Creator himself has appointed to His in- our race. telligent creatures. The history of man-

EVERY historian who is worthy of that must in the last resort be tested by its hisname, and rises above the level of a torical efficacy. Atrue message from God is mere chronicler, is tacitly guided by the one which helps men forward to the divinely conviction that the sequence of human appointed goal, which vindicates its claim to affairs is not determined by the blind play be regarded as undying truth by outliving of mechanical causes, but follows a prin- the conditions in which it had its birth, and ciple, and works towards an end which the becoming part of the permanent heritage of

It is from this point of view that the hiskind is also the education and moulding of tory of Israel has such unique importance to the race of man according a fixed scheme every thoughtful mind. We have seen in last of divine wisdom. The scheme is worked paper that the spiritual inheritance of the out partly by the operation of what we call Jewish race has a twofold character, and has natural causes, and partly by that special operated in history in two opposite directions. divine guidance which we call supernatural. In the hands of the Scribes, who at the berevelation, and which has for its characteristic ginning of our era claimed to be the only mark that in revelation the direct interest of legitimate exponents of the meaning of God's the Creator His creatures is manifested by word to Israel, produced the isolation of unmistakable and personal tokens. The the Jewish race from the rest of mankind, reality of such personal revelation, which all and led directly to the fall of the nation by nations have funcied themselves to possess, prescribing a form of national existence which

could not possibly tolerate. In this sense, Judaism proved itself a failure, though the failure was qualified by the extraordinary success of the spiritual leaders of the nation in perpetuating under the form of a religious community the type of society to which continued political existence was denied. To members of the new Jewish community thus formed the survival of the religion of the Scribes in the fall of the nation naturally appears as an evidence of **indestructible** truth, and a pledge of the future restoration to national existence which forms a necessary part of their creed. But those who are not of Jewish blood, and whose views of the course of history have been formed in a larger and less artificial atmosphere than that of the synagogue, must necessarily pass a different judgment on the wonderful survival of Judaism, and refuse the claims of a religion which can never become a religion for all mankind. If the influence of Israel's religion survived only in modern Judaism it would be impossible to claim for it a permanent and universal importance, or to regard the Old Testament as the record of a veritable revelation of God which has still meaning and value for us.

But the rise of Christianity in the midst of the Jewish nation, and on the very eve of the destruction of the political existence of Israel, proves that the system of the Scribes did not exhaust all that lay in the ancient religion of Israel, and that the Old Testament contains truths which were fit 🖿 become the inheritance of all nations. The religion of Israel combined two characters; on the one hand a particularism and national limitation which, when thrust into the foreground, and made the object of exclusive attention, as was done by the Scribes, resulted in a lifeless system which has no claim to be regarded as more than an historical curiosity; and on the other hand a universality of scope, a world-wide spirituality of purpose, which, when set free from the bonds of mere nationalism, and filled up by the teaching and work of Christ, have become the life and light of the modern world, and have transformed the whole face of human society.

the conflict of Jesus with the Scribes and Pharisees the inner antagonism between the particular and universal aspects of the religion of Israel developed into an open battle for mastery over the mind and heart of the nation. The apparent victory lay with the Scribes, who gained the support of the priestly

the political conditions of the Roman world stroke procured the condemnation of Jesus as a conspirator against public order. It appears, indeed, that the rulers seriously believed that the supremacy of the official conception of Israel's religion, which Jesus so tudely attacked in the persons of its advocates, the Scribes, was necessary in the maintenance of the political status que, and that the progress of the doctrines of Jesus would involve the nation in a fatal conflict with Rome. The actual issue was far from what they expected, The political maxims of the Pharisees, who looked for the liberation of Israel by supernatural intervention, and refused allow premature schemes of patriotism to interfere with their labours in establishing that general observance of the whole law, which they held to be the necessary condition of the Messianic deliverance, enjoined submission in the Roman yoke, but fostered a hatred of the foreign power which could not fail, sooner or later, to burst into active flame. The rejection of Jesus, but still more his resurrection, with the formation of a new community with new hopes that withdrew them from active co-operation with any of the political parties of Palestine, left the whole nation pledged to the programme of the Pharisees, and so made active rebellion, with the necessary consequence of defeat and destruction, inevitable, as soon as the Romans happened to exasperate the national feeling beyond a certain point. In the meantime Christianity had passed from the Jews to the Gentiles, and so had stripped off the last vestiges of national restrictions, while it carried with it the Old Testament, no longer to be read as the charter of national exclusiveness, but as a message to the spiritual Israel of all nations.

By this strange vicissitude the sacred books of a doomed nation passed into the hands of foreigners, who had no familiarity with the life and habits of thought amidst which they had been composed, and of which they bore the impress on every page. But for the fact that the first teachers of the Gentiles were themselves Jews, and had left in the books afterwards collected in the New Testament canon an example of the way in which the followers of Christ could use the Old Testament, the Gentile Church would have felt itself all but helpless in dealing with a foreign literature, which moreover they were compelled to use in a very defective Greek translation. Even with the aid of the New Testament, the Greek and Latin Christians made little real progress in the study of the records of the old covenant, and after a period aristocracy, and by a sudden and successful of wild speculation and turbid controversy of the old law of Moses, and on the other hand was supposed that the histories, ordinances, and prophecies of the Old Testament had a double sense, and that the hidden sense, which was also the true sense, principally designed by the Holy Spirit, referred to the new dispensation, and was that really valuable for Christians. The hidden or Christian sense of the Old Testament was to be elicited by allegorical interpretation, which was not subject to any laws of strict exegesis, but might range at will through all the realms of fancy long as conformed its results to the rule of faith or received doctrinal standard

of the apostolic Churches. There are two wave in which one may conveniently realise for one's self in a concrete way what the Old Testament was to the Mediseval Church. One of these is take up any of the received commentaries of these ages—say used throughout the Western Church. was this treatment of Scripture which ulti-matter-of-

settled down to accept a most imperfect ment lessons in the Service Books of the theory of the relation of the old and new West. From them we can see that if the dispensations and the proper use of the old Old Testament held a very false place in Hebrew Scriptures. It was agreed on the theology, Il never ceased to exercise a powerone hand that Christianity was a new law ful influence on devotional thought. And it promulgated by Christ and taking the place did so not merely through those perfect utterances of true faith, couched in a form that no change of dispensation can render obsolete, which fill so large a part of the Psalter and other Old Testament books. The devotion of the Middle Ages was largely dominated by the typical use of the Old Testament. Under the theory of the gospel as a new law the Church, in its visible organization, appeared as the successor of the Old Theocracy-a new City of God, in which every Old Testament institute and every significant event in Old Testament history found its true and spiritual antitype. The allegorical interpretation, which in the exegetical works of the Patristic and Medieval doctors so constantly repels us by its unreality and manifest want of scientific value, produces a very different impression when we meet it in the service of the Mass or the hymns of the Latin Church. If it is difficult the Glosts Ordinaris, a sort of catena of to understand how it could ever have satisfied Patristic exegetis, which was very largely a sober intellect, it is easy to sympathize It with the profound influence which it exerted would take too much space we give illustra- on the devotional imagination, lifting the tions in detail from this collection. The whole realm of religious contemplation for expositions are often ingenious, and some- above the world of common reality into a times display a vein of not unattractive magic wonderland, where the heavenly temple fancy, but the general effect is one of hope- rose like some vasi cathedral in whose less confusion. There is no attempt to find darkened aisles and shadowy chapels every any clear consecutive line of thought in the stone was carved with symbols full of mean-Old Testament books. Everything is frag-ing, and every window shone with pictures mentary, and the expositor is habitually con- of divine beauty. And to the Mediaval tent to attach to each text some lesson Christian this strange realm of fancy was no coinciding with received theological doctrine, mere dreamland. It was the veritable image without asking himself whether he could of the Catholic Church in which the signs have got the doctrine out of the text had he and wonders of the Old Dispensation were not known it before. This kind of exegesis daily renewed in the mystic operation of the is necessarily bound up with the prevalence sacraments. All this, however, brought men of the speculative theology of the schoolmen, no nearer to the true understanding of the who went on spinning more and more com- Old Testament religion, which was in fact plete webs of dogmatical metaphysic, and the very opposite of the fantastic thing which simply fell back on Scripture, as interpreted Medizeval imagination painted it, not a sysby the Fathers, in order to prove each propotern of mysterious and half-comprehended sition in a system which was originally ela-types, but a vain and practical religion of borated by quite different arguments.

daily life ressed to one of the most nations that ever existed; it mately made Bible study seem the lowest left no room for substantial progress in part of theological learning. Scripture, in Biblical study, and so the Church went on, fact, was the handmaid, not the mother, of not approaching a better understanding of theology. A more impressive view of the the pre-Christian dispensation as whole, place of the Old Testament in the Mediaval still using the Old Testament, as a symbol-Church may, however, be got in another or poetical picture of the Church in its. way, by studying the choice of Old Testa- Mediseval organization, with its hierarchy and

of the new law.

to study the Hebrew Scriptures in the sizatical tradition. duction of sounder theological principles did not in itself secure the immediate solution of problems that demanded a whole course of exegetical and historical study; and indeed the scholarship of Protestantism, which necessarily took the doctors of the synagogue as its first guide in the study of the Hebrew tutelage before it could reach a really indeplaced the Protestant Churches had taken which is natural to organized communities Reformation thought and to discourage fresh inquiry in directions which might involve a serious readjustment of current opinions.

on the political establishment of the Protesof the Old Testament; and though Hebrew Old Testament for practical purposes just as life.

its magical sacraments, and so besing practical it was handled in the sixteenth, or even in theories upon it, especially the schere of the second century. The fruits of this Church office and Church government, yet supineness are on the one hand that uncernever, down to the time of the Reformation, tainty in the whole use of Scripture which getting rid of the two great fallacies of the makes impossible for the divided Churches allegorical interpretation and the doctrine of Protestantism to get to the bottom of their distinctive principles and plan effective The Reformation broke through both of schemes of union, and on the other hand a these fallacies, well as through the strong suspicion of modern biblical learning magical theory of the Church so closely and a well-marked tendency to confine the bound up with them, and threw men back study of Scripture within the limits of eccle-These are sources of original text, providentially preserved in the grave and immediate danger to the Churches, synagogue. But it was not the work of a day and in view of them it is imperatively necesto undo all that had been mislearned through sary that biblical study and Church life well-nigh fifteen hundred years. The intro- should be brought into closer and more cordial relations.

The point at which efforts in this direction can most profitably begin | plainly indicated by the historical facts that have come before us. A right understanding of the historical genesis of Christianity is at once the problem of Biblical scholarship and originals, had memancipate itself from this the necessary presupposition for the effective use of Scripture in the Church. To know pendent and satisfactory view of the Old what Christianity is, not merely in its power Testament. Long before this was accome for the individual soul, which, God be for the individual soul, which, God be thanked, requires no scientific study, but as formal shape, and the conservatism of thought a power in history still stored with all the principles that are needful for the regenerabegan to rest content with the first results of tion of society, we must study it in its birth from the old dispensation. In this sense the Old Testament is the key to the New, and no Church which loses sight of this fact, The stagnation of thought which followed and is content merely to read the law and the prophets by the aid of the Gospel, withtant Churches, and the disastrous rivalries of out also reading the Gospel by the aid of the Lutheran and Reformed communions, independent historical study of the old diswere specially fatal to progress in the study pensation, can hope to attain that thorough comprehension of the fundamental signifilearning continued in make advances, and at cance of Christianity which in the first conlength combined with new methods of his-dition for successful dealing with the religious torical research in a way that has cast a flood problems of our day. It is this necessity of hight on the history of the old dispensa-which is the practical justification for those tion, the Churches as a whole have not kept labours of modern historical students of the pace with the progress of scholarly criticism, Old Testament which are so often slighted and continue for the most part to handle the as if they had no value for actual religious

GARIBALDI.

By THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A.

written by persons who were in the midst of who was present at the siege of Capua, who that stirring Revolution of 1866, which witnessed the entrance of Victor Emmanuel followed his entrance into Naples. Twenty-and Garibakli into Naples, and had daily

F all the notices of Garibaldi's life and three years have made a good many gaps in work, a small number only will be the list of eye-witnesses. As one therefore at the summit of his fame and popularity, I the sacred cause of liberty in the old world feel that what I may have to say about or in the new. Garibaldi may not be without interest, even for those who may have been deluged with Garibaldi literature for a couple of months.

Garibaldi was a representative man, he stood for the noblest patriotism, the most unselfish ambition.

He used say with the utmost simplicity, "I am a principle,"—it was the only thought which made the adulation lavished upon him bearable; devotion 🖷 him meant devotion to liberty; love of him meant love of Italy. He was the truest of all Italians, the blood of all Italy seemed to beat in his veins, and 🚟 could time its pulses to a second.

What do we mean by a representative man? "Great men," says Emerson, " are not less like-they are more like-all other mon, for there is more of what belongs to all men in them." It is ever this fulness of humanity which tells. "The sunshine of sunshine and the gloom of gloom," the human essentials raised to their highest power, and given their freest play upon the widest attainable field.

Garibaldi was cast in this large represen-

talive—this heroic mould.

Whilst ordinary men concentrate their affections on family, or on business, at most on social or political life, men of this stamp embrace nations, peoples, continents, in their hearts. They are the world's saviours and lovers, the regenerators of humanity, the founders of religions and dynasties, the

apostles of liberty and progress.

This wideness of vision, this freedom of soul, this sense of the oneness of the race, the universal brotherhood of man, seen in St. Paul. It was more natural to him to love five hundred than five. His personal ties were strong, but he was happiest in the wider life of his missions. He had personal griefs, but what came upon him daily was "the care of all the churches."

Paul belonged to every soul that had to be saved, just as Howard the philanthropist belonged to every oppressed captive 🖺 jail, and as Garibaldi belonged to every nation deprived of freedom and the inalienable

rights of man.

of the world, his sword was offered to every thing is had government.

opportunities of marking the behaviour of crushed nationality; nor did in ever allow the great Dictator of the Two Sicilies when a private pique to stand between him and

What was the state of Italy during the first

half of the nineteenth century?

From Palermo to Venice, from Venice to Savoy, from Rome to Naples, all was tyranny and misrule. Austria weighed on the north, the Pope corrupted the Romagna, an effete monarchy pressed on the south. The insecurity of life and property throughout Sicily betrayed a slovenly government, the brutal ignorance of the low-browed and filthy Neapolitan told of long poverty and a spirit hardly free enough to feel its own fetters.

As a boy Garibaldi had heard the patriot Emile Barrault speak of "our country!" The seed was then sown. Maggini watered it. Young Italy was ready m be born, and soon the throes of the infant Hercules began to convulse the mother country. And was there not a cause?

Those who do not know what the Papal Government meant when the Pope was a real temporal prince can have no idea how bad that government was; neither Austrian nor Neapolitan could be worse-though in different ways.

The chief grievance against Austria was that, being of alien and quite unsympathetic

race, she yet ruled a portion of Italy.

Mr. Gladstone told us some years ago what was the state of the Neapolitan dungeons, and what the griefs of political prisoners in the south, and many writers have told us what was the condition of Sicily under the Neapolitan government. When your police officers enter the houses of peaccable citizens to rob and commit outrage in the name of the law; when your judges can be bribed, your vineyards pillaged, your wives and daughters seized, and your property confiscated; when you are imprisoned without trial and condemned without appeal; when your religious teachers prevent children from learning to read in order to keep power in their own hands which is used to crush and degrade the people—then is the timefor some national saviour to arise, and no one can estimate the work of the men called Victor Emmanuel, Marzini, Garibaldi, and Cavour, how salutary and religious it was, who do not realise to the bottom of their hearts how In the most chivalrous sense he was a citizen deculy and wholly cursed and irreligious a

A great many people ask who chiefly created Italy, who made one nation. Some say Mazzini, some Victor Emmanuel, others Cavour, others Garibaldi. The dispute is idle and irrelevant. All four were necessary to Italy. All worked together providentially for her emancipation. Massini, the great political writer and enthusiast, was no doubt first III time and first in influence. He dreamed of an ideal republic which is perhaps never in be realised on the face of this earth. He provided the ideal which excited the popular imagination and defined the objects be striven for. He set rolling the ball of liberty and above influenced deeply the susceptible mind of Garibaldi. Mazzini provided the Ideal.

Victor Emmanuel provided the austifutional form which that ideal purpose was

destined to assume in Italy.

Cavour, the great statesman, provided the political machinery. He played off Napoleon against Austria. He held with the grip of a master-mind all the threads of the tangled political skein, and wove them together into one golden cord which was too strong for any tyranny—south, north, east or west—to anap. Cavour provided the palitical machinery.

But then what is a machine if it won't go? What good is a steam-engine if it stands there without motive power? Garibaldi provided the motive force. He was the steam

power of the Revolution.

In the popular prints of the day the four men aften divided in politics, co-operators in spite of themselves and frequently ranged in opposite factions, are with the justest perception and the truest popular instinct represented together as the Saviours of Italy: Mazzini, the Ideal; Victor Emmanuel, the constitutional form; Cavour, the political machinery; Garibaldi, the motive force.

IV.

Now the first thing I note is the great and spiritual conception of a free and united

country.

A nation so welded together by the highest human instincts, and so conscious of brother-hood, with all in internal and mutual responsibilities, that mere private interests and concerns shall be subordinated to the public weal. This public spirit is required of all faithful and free citizens. You are free to express, while bound to suppress your dif-

ferences of opinion; you are able to claim whilst willing forego your personal pleasures and interests in view of the common good; whilst working self-development you live for others, and on occasion merge your own individuality in the larger life of the State.

This is the great spiritual conception which Garibaldi taught by his life and practised in his person, and he exacted it with inexorable firmness, and patient, pathetic logic, for forty or fifty years, from every one

of his followers.

How was this great conception met by Charles Albert, then King of Sardinia and Piedmont? He was afraid of the movement: he rejected it. Piedmont I the most living and visible part of Northern Italy; I breathes the spirit of the Alps, the freedom of the mountains. Garibaldi, and all sagacious men, felt, if ever their country was to become free, the regenerating influence must come from the north, and not from the south, Their eyes were fixed upon the hills of Piedmont. But the Piedmontese ruler of that day saw in Maszini and Garibaldi nothing but revolutionary fanatics. It is quite true that Mazzini's ideal was a republic, and not a monarchy. Garibaldi's ideal was also a republic. But he could grasp the reality behind the shadow, he always said for instance to the English people, "You are a monarchy in name, but in reality you are a great republic under your king," and he had the wit to accept a similar arrangement in Italy.

People speak of his want of political sagacity. In the main his political instinct was merring, and in one respect he showed a practical sagacity above that of Mazzini, for he had the courage to accept the king, when he saw that Italy could be free and united under a monarchy, but not at that time under

a republic.

Charles Albert rejected the patriots; a price was set upon Mazzini's head, and Gari-

baldi sailed for South America.

On the small arena of those restless republics he acquired that skill in guerilla warfare on sea and land which made the Italian Legion famous throughout the world. In Brazil he went through great sufferings, being on one occasion taken prisoner and inhumanly tortured by Millau, head of the police, who hung him up by the thumbs and had him almost beaten to death. His iron constitution enabled him a survive injuries the effects of which he felt down to the last day of his life. Through the chances

"Magnanimous," or "great-souled," is a Christianity. word which oftener than any other rises to my mind iii thinking of Gambaldi.

Some persons when they think of the life tual forces striving with evil.

of war the tyrant Millau fell into the hands of this great guerilla warrior, and of people of his victim, but when brought before him shooting and stabbing each other, see in all Garibald: contented himself with fixing upon this violence nothing but a vulgar manifestahim a look which the monster might carry to tion of physical force, and suppose that such his dying day, that was all his revenge, deeds have little connection with religion or

> In all this bloody struggle for Freedom I see nothing but the angelic presence of spin-



and swords, are as naught—the mere accidents of time and chance that pass; the every political, social, and religious revolution—are all in all.

the old story.

These fightings and wars, these bullets red shirts pitted against Austria in the North, France and Naples and Sicily in the South 1 No doubt there were other powerful elements spiritual forces which make the strength of outside the Garibaldian movement contributing to the ultimate liberation of Italy. The rise of Napoleon III. helped the North—his fall Half-a-dozen fishermen by the Lake of liberated Rome; but Garibaldi's prodigious Galilee and a few women, on one side, and and romantic successes (and chiefly because the might of the Roman Empire on the other of the irregularity and physical inadequacy -Luther, the monk, and his open Bible in of the means) illustrate conspicuously the the vernacular, against the Pope, the cardi- triumph of the spiritual over all merely phynals, and the Catholic princes—a handful of sucal forces. Faith that removed mountains;

Hope that could not be paralyzed; Patience account of Venchi, an eye-witness. It have that endured for ever; Lave that was stronger myself heard details from the lips of Signor than death—these were the real watchwords and standards of the Revolution.

In 1847 the Pope, on hearing of Garibaldi's advance, sent an order to throw " that bandit into the sea;" 📓 a few more weeks the Pope himself was a fugitive at Gacta.

The French general, Oudinot, when he was told that the Garibaldians were in arms to oppose the French occupation of Rome, for at that time the Pope was propped up by foreign bayonets - replied, "Bah | the Italians will never fight." But in a few weeks the French, after several days of hard fighting, in which they entirely failed to oust the Garibaldians from Rome, had to beg for a truce. It was at this time, when Garibaldi left Rome and went south to meet the advancing Neapolitans, that his legendary life

If you had been in Italy then, you would have smiled to hear the stories which were gravely circulated about him. That figure on horseback in his red shirt spread terror and dismay wherever it appearedawords blest by the Pope were shivered to pieces against him; eilver bullets fired pointblank would not wound him-it was said that after a fight he would shake them out of his

shirt and poncho by the dozen

At one time the invulnerability of Garibaldi was almost a gospel amongst the people. The fact I he was wounded several times, but his escapes were certainly most miraculous-he came out of the thickest slaughter without a scratch; he sat for hours directing the siege and exposed to the open fire a shattered marble step, in the Colonna of the French.

He returned to Rome and was beaten after a glorious defence by treachery, not strategy.

Twelve hours before the expiration of the truce the French pushed a column into the city by night, and from that moment all was lost. Garibaldi and his followers resolved to die gloriously in prolonging a hopeless struggle. At any rate they would give the lie to Oudi-not's insulting "Bah! the Italians will never fight."

culminate at the siege of Rome.

breaking time, when the best sons of Italy volunteered to take their turn in the trenches, went into the trenches deliberately to shed and men were seen with blood streaming their blood in a forlors hope. We have the from their heads and breasts, bandaged, with

Rondi, one of Garibaldi's aides de-camp at Naples, who was through the whole siege, and we have Garibaldi's own words :---

"I was aroused at three o'clock," he writes, "by the sound of cannon. I found everything on fire.
When I series at the San Pencrasio Gate the
Villas Pamphili, Consint, and Valentini were all
taken; the Coraini was retaken, but lost again. I have seen very terrible fights—I saw the fight of Rio Grande and the Bayada, but I never saw anything comparable to the beachery of the Villa Corden."

Still the struggle was carried on. As the blood of the martyrs was said to be the seed of the Church, so the blood of these patriots was the most fruitful seed of Italian liberty, They held out day by day, and every day beheld deeds of unparalicled heroism. Colonel Medici was as abiquitous as Garibaldi. Between the ontlaughts Cicero Vacchio, a brave man of the people and fiery orator, in ragged shirt and sword recking with gore, poured forth a torrent of eloquence, whilst Ugo Bassi, unarmed, in his monk's dress, held the crucifix before the eyes of the dying, and, careless of the bullets that rained about him, pointed **the** freedom of the skies. He was taken by the French, but his devotion and courage gained their admiration, and their general restored him to Garibaldi.

On May 13 the French opened the final and overpowering bombardment. How the treasures of the Vatican, the Borghese, and other palessi museums escaped is a mystery. Little harm seems to have been done to any of the art treasures of Rome. One round shot may still be seen lying where it fell, on

picture gallery.

The atrects of Rome were choked with the The batteries dead and the wounded. answered till every gun was dismounted and every gunner killed. Night brought no cessation of hostilities. A violent storm had been gathering unheeded, and burst at sunset in all its fury over the city. writes Gazibaldi, "it was a terrible night, The artillery and fury of the skies mingled with that of the earth; the thunder answered, As Garibaldi's moral courage reached a responding to the cannon; the lightning climax on the occasion of his unarmed entry man its livid lines across the path of the into Naples, so did his physical courage bombs!" The last struggle was at hand. Then was seen a thing unheard of in the We can catch glimpses of that heart- annals of war. A reserve of the wounded broken limbs and arms a slings, spending themselves in a last struggle for freedom.

Garibaldi now resolved himself to die in a hand-to-hand conflict. About midnight he unsheathed his good aword, as he firmly believed for the last time, and went into the Aurelian trench to lead a final charge.

"On that terrible night," writer his friend Veschi, an eye-witness, "Garbaldi was great indeed; greater than even we had ever known him. His sword flew like lightning, he was like a man inspired, every one he amote fell dead before him, the blood of one washed from his atteit the blood of another. We trembled for him, but he was unwounded, he stood firm as destiny."

Signor Rondi, now an Italian artist in London, who fought with him side by side in the trenches that night, told me that at one time Garibaldi was missing for two hours, and ill thought that he lay dead beneath the hears of alain and wounded.

At two o'clock Garibaldi was recalled by the Deliberative Assembly under Mazzini, then sitting in the Capitol.

"When I appeared at the door of the council hall," he writer, "all the deputies some and applicated. I looked about me and upon myself to see what had awakened their enthusiasm. I then preceived, for the first time, that I was steeped in blood—my clothes were pleased with bells and bayanet thrusts—my eword was jagged and stood half-way out of the scabbard, but I had not a scratch about ms. It was a miracle."

In all the great crises of Garibaldi's stormy life there was a deep undertone of religious feeling: "God first and the country next," he would often say to his men. He believed that he was raised up for a special purpose, and often protected by divine interposition. He thought he saw his mother praying for him in the thick of the fight—she had taught him noble lessons of religion and patriotism in his childhood. He believed his life was given her intercessory prayers.

It has often been said that Garibaldi hated religion and the Church—the Pope and the priests. Garibaldi hated the Pope and the priests as a class, he abborred the system of the Catholic Church as seen at Rome, because he believed in to be opposed to true religion—true patriotism and liberty. He hated the priests because they kept the people in ignorance and did not teach them to be good citizens. When they were true followers of Jesus he loved them.

He constantly had a priest with him-Ugo Bassi, Gavazzi, Brother John, were all priests—and priests were often be found at Caprera. What he hated was the filth and misgovernment of the Pope; the idle, effeminate, narrow-minded, debased-looking processions of young men, who to this day are seen issuing from the papal seminaries and perambulating the streets with pale faces and eyes askance. Symbols of an effete system which did nothing but corrupt and degrade Italy. "Better," thought Garibaldi, "to fight for her than to mumble prayers and curses against her liberators!" In return for which the priests denounced him as an American fibiuster and the Pope called him a bandit.

"A bandit, forsooth!" exclaimed im me Major Rondi. "That man would allow no smallest theft. On one occasion an officer of his took a poor woman's horse from her and gave her a receipt, which of course was quite worthless. The came in tears to Garibaldi; she had lost all she had. Garibaldi took the paper, had the officer summoned before him, and in the presence of his whole staff, whilst the weeping woman stood by, said: 'Did you take this horse?' 'Yes, General, I was forced to; I had lost mine.' 'Did you write this paper, which you know is worthless?' 'Yes, General.' Then, turning to his aide-de-camp, he said, 'Restore the horse to this poor woman, and, tearing up the paper with a withering look at the offending officer, he added, 'Is this the way that Italians fight for the freedom of their country? Be no more soldier of mine!' and he sent him back to Rome."

"Ah!" added my friend, "when Garibaldi came into Rome first, and was gathering his followers together, a night It him was enough. I shall never forget him as he sat on his beautiful white home in the market-place, with his noble aspect, his calm, kind face, his tall, smooth forehead, his light hair and reddish beard; every one said the same-he reminded us of nothing so much as the pictures of our Saviour's head in the galleries. I could not resist him. I left my studio, I went after him, I would have followed him anywhere. I was a young man then, but thousands of others were the same. He only had to show himself; we all worshipped him, we could not help it !"

"Courage!" he said to a young man I knew at Naples who had fought all through the Sicilian campaign; "nous allons combattre pour la patrie!" Those were the words on which the poor young fellow lived. They were enough to carry him through weeks of privation, wounds, cold and hunger.

I shall not dwell on that masterly retreat.

from Rome, nor can we pause over the sad northern disaster. Beaten in the south he made for the north, unchanged in purpose nothing could dishearten him, no failure stop him. It was the faith that removed mountains. He was surprised by the enemy when landing near Venice; Ugo Bassi and Cicero Vacchio were captured and shot by the Austrians; his devoted wife, Anita, struggled on to the woods and there died in childbirth and was hastily buried; Garibaldi went on alone, a hunted fugitive.

There was nothing more to be done, and Garibaldi sailed for America and kept a small shop in New York for some years. But \$1854 he saw the time was again growing ripe and "rotten ripe for change." A new day for Italian freedom was already dawning. He came back, offered his services to Victor Emmanuel, and for a short time took service in the King's army. But he soon, with the King's consent, took his old independent line, and devoted himself to the volunteers who gained such brilliant successes up to the fatal peace of Villafranca, which for the time finished the War of Independence in North Italy.

I have an unpublished letter, lent me by Major Rondi, addressed to Marochetti (cousin of the Baron), in which we can see with what prescience he felt and acted at these great crises of the revolution. He did not apeculate and risk things as much as some people seemed in think. He knew better than any man—he knew what Italy willed and what she and—and this letter shows how he foresaw the coming triumphs over Austria cut short by Villafranca in the north, and how perfectly he controlled the secret springs of the Garibaldian movement:—

"Nice, 4th Dec., 1858.

"Dear Malocherts,

"Be joyful, prepare yourself, we shall fight the ensmires of our country next spring. You, the veterans of Italian freedom, will doubtless bear a glorious part in the struggle. Frepare yourself, and if you have friends, bid them prepare themselves also; apread abroad the good news, but give no details. Italy is about to strike such a Blow against her foes, as will find a parallel only in the glorious days of ancient Rome! Farewell?

"From my beart, yours,
"G. GARRALDIL"

Venetia seemed on the point of being restored, when to suit the politics of Napoleon III., peace with Austria was suddenly signed, and Nice, the birthplace of Garibaldi, was given up to Napoleon in payment for his services to Italy against Austria.

All true patriots, including Cavour, the King, and Garibaldi, were in despair. Then it was that Garibaldi, feeling that all

Then it was that Garibaldi, feeling that all was over in the north for the moment, turned his eyes again towards the south. He could hope nowfor no co-operation from King Victor Emmanuel, who dared not offend France by attacking either Bomba or the Pope.

He determined to attack Sicily and Naples single-handed; and in the teeth of Italian and French diplomacy, steamed out of Genoa in 1860 with the famous 1,000 of Marsala, the remnants of his Italian legion,

on board.

Every one said he was mad, but the next news was that he had landed at Marsala. From that moment the war in Sicily was like —indeed it was—a religious crusade. Some very hard fighting took place but no serious disaster.

On one occasion Garibaldi was cut off and surrounded by three Neapolitan dragoons. "Surrender!" shouted one of them. "Surrender yourself!" cried the hero. "I am Garibaldi!" and in another moment his assailants were cut down by some of his own men.

The wave of revolutionary enthusiasm spread rapidly throughout the island. Whenever they came to a church, Brother John used to take the sacrament from the high altar and offer it to Garibaldi, and the General would kneel down with uncovered head in the presence of the people, and then Brother John lifted up his voice and said, "Behold the victor humbling himself before Him who alone giveth the victory!"

Throughout his troops reigned an excellent spirit of order, humanity, and discipline—

no theft no outrage.

These were the stern commands of Garihaldi, and they were seldom disregarded. Garibaldi's words were, "The cause of liberty is sacred, her children must brave and pure." At this juncture the King of Italy begs him to stop.

But Garibaldi replies, "My mission is too great to be abandoned. I have sworn to my country. My programme is unchangeable. I will never sheathe my sword till Victor

Emmanuel is King of Italy."

All the world knows what followed. Between the telegrams one had hardly time to breathe. Palermo fell. Missori landed on the mainland with 4,000 men not far from Asymmonte. They spread themselves over the hills and raised the country. Garibaldi followed with his staff and immediately announced his intention of entering Naples.

The King of Naples offered him fifty million francs and the whole of his navy, if he would consent stop the invasion. An attempt to arrest the earth's motion might have been about as successful,

At this time I came within the radius of Garibaldi's influence, and like every one else I was touched by his great spirit. I landed at Naples a few days after the poor little King had fled. I heard from the lips of the people who had witnessed the scene,

how Garibaldi took Naples.

Four railway carriages conveyed him and his staff to the city. The people turned out en masse all along the lines, they clambered up on the engine, they clustered like bees all over the carriages, the train could hardly go slow enough; an immense crowd advanced at a snail's pace and met the whole population of Naples streaming out to salute the liberator. His hour was come. The General. with Cosenz, entered a carriage and pair, and his staff followed in three other carriages.

The King was still in Naples. The Nespolitan police looked on sullen and inactive. The fortress of St. Elmo, commanding the approach, bristled with armed men, and the

gunners were all at their posts.

As soon **the Garibaldians** came well within range they had orders to fire and clear the streets with grape-shot.

Slowly the carriages moved through the crowded streets amid the dealening roar of

" Vivas."

As they came under the guns of the Castello Nuovo, the artillerymen were seen to point them and stand ready with the lighted match.

At that supreme moment the General's voice was heard above the din. "Slower ! slower! drive slower!" And again, as the agitated coachman hardly seemed to hear, with that voice unaccustomed - command

twice, " Slower ! "

The officers could be heard calling upon their men to fire. Then, full in sight, and under the very muzzle of those guns, the General stood upright in his carriage with one hand on his breast and looked steadfastly at the artillerymen. Those who saw it said was like magnetism. A silence seemed to fall upon the excited crowd. The fate of Italy trembled in the balance.

Three times the order to fire was repeated; at the third the gunters threw down their matches, flung their caps wildly in the air, and shouted, "Viva-Garibaldi !"

That picture will last when the works of all the old masters have faded out, for 📕 is

painted upon the imperishable canvas of the national soul. It represents for ever, in the glowing tints of unselfish patriotism and stainless honour, the triumph of moral over physical might, the victory of the spiritual

VIII.

The battle of the Voltamo, the flight of the King, and the siege of Capuz followed in rapid succession.

During the whole of that stirring time I was at Naples. I saw the Dictator of the Two Sicilies at the summit of his power and popularity, and I saw how he used both.

It was commonly said that for a fortnight after he entered Naples no crimes were committed. I stayed long enough to see the place become a sink of iniquity once more,

After the battle of the Volturno there was little to do, except | get into mischief, and plenty of mischief there was-duels, assas-

sinations, gambling, and worse.

But what a spell seemed w fall upon the city whenever Garibaldi was in it! The nights were as a rule noisy and uproarious. One night he sent out word that he could not sleep, and you might have heard a pin drop on the pavement all through that night.

The women brought him their children to bless, he stroked their heads—he rebuked their superstition—but he could never my

an unkind word to them.

His care for the wounded was unwearled. He went daily through the military hospitals at Caserta. The doctors said his visits did more for the men than all the physic. They declared his touch and very look were full of healing: the dying heads were lifted to see him pass, and wounded men lesped from their couches to seize his hand.

He was just the same on the battle-fieldhe always went over it himself to be sure that all the living had been taken up, and all the wounded cared for. This how he won the great and simple love of his soldiers.

His own soul was great and simple !.

I remember his life at Naples—the talk of the town. He would live in no palace-he would not even be called your Excellency, although supreme ruler of both Sicilies. He was lodged up in a little attic at the top of the Toledo. He said he liked to high up to breathe the air.

At Palermo, the costlicat wines and viands were prepared for him-he lived on beans, pointees, and the common wine of the country ; he spent on an average eight francs a day, and never had anything in his pocket; any one who asked him for money got it. He had a simple method. He borrowed of whoever happened be near him, and gave it The people whom he borrowed from generally got paid; but he never spent anything upon, or asked anything for, himself.

One week he was the irresponsible controller of millions, and the next he set sail for Caprera with half a sack of potatoeshis only wealth! I often saw him in the strects when Dictator of the Sicilies. He happened to come to the hotel next to my own on Sunday to dine. | was on the Chiaja. There from his balcony I first heard him address the people of Naples. Imagine a dense throng shouting for two hours, "Viva, Garibaldi !" till at last he came out.

I was close under the balcony in the street -I retained his words; they did not amount much, but I believe that nobody but myself has recorded them, for I took them down

at the time.

Garibaldi said-

"In the midst of such a people I need make no long smeches to excite your patrictism. Let "United Italy and Victor Emmanuel" be still your motto. I do not need these demonstrations to assure me of your fidelity. We must all act. The people must ause. They must fight for liberty!"

I can see him now as he said, "They must fight for liberty." He pointed with his finger to the skies for a moment, then he quickly stepped in and I saw him no more that day.

I saw him on another occasion when the people came and shouted under his window with carts full of flags and torches. But the King, Victor Emmanuel, was then in Naples. At first he refused to show himself, at last he came out-he was evidently displeased; he said, "Go to the palace, do not come here any more—salute the King. This pains me, you are unfaithful to Italy when you salute me thus, and the King is in Naples."

Indeed it was hard upon the people; every one cared for Garibaldi, and nobody cared much or knew much about the King. Yet the instant Garibaldi said "Go to the King !" they went over to the King's palace and shouted with such feeble hearts and lungs as they had-for obedience more than for love.

The first meeting of the King and Garibaldi at Naples was striking indeed. The King with the Piedmontese troops came down to finish the campaign; it was understood that Capus was not to fall until he arrived to put the finishing constitutional touch to the conquest.

I was present in the bombardment, and often took the poor Garibaldians in their ragged shirts home to-Naples with me at night and gave them a dinner; my own scanty provisions were daily exhausted in the camp by the poor fellows who latterly lacked the common necessaries of life, whilst the King's troops were well fed and covered.

As the King approached, he rode forward in front of his troops, and Garibaldi rode forward if front of his men to meet him.

His head was bare; and in a voice hoarse with emotion, he saluted his sovereign with these words: "Ré d'Italia ! " Garibaldi had made those words possible. The King, raising himself in his stirrups, slightly bowed, and lifting his hat, leid his hand upon his heart saying, "General, I thank you!" The Dictator and the King then grasped each other's hands warmly. I was almost the lest time they did so; the most bitter jealousies soon developed themselves between the Garlbaldians and the King's troops.

I was soon to be witness of a very different meeting between Garibaldi and the King. The morning Victor Emmanuel was to make his triumphant entry into Naples, he had agreed to review the Garibaldian troops. He kept them waiting two hours in the rain. It was a mere caprice; he offered no apology; but the insult was soon known over the whole of Naples, and Garibaldi was so indignant that he refused to accompany the King

on his entry into Naples. Then the King, fully aware of the gravity of the situation, sent to implore the Dictator to sit by his side in the procession, and Garihaldi, putting aside his personal feeling, uttered those sublime and memorable words, "The cause of Italy is greater than the King," and he went.

It was pouring with rain, there was hardly a Geribaldian in the streets, but the Toledo was crowded. I had climbed up on a lamppost, and looked down on a sea of umbrellas.

Slowly came the procession down the

The King and Garibaldi sat in the same carriage; most of the people were shouting for Garibaldi-few for the King.

Garibaldi sat stiff, motionless, angry, his noble heart full of indignation and scorn; he

never bowed.

The King bowed stiffly, but looked as angry as Garibaldi. It was a sad ending to so glorious a triumph. But insults seemed now to be heaped upon the hero. His grants aside; even his debts were repudiated, tempted by neither, Italians had never seen There was no room for him in Naples, the like, "This world," he says, in an unpublished meant for honest men !"

formally resigned all his powers into the hands of Victor Emmanuel. On the 9th he sent to the King's stable for a carriage to take him to the place of embarkation. He was told to take a cab. He had to borrow £20 ■ pay his private debts, and left Naples on board an American ship for the island of Caprers with 14s. in his pocket!

That was the proudest day of his life. He was never greater than at that hour. Italy felt it. It was her misfortune and disgrace to shoot him down afterwards at Aspromonte. The world looked upon Mentana, as it looked afterwards upon the Vosges campaign, with leniency, but without sympathy. But no failures or blunders, or mishaps later on, could ever dethrone him in the hearts of the people, or mar the beauty of a life so wholly sincere, so nobly self-forgetful! A man that could not be bought nor bribed, nor frightened, nor cajoled, who lived for others. who loved his country better than his life, who Garibaldi.

were ignored; his recommendations set was tried by both extremes of fortune, and

I love to think of him as I saw him letter, written about this time, "was not when he left Naples that cold foggy morning and went on board Admiral Mundy's flag-ship Hannibal to say good-bye to his English friends. His head was already On the 8th of November, 1860, Garibaldi bowed with age and hardships, and he bore the fatigue-marks of the late exciting campaign upon his visage. He left Naples a poor, lonely man, shattered in health, wounded in spirit, insulted by the Prince at whose feet the day before he had laid down the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and leaving behind him a heart-b ken population.

But Italy man reforgot that day. Remember it, if your are is . tined to feel surprise that on receiving the news of Garibaldi's death the Italian Chambers rose, most of the deputies being m tears, the French Chamber suspended its sittings, whilst all the theatres in Italy and all the shops were closed, and one cry of sorrow went up throughout the length and breadth of the land. Remember that it was for this man, so utterly sincere, so unselfish, so true to his country, so faithful to the highest that was in him, and lay your tribute of memory and love, like one more wreath of "immortelles," upon the grave of Joseph

SOME NOTES ON ANCIENT EGYPTIAN HISTORY.

By the Rey, HARRY JONES, M.A.

PART IL

Egypt-who has been accustomed to mea- ceding ages of art-culture and science. sure antiquity by the records of his own land, and when he has looked beyond them to see the Phoenicians and the Hebrews occupying the remotest places in the past—to realise that he is in the midst of monuments testifying to a long-drawn period of architectural and Sidon, Jerusalem and Samaria, was the earth. business, so to speak, of yesterday.

down, and long vistas of unapprehended we find here and there in subterranean tombs civilisation were opened out, and, as I have an exceptional deposit of idolatrous ages, said, the most astonishing fact then revealed like the relics of prehistoric man discovered

T is very difficult for the modern tourist in so perfectly finished as to indicate long pre-

The modern visitor, with his red guidebook and voluble dragoman, can hardly be expected to realise that he sees and touches tokens of a past which was la its grandeur before Moses wrote or Homer stag, and that, moreover, this was, in its way, art, by the side of which the building of Tyre the most religious nation known in the whole

Let us turn back to its gods. To do this History was like a cul-de-sac before Cham- is to meet an incalculable multirude. Any one pollion found the key to the interpretation who has paid even a short visit to the country of the ancient Egyptian records. When that is impressed, if not bewirdered, with the imwas discovered the wall which stood across postunate insistence of its manifold and the end of the road into the past was thrown complicated ancient worship. It is not that was that the oldest existing monuments were in forgotten caves; but the places which have been opened and explored reveal an astonishing original atmosphere of intense devotion which covered the whole land.

No wonder Herodotus remarked the religious character III the Egyptians. " Priests," hs says, " are held E great honour amongst them. For, indeed, there is no nation in the whole world that is more careful to pay reverence to the gods, and to all holy things. But the father of history has small taste for the nicetics and pedigree of theological beliefs. He rambles pleasantly off into the customs and dress of the priests in his time, noting how "they shaved their bodies every third day," and wore only "a garment of linen, and sandals of reeds from the river." In telling us something more about their ritual he remarks that they bathed twice every day and night. "Nevertheless," In adds naively, "they are by no means in evil case," since they had abundant flesh of oxen and geese for food, and were not obliged to drink beer like many other Egyptians, but had "provision of wine." As to the religion of As to the religion of Egypt, though he recognises its antiquity, and says that the "Egyptians were the first people who affirmed the immortality of the soul," he really looks no farther back than to one of the later stages in its course, and misses the great characteristic feature of its origin. According to him, "the Egyptians say that there were in the beginning eight gods, and that of these eight were born other twelve, and that it is seventeen thousand years, reckoned to the days of King Amasis, since these twelve were born." This, indeed, gives us a daring leap into the past, but it has been reserved for the investigators of these latter days to realise that originally the doctrine of the unity of the Godhead was held in Egypt, and that some belief in it was retained, at least by the initiated, even in comparatively recent periods of Egyptian history. The sources from which the proofs of this are deduced were indeed hidden from Greek and Roman travellers and historians; but they are now, since the modern discoveries and translations of inscriptions, found to be numerous. I will refer only to the following. Among the stores of the British Museum are two papyri, containing a hymn in which these sentences are found:-

"He is not graven in marble !
As an image bearing the double cross.
(He is not beloid:
He hath no ministrants nor offerings)
He is not adord as sanctuance;
His abode is not harven.
No shrine is found with pulseed figures (of biss).

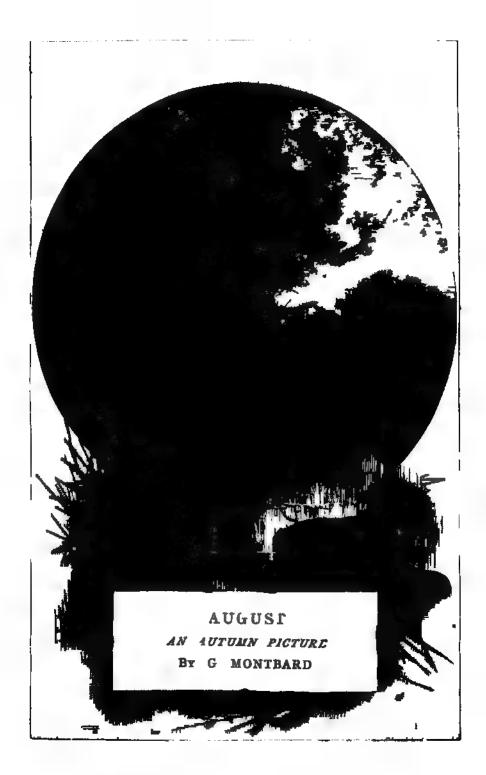
Unknown is his name in beaven, He doth not manifest his forms. Vain are all representations of him." Canon Cook, the Editor of the "Speaker's Commentary," says, "The whole of this passage is of extreme importance, showing that, apart from all objects of idolatrous worship, the old Egyptian recognised the existence of the supreme God, unknown and inconceivable, the source of all true power and

goodness."

As the hymn I referred to the date of the Exodus, may we not ask whether I can in some measure help us I realise the unquestionable dread which Pharach is recorded to have had of Moses, who was charged to go to the Israelites with the message, "I Am hath sent me unto you"? A stronger light is, indeed, thrown upon the possible answer to this question when re are further told that the Egyptians themselves never spoke the unknown Name, but used a "phrase" which the late Mr. Deutsch rendered "I am he who I am." At any rate it is conceivable that Pharach might well shrink at the august nature of the demands made by one who was "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians."

It is true that in time the forms of the Egyptian pantheon were almost incalculable, and the claims to sacredness ran through the whole natural creation. Symbols came to be counted as deities. The pressure of popular demand for visible objects of worship grew too importunate for any pure-minded seer who may have lived in the dim Egyptian past to resist. The people are ever ready to drag down the prophet to their wants. "Make us gods" is a religious cry, ancient and modern. Though a form of sound words was not wholly cast out of the Egyptians' formulæ of faith, it lay like a mummy of truth in the tomb of his belief, while a rank growth of idolatry spread itself over the national mind like weeds in Nile mud, till, in respect to the most vulgar creed, St. Paul's words expressed its state with literal and minute retrospective exactness, "They changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like m corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts and creeping things."

It must be admitted, however, that some salt was a long time losing its savour in the religion of the Egyptians. In their symbolism was much beautiful allegory which is represented in surviving sculptures, and preserved in odes, hymna, and tales. It must be noted, too, that their religion involved belief in a life to come, and a future judgment in right-coursess, which strangely affects the Christian visitor who looks at the many representations



of Osiris new to be seen especially in tombs. examples survive, and which goes by the which the Egyptians were eventually saturated, would seem to have become so tainted with degrading accompaniment that it was necessary for the Hebrews, who had in some measure shared it, to be brought back to the original foundations of morality and faith when the one God was revealed to them, and they received the law after the Exodus. Moses I then charged with no message concerning another state. Neither the moral nor the ceremonial law appeals to the prospect of preternatural rewards and punishment. The Hebrews were recalled from those visions of a hereafter by which they had been surrounded in Egypt, but which had failed to affect their conversation aright, to the perception of that conduct of life which is due here. It would seem, indeed, as if the memory and use of the Egyptian belief in a future existence was to be clean wiped off their minds before the chosen people could at last be prepared to hear and apprehend the truth about the "Resurrection and the Life."

Some phases of Egyptian religious belief are, however, as they present themselves to us now, deeply interesting, and leave us conscious of an ineffectual attempt to determine the limits of the relationship which might be found between faiths which had at any time involved a belief in the One God. There are gleams of " light shining in a dark place" to be discovered in existing records of the ancient Egyptian religion. One especially appears in a formula, continually repeated in sepulchral engravings and inscriptions, which recalls to our minds other divine words concerning the grounds of final judgment. It is this: " I have given bread to the hungry. twater to the thirsty, clothes to the naked, rielter to the stranger," A familiar funeral cant of the Egyptians touches the same They were laceriation in similar terms. odou to sing in their prayers for the dead, king succoured the afflicted, he gave bread The pichungry, drink to the thirsty, clother to 1.ked. He sheltered the ontcast, his nan, were open to the stranger, he was a igh caso the fatherless."

But the appreciation of these stresks of light name of "The Book of the Dead." is well-night choked by a consciousness that scribes the course of the departed into the at the same time the adoration of the meanest inner Hall of Heaven, where the Judge Osiris animals was elaborated with grottaque devo- ast upon his throne. This book, or a por-Indeed, however pure may once tion of it, used to be buried with the mummy, have been, the belief in a hereafter with and, with touching evidence of the catholicity of meanness, some specimens of these sacred texts betray the prevalence of sheer greediness of overcharge among the old Egyptian "undertakers" in respect to the costly items of bereavement and sepulture. Divers rolls. lately taken from mummy cases and unfolded, are seen to have been "scamped" by the furnisher of funerals, who, no doubt, charged in his bill for a perfect copy. Anyhow, he either connived at the fraud, or was cheated by his servile scribe. The first few sentences, which a keen executor might have glanced, are written "fair." The rest are illegible or imperfect. The writer would have been well content with the thought of his conning being undetected for three thousand years, even if a prophet could have told him that it would be discovered by an expert in the British Museum. In what unexpected ways may we not find a fulfilment of the words, "Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil!" There was, indeed, something odiously unfeeling in such a fixed, as the roll formed part of the equipment of the departed, with which he should, according to Egyptian belief, find hunself provided in the day of resurrection, and the imperfection of which might, it was supposed, cause him irretrievable embarrassment.

The sepulchral ritual of the Egyptians was elaborate and costly. In some instances the dead body was wrapped in m much as 700 yards of very fine linen before it was placed in the munumy case. The national regard for interment, indeed, finds its fullest and richest expression in royal burials. No other kings on the face of the earth have had such stupendous mausoleums as the Pyramids, or such excavations made for the reception of their corpses as are found in the Libyan range of mountains which fringe the necro-poles of Thebes. These tombs in some instances extend upwards of 400 feet into the solid rock, and me they contain divers great halls, the labour of cutting them out indicates the profusion of expense attending a royal burial, to say nothing of the finished save the whole procedure of the final sculptures and paintings which covered every it set forth in a roll which might be portion of their walls. Many of these remain n Egyptian Bable, of which many, to this day nearly as perfect and bright

or brush of the artist. Though religion was closely woven into the ordinary routine of their life, the devotion of the ancient Egyptians appears to have been most conspicuous in that which related to the burial of the The temples, indeed, were enormous, one at Karnak being about 1,100 feet long; but their use was seen in priestly or regal ritual rather than in popular worship. We have in the Records of the Past " an account of a visit of King Pianchi Mer-Amon to the Temple of Ra, or the Sun. After abilitions "he procecded the sandy height of Heliopolis, making a great sacrifice before the face of Ra at his rising with cow's milk, gum, frankincense, and all precious woods delightful for scent. He went in procession to the temple of Ra . . . then the chief priest offered supplications to ward off calamity for the King, girded with the sacred vestments.

The King sacended the flight of steps to the great shrine behold Ra in the Temple of Obelisks." One, unmoved, stands there now, alone; another has travelled to "The King the Thames Embankment. stood by himself, the great one alone; he drew the bolt, he opened the folding doors, he saw his father Ra in the Temple of Obelisks. Then he closed the doors, and set scaling clay with the King's own signet, and enjoined the priests, saying, 'I have set my seal, let no other King whatsoever enter therein. Then he stood, and they prostrated themselves before his Majesty."

But though the temples would seem to have been used for priestly or regal ceremonial rather than for popular worship, even the sacred procession in this case not being permitted to enter the temple gates, the routine of every day was intimately mingled with religious ritual among the Egyptians. They had a table of forty-two commandments concerning the conduct | life, and there was a formal catalogue of virtues which they were bidden so to observe that they might repeat it in the day of judgment. E contains these items: "I have not privily done evil to my neighbour. I have not told lies. I have not done what is hateful the gods. I have not committed murder. I have not committed adultery. I have not stolen. I have not calumniated the slave I his master. I have not been idle." Moreover many quotations might be made from the tombs showing respect to parents. The following is a frequent monumental inscription, "I honoured my father and my mother."

Thus, at least, some professed morality of his troubles with thieves, breakage of

as when they were last touched with the tool the Egyptians was excellent, and it was enforced by the prospect of future rewards and punishments. I have already referred to the remarkable alence of the Pentateuch concerning these, and ventured to suggest that what might be called a dry, stern statement of laws was associated with the utterance of the One God, order that the Hebrews might be called off from the contemplation of the machinery of judgment which revolved around Osiris, whose worship became popularly degraded, and was mixed up with impure rites paid to other deities. Indeed, there is a vein of sensuality running through the ritual of ancient Egypt, of which no one who has visited the country and explored its monuments needs to be told. Many of the Egyptian laws were good, but the aspect of futurity with which they were connected was spiritually demoralising, and gross blots on some temple walls remain to indicate a significant phase of national shame-The Egyptian code contained lessness. much truth, which was held in unrighteousness and set in degrading superstition. Thus the Hebrews had the bare law given to them as the will of God, being left to have eternal life made known unto them afterwards in a more excellent way, and to hear, "Blessod are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

A word on the literature of ancient Egypt. It is difficult to look at it apart from its religious associations, and much so viewed is very bald. Many a record, however full of interesting information, is as dry as a will. Mue Books were dull four thousand years ago. There is, indeed, regal wisdom tersely put in "The Instructions of King Amenemhati to his Son Userteseni," believed to have been written 3,064 B.C. He advises him not to isolate himself from his subjects, nor "let the landed lords and noblemen only fill his heart." And there are occasional bits of description, utterances of vigour, and passages of pathos which do not lose their vividness even a severely literal translation. Here is a royal ultimatum to the inhabitants of a besieged city: "Two ways are before you. Choose as ye will. Open and Shut up and die. His Majesty does pass by any closed fort." Again, the c ment of an army is graphically related the soldiers found Memphis closed soned, and provisioned. But they assault, and the city is "captured a storm of rain." Then, too, for goss ration, we have, in a papyrus in the Museum, the Syrian travels of an I fourteen centuries before Christ,

and other mishaps are told with as true a phant. The papyres containing this complitourist tone of minuteness and complaint as might be found in Mr. Mudie's library.

For an example of theer stories, too, there is that of the "Doomed Prince and his Dog." " When the Hathors" (Fates) " came to greet him at his birth, they said he would either die by a crocodile, a serpent, or by a dog." Thereupon the king, his father, shut him up in "a house the country, provided with attendants and all kinds of good things that the child should not go abroad." After some time, "when the child grew big, he ascended the roof of the house, and he saw a dog. which was following a person who was going along the road. He said to his attendant, who was beside him, 'What III that?' He said, 'That is a dog.' The child said to him, 'Let one be brought to me like it." In the end he gets his dog and pennission to travel. After an adventurous courtship he wins a wife, who dreads the fulfilment of his doom, and wants him to do away with his faithful dog, who must have been getting into years by this time. "He replied, 'I will not cause my dog to be killed. How should be do it?" After escaping death by a serpent, which his wife kills while he is asleep, he goes out for a walk; but unfortunately the story breaks off at a crisis when the dog, seeing him in danger from a crocodile, leads him to a protecting giant. The date of the story is put at about 1500 B.C., s.e. it may have been a favourite nursery tale in the time of Moses,

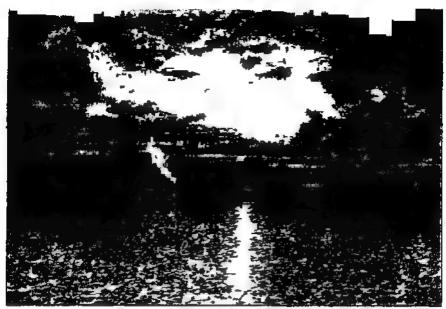
Another, with larger aim and much more complicated plot, that of the two brothers, Ampu and Bata, is complete. There is much pathos and a vein of poetic imagin-There is ation in this legend. It rises out of a false accusation, like that which made Potiphar throw Joseph into prison. During its course the beautiful wife of Bata, who had been given him by Horus when he fled out of the country from his brother Ampu, walks under a cedar by the sea. "And the sea beheld her and dashed its waters in pursuit of her, and she betook herself to flight-and the sea cried to the cedar, saying, O that I could seize upon her! And the cedar carried off one of her fragrant locks, and the sea carried to Egypt and deposited it in a place where the king's washers were. And the odour of the lock grew into the clothes of the king."

cated legend, which, however, vividly illustrates both domestic and regal life, as well as divers supernatural beliefs of the ancient Egyptians, in now in the British Museum, and has been translated into French and German as well as English.

Beside tales, there are some relics of ancient legal procedure, as in an "Abstract of Criminal Proceedings in a Case of Conspiracy," in the time of Rameses III., which is translated by M. Renouf. We do not learn the precise nature of the crime inquired into, but there is perplexing reference to treacherous language which seems to have tainted the whole court, some of the members of the judicial commission themselves coming to be implicated as the trial proceeds. In the end none seem to have been acquitted. as in the case of each the formula recurs, "The magistrates who judged him caused his punishment to be inflicted upon him." The ladies of the bedchamber play a conspicuous part in the whole business, and a frequent count against the accused in that "he heard words and did not report them." All the criminals sentenced to death appear

to have been made their own executioners. Most of the written remains of ancient Egypt are religious. Many consist of hymns to the gods, and have a pathos of their own. Others are lists of oblations, or of spoils taken in war. These have no more literary pretensions than an auctioneer's catalogue or an inventory of furniture. They give us, however, a vivid idea of Egyptian belongings. The manifold productions and riches of ancient Egypt are nowhere set forth in more detail than in what is known as the "Great Harris Papyrus," which contains divers of these summaries. I was found in a tomb, and measures 133 feet long by 162 inches broad. Here we read of the barge of cedar with rivets of gold-plated brass, and cabins addraed with precious stones; of houses with doors and lintels of gold, surrounded by gardens planted with all kinds of fruits, and tanks for waterfowl and fish.

Beside these are granaries I com, and treasuries filled, or temples presented, with a surprising amount of miscellaneous property, paint, spirits of wine, honey, oil, linen overcoats, embroidered caps, incense, silver dishes and ladles, rings, onions, cedar harps, bundles of writing reeds, w v, leather The plot of the story is too long to ca- sandals, tempoless, perfumes, images, neck-It turns on the faithlessness of laces, wine, coloured bed-clothes, &c., &c. woman, and the brotherly love, which, The most careful inventory was made of the though estranged thereby, is finally trium-



BETWEEN TWO WATERS

An Arhets Welden in the Opinion

displays in taking up and carrying out any new idea or project is positively refreshing

His memory is marvellous Horace and Burns he knows by heart, embellishing his table talk with epigrams from the one or ten dur bits from the other with enviable adroitness A charming companion—when the wind is not in the east. When it is, lot his Horace forthwith becomes ironical and his Buins maledictory

Now last spring old Eurus certainly gave us a deal of his company You met him every where Laden with cold and dust he persis tently rushed down every street—careered through open spaces, crept into your house, mto your throat, into your bones, and some ill natured people said, into your temper Well, perhaps they were right 1 was cer tainly tantalising to be tempted day after day by the lovely pink promise of the spring, and know that if you attempted to sketch you would get a slap in the face that might put you har a de combat for the whole summer, pe haps, too, the rheumatic twinger and wheez-

My old friend Mr James is a man of keen visit I paid to my friend = the end of last sympathies, and the youthful ardom he syring, we could agree upon no single point -everything went wrong, and, crown it all, somebody put Worcester sauce into the salad, and the claret was corked! At last up starts Mi James " I his won't do at all! he ened "Here we've been at loggerheads all the evening, and the wine, for once, has utterly failed to be an 'efficax elucre amara curarum. This snell east wind has done it all. It has kept me a prisoner for six weeks, and put everything out of joint Mr Kingsley sings its praises, and tells us that the old Vikings throve upon it Perhaps they did, but we don't. We get hourse, rheumatic, and cross Now, being thus confronted with this overwhelming and persistent enemy, the best thing we can do is to make a strategic move ment to the rear, or, in other words, to fly hence and seek warmer climes '

"All very well." I replied, "but where

would you go to?"

"I'll tell you," he said, resuming his seat with great deliberation "There are two warm nooks in the Pyrenees, Eaux Bonnes and mgs we had already contracted made us un- Eaux Chandes. They are but three or four usually combative, at all events, at a certain miles apart, and are not only warm and genial,

but famous for the curative powers of their young gentleman-Mr. Robb, bound for Bornatural springs. Let us go! Let us emulate John Gilpin—you shall dine 🔳 Eaux Chaudes and get quit of your rheumatism, while I shall dine at Eaux Bonnes and get quit of my croaking."

I should like it well enough, but—

"But, now no huts! I'm sick of this imprisonment. Just think of your bresh, my boy! Would you not seek fresh pastures for your genius? Why, the purple Pyrenees will immortalise you! The thing is settled."

And so it was. A week or so later we were

steaming out of Liverpool Basin, on board the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's

steamer Galicia, for Bordeaux.

It I a capital route, not only on the score of economy, but by it is avoided the stoppage in Paris and subsequent tedious railway journcy south. No boats could be better kept, and as a great bulk of their passengers embark from Spanish ports there is always plenty of room for those outward bound for Bordeaux. There is plenty to eat and drinkperhaps the cook has a weakness for onions, but what of that? Is it not right that those bound for Spain should have an initiatory probation for the national garlic? Did not the great Henry of Navarre, immediately be was born, have a clove of garlic put into his baby mouth to make him strong and wholesome? If illustrious people have thus set this tasty example, what right have obscure individuals like ourselves to make a noise about a bit of onion? No, we must not quarrel with the cooking; on the whole it was good, and the general comfort and attention would even satisfy invalids.

As for us, we were invalids no longer; for, marvellous to relate, as we got out to sea the wind began in relent, and by the time we had left old England on the lee we were enjoying a balmy soul-wester on the deck. At the Land's End the sun rose over a perfectly calm sea, and here we began to scrape acquaintance with our fellow-travellers. Some, like ourselves, were in quest of sun and warmth. Mrs. Quilter and her daughter-a quiet, pale-faced girl-were going to Eaux Bonnes. The elder lady looked the picture of health, yet nothing pleased her so much as to be confiding her physical sufferings to some sympathetic ear. She also kept a strict eye on her daughter, who was perpetually turning pale and threatening to be ill. On those occasions the mother would make a rush, and march her quickly up and down the deck till some returning colour came to

deaux—took the cue, and officiated in the march. So did Mr. James—and so did I.

The quantity of exercise that young lady got would have satisfied Weston or any other professional walker—but it didn't prevent the inevitable catastrophe.

became a little rougher as we approached Paulliac. were enjoying a siesta II the saloon, when Miss Quilter's pale green face appeared the door, and broke the silence by saying, rather Hibernically, "Stewardens! If you please, a lady wishes to be ill!" Mr. Robb politely rushed forward. He was too latethe lady disappeared, not to be seen again till we anchored at Paulliac. Here he busied himself with their luggage, and took a tender interest in little Master Quilter, who was perpetually coming to grief with his buttons. Mrs. Quilter did not altogether approve of these attentions.

"Who is he?" she asked us.

"I think be is in the wine trade," replied Mr. James. (He always knew who everybody was.)

"Exactly!" exclaimed the lady; "a com-mercial traveller!—I thought so. Upon my word, you can never tell what sort of persons you may meet on board these steamers!"

In spite of her animadversions, to us he proved most useful and entertaining. He had crossed the Bay of Biscay fifty or sixty times -was half a Spaniard-played and sangwas a bit of an artist-wrote for the papersand was up to every possible dodge about wine. He pointed out to us the celebrated vineyards and châteaux as we steamed up the river in the little tug. Close Pauliac was the renowned Château Lafitte, and as we went on several others peeped out picturesquely between vineyards and poplars. The district is named Medoc. The soil (probably washings from the big hills, deposited by the rivers) a sort of white crumbly gravel. There is a good deal of quartz in it, and the poorest soil sometimes produces the richest wine. The object is to have a soil that will allow the long trailing roots to take firm hold, and at the same time to be of such a consistency that the sun's rays will be retained both day and night.

"Just," said Mr. Robb, "as our countrymen speak with more tenseness and deliberation after dividing their coat tails before the fire, so our vine produces better wine if it has an equable and placid warmth at its roots."

We were sorry to pass with him at Bordeaux. Not so Mrs. Quilter. Notwithstanding one offer personally to superintend the her cheeks. After a time a certain polite replacement an important button for Muster

Quilter, and another to escort her and her lug- most important personage in our eyes was gage safely I the Hôtel de Nantes, she would this ancient vendor of lucifer matches. What have nothing whatever to say to him. His overtures were received with great hauteur, and she finally drove off in a grand sort of buff.

We took his advice, and found the Hôtel de Nantes very comfortable. Mr. James, who is an authority in these matters, pronounced the cuisine to be admirable.

A remarkably handsome town is Bordesux -clean streets with plenty of open breathing places, public buildings on a palatial scale, and then the broad river, expansive quay, and beautiful bridge, give it quite a character of own.

What could we do, when the brightest of moons rose over all this, but gaze and gaze, and quote Longfellow, while the clocks were tolling the hour from Les Tours de la Grosse Cloche? This clock-tower is grand in its fine proportions and solidity. The two-spired cathedral is rather disappointing. It is rich enough in external stone chasing, smid which the morning sun makes fantastic shadows, but the interior is poor. Artistically it # far behind a quaint old structure called the Tour de Peyberland, which rears its solemn old head close by.





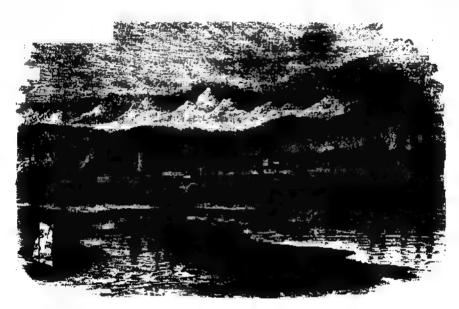
on earth the old fellow meant by his placard with "Le Bon Dicu" on it we never could discover. In our choicest French (and Mr. James is very proud of his proficiency in the language) we endeavoured to clucidate the mystery, but without avail.

Whether our language was faulty, or the meaning too solemn to be intrusted to foreigners, I don't know, but our inquiries invariably ended in the purchase of lucifers, In other words, they ended in smoke.

Notwithstanding the blandishments of our Chef, who tempted us at breakfast with a wonderful little fish called a rogan (a sort of palchard), and dinner with cunningly cooked dishes, splendid asparagus and strawberries, after two or three days we remembered our duty, and forthwith started for Pau, our next and last stage towards our destination of the two waters.

En route we just caught sight of Dax, recently made famous by a celebrated Scotch divine, and farther on of the little tower on the terrible bridge of Orthez, where the Calvinists threw down the Roman Catholics in 1960. We reached Pau in the afternoon, and at once had an unclouded view from the far-famed terrace.

It is superb. The Gave flows in twisted channels your feet; then the wooded up-I believe there are considerably more than kinds fold and refold on each other, till they roo,ooo inhabitants in Bordeaux, but the finally get lost in the grand range of the



Viste nour Pen.

Pyrenees. As usual, the hown was full of of materials from the same source. English. At the table d'hôte, conspicuous by after day you may see gangs of labourers his politeness and general urbanity, was our busily lifting the big boulders from the bed friend Mr. Robb. He greeted us with of the Gave, and transporting them in wageffusion, and subsequently sang Spanish gons and carts up to the town for building

of Pan unrivalled, but the old Counts of Bearn could have had little idea when they com-menced to build their manor here, that II was destined to become a grand town of some s5,000 inhabitants, and the Chaf-lieu of the Basses Pyrénées. The savants tell us that it is built on the detritus. débris, and what not, which has been hurled down in prehistorie times from the Pic du Midi. Be this as it may, there I no doubt whatever that the town itself is now being built

songs in the salon to an admiring andience. purposes. The Gave itself jumps into life He was quite at home here, and good- at a wild place called Gavarni, some fifty naturedly showed us the lions. The position miles up the mountains, with a single fall of

more than a thousand feet. There are but few objects of interest in the town. The park is dull, and the view from it nothing after that from the terrace. The old Chateau, however, is both picturesque and interesting. What a history its walls could tell. It is five hundred vears old. Here, in cold blood, after a sacred promise that their lives should be spared, were murdered the Roman Catholics who had surrendered to Montgomerie Orthez. This happened in 1570. Here.



tioned dramatis persona together.

becomes a saint, with a shrine at Esnx Monday in England.

Chaudes. The hospitality of Pan is unMr. Robb, who accompanied us, was in Church, the courteous ex-consul, also enter- exuberance might be traced to a certain little tained us at his pretty place

just out of the town, where 📕 now employs his leisure by growing exquisite roses, and making occasional sketching excursions up = the mountains. Pau is unrivalled 44 8 point from which make excursions. If you wish to devote half a day, or a day, or two or three days, there are objects of interest that will exactly fit in with your prescribed time.

Lourdes, with its far-famed shrine and grotto, must of course be visited. It can be done by

rail, and there you will hear repeated the true version of Miss

Bernadette and her vision. It is curious to remember how recent it all is. Perpignan and Pietat are both within ten miles of Pau, and amply repay the visit. We drove to the former underneath ripe cherry-trees, the driver breaking off branches of the luscious fruit for us, which Mr. James devoured with great gusto. Here we saw a tame crow perched in a melancholy pose on a vine pole. He looked like the evil spirit of drink. There "Our Henri" was brought up hardly with the village children.

too, 1553 was born Henri IV. "Our the world certainly seemed unusually happy. Henri," as the Bearnais affectionately called It was Corpus Christi day, and the villages him. Here also have dwelt Abd-el-Kader, through which our posture, with its bell-be-Isabella of Spain, and the Duke of Hamilton. decked pair, jingled, were hung with green Mr. Robb was moved to write a drama on boughs and white cloths. The narrow streets the place. With a profound contempt for were strewn with green rushes, and the little chronology he mixed up all the afore-men-shrines, fountains, and crosses, made gay with flowers. The men were in holiday attire, Abd-el-Kader and the Duke were to the young girls all in the "Virgin's livery," quarrel over Isabella, upon which they are of light blue and white-a regular gala day. both beheaded by Notre Henri, and Isabella One was forcibly reminded, however, of Whit

bounded. The English club, where we met unusually high spirits. Mr. James took an some kind friends, was open to us, and Mr. opportunity of privately informing me this

> scented note which had been received from Eaux Bonnes

the previous evening. But the drive was exhilaratin. The Pyrenean with its a partive Pic du Midi and clear-cut valleys, got bigger and higher

every mile. So ineffably clear was it that one could almost trace the mountain roads.

The beauty culminated at Igon, where we crossed the Gave. Here the grey old bridge and buildings with their moss-eaten

buttresses, the broad green Gave and nodding poplars, made a fitting foreground for the purple and white distance. I cut a notch in my memory to bid me return here and work, but as yet it

is all unaccomplished.

A quaint old place is Bettarham, nestled at the very foot of the mountains. It is famous for processions and pilgrimagesto us it was famous for the excellent trout we got for breakfast. While discussing these and a most excellent omeiette our herber, a distant chanting warned us of the approaching procession. It was an imposing affair. The Jesuits have a large missionary college here, "Calvaire," and their numbers is also a charming drive to Coarrana, where were added to others. The chanting was discordant, but impressive on account of its solemnity. The solemnity, however, was · Of our many excursions, however, that to somewhat broken by the sudden appear-Bettarham will perhaps remain longest in our since of a donkey amongst the nuns, and memories. The bright splendour of the day subsequently by the relighting of one of may have had something to do with it, but the hinge wax candles (which had been blown out by the wind) by one of the boys. He effected this by producing an ordinary lucifer match, which he by hfting up the next boy's surplice, and striking I on his trousers. After the procession we had a delightful stroll, finding out a curiously picturesque old ivy-covered bridge. We visited St. Calvaire, duly admiring a wonder-Countess Chambord, bought many rosaries, and finally climbed the hill and feasted on wild strawberries. Here were several little girls wandering about in a listless sort of manner, all dressed in blue and white, like so many little Bernadettes seeking visions. Here, too, under the influence of the surroundings, Mr. Robb informed us he was, like ourselves, going to Eaux Bonnes.

"Why?" we both exclaimed. "You are

not ill!

"No!" he replied gaily, and producing a franc piece, "but I seast have a little you see I go to Eaux Bonnes."

"I expect," said Mr. james slyly, "that it an affection of the heart you are suffering from, and you wish to go to Faux Bonnes to consult a certain Dr. Quilter."

He coloured a little, but soon recovered

himself with a laugh.

"Well! and suppose it is so, Mr. James?" "If it is so," pursued my friend, calmly ful relic called the marriage veil of the pulling his cigar, "there will be no need for you to simulate illness. What says Horace; In smore here sunt mala-bellum, pax rursum.' No, Mr. Robb, don't take upon yourself fresh maladies, and I have no doubt you will speedily get rid of your present one. Let us take you with us to Les Eaux tomorrow, and by-and-by, when you are back in England with Mrs. Robb, you must both come and pay me a visit."

The young gentleman was quite overcome by this combination of a beatific vision and hospitality. At length he grasped Mr. James's hand and said: "Well, sir, if ever such good ailment. Here goes, heads for throat, and fortune happens to me, I will present you with tails for rheumakism! Ah, it beads, so a case of the best Lafitte you ever tasted,

just in memory of this happy day !"

C. BLATHERWICK,



The Bodge at Betterham.

SOWING AND REAPING.

By R. W. DALE, M.A.

T is not safe to assume that "whatsoever provinces of human life the steadfastness of a man soweth that shall he also reap." the divine order seems to fail us, and nothing Righteonsness and sin always yield their certain. There is a great deal of sowing harvests; the moral results of all our actions which | followed by no reaping. The seed —of the least as well as of the greatest—are rots
the ground; the young wheat
determined by definite and irresistible laws, blighted; the harvest, just when is touched But as soon as we descend into the lower by the autumn sun, is destroyed we storms.

to build up a great fortune. He may have reaps. all the capital he needs and a perfect mastery of his business; he may be honest, diligent, alert, prudent. And after he has worked hard for twenty years a great commercial catastrophe may roin in a month the results of all his industry and skill. Or a young politician may resolve to win high political office. He may be animated-not by personal ambition—but by a genuine patriotism, and an unselfish desire to render service to the State. Everything may seem to be in his favour. He may have an ample fortune and adequate intellectual power. He may be laborious, fearless, and upright. Year by year his knowledge of public affairs may become more varied and more exact; and year by year he may win increasing public confidence, But success I not certain. Some physical infirmity, which was unsuspected in early manhood, may begin to show itself, just as he is reaching the maturity of his strength; or some fatal defect of temper; or in the vicissitudes of public affairs a grave difference of opinion emerges between himself and his party; or he has a serious illness from which he never quite recovers; or he meets with an accident, alight in itself, which disqualifies him for the public service; and as far as the great object is concerned, on which he has concentrated all his energy, he is baffled and defeated.

The same uncertainty menaces men in every pursuit. A surgeon acquires a unique knowledge of some special form of disease and a skill as an operator which seems almost supernatural. For fifteen or twenty years he has sacrificed everything to his noble pro-fession. He has been distrusted, and has endured distrust with unflinching courage. He has been thwarted by professional jealousy. and has kept his temper sweet and generous. He has lived a hard and anxious life, but has never stooped to mean and ignoble methods of improving his fortunes. At last his loyal devotion to science, and his generous passion for the relief of suffering, seem on the point of reasing a splendid harvest. His magnificent acknowledged. He has secured the public confidence, which he always deserved. A great position has been fairly won-a position which gives him wealth, reputation, and, what he values more than either, the opportunity of immense useful-

We can make sure of nothing except the railway accident, or is thrown out of a hansom, supreme ends of life, and this should be and he receives a nervous shock, which makes taken for granted in all our plans and ex- his hand unsteady and his eye untrue. He pectations. A young merchant may resolve has been sowing for years, but he never

Human life has still sadder experiences than these. You may try to get a harvest of affection from your children and friends; but your seed is sown on the "way-side," and those whose love you most long for, and try most earnestly to win, forget your kindest words as soon as they are spoken, your kindest services as soon as they are done. Or your seed is sown on "rocky places;" there is a prompt and cordial response your affection, but there is no "deepness of earth "-no capacity for strong and enduring love; the love is a passing impulse, and its strength is soon spent. Or your seed in sown "among thorns;" the cares of life or its pleasures so fill the heart and mind that in the crowd of less gentle and less noble interests you and your love are forgotten. All these things happen to God in his endeavours to win ear love and confidence; they happen to as in our endeavours to win the love and confidence of others. In those provinces of life which lie below the eternal and the divine we cannot be sure that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also

There are times when we say hard words about the uncertainty and confusion of human affairs. We turn cynical. What is the use of working hard if we cannot make sure of the reward of our labour? Why practise self-denial if we are not certain that anything will come of it? Why qualify ourselves for positions which we may never fill? What practical wisdom is there in laying down plans of life which cover many years, when we are at the mercy of innumerable accidents which in a moment may bring our schemes to nothing? Why should we take trouble to serve others who, for anything we know, will be ungrateful for all our love and service?

But the disorder which God permits in the lower provinces of human life is a part of that wise and kindly severity by which he disciplines the race for eternal righteousness and eternal joy. The confusion and the uncertainty warn us against spending our strength for objects which are below the true height of our nature and destiny. The low levels of life are swept by destructive Loods, are smitten with fatal blight; they unfenced and unprotected, and are open the incursions of marsuding tribes. What ness. And just then ill happens to be in a we saw there we are never certain of reaping.

in these we are sure of golden harvests.

God is the only Master who always gives His servants the wages they work for. Work for wealth; it may slip from your hands just when you think that you have achieved the most splendid success. Discipline yourself for professional eminence, and when you are just reaching the height of your hopes you may have a ruinous fall. Resolve to serve the State, and after years of honest preparation the opportunity of service may never Try to win the affection of those dearest wour heart, and you may be cruelly disappointed. But serve God and you cannot fail. Serve Him in your business, and every hour you spend in your counting-house or in your works whether you make money or lose it—will increase your treasure in Heaven-Serve God in your profession, and whether you are successful or not in your professional life, every year of labour will discipline you for the ligher activities on the other side of death. In your schemes for serving the public, let it be your supreme object to serve Him, and though you may never be appointed to the obscurest administrative duties, and may never exert any appreciable influence on the course of public affairs, you will make sure of honourable distinctions and honourable functions in ne kingdom of God. Serve your children and your friends for the sake of serving Him, and though you may win from them no affection and gratitude, you will hear from the lips of Christ the surprising words: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these , . . . ye did ■unto Me. Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

In a world like this, how is it that men who believe in the living God and whose thoughts wander through eternity, can be indifferent to the glorious ages which are their inheritance in Christ and to the will which is their supreme law? Even where emotion is touched and imagination kindled by the solemnities and grandeurs of the invisible and eternal world conduct is often withdrawn from control. A life of faultless morality, well as a life of degrading vice, may be uninspired by reverence for God's eternal righteousness and by gratitude for God's eternal love. Deeds good in themselves follows another; there I nothing to break may be done without regard to Him who has the depressing monotony of the cloudy, the right monor perfect trust and our wave-chemiess years. They plough the same fields that they coincide with the divine will. They and the ploughing is hard work. They try may be done to discharge claims arising out to clean the ground, but the roots of the of the transient relationships of this life, and

But the eternal fields are within our reach; to fulfil laws which we should recognise as authoritative if we had never caught sight of the throne of God and had no prevision of the world beyond death. There may be practical Atheism where there is theoretical faith in the divine existence and authority. The disappearance of God from the creed would have no practical effect on life and character. But if there I nothing of the eternal and the divine in our earthly conduct we are sowing no seed from which we have a right to expect a divine and eternal harvest, The connection between sowing and happy reaping is uncertain and precarious, except for those who have passed into the kingdom of God and who have received the life of God, who have made the divine thought and purpose the law of all their actions and the ground of all their hopes.

The harvest they are sowing to-dammay not be ready to-morrow or the day after, but " in due season" they will reap if they faint not. I will not press the words so far as to say that there is no harvest to be expected before the "season" comes for reaping that eternal harvest which is absolutely certain. Many Christian people can say with Oliver Cromwell, "I have he plentiful wages beforehand, and I am sure I shall

never earn the least mite."

"How can they recide up the gruon Each hour, each moment bruge? How store Thy gilts? bow fad a pisce For all their precions things?

⁴⁷ O homelium transure, all meanned i O wages given for nought i Bestowed we must their hearts have yearned, Lie once their heads have wrought.^{1, 9}

But it may sustain the courage and constancy of others to be reminded that the great harvest which they are sowing is to be resped in the sunlit fields of immortality. There are good men to whom in this world the calm and golden autumn never comes. For them the tree of life does not yield fruit every month. They seem to labour in vain and to spend their strength for nought. Their life is one prolonged winter, or at best an ungenial spring. They have hardly any sumshine, and instead of the kindly heat of summer in which they might ripen to a beautiful righteourners, they are exposed to keen and cruel winds. One dreary season served obedience. I may be only by accident over and over again, and the soil is heavy weeds refuse to be turn out, and after all their labout the stones seem to be as thick as when they began. They sow good seed, but sow in tears, and they wonder whether the tender green will ever show itself above the bare brown earth.

Let them not despair. The sure promise of God will not be broken. The law of the eternal kingdom will not fail. Let them not grow "weary in well-doing." Let them not become impatient. Impatient I why should they be? Suppose that they have to live a life of sixty or seventy years, ploughing and sowing, in dreary, dismal weather, with dark days and cold nights-what are their labours compared with the everlasting harvest? Let one good deed follow another; let every brave triumph over temptation give heart and courage for the conflict which follows it; let the ascent of one mountain height of moral and epiritual achievement be accepted as little more than the discovery of a loftier height beyond; they have need of endurance, but the end will crown all. In far-off worlds, in far-off ages, among triumphant saints, in the presence of an approving God, they will resp | last the golden harvest of their welldoing.

When we take sides with God, God takes sides with us. Work done for God is never wasted. This truth has very wide applica-With some qualifications it holds good in reference to other harvests than those which are to be reaped in our own personal righteousness and joy. Work of every kind that God cares for is done in alliance with God's eternal wisdom and strength. No doubt God Himself | baffled by the waywardness, the folly, and the sin of men. He sows seed in rocky hearts, in hearts trodden. hard by the passing feet of this world's business and custom and pleasure, in hearts infested with the thorns of care and of wealth; and no harvest comes. Our endeavours to do good to men are certain to be hindered and defeated by the same causes; but it is a great thing to have God on our side.

And whenever men work for the fulfilment of a divine law—even though they may not recognise it as divine, and may therefore miss the personal rewards which would follow their service if they had meant to serve God—it is wonderful how their unconscious alliance with the divine righteousness and love angments their strength and contributes to their success. I find in this a certain consolation for much of the unfaithfulness of the Christian Church. Those who mean in serve

God neglect very much of the work which God wants to have done, and their neglected tasks are taken up by those who never meant to serve Him. Fragments of God's thought come to men who have no knowledge of God Himself. Isolated precepts of His law constrain the obedience of men who have never made His will the universal law of life. They sow the good seed not knowing to whom in belongs; not knowing for whom they are working; and the seed yields glorious harvests.

This is specially true in the province of social and political reform. We are most certain to succeed if we are consciously endeavouring to get the divine will done on earth as ill ill done in heaven; but those who, without intending that this should be the result of their labours, are working on the lines of the divine thought, achieve large

SUCCESS.

I am clear that the desponding tone in which some men are in the habit of speaking of all schemes for the improvement of the motality and the material condition of the nation is altogether unjustifiable. The law holds that, if we are not weary in well-doing, we reap if we faint not. To tell us that all generous effort is worthless, that things get no better, is to quench the fires of a noble enthusiasm, to paralyze conscientious labour for the public good, and it is to do dishonour to that beneficent alliance of the divine love with common philanthropy which has actually lessened the evils which were the curse of earlier generations.

In due season we reap if we faint not. Read the accounts of the flagrant injustice which disgraced the administration of the law in this country two or three centuries ago, and then say whether the patriots and statesmen who resolved that the injustice should cease have not been successful. Read the descriptions of the prisons of England a hundred years ago, and then say whether John Howard has not reaped the harvest which he laboured for. Read the horrible story of the tortures and agonies inflicted by the slave trade at the close of the last century and the beginning of this, and then say whether it was for nothing that Wilberforce and Clarkson appealed to the humanity and justice of the English people to put a stop to it for ever.

alliance with the divine righteousness and love augments their strength and contributes great and happy changes have passed on the to their success. I find in this a certain concondition of the large masses of people in solution for much of the unfaithfulness of the unanufacturing districts of the country! Christian Church. Those who mean m serve Their condition is still bad enough. During

the last three winters many of them have contained in that vehement and noble appeal suffered severely. Many are still suffer- for justice and mercy to the poor had become ing from the prolonged depression of trade. There are many honest and industrious families whose permanent condition is terribly unsatisfactory, and who, in the best times, are barely able to free themselves from the burdens which they have incurred in times of stagnation and disaster. There is still a great deal of roughness, coarseness, and violence among some classes of our population, and among others a great deal of selfishness, extravagance, ostentation, and profligacy.

But the wide wastes of misery and despair have been largely reclaimed. The appalling owth of hereditary pauperism which fifty cars ago threatened an early exhaustion of our national resources and the destruction of all manly self-reliance and independence has been checked. Periods of extreme distress recur less frequently, and the area of suffering is narrowed. The turbulence and the savagery of the early part of the century have almost disappeared; the mutual hatred which separated different classes from each other, the fierce jealousy with which a starving population regarded the wealthy, the inhuman scorn and contempt, not unmixed with fear, with which the wealthy regarded their miscrable fellow-countrymen, have passed

On matters of detail I cannot speak with any great confidence except for my own town. But what is true there must be true elsewhere. The houses in which large numbers of the people are living now are bad enough, and the shops in which large numbers of them are working now are bad enough. But when I compare the sanitary condition of the town to-day with the disgraceful negligence of thirty or forty years ago, which left whole districts to be the nests of foul and destructive diseases; when I compare the abundant supplies of wholesome water which are now generally within the reach of the people with the filthy wells, with sewage filtering into them, which were common in those times; when I compare the large, any, light work-rooms in which thousands of the people are now working, with the close, poisonous atmosphere in which their fathers and mothers worked, and which I used to visit when my their strength for nought.

Read the preface which Charles Kingsley

obsolete. The battle was largely won. The worst evils against which he fought had

passed away. It is hardly possible to run by railway through the poorer districts of any of the great towns in the kingdom without seeing the conspicuous monuments and illustrations of the success of a still more recent movement for the public welfare. Every Board School rising above the humbler roofs which shalter our great working-class population should rebuke the despondency and renew the courage of those who are labouring for any Social Reform. About the merits of the School Board system, and about its administration, there are still divisions of opinion which cannot be discussed, and which should hardly be suggested, in these pages. a But those to whom the system is most hateful may learn from it the lesson I am anxious to enforce. Fourteen years ago more than half the children in most of our great towns were in no school at all. Many of the schools at which the rest attended were worthless. Religious zeal, sustained and guided by the State, had accomplished great results; but for half-a-century there had been a demand for large measures of educational reform. About the year 1866 or 1867 a few men, inspired with a genuine seal for popular education, combined together, and, taking up the work of their predecessors, they resolved to make a passionate assault on the indifference and despair of the public mind. They were men without any great public position and without the resources which are commonly supposed to be necessary in produce any great and immediate impression on national policy. They encountered fierce opposition, but they met it with a light heart, seeing before them the harvest which would come if they were not weary in well-doing. And already there is hardly a child in the kingdom for whom there I not I place in a fairly good school; and that compulsory law which, a little more than ten years ago, was denounced in every part of the country as foreign the temper and traditions of the English people, and certain, put in force, to provoke popular resistance and tumult, is working quietly and peacefully; and, while ministry began,—I can never say that the inflicting some hardship on individual famireformers have laboured in wain and spent lies, is bringing the whole of our children under civilizing and elevating influences.

It is in the highest work of all that there prefixes to one of the later editions of "Alton seems to be the gravest reason for despon-Locke." He says that very much that was dency. Many weary centuries have gone by,

and the vessel of the Church is still in mid- if we have been successful, here and there, it. To measure the harvest which we have have been permitted to accomplish. already reaped against the zeal, and energy, their conception of Christian righteousness; than our own.

ocean, labouring heavily and beaten with in finding some solitary sheep that had been storms. The happy shores for which she lost, and successful in keeping a very little sailing seem as far off as ever. In the work flock from going astray—the results of our which lies nearest we every one of us there work are of infinite value. There no prowery much to chasten the exultation of portion between the worth of our labour and hope with which, perhaps, most of us began what, through God's infinite goodness, we

And however bitter may be our disappointand thoughtfulness, and solicitude with which ments, we are in the presence of a divine we have laboured, is, indeed, a perilous busi- sorrow which silences our complaints. He ness. In may be that those of us who have who laid aside His eternal glory and died on been least successful have no great occasion the cross at the impulse of His love for manfor surprise. In work of this kind it is the kind and His love of righteousness, has not quality, not the amount, of work that tells, forsaken the world which He died to save. And if we have been successful at all- Our work is His rather than ours; our successful, I mean, in winning the trust of a successes are His, and His are our defeats. few men for Christ, in persuading them to "He that soweth the good seed is the Son accept His will as their highest law, in en- of man," and if no harvest comes, or seems riching their knowledge of God, in ennobling to come, we should think of His grief rather

THINKING OF MICHAEL.

By ALRYANDER ANDERSON.

[A LETTER FROM THE "DEAD."—Upon the tin water-bottle of one of the dead men brought out of the Senham Pit, Michael Smith, there was constelled, evidently with a nail, the following letter to his wife:—"Dear Margaret,—There was forty of in altogether at 7 A.M., some was singing hymns, but my thought was on my little Michael. I thought that him and I would meet in heaven at the same time. Oh, dear wife, God save you and the children, and pray for myself. Dear wife, forewell. My less thoughts are about you and the children. Be sure and learn the children to pray for me. Oh, what a terrible position we are in.—Michael Smith, 54, Henry Street." The lattle Michael he refers to was his child whom he had left II home ill. The lad died on the day of the explasion.]

IN the chamber of death underground, Came these words to touch men to the heart. Bring tears to the eyes, and a sound Of a sorrow that strikes like a dart. Hear mot that low wail coming through The death-gloom of that chamber so grim? "I was thinking of Michael and you When the rest were singing a hymn.

"I thought-not of death that would come-It was nothing, dear wife, unto me; I was thinking of you and our home, And how little Michael would be. My God, what a fate we can view But still I was thinking of Michael and you. With the sound of a hymn in my ears.

"Then I thought I would meet him above, Both at once enter in me the gate, Clasp his hand, hear his whisper of love, With no hint of the earth and my fate, Lead him into the light of that land, Where no shadow may enter to dim-All this in the midst of a band Of my mates who were singing a hymn.

"Oh, pray for me, wife, when I night Our children climb up on your knee; When the hearth is still dark from the blight, Oh, teach them a prayer for me ! Let their voices go up to our God, Who through this dark shadow can see; In this deep vault that drips like our tears! He will hear from the heights of His sinless abode Their prayers for you and for me.



"Farewell! and afar m the years
That will deaden thy sorrow's deep amatt,
and thine eyes only soften with itears
When my name stirs and leaps at thy heart,
You will say, when you think upon me
And this death cavern, rugged and grim,
"He was thinking how Michael would "
When the rest were singing a hymn."
XXIII—35

Oh, fathers and mothers that peer
Down into that terrible mine,
See ye not, far too deep for a tear,
A love that was almost divine?
That father, waiting for death to come,
But still, in the midst of his fears,
Thinking of poor little Michael at home,
With the sound of a hymn in his ears.

FAREWELL TO FUINARY.

By the EDITOR.

miniscences of a Highland Parish," by Norman Macleod, whether as they first appeared these pages or in their subsequent form,* to hear something more of the old home, although in this case it is the closing chapter in the history of the family of the Manse.

My chief difficulty in writing on such a subject arises from the natural delicacy experienced in speaking of near relatives. But this is in a measure overruled by knowing that the interest springs not wholly from what was personal to them, and that it may not be without use for us who walk in the conventionalisms of modern life to have our thoughts for a while directed to other times

and simpler ways,

It is now an open secret that the Highland parish of the Reminiscences was Morven, in Argyllahire. For the long period of one hundred and eight years this parish was under the pastoral care of two men, father and son, respectively named Norman Maclead and John Macleod. Norman Macleod, the grandfather of him who wrote the Reminiscences, was minister there for nearly fifty years. Sixteen children were born to him and to his calm, courageous wife, Jean Morison, in the Manse of Fuinary. Of these only two sons survived manhood. The eldest. named after his father, became distinguished elsewhere;† and the youngest, John, succeeded him, when the old man - having become so blind with age that he had to be placed in the pulpit with his face to the people when he addressed them-retired from active duty. This son, the late Dr. John Macleod, of Morven, continued to minister in the same place for fifty-eight years, till he entered into his rest last May.

Running parallel to the story of the Manse was that of the little cottage by the shore, where "Ruari Beag"-best of boatmen and most faithful "minister's man "-and his son the locks and breezy beadlands. Alastair lived. A hundred and eight years | youth he had been a keen aportsman, and ago Ruari (Anglia), Roderick, or "Rory")

T may not be uninteresting those readers had come with the minister from Skye to be of Goon Words who remember the "Re- his servant, and, by a species of apostolic succession, not without its own sanctities, Ruzri's son Alastair succeeded his father in the cottage, with its relative duties, just as the son at the Manse succeeded the old minister, Now, as Alastair predeceased his master by little more than a twelvemonth, we have the rare picture of a service faithfully and continuously rendered for more than a cen-

> Dr. John Macleod, better known in the Highlands by the sobriques of "the High Priest of Morven," was in many respects a remarkable man, and his life, from its nobility and simplicity, is instructive as it was picturesque. He was a giant in stature-measuring six feet nine inches-and of an iron frame. No one could meet him, however cursorlly, without experiencing a certain wonder at the vision of this notable figure, with its grand head of snow-white hair, towering above the crowd. Many of the freshest pictures of that openair training of the boys of the Manse, which give a charm to the "Reminiscences of the Highland Parish," are borrowed as much from the life of John Macleod as from that of his

elder brother,

He had been trained in seamanship by Ruari Beag, taught by him to hold the helm when the weather was fair, or to obey orders when the little boat was steered in the teeth of the gale by the old boatman, with the one eye that glittered in the hour of danger with wakeful anxiety as III took in the force of the coming squall or the "set of the tide. Trained in such a school he himself became an accomplished steersman, and was possessed of a thorough knowledge of every rock and tide-way for many a league round the stormy Western Isles. He had a passion for the sea, and gave vent to his love in more than one fine boat-song—in Gaelic as well as English —breathing the very spirit of the waves and of the scenery of In his not a few of the best stories be related in his old age were taken from his hunting adventures after wild cats on the hill, or from the feats of favourite terriers dragging out huge

* "Reminiscences of a Righland Partial," By Marson Macleod, D.D. London: Wm. Isbriter, Lunited.
† I do not dwell here on the career and character of our revered fatter, Norman Macleod, D.D., of bit, Columba, Glasgow, at I have had an opportunity of doing no, harmonic briefly, in the Massour of tay bruthes, Marson Macleod, D.D. "An Fuglish hint-one imitating the effect of the Gashe righten was published in Good Wonne for Pob-rates, 1875 otters from their haunts at the Clachomin object of the day being accomplished, a dif-

(Otter-rock) on the lonely shore.

At a very early age he was ordained successor III his father, and the cure of such a parish entailed such toils as are little dreamt of in the rural districts of the Lowlands of Scotland or in the rich English counties. The Highlands had not then undergone the transition which has depopulated the giens and effaced so many of its best traditions. Morven was then-and a even yet in desolation - intensely Highland. The stream of tourists passes its shores, but few ever care is land there, and the consequence that, to the present day, little English is heard among the people, while not a few of the older inhabitants scarcely understand it. The parish is enormous, containing 130 square miles, and having something approaching 100 miles of scaboard. At the commencement of his ministry there were in it 2.000 inhabitants (now there are about 600) scattered in hamlets and in lonely cottages. There are two parish churches, nine miles apart, where services have to be maintained. Yet, for many a day, every person in this wide region was regularly examined once a year; a book was kept in which the state of the religious knowledge of each individual was carefully entered, and the subjects noted which had been recommended for preparation before the next "visitation." The labour which these duties implied, in addition to those of visiting the sick, marrying and baptizing, and holding prayermeetings in distant parts, was very great. Often had the young minister, like his father before him, to be away for days and nights in his open boat, sometimes, when benighted or storm-stayed, being compelled to take shelter behind a wall or rock till the day dawned or the weather moderated. Often had he to stride across mountain and moor to visit some dying parishioner, not com-pleting his thirty or forty miles' march till "late in the gloamin'," when followed by the terriers, his unfailing companions, he returned to Fuinary.

Once a brother minister from the Lowlands was on a visit at the Manse and insisted on accompanying him on one of these long ministerial walks. This Lowlander was a big, soft man, not a little conceited nor indisposed to sneer at the "imaginary" difficulties of a Highland parish. "They having the hills and seeing "the worst of it." A cottage here and a hamlet there were visited in passing, and at last the far-off sickbed having been reached, and the chief

ferent and shorter route was taken for home. Hitherto the Lowland brother had greatly enjoyed his outing, for the scenery had been wild and romantic. But we evening began to fall his increasing silence betrayed increasing fatigue. At last a point was reached where there was in front a broad tarn and beyond it a dark mountain wall. The terriers plunged into the water and swam straight off. "Where I the road?" anxiously inquired the Southerner. "That which the dogs have taken," was the reply. "What, through that loch?" "There is none other," said Macleod. This was too much for the critical visitor, who then and there declined budge a foot. There was no help for it, so stooping down and getting the weary Presbyter on his back, the giant minister strode through the loch and deposited his burden on the farther shore, Nor were his adventures then over, for as night fell on the long slope leading down to Fuinary, the strength of the good Lowlander fauly deserted him, and the Manse had to be reached by the parish minister undertaking once more the burden with which he had crossed the tarn. The life indeed of the minister of this Highland parish was more like that of such missionary bishops as Selwyn or Pattison, making a large demand on physical energy as well as on pastoral scal.

A fine feature in his life was his love of the old home and of his parishioners. The living-never valuable—was long a miserably poor one. Yet although frequently offered promotion to some of the best parishes and offices to which a clergyman of the Church of Scotland could aspire, he never could summon courage to bid farewell to the familiar scenes of his youth or to the flock, every member of which he reckoned a personal friend. There was something of the grotesque in the manner in which, after being at first tempted for the sake of his family to entertain these proposals, he inevitably experienced the rebound of feeling which as incritably ended in the audden declinature. Once when he went to see an eligible parish the presentation to which had been po within his power, he overtook an old woman on the moorland road leading to it. "They tell me," said she, seeing he was a clergyman, "that we canna be forced noo to tak' ony minister a pation may present." "That is true but there is also another law." "And

that towered above her. "Only this, that solitude for twenty years was even more touch-

parish !'

This not the place, nor is it my object, speak of his personal or ministerial gifts, nor of the good work he did for his Church and for the Highlands. His power as a preacher, great as it was, was not equal to ha gifts as a debater and pleader. "I am thankful that that hig uncle of yours was not a barrister," an emment counsel said to me after an ecclesiastical "case" in which the minister of Morven had gained his point over a strong opposing bar, "for few of us would have had a chance with him." The Church is served bestowed upon him the highest honour in her gift, and the Queen showed her appreciation of his useful and consistent life by conferring on him the offices of Dean of the Thistle, and Dean of the Chapel Royal.

His later years were spent in pathetic loneliness. He had seen his parish almost emptied of its people. Glen after glen had been turned into sheep-walks, and the cottages in which generations of gallant Highlanders had lived and died were unroofed, their torn walls and gables left standing like mourners beside the grave, and the little plots of garden or of cultivated enclosure allowed to metge into the moorland pasture. He had seen every property in the pauch change hands, and though, on the whole, kindly and pleasant proprietors came in the place of the old families, yet they were strangers to the people, neither understanding their language nor their ways. The consequence was that they perhaps scarcely realised the havoc produced by the changes they inaugurated. "At one stroke of a pen," he said to me, with a look of sadness and indignation, "two hundred of the people were ordered off

There was not one of these whom I did not know and their fathers before them; and finer men and women never left the Highlands." He thus found himself the sole remaining link between the past and present those later times were quite " cerie," and yet -the one man above the rank of a peasant for twenty years he abode therealone without a who remembered the old days and the tradi-marmur, doing good work for his Church and tions of the people. The sense of change was country. In his loneliness III made friends intensely saddened as went through his with the birds, and it was something to parish and passed ruined houses here, there, this gigantic man as he paced down the and everywhere. "There in not a smoke there now," he used to say with pathos of chaffinches he had tamed, or to notice how the giens which he had known tenanted by they would perch upon his feet or flutter a manly and loyal peasantry, among whom on his shoulder as he sat at the door. The

neither can any minister be forced to take a ing. Bereaved if wife and daughters, and with his sons gone from him into life, 📰 was left-alone in the old home which had once been so full of happy voices. But those who visited him will not easily forget the patriarchal dignity of his bearing and the courtly manners of this Highlander of the old school, nor those quiet strolls by Fingel's Hill or down = the favourite seat overlooking the Sound of Mull -Rory's cottage nestling on the shore beneath, the white-winged sea-birds screaming over the tide-way, and the grand mountains of Mull beyond flooded with the splendour of the western sky. It was then that the old man delighted to pour forth his stores of anecdote and legend. Sometimes he would point out the blackened ruins of a distant homestead. and recount the annals of the family who had dwelt there. Sometimes he would tell of phases of Highland life and character long passed away-of the old woman, for example, who lived in a far-off glen, and who seemed to be filled more with half-heathen legends than Christian ideas. - Often have I gone to see her, determined to press religion home on her heart, but no sooner had I talked a little than she would break out-'Very true, minister, and what you say puts me in mind of the Black Knight and T Waterfall, and how he was freed from his doom,' and then would she give in graphic Gaelic some legend so remarkable in its mythic teaching that my interest became absorbed, and, to my great discontent, I found when I came away that I had been more of a listener than an instructor. Once to our actonishment the poor body appeared at the Manse. How she came so lar Lknow not, but nothing could exceed her weird look as she addressed the house—'Oh, Fumary, Fuinary! you are amiling to-day, but well do I remember when you and many another house in Morven was smoking in heaven, alluding to the suppression of the rebellion in 1745."

The solitude and silence of the place in gravel walk followed by the robins and lived song and story and the elevating in- cawing rookery in the trees was a continual fluences of brave traditions. His demestic study. There was not a crow there whose with 'a ripple of appreciative mirth; " his one object in life is to avoid labour and to steal the sticks the others have carried. Look

at the rogue 1"

The rest of his life was in sweet keeping with its previous course. He was able, almost to the last hour, to go out and gaze on the scenes he loved so well; but an accidental fall so hurried the close that his sons, who had been constant in their attentions, were unable to reach home before the end came. As | had lived, so he died. Calling his household round his bed, he offered up, with a strong calm voice, prayer in Gaelic for them and all he loved-and soon afterwards, and without speaking another word, he fell asleep in Christ.

His funeral was most impressive. I went with the others to Morven in a day of glory, and there are few grander scenes in Europe than that which meets the eye between Oban and Loch Aline; Linnhe Loch with the massive ranges of Glen Coe and Ben Nevis; Loch Etive with its guardian "Shepherds" and the giant Cruachan; the coast of Lome and its frontier of scattered islands reaching into the shimmering haze of the Atlantic; and then Mull with Duart; and on me the precipices of Morven, by lonely Unnimore and the grey Ardtornish, till Loch Aline (Loch of Beauty) is reached. The drive to Fuinary was through a portion of the Highland Parish which had become, like so many other districts of the Highlands, sadly depopulated. Even a stranger must be struck by the marks of change; but to those who knew something of "what once had been," all appeared intensely melancholy. A tree and some grassy mounds marked the spot where stood the house of the good Samuel Cameron, the schoolmaster described in the Highland Parish and with whom Norman Macleod lived as aboy and gained most of the little Gaelic he had and an insight into much healthy Highland life. And then came some roofless walls marking the home of the old tacksman of Auchenaha, where the first minister found the best of wives, the good mother of the sixteen children; and then the mill of Savary, where had lived "Donald of the Mill," of whose blood came David Livingstone. Donald had been out with the Prince in "the forty-five," and had secured at Culloden the colours of his chief by running off with them wrapped seemed the nearer because of the very soliround his body. Many a story had our tude of the land through which we moved, father told us of the old Cateran of how he The tones of my father's song, written more used mather secretly his brother Jacobites' than seventy years ago, and which every

character ■ did not know. "There goes once a year to drink "a health to Charlie," that old scoundrel again," he would say and after quaffing the whisky, how ■ would crush the pewter stoup in his hand. and fling it away, lest any other name than that of the Prince should be associated with When he was old, " Donald of the Mill" was crossing Savary when the stream was in flood. Donald, in his kilt, had got astride between two stepping stones, and, stiff from age, found that he could not lift either foot without falling into the torrent that raged between, and so there and then our father, who was then a boy, found the old savage in a towering passion and pouring out curses in Gaelic on the evils of old age! All are gone, and the place that once knew them knows them no more ! The hillside, which had once borne a happy people, and echoed the voices of joyous children, a now a silent sheep-walk. The supposed necessities of Political Economy have effected the exchange, but the day may come when the country may feel the loss of the loyal and brave race which has been driven away, and find a new meaning perhaps in the old question, "Is not a man better than a sheep?" They who " would have shed their blood like water" for Queen and country, are in other lands, Highland still, but expatriated for

The funeral was next day, and nearly the whole male population of the parish, rich and poor, were there, with others from a distance, and the Roman Catholic priest of the district among them. Old men were there with wrinkled faces and weather-bleached hair, and home-spun garments redolent of peatreek, and young fisher-lads and strong shepherds with their plaids and crowacks. In Highland fashion the hoge coffin was carried all the way for five miles to the grave, now shoulder high and again upon stretchers, and bome along by eighteen stalwart men at a time, almost every parishioner taking his turn. As the dark procession left the empty house and wound down the familiar path to the shore, there seemed to be more than the living present there. The forms of the dead and gone, and the happy voices of old times

[&]quot;From the dim checking on the misty itland, Mountains devole to and a world of man, Hat this less hearts are true, our hearts are Highland, And to our dreams we behold the McDridt." Lail are these secontains and these woods are grand, light we are arried from our faithers! Innd."

West Highlander knows so well, were ringing my heart :-

"Everch agas tragass, O.
Everch agas tragass, O.
Everch agas tragass, O.
Everch agas tragas, O.
Everch agas tragas

And so amid the sunshme and shower which

mingled their light and shadow as ill sympathy with thoughts at once bright and sorrowful, was the good minister of Morven carried to the church-yard of Kiel, past the green hill crowned with the ancient Iona Cross standing in relief against the distant landscape of sea and mountain-and there by the reverent hands of those who loved him, his ashes were laid among those of his own dear ones.

KEPT IN THE DARK.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER X .--- SIR FRANCIS TRAVELS WITH MISS ALTIPIORLA.

ISS ALTIFIORLA was at the station of course before her time. It is the privilege of unmarried ladies when they travel alone to spend a good deal of time at stations. But as she walked up and down the platform she had an opportunity for settling her thoughts. She was angry with three persons, with Mrs. Western, Mr. Western, and with herself. her troubles. She was not angry with her she was by no means satisfied with herself. friend in that her friend was afraid of her husband. Would she have reposed herself and her fears on her friend's bosom it might have been very well. But it was because her friend had not been afraid of her that she was wroth. Mrs. Western had misbehaved egregiously and had come to her in her trouble solely because it was necessary. So far she had done naturally. But though she had come, she had not come in any of the spirit of humility. She had been bold as brass to her in the midst of her cowardice by herself would have been destructive. Seeing that she had been so treated had she not been wrong to abstain from the

Her anger against Mr. Western was less hot in its nature but was still constant. He had not liked her, and though is had been

ly civil his dislike had been apparent. a man proud of himself, who ought into the same carriage, unished for his pride. was quite

violently despised. It would be no more than a fitting reverse of fortune, Mr. Western was she thought no better than other men and ought to be made so to understand, She had not quite arranged in her mind what she could now do in the matter, but for "dear Cecilia's" sake she was sure that something must be done.

And she was angry with herself at allowing herself to be turned out of the house before the crisis had come. She felt that she ought She was very angry with Cecilia. Had to have been present at the crisis and that Cecilia trusted in her properly she could by the exercise of her own powers are might have sympathized with her thoroughly in all have hurried on the crisis. In this respect

She was walking up and down the platform of the little country station thinking of all this when on a sudden the saw Sir Francis Geraldine get out of a brougham. It cannot be explained why her heart throbbed when she saw Sir Francis get out of his brougham, It was not that she thought that she could ask his advice on the matters which filled her mind, but there probably did come to her rague ideas of the possibility of some joint action. At any rate she received him when he came upon the platform with her blandest towards her husband,-imperious to herself smile, and immediately entered into converand unbending. She had declined her adsation with him respecting the household of vice with scorn. And yet one word spoken the Westerns. What a shift man was, so sation with him respecting the household of learned, so proper, and so distant! impossible to get on with him. No doubt he was very good and all that. But what was their poor dear Cecilia to 🛲 with a man so silent, and one who hated all amusements? Before the train came up she and Sir Francis were quite on good terms together; and as they were both going to London they got

"Of course he's a prig," said Sir Francis, hat he should learn that his wife had as they seated themselves opposite to one engaged to the man whom he had so another, "But then his wife is a prig too, each other."

· "You did not use think her a prig, Sir

Francis."

"No; like other men I made a mistake and was nearly having to pay for it. But I discovered in time,-luckily for both of us."

"You know," said Miss Altifiorla, "that Cecilia Holt was my dearest friend, and I

cannot endure to hear her abused."

"Abused! You do not think I wish to abuse her. I am awfully fond of her still. But I do not see why she and Western should not get on very well together. I suppose they've no secrets from each other," he added after a pause. Upon this Mss Ahifiorla remained silent. "They tell each other everything I should think." Still Miss Altiforla said nothing. "I should imagine that she would tell him everything."

"Upon my word I can't say."

"I suppose she does. About her former engagement for instance. He knows the whole story, ch?"

"I declare you put it to me in such a way that one doesn't know how to answer you."

"Different people have such different opinions about these kind of things. Some people think that because a girl has been engaged to a man she never ought to speak to him again when the engagement is broken. For my part I do not see why they should not be as intimate as any other people. She looked at me the other day as though she thought that I ought not to put myself into the same room with her again. I suppose she did it in obedience to hum."

What was Miss Altifiorla me say in answer such a question? She did remember her promise, and her promise was in a way binding upon her. She wished so to keep it as to be able to boast that she had kept it. But still she was most anxious to break it in the spirit. She did understand that she had bound herself not divulge aught about Mrs. Western's secret, and that were she to do so now to Sir Francis she would be untrue to her friend. But the provocation was strong; and she felt that Sir Francis was a man with whom it would be pleasant in form an alli-Ance.

"You must know," said Sir Francis.

"I don't seetthat I need know at all. Of course Cecilia does tell me everything; but I do not see that for that reason I am bound to tell any one else."

"Then you do know."

"Know what?"

"Has she told him that she was engaged tion when I left this morning, but

and I do not see why they should not suit to me? Or does he not know it without her telling him?" By this time they had become very intimate and were whispering backwards and forwards with each other at their end the carriage. All this was very pleasant to Miss Altifiorla. She felt that she was becoming the recipient of an amount of confidential friendship which had altogether been refused to her during the last two weeks. Sir Francis was a baronet, and a man of fashion, and a gentleman very well thought of in Devonshire, let Mr. Western say what he might about his conduct. Mr. Western was evidently a stiff stern man who did not like the amusements of other gentlemen. Mass Altificial felt that she liked being the friend of a man of fashion, and she despised Mr. Western. She threw herself back on the seat and closed her eyes and laughed. But he pressed her with the same question in another form. "Does he know that she was engaged to me?"

"If you will ask me, I do not think that

be does."

"You really mean to say that he had never heard of it before his marriage?"

"What am I to do when you press me in this way? Remember that I do not tell you anything of my own knowledge. It is only what I think."

"You just now said that she told you

everything."

"But perhaps she doesn't know herself."

"At any rate there is a mystery about it," "I think there is, Sir Francis," After that it was not very long before Miss Altifiorla was induced to talk with great openness of the whole affair, and before they had reached London she had divulged to Sir Francis the fact that Mrs. Western had as yet told her husband nothing of her previous engagement, and lived at the present moment in awe at the idea of having to do so. "I had no conception that Cecilia would have been such a coward," she said, as Sir Francis was putting her into a cab, " but such is the sad fact. She has never mentioned your pame."

"And was therefore dreadfully frightened when I called."

"Oh dreadfully ! But I shouldn't wonder if she has told him all about it now."

"Already, you think." He was standing at the door of the cab, detaining it, and thereby showing in a very pleasant the importance of the interview.

"Well ;-I cannot say. Perhaps She had certainly not made the cor waiting for my departure to do so. So she monstrously dishonoured him. said at least. But she is terribly afraid of him and perhaps has not plucked up her courage. But I must be off now."

"When do you leave town?"

"This afternoon. You are delaying me terribly at this moment. Don't, Sir Francis!" This she said in a whisper because he had got hold of her hand through the window, as though to say good-bye to ber, and did not at once let it go.

"When do you go? I'll see you off by the other train. When do you go, and from

"Will you though? That will be very kind. Waterloo; -at 4.30. Remember the 4.30."

"Sans adieu!" Then she kissed her hand

III him and was driven off.

This to her was all very pleasant. It gave an instant rose colour me her life. She had achieved such a character down at Exeter for maidenly reserve, and had lived so sternly, that it was hardly in her memory that a man had aqueezed her hand before. She did remember one young clergyman who had sinned in this direction, twelve years since, but he was now a Bishop. When she heard the other day that he had been made a Bishop some misgivings to her great philosophy touched her mind. Had she done right in repudiating mankind? Would it not have been better now to have been driving about the streets of the episconal city, or perhaps even those of the metropolis, in an episcopal carriage? But as she had then said she had chosen her line and must now abide by it. But the pressing of her hand by Sir Francis had opened up new ideas her. And they were the pleasanter because a special arrangement had been made for their meeting once again before they left London. As to one point she was quite deter-mined. Mrs. Western and her secret must be altogether discarded. As for her promise the had not really broken it. He had been clever enough to extract from her all that she knew without, m she thought, any positive statement on her own part. At any rate he did know the truth, and no concealment could any longer be of service to Cecilia. now and that she could tell all that she knew

any breach of confidence.

Francis, when he left her, was quite nined to carry his project through, thrown him over with most

He had endeavoured to escape this by taking upon himself falsely the fault of having been the first to break their engagement. But there was a doubt as m this point, and people said that he had been jilted-much to his disgust. He was determined to be revenged. -or as he said to himself, "he had made up his mind that the broad truth should be known." It certainly would be the "broad truth" if he could make Mr. Western understand the relations on which he, Sir Francis, had but a few months before stood in regard to his wife. "Honesty," he said

to himself, "demanded it,"

Miss Altifiorla, he thought, was by no means an unpleasant young woman with whom to have an intrigue. She had good looks of her own, though they were thin and a little pinched. She was in truth thirty-five years old, but she did not quite look it. She had a certain brightness of eye when she was awakened to enthusiasm, and she knew how to make the best of herself. She could whisper and he-or pretend to be secret. She had about her, at her command to assume, a great air of special friendship. She had not practised it much with men as yet, but there was no reason why she should not do so with advantage. She felt herselt already quite on intimate terms with Sir Francis; and of Sir Francis it may be said, that he was sufficiently charmed with Miss Altifiorla in find it expedient to go and see her off from the Waterlob Station.

He found Dick Ross at his club and lunched with him. "You're just up from the

Criterion," said Dick.

"Yes; I went down for the sake of renewing an old acquaintance, and I renewed it."

"You've been persecuting that unfortunate

young woman."

"Why a young woman should be thought unfortunate because she marries such a pink of perfection as Mr. Western, and avoids such a scapegrace as I am, I cannot conceive."

"She's unfortunate because you mean 🖿 bully her. Why can't you leave her alone? She has had her chance of war, and you have had yours, and he has had his. As far as I can see you have had the best of It was evident that the way was open to her it. She is married to a stiff juig of a fellow, who no doubt will make her miserable. Surely that ought to be enough for you."

"Not quite," said Sir Francis. "There is nothing recommends itself to my mind so thrown him over with most much as even-handed justice. He played unconcern and self-sufficiency, me a trick once, and I'll play him another. ktended to honour her and she had | She too played me a trick, and now I can play her one. My good fortune consists in this, that I can kill the two birds with one stone."

"You mean to kill them,"

"Certainly I do. Why on earth should I let them off? He did not let me off. Not did she. They think because I carry things in an easy manner that I take them easily. I suffer as much as they do. But they shall suffer as well as I."

"The most permicious doctrine I ever heard in my life," said Dick Ross as he filled

his mouth with cold chicken pie.

"When you say pernicious, have you any

idea what you mean?"

"Well, yes; awfully savage, and all that kind of thing. Just utter cruelty, and a

bad spirit."

"Those are your ideas became you don't take the trouble to return evil for evil. But then you never take the trouble return good for good. In fact, you have no idea of duty, only you don't like burden your conscience with doing what seems to be ill-natured. Now, if a man does me good, I return it,—which I deem to be a great duty, and if he does me evil, I generally return that sooner or later. There some idea of justice in my conduct, but there is none in yours."

"Do you mean to punish them both?"
"Well, yes; as far as it is in my power,

both."

"Don't," said Dick Ross, looking up with something like real sorrow depicted on his face. But still he called for some greengage pie.

"I like to get the better of my enemies," said the Baronet. "You like finit pie. I doubt if you'd even give up fruit pie to save this woman."

" I will," said Dick, pushing the pie away

from him.

"The sacrifice would be all in vain. I must write the letter to-day, and as it has to be thought about I must begin it at once. Whatever happens, do not let your good

nature quarrel with your appetite."

"He's a fiend, a perfect fiend," said Dick Ross, as he sate dawdling over his cheese. "I wouldn't have his ill-nature for all his money." But he turned that sentiment over in his mind, endeavouring to ascertain what he would do if the offer of the exchange were nade him. For Dick was very poor, and this moment was in great want of money. Sir Francis went into the smoking-room, and sitting there alone with a cigar in his mouth, meditated the letter which he would have to write. The letter should have to write. The letter should have to write. Western, and was one which could not be written without much

He not only must tell his forethought. story, but must give some reason more or less plausible for the telling of it. He did not think that he could monce make his idea of justice plain to Mr. Western. He could not put forth his case so clearly as to make the husband understand that all was done in fair honour and honesty. But as he thought of it, he came to the conclusion that he did not much care what impression he might leave on the mind of Mr. Western ;-and still less what impression he might leave on hers. He might probably succeed in creating a quarrel, and he was of opinion that Mr. Western was a man who would not quarrel lightly, but, when he did, would quarrel very earnestly. Having thought all over with great deliberation, he went up-stairs, and in twenty minutes had his letter written. At a quarter past four he was at the Waterloo-Station to see the departure of Miss Altifiorla. Even he could perceive that she was somewhat brighter in her attire than when he had met her early in the morning. He could not say what had been done, but something had been added to please his eyes. The gloves were not the same, nor the ribbons; and he thought that he perceived that even the bonnet had been altered. Her manner too was changed. There was a careless case and freedom about her which he rather liked: and he took it in good part that Miss Alugorla had prepared herself for the interview, though he were to be with her but for a few minutes, and that she should be different from the Miss Altifiorla, as she had come away from the Western breakfast table. "Now there is one thing I want you to promise me," she said as she gave him her hand.

"Anything on earth."

"Don't let Mr. Western or Cecilia know what you know about that." He laughed and merely shook his head. "Pray don't. What's the good? You'll only create a disturbance and misery. Poor dear Cecilia has been uncommonly silly. But I don't think that she deserves to be punished quite so severely."

"I'm afraid I must differ from you there,"

he said, shaking his head.

" Is it absolutely necessary?"

"Absolutely,"

"Poor Cechia! How can she have been so foolish! He is of such a singular temperament that I do not know what the effect may be. I wish you would think better of it, Sir Francis."

" And leave myself 🔳 stand in my

over, and have found myself bound in honour to inform him. And it is for the sake of letting you know that I have come here. Perhaps you may be called upon to say or do something in the matter."

"I suppose it cannot be helped," said Miss

Altifiorla with a sigh.

"It cannot," he replied.

"Poor dear Cecilia. She has brought it on her own head. I must get into my train now, as we are just off. I am so much obliged to you for coming to see me start."

"We shall meet each other before long." he said, as she again kissed her hand and took her departure. Miss Altifioria could not but think what a happy chance it was that prevented his marriage with Cecilia Holt.

CHAPTER XI .-- MR. WESTERN HEARS THE STORY.

IT was the custom for Mr. Western to come down into the library before breakfast, and there to receive his letters. On the morning after Miss Altifiorla's departure he got one by which it may be said that he was indeed autonished. It can seldom be the case that a man shall receive a letter by which he is so absolutely lifted out of his own world of ordinary contentment into another absolutely different. And the world into which he was lifted was one black with unintelligible storms and clouds. It was as though everything were suddenly changed for him. The change was of a nature which altogether unmanned him. Had he been rulaed that would have been as nothing in comparison. The death of no friend, -so he told himself in the first moment of his misery,-could have so afflicted him. He read the letter through twice and thrice, and then sat silent with it in his hand thinking of it. There could be but one relief, but that relief must surely be forthcoming. letter could not be true. How to account for is falsehood, how to explain to himself that such a letter should have been written to him without any foundation for it, without any basis on which such a story could be constructed, he could not imagine to himself. But he resolved not believe it. He saw that were he believe it, and to have be ineffable. He should never dare to look his wife in the face again. In was at any rate. You, at any rate, have won the prize, and infinitely safer for him to disbelieve it. He sat ought to be contented. You also were his wife in the face again. I was at any rate there mute, immovable, without a change of engaged about the same time, and my cousin.

very uncomfortable position! And that after countenance, without even a frown on his such treatment as hers. I have thought it all brow, for a quarter of an hour; and at the end of that time he got up and shook himself. It. was not true. Whatever might be the explanation, it could not be true. There was some foul plot against his happiness; but whatever the nature of the plot might be, he was sure that the story as told to him in that letter was not true. And yet it was with a very heavy heart that he rose and walked off to his wife's room,

The letter ran as follows:---

"My DEAR MR. WESTERN,-I think it is necessary that I should allude to a former little incident in my past life,—one that took place in the course of the last year only,-to account for the visit which I made to your house the other day, and which was not, I think, very well taken. I have no reason to doubt but that you are acquainted with all the circumstances. Indeed I look upon it as impossible that you should not be so. But, taking that for granted, I have to explain

my own conduct.

" It seems but the other day that Cecilia Holt and I were engaged to be married," Mr. Western, when he came to this passage, felt for a moment as though he had received a bullet in his heart. "All Exeter knew of the engagement, and all Exeter seemed to be well pleased. I was staying with my brother-in-law, the Dean, and had found Miss Holt very intimate at the Deanery. is not for me now me explain the way in which our engagement was broken through, but your wife, I do not doubt, in telling you of the affair, will have stated that she did not consider herself to have been ill-used, I am quite certain that she can never have said so even to herself. I do not wish to go into the matter in all its details, but I am confident that she cannot have complained

"Under these circumstances, when I found myself living close we you, and to her also. I thought it better to call and to offer such courtesies as are generally held to be pleasant in a neighbourhood. It would, I thought, be much pleasanter to meet in that frank way then me go on cutting each other, especially as there was no ground for a quarrel on either side. I have, however, learned since that something has been taken believed it wrongly, the offence given would amiss. What is it? before you, that I too late to be mended.

has got your young lady. It is I that was left out in the cold, and I really do not see that you have any reason to be angry. I have no wish to force myself upon you, and if you do not wish to be gracious down at Ascot, then let there be an end of it.

"Yours truly,
"FRANCIS GERALDINE."

He arose and went slowly up-stairs to his wife's bedroom. It was just the time when she would come down to breakfast and as his hand was on the lock of the door she opened it come out. The moment she saw him she knew that her secret had been divulged. She knew that he knew it, and yet he had endeavoured to cradicate all show of anger from his face, as all reality of it from his heart. He was sure, -was sure, that the story was an infamous falsehood! His wife, his chosen one, his Cecilia to have been engaged, a year ago, to such a one as Sir Francis Geraldine,—to so base, so mean a creature,-and then to have married him without telling a word of it all! To have kept him wilfully, carefully, in the dark, with studied premeditation so as to be sure of effecting her own marriage before he should learn it, and that too when he had told her everything as to himself! It certainly could not be, and was not true !

She stood still holding the door open when she saw him there with the letter in his hand. There was an instant certainty that the blow hail come and must be borne even should kill her. It was as though she were already crushed by the weight of it. Her own conduct appeared I her black with all its enormity. Though there had been so little done by her which was really amiss, yet she felt that she had been guilty beyond the reach of pardon. Twelve months since she could have declared that she knew herself so well as to be sure that she could never tremble before any one. But | that was changed with her. Her very nature was changed. She felt as though she were a guilty, discovered, and disgraced criminal. She stood perfectly still, looking him I the face, but without a word.

And he! His perceptions were not quick as hers, and still was determined to disbelieve. "Cecilis!" he said, "I have got a letter." And he passed on into the room. She followed him and stood with her hand resting on the shoulder of the soft. "I have got a letter from Sir Francis Geraldine."

"What does Sir Francis Gezaldine my of me?" she replied.

Had he been a man possessed of quick wit, he would have perceived now that the letter was true. There was confession in the very tone of her voice. But he had come there determined that it was not true, determined at any rate to act as though I were not true; and it was necessary that he should go through the game as he had arranged play it. "It I a hase letter," he said. "A foul lying letter. But there is tome plot in it of which I know nothing. You can perhaps explain the plot."

"Maybe the letter is true," she said standing there, not submissive before him, but

still utterly miserable in her guilt.

"It is untrue. It cannot possibly be true. It contains a wicked lie. He says that twelve months since you were engaged to him as his wife. Why does he like that?" She stood before him quite quiet without the change of a muscle of her face. "Do you understand the meaning of it all?"

"Oh, yes."

"What is the meaning? Speak to me and

explain it."

"I was engaged to marry Sir Francis Geraldine just before I knew you. It was broken off and then we went upon the Continent. There I met you. Oh, George, I have loved you so well. I do love you so truly." As she spoke she endeavoured to take his hand in hers. She made that one effort to be tender in obedience to her conscience, but as she made it she knew that it would be in vain.

He rejected her hand, without violence indeed but still with an assured purpose, and walked away from her to the further side of the chamber. "It is true then?"

"Yes; I is true. Why should it not be

true?"

"Heaven help us! And I to hear about it for the first time in such a fashion as this! He comes to see you, and because something does not go as he would have it, he turns round and tells me his story. But that he has quarrelled with you now, I should never have heard a syllable." He had come up to her room determined not to believe a word of it. And now, suddenly, there was no fault of which in his mind was not ready to accuse her. He had been deceived, and she was to him a thing altogether different from that which he had believed her.

But she, too, was stung to wrath by the insignation which his words contained. She knew herself to be absolutely innocent in every respect, except that of reticence to her husband. Though she was prepared

bear

the weight of the punishment which her silence had condemned her, yet she was sure of the purity of her own conduct. Knowing his disposition, she did not care to make light of her great fault, but now something was added, she hardly knew what, of which she Francis." knew herself he innocent. Something was hinted as 🔛 the friendship remaining between her and this man, of which her husband, in his pride, should not have accused her. What | Did he think that she had willingly received her late lover as her friend in his house and without his knowledge? If he thought that, then, indeed, must all be over between them. "I do not know what it is that you suspect. You had better say it out at once."

"Is this letter true?" and he held the

letter up in his hand.

"I suppose it to be true. I do not know what it contains, but I presume it to be true."

"You can read it," and he threw the letter

on the table before her.

She took it up and slowly passed her eyes over the words, endeavouring, as she did, to come to some determination as to what her conduct should be. The purport of the words she did not fully comprehend, so fully was her mind occupied with thinking of the condition of her husband's mind; but they left upon her an impression that in the main Sir Francis Geraldine had told his story truly. "Yes;" she said, "it is true. Before I had met you I was engaged to marry this other man. Our engagement was broken off, and then mamma and I travelled abroad together. We there met you, and then you know the rest."

"And you thought it proper that I should be kept in the dark!" She remained silent. She could not apologise to him after hearing the accusation which makled in his bosom. She could not go on to explain that the moment fittest for an explanation had never come. She could not endeavour even make him understand that because her story was so like his own, hers had not been told. She knew the comparative insignificance of her own fault, and yet circumstances had brought it about that she must stand oppressed with this weight of guilt in her eyes. As he should be just or unjust, or rather merciful or unmerciful, so must she endure or be unable to endure her doom. "I do not understand it," he said, with affected calm. "It is the case, then, that you have brought me into this position with premeditated falsehood, and have wilfully deceived me as myour previous engagement?"

"loñ"

" How then?"

"There has been no wilful deceit,-no cause for deceit whatsoever. You were engaged to marry the lady who I now Mrs. Gerakline. I was engaged marry Sir

"But I told you all,"

"You did,"

"It would have been impossible that I should have asked you to be mine without telling you the whole story." She could not answer him. She knew it to be true,-that he had told her and must have told her, But for herself it had been so improbable that he had not known of her engagement! And then there had been no opportunity,no fitting opportunity. She knew that she had been wrong, foolish, ill-judging; but there had been nothing of that premeditated secreey,—that secreey with a cause, of which be had hinted that she was guilty. "I suppose that I may take it as proved that I have been altogether mistaken?" This he said in the severest tone which he knew how to

" How mistaken?"

"I have believed you to be sweet, and pure, and innocent, and true ;-- one in whom my spirit might refresh itself as a man bathes his heated limbs in the cool water. You were to have been to me the joy of my life,—my great treasure kept at home, open to no eyes but my own; a thing perfect in beauty, to think of when absent and to be conscious of when present, without even the need of expression. 'Let the wind come and the storm, I said to myself, 'I cannot be unhappy, because my wife is my own.' There is an external grace about you which was to my thinking only the culture of the woman within."

" Well ;—well."

"It was a dream. I had better have mar-ried that little girl. She was silly, and soon loved some one better. But she did not deceive me."

"And I,—have I deceived you?"

He paused before he answered her, and then spoke as though with much thought, "Yes," he said; "yes."

"Where? How?"

"I do not know. I cannot pretend even to guess. I shalt probably never know. shall not strive to know. But I do know that you have deceived me. There has been, nay, there is, a secret between you and one whom I regard as among the basest of men, of which I have been kept purposely in ignorance."

"There is no such secret."

been here as your friend, and when he came, was kept from me. He asked for something, which was refused, and consequently he has written to me. For what did he ask?"

"Ask! For nothing! What was there

for him to ask?"

"I do not know. I cannot even pretend to guess. As I read his letter there must have been something. But it does not matter. thing, you have been another. You have been acting a part from the first moment in which we met, and have kept it up all through with admirable consistency. You are not that sweetly innocent creature which I have believed you | be."

She knew that she was all that he had fancied her, but she could not say so. She had understood him thoroughly when he had told her that she had been to him the cool water in which the heated man had bathed his limbs; that she was the treasure to be kept at home. Even-in her misery something of delight had come to her senses as she heard him say that. The position described to her had been exactly that which it had been her ambition in fill. She knew that in spite of all that had come and gone she was still fit to fill it. There had been nothing, -not a thought to mar her innocence, her purity, her woman's tenderness. She was all his, and he was certain to know every thought of her mind and every throb of her heart. She did believe that if he could read them all, he would be perfectly satisfied. But she could not tell him that it was so. Words so spoken will be the sweetest that can fall into a man's ear,-if they be believed. But let there come but the shadow of a doubt over the man's mind, let him question the sincerity of a tone, and the words will become untrue, mawkish and distasteful. A thing perfect in beauty! How was she is say that she would be that in his And yet, understanding her error as one had done with a full intelligence, she could have sworn that it should be so. The beauty he had spoken of was not simply the sheen of her loveliness, nor the grace of her form. | was the entirety of her feminine attraction, including the purity of her soul, which was in truth house. I would not have her by to see your still there is all its perfection. But she could anger." not tell him that he was mistaken in doubting her. Now he had told her that she was not that innocent creature which is had believed cars!"

her to be. What was she to do? How was "You were engaged to his wife. That she to restore herself to his favour? But at any rate has been kept from me. He has through it all there was present to her an idea that she would not humble herself too -into my house, the purport of his visit far. To the extent of the sin which she had committed she would humble herself she knew how to do that without going beyond it. But further than that in justice both to him and me herself she would not go. "If you have condemned me," she said, "there must be an end of it,-for the present."

"Condemned you! Do you not condemn While you have seemed to me to be one yourself? Have you attempted any word of excuse? Have you given any reason why I should have been kept in the dark? Your friend Miss Altifiorla knew it all I presume?"

"Yes, she knew it all."

"And you would not have had her here you could have avoided lest she should tell me?"

"That is true. I wished to be the first

to tell you myself."

"And yet you had never whispered a word of it. Miss Altifiorla and Sir Francis it seems are friends." Cecilia only shook her head. "I heard yesterday at the station that they had gone to London together. I

presume they are friends."

Quickly the idea passed through Mrs. Western's mind that Mise Altifiorla had been untrue to her. She had kept her word to the letter in not having told the secret to her husband but she had discussed the whole matter with Sir Francia, and the letter which Sir Francis had written was the result. "I do not know," she said. " If they be more to each other than chance acquaintance I do not know it. From week to week and from day to day before our marriage the thing went on and the opportunity never came. Something would always fall from you which made me afraid to speak it that moment. Then we were married, and I found how wrong I had been. I still resolved to tell you, but put it off like a coward from day to day. Your sister had heard of my first engagement."

" Did Bertha know it?"

"Yes; and like myself the was surprisal that you should a so ignorant."

" She might well be surprised."

"Then I resolved to tell you. I would not do it till that other woman had left the

"And now this is the way in which the history of your former life has reached my As he said this he held out in his hand the fatal letter. "This is the manner in which you have left me to be informed of a subject so interesting! I first hear from Sir Francis Geraldine that he and you a twelvemonth since were engaged together as man and wife," Here she stood quite silent. She did not care to tell him that it was more than twelve months since. "That you think to be becoming."

"I do not think so."

"That you feel to be compatible with my happiness!" Here, again, there was a pause, during which she looked full into his face. "Such is not my idea. My happiness is wrecked. It I gone." Here he made a motion with his hand, as though to show that all his bliss had flown away from him.

"Oh, George, if you love me, do not speak

like that."

"Love you! Yes I love you. I do not suppose that love can be made to go at once, as I find that esteem may do, and respect, and veneration."

"Oh, George, those are hard words."

"Is it not so? This morning you were to me of all God's creatures the brightest and the best. When I entered your room just now it was so that I regarded you. Can you now he the brightest and the best? Has not all that romance been changed at a moment's notice? But alss! love does not after the same fashion." Then he turned

shortly round and left the room.

She remained confounded stricken. There had been that about him which seemed to declare a settled purposeas though he had intended to leave her for ever. She sat perfectly still thinking of it, thinking of the injustice of the sentence that had been pronounced upon her. Though she had deserved much she had not deserved this. Though she had expected punishment she had not expected punishment so severe. In about twenty minutes her maid came up to her, and with a grave face asked whether she would wish that breakfast should be sent to her in her own room. Mr. Western had sent to ask the question. "Yes," said she, -" if pleases." There could be no good in attempting to conceal from the servants a misery so deep and so lasting as this.

CHAPTER XII,-MR. WESTERN'S DECISION.

What should she do with herself? Her breakfast was brought to her. At noon she was told that Mr. Western had gone out for the day and would not return till the evening. She was asked whether she would have her pony carriage, and on refusing it, was per-

suaded by her maid walk in the grounds. "I think I will go out," she said, and went and walked for an hour. Her maid had been peculiarly her own and had come to her from Exeter; but she would not talk to her maid about her quarrel with her husband, though she was sure that the girl knew of the quarrel. Those messages had certainly come direct from her husband, and could not, she thought, have been sent without some explanation of the facts. She could see on the faces of all the household that every one knew that there was a quarrel. Twenty times during the day would she have had her husband's name on her tongue had there been no quarrel. It had been with her as though she had had a pride M declaring berself to be his wife. But now she was silent respecting him altogether. She would not bring herself ask the gardener whether Mr. Western wished this thing or the other. The answer had always been that the master wished the paths and the shrubs and the flowers to be just as she wished them. But now not a word was spoken. For an hour she walked among the paths, and then returned to her own room. Would she have her dinner in the dining-room? If so, the master would have his in the library. Then she could restrain herself no longer, but burst into tears. No; she would have no dinner. Let them bring her a cup of tea in her own month.

There she sat thinking of her condition, wondering from hour to hour what was to be the end of it. From hour to hour she sat, and can hardly have been said to think. She lost herself in pondering first over her own folly and then upon his gross injustice. She could not but marvel at her own folly. She had in truth known from the first moment in which she had resolved to accept his offer, that it was her duty to tell him the story of her adventure with Sir Francis Geraldine. 🔳 should have been told indeed before she had accepted his offer, and she could not now forgive herself in that she had been silent. "You must know my story, the should have said, "before there can be a word more spoken between us." And then with a clear brow and without a tremor in her voice she could have told it. But she had allowed herself to be silent, simply because he had told the same story, and then the moment had never come. She could not forgive herself. She could never entirely forgive herself, even though the day should come in which he might partion her.

But would be ever pardon her? Then her

condemnation. He had spoken to her darkly, scrawled a few words :-.as though he had intended to accuse her of some secret understanding with Sir Francis. He had believed her to be guilty of some underhand plot against his happiness carried on with the man whom she had been engaged! Of what was it that he had imagined her to be guilty? What was the plot of which in his heart he accused her? Then her imagination looked out and seemed to tell her that there could be but one. Her husband suspected her of having married him while her heart was still the property of that other man! And as she thought of this, indignation for the time almost choked her grief. Could II be possible that he, to whom she had given everything with such utter unreserve, whom she had made the god of her idolatry, to whom she had been exactly that which he had known so well how to describe, -could it be that he should have had every thought concerning her changed in a moment, and that from believing her to be all pure and all innocent, he should have come to regard her as a thing so vile as that? She almost tore her hair in her agony as she said that it must be so. He had told her that his respect, his cateem, and his veneration, had all passed away. She could never consent to live with him trusting solely to his love without esteem.

But as the evening passed away and the night came, and as the duration of the long hours of the day seemed III grow upon her, and as no tidings came to her from her lord, she began to tell herself that it was unbecoming that she should remain without knowing her fate. The whole length of the tedious day had passed since he had left her and had condemned her to breakfast in solitude. Then she accused herself of having been band with him during that interview, of harms she told herself that if she could see him once more, she might still whisper to him the truth and soften his wrath. But something she must do. She had dismissed her maid for the last time, and sat miserably in her room till midnight. But still she could not go to bed till she had made some effort. She would at any rate write to him one word. would write the whole story, she thought, simply the whole story, and would send it to him, leaving to him to believe or to disbelieve as he pleased. But as she bent write such a letter as that without devot- confiding and honest when left at peace, still

mind would fly away to the injustice of his ing an entire day to it. Then she rapidly

"DEAREST GRORGE,-Come to me and let me tell you everything.-Your own CECILIA."

Then she addressed him and but under her pillow that she might send it in him as soon as she should wake in the morning. Having done so she got into her bed and

wept herself asleep.

When the girl came into her room in the morning she at once asked after her husband. "Is Mr. Western up yet?" The maid informed her with an air of grave distress that Mr. Western had risen early and had been driven away from the house I catch a morning train. More than that the girl could not say. But she believed that a letter had been left on the library table. She had heard John say that there was such a letter. But John had gone with his master to the station. Then she sent down for the letter, and within a few minutes held it in her hand.

We will now go back to Mr. Western. He, as soon as he had left his wife's room in the morning went down-stairs, and began to consider within himself what was the cause of this evil thing which had been done to him. A very evil thing had been done. He did feel that the absolute happiness which had been his for the last few days had perished and gone from him. He was a man undemonstrative, and silent in expressing his own feelings, but one who revelled inwardly in his own feelings of contentment when he was content. His wife had been to him all that he had dreamt that a woman should be. She had filled up his cup with infinite bliss, though he had never told even to her how full his cup had been. But in everything he had striven to gratify her, and had been altogether successful. To go on from day to day with his books, with his garden, with his exercise, and above all with his wife, had been enough to secure absolute happiness. He had suspected no misfortune, and had anticipated no drawback. Then on a sudden there hadcome this wicked letter, which had made him wretched for the time, even though he She got up therefore and seated herself at were sure that it was not true. But he had the table with pen and ink before her. She known that it was only for the time, for he had been sure that was untrue. Then the blow had fallen, and all his contentment was banished. There was some terrible mystery, -some mystery of which he could not gauge over the table she felt that she could not the depth. Though he was gracious and

arose of which the circumstances were kept back from him. There was a secret here,there was certainly a secret; and was shared between his wife, whom of all human beings he had loved the best, and the man whom he most thoroughly despised. As long was possible that the whole tale might be an invention he would not believe a word against his wife; but, when it appeared that there was certainly some truth in it, then seemed that there was nothing too monstrous for him to believe.

After his solitary breakfast he walked abroad, and turned it all over in his mind. He had given her the opportunity of telling him everything, and she had told him nothing. So he declared to himself. That one condemning fact was there,-clear as daylight, that she had willingly bestowed herself upon this baronet, this creature who bis thinking was vile as a man could be. As to that there was no doubt. That was declared. How different must she have been from that creature whom he had funcied that he had loved, when she would have willingly consented to be the wife of such a man? And this had been done within a year, -as he said. And then she had married him, telling him nothing of it, though she must have known that he would discover it as soon as she was his wife. It suited her to be his wife,-for some reason which he could not perceive. She had achieved her object;---but not on that account need he live with her. It had been an affair of money, and his money she might have.

He came back and got his horse, as the motion of walking was not fast enough for him in his passion. | was grievous to be borne,—the fact that he had been so mistaken in choosing for himself a special woman as a companion of his life. He had desired her to be all honour, all truth, all simplicity, and all innocence. And instead of these things he had encountered fraud and premeditated deceit. She was his wife indeed :- but not on that account need he live with her.

And then his curiosity was raised. What was the secret between them? There must have been some question of money, as to To his thinking it was vile that a young not to return. woman should soil her mind with such thoughts and marry or reject a man at the last moment because of his money. All that should be arranged for her by her friends, so sordid matter. But these two had probably table.

he was painfully suspicious when something found at the last moment that their income was insufficient for their wants, and therefore his purse had been thought convenient. As all these things, with a thousand others, passed through his mind a came the determination that at any rate they must part.

He came home, and before he ate his dinner he wrote to her that letter, of which the contents shall now be given. It was a most unreasonable letter. But min his somow, in his passion, I seemed that every word was based upon reason.

"DEAR CECILIA," the letter ran,

"I need hardly tell you that I was surprised by the facts which you at last told me this morning. I should have been less pained, perhaps, had they come to me in the first instance from yourself instead of from Sir Francis Geraldine. But I do not know that the conclusion to which I have been forced would have been in any way altered had such been the case. I can hardly, I fear, make you understand the shock with which I have received the intelligence, that a month or two before I proposed to you you had been the promised wife of that man. I need hardly tell you that had I known that it was so I should not have offered you my hand. To say the least of it, I was led into my marriage by a mistake. But a marriage commenced with such a mistake as that cannot be happy.

"As to your object I cannot surmise, But I suppose that you were satisfied, thinking me to be of a nature especially soft and gentle. But I fear I am not so. After what has passed I cannot bring myself to live with you again. Pray beheve it. We have now

parted for ever.

has to your future welfare, and as to which you must continue | bear, I am quite willing to make any arrangements which inends of yours shall think to in due to you. Half my income you shall have, and you shall live here in this house if we be thought well for you. In reference to these things your lawyers had better see my lawyers. In the meantime my bankers will cash your which at the last moment they had disagreed. cheques. But believe me that I am gone,

"Your affectionate husband, "GEORGE WESTERN."

These words **w**rote, struggling to be that she might go to her hurband without cool and rational while he wrote them, and having been mixed any question of a then he departed, leaving the letter upon the

KEPT IN THE DARK.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER ZIEL-MRS. WESTERN PREPARES TO LEAVE.

ECILIA, when she first read her husdeclared with a magnanimity which she now felt to be odious, and almost mean, what liberal arrangements III had made for her maintenance. She was in no want of inrather starve in the street than eat his bread. unless she might eat it from the same loaf unless she might enjoy it with him.

self, thinking that something must occur to of at an instant's notice, because, for his mitigate the severity of the sentence which comfort, the telling of her story had been he had pronounced against her. It could not III that he should leave her thus,-he inhumanity of such a punishment were very whose every word, whose every tone, whose plain to her, every look, whose every touch had hitherto been so full of tenderness. If he had loved right so to dismiss her from his bosom? And as she had loved how could he live without his money? Perish his money! And his her? He had explained his idea of a wife, house! The remembrance of the offers and though he had spoken the words in his which he made to her aggravated her wrath anger, still she had been proud. But now bitterly. As his wife she had a right to his it seemed as though he would have her care, to his presence, and to me tenderness. believe that she was wholly unnecessary to She had not married him simply to be mainhim. It could not be so. He could not so tained and housed. Nor was that the mean-

want her as she wanted him, and that he must return to her to satisfy the cravings of his own heart.

But as time went on her tenderness graduband's letter, did not clearly understand ally turned to anger. He had pronounced could not be that he intended to the sentence, the heaviest sentence which his leave her for ever! They had been married mind could invent against her whom he had but a few months,—a few months of inex-made his own. Was that sentence just? She pressible love and confidence; and it was told herself again and again that it was most impossible that abould intend that they unjust. The fault which she had committed should be thus parted. But when she had deserved no such punishment. She conread it again and again, she began to per- fessed to herself that she had promised to ceive that it was so; Pray believe it. We become the wife of a man unworthy of her; have now parted for ever." Had he stopped but when she had done so she had not there her belief would have only been half- known her present husband. He at least hearted. She would not in truth have had no cause of anger with her in regard to thought that he had been in cornest in doom- that. And she, as soon as she had found ing her we eternal separation. But he had out her mistake and the man's character had gone on with shocking coolness m tell her become in part revealed to her, had with a how he had arranged his plans for the future. terrible courage taken the bull by the horns "Half my income you shall have." "You and broken away from the engagement which shall live here in this house, if it be thought outward circumstances had made attracwell for you." "Your lawyer had better see tive. Then with her mother she had gone my lawyer." It was, in truth, his intention abroad, and there she had met with Mr. that it should be so. And she had already Western. At the moment of their meetbegun to have some knowledge of the per- ing she had been at any rate innocent in sistency of his character. She was already regard to him. From that moment she had aware that he was a man not likely to be performed her duty to him, and had been moved from his word. He had gone, and sincere in her love, even as such a man as it was his intention to go. And he had Mr. Western could desire,—with the one exception of her silence. It was true that she should have told him of Sir Francis Gerakline;—of her folly in accepting him and her courage in repudiating him. Day by day She told herself that she would the days had gone by, and there had been some cause for fresh delay, that cause having ever reference to his immediate comfort. with him; that she would rather perish in Did she not know that had she told him, his the cold than enjoy the shelter of his roof, offer, his love, his marriage would have been the same? And now, was she to be turned There she remained the whole day by her- adrift and thrown aside, rejected and got rid delayed? The injustice, the cruelty, the

Could be do it? As her husband had be a have deceived her. It must be that he would ing of their marriage contract. Before God

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him, and to ad her live and die alone.

But though he had no right he had the power. She could not force him to be her companion. The law would give her only those things which she did not care to claim. He already offered more than the law would exact, and she despised his generosity. As long as he supported her the law could not bring him back and force him to give her to eat of his own loaf, and to drink of his own The law would not oblige him to encircle her in his arms. The law would not compel him to let her rest upon his bosom. None of those privileges which were undoubtedly her own could the law obtain for her. He had said that he had gone, and would not return, and the law could not bring him back again. Then she sat and wept, and told herself how much better would have been that single life of which Miss Altifiorla had preached me her the advantages.

The second day since his departure had passed and she had taken no step. Alone she had given way me sorrow and to indigna-tion, but as yet had decided on nothing. She had waited, still thinking that something would be done to soften her sorrow; but nothing had been done. The servents around her moved slowly, solemnly, and as though struck with awe. Her own maid had tried to say a word once and again, but had been silenced by the manner of her mistress. Cecilia, though she felt the weight of the silence, could not bring berself to tell the girl that her husband had left her for ever. The servants no doubt knew it all, but she could not bring herself to tell them that was so. He had told her that her cheques on his bankers would be paid, but she had declared that on no account should any such cheque be drawn by her. If he had made up his mind to desert her and had already left her without intending further communimust go back to her mother, where the eyes of all Exeter would see her. But she must in the first instance write to her mother; and how could she explain to her mother all the story respecting Sir Francis Geraldine?

he had no right to send her away from him she was ignorant. He was gone, but she did not know whither. The servants, no doubt, knew where, but she could not bring herself to ask them. On the third day she wrote as follows. The reader will remember that that short scrawl which she addressed to him from her bedroom had not been sent.

> "DEAR GEORGE,—This is the first letter I have written to you as your wife, and it will be very sad. I do not think that you can have remembered that yours would be the first which I had ever received from my husband. Your order has crushed me altogether. It shall, nevertheless, be obeyed as far as I am able to obey it. You say something as to your means, and something also to your house. In that you cannot be obeyed. It is not possible that I should take your money or live in your house unless I am allowed to do so as your wife. The law, I think, says that I may do so. But the law, of course, cannot compel a man to be a loving, tender husband, or even to accept the tenderness of a loving wife. I know what you owe me, but I know also that I cannot exact it unless you can give it with all your heart. Your money and your house I will not have unless I can have them together with yourself. Your bread would choke mc. Your roof would not shelter me. Your good things would be poison to me, -unless you were here to make me feel that they were yours also as well as mine. If you mean to insist on the severity of your order, you will have to get rid of me altogether. I shall then have come across two men of which I do not know whether to wonder most at the baseness of the one or the cruelty of the other. In that case I can only return to my mother. In that case you will not, I think, care much what may become of me; but as I shall still bear your name, it is, I suppose, proper that you should know where I purpose living.

"But, dear George, dearest George,---I cation, she must provide for herself. She wish you could know how much dearer to me in spite of your cruelty than all the world besides,—I cannot even yet bring myself to believe that we can for ever be separated. Dear George, endeavour think how small that had happened? Would even her own has been my offence and how tremendous mother believe her when she said that she the punishment which you propose. The was already deserted by her husband for offence is so small that I will not let myself ever and ever because abe had not told him down by saking your pardon. Had you said a word sitting beside me, even a word of On the third morning she resolved that anger, then I could have done so. I think she would write to her husband. It was not I could have made you believe how altogether fit, so she told herself, that she should leave accidental it had been. But I will not do so his house without some further word of now. I should aggravate my own fault till instruction from him. But how to address it would appear to you that I had done somehave done nothing of which I am ashamed, see her. Mr. Graham sent his card in to her, and nothing certainly which you ought even

to think it necessary to pardon."

When she had got so far she sat for a while thinking whether she would or would not tell him of the cause and the manner of her silence. Should she refer him to his rister, who understood so well how that silence had been produced? Should she explain to him that she had in the first case heritated to tell him her story because her story had been so like to his own? But as she thought of it all, she declared to herself that were she to do so she would in truth condescend to ask his pardon. What she required of him was that he should acknowledge her nature, her character, her truth to be such that he had made a grievous mistake in attributing to her aught that was a just cause of anger. "You stupid girl, you foolish girl, to have given yourself and me such cause for discomfort!" That he should have said to her, with his arm round her waist;—that and nothing more. Thinking of all this she resolved not to go into that subject. Should she ever do so it must be when he had come back to her, and was sitting with his arm around her waist. She ended her letter, therefore, very shortly.

"As I must wait here till I hear from you, and cannot even write to my mother till I do so, I must beg you to answer my letter quickly. I shall endeavour to go on without drawing any cheques. If I find it necessary I shall have to write to my

mother for money.

"Your most affectionate wife,

" CECILIA WESTERN," "Oh, George, if you knew how I loved

YOU!"

Then, as she did not like to send the letter out among the servants without any address, and thus to confess to them that she did not know where her husband had gone, she directed the letter to his club in London.

During the next day or two the pity of her servants, the silent, unexpressed pity, was very hard to bear. As each morning came her punishment seemed to become more and more intolerable to her. She could not read. There were none among her friends, not even her mother, to whom she could write. It was still her hope, her faintest hope, that she need confess to none of them the fact that her husband had quarrelled with her. She could only sit and ponder felt that interference was taken in matters over the tyranny of the man who by his mere which were essentially private to himself.

thing of which I ought to be ashamed, and a fate: But on the evening of the third day which perhaps you ought not to forgive. I she was told that a gentleman had called to and she at once recognised Mr. Graham as her husband's attorney. She was sitting at the open window of her own bedroom, looking into the garden, and she was aware that she had been weeping! "I will be down at once," she said to the maid, " if Mr. Graham will wait." "Oh, ma'am, you do take on so dreadfully," said the girl. "Never mind, Mary. I will come down and see Mr. Graham if you will leave me." "Oh, ma'am, oh, Miss Holt, I have known you so long,

may I not say a word to you?"
"I am not Miss Holt. I am still entitled to bear my husband's name." Then the girl, feeling herself to have been rebuked, was leaving the room, when her mistress jumped up from her seat, took her in her arms, and kissed her. "Oh, Mary," she said, "I am unhappy, so unhappy! But pray do not tell them. It is true that you have known me long, and I can trust you." Then the girl, crying much more bitterly than her mutress, left the

room.

In a few minutes Cecilia followed her, and entered the parlourinto which Mr. Graham had been shown, without a sign of tears upon her cheeks. She had been able to assume a look of injured feminine dignity, at almost magnificent innocence, by which the lawyer was much startled. She was resolved at any rate to confess no injury done by herself to her husband, and to say nothing to Mr. Graham of any injury done by him to her. Mr. Graham, too, was a gentleman, a man over fifty years of age, who had been solicitor to Mr. Western's father. He knew the husband in this case well, but he had as yet known nothing of the wife. He had been simply told by Mr. Western to understand that he, Mr. Western, had no fault I find with the lady; that he had not a word to say against her; but that unfortunately circumstances had so turned out that all married happiness was impossible for him. Mr. Graham had endeavoured to learn the facts; but he had been aware that Mr. Western was a man who would not bear to be cross-examined. A question or two he had asked, and had represented his client how dreadful was the condition to which he was condemning both the lady and himself. But his observations were received with that peculiar cold civility which the man's manner assumed when he suspicions could subject a woman to so cruel "It is so, Mr. Graham, that in this case it cannot be avoided. I wish you to understand that all pecuniary arrangements are be made for Mrs. Western which she herself may desire. Were she = ask for everything I possess she must have it,-down to the barest pittance." But at this moment he had not received his wife's letter.

There was a majesty of beauty about Mrs. Western by which Mr. Graham was startled, but which he came mecognise before the interview was over. I cannot say that he understood the cause of the quarrel, but he had become aware that there was much in the lady very much on a par with her husband's character. And she, when she found out, as she did instinctively, that she had to deal with a gentleman, dropped something of the hauteur of her silence. But she said not a word as to the cause of their disagreement. Mr. Graham asked the question in the simplest language. "Can you not tell me why you two have quarrelled so quickly after your marriage?" But she simply referred him to her husband. "I think you must ask Mr. Western about that." Mr. Graham renewed the question, feeling how important it was that ahould know. But she only smiled, and again referred him to her husband. But when he came to speak to her about money arrangements she smiled no longer. " It will not be necessary," she said.

"But it is Mr. Western's wish,"

"It will not be necessary. Mr. Western has decided that we must-part. On that matter I have not a word to say. But there will be nothing for any lawyer to do on my behalf. If Mr. Western has made up his mind, I will return my mother. I can assure you that no steps need be taken as to money." "No steps will be possible," she added, with all that feminine majesty which was peculiar to her. "I understand from you that Mr. Western's mind is made up. You can tell him that I shall be ready to leave this house for my mother's, in-let me say a week." Mr. Graham went back to town having been able to make no other arrangement. He might pay the servants wages,when they were due; and the tradesmen's bills; but for herself and her own peculiar wants Mrs. Western would take no money. "You may tell Mr. Western," she said, "that I shall not have to encroach on his of a tear, without the utterance of a word. Francis had offered "such courtesistot of tenderness,-so that the lawyer on leaving her hardly knew what her wishes were.

"Nevertheless I think it is his doing," he suid to himself. "I think she loves him.

CHAPTER KIV .- TO WHAT A PUNISHMENT!

Mr. WESTERM, when he received his wife's letter, after having given his instructions to the lawyer, was miserable enough. But not on that account did he think of changing his purpose. He had made up his mind,—as men say,—and having made II up he assured himself that he had done it with ample cause. He could not quite explain to himself the reasons for his anger. He did not quite know what were the faults of which accused his wife. But was sure that his weath was just, and had come from sins on her part which it would ill unbecoming as a man and a husband that he should condone. And his anger was the hotter because he did not know what those sins were. There had been some understanding, so he thought, between his wife and Sir Francis Geraldine which was derogatory to his honour. There had seen an understanding and a subsequent querel. and Sir Francis Geraldine had been hase enough to inform him of the understanding because of the quarrel. Sir Francis no doubt had been very base, but not on that secount had his wife been less a sinner. What was it to him that Sir Francis should | base? No vice, no lies, no cruelty on the part of Sir Francis were anything to him. But Lie wife; -that she whom he had taken to hi a bosom as his own, that she in whom he had believed, she who was to the future deposition of all his secrets, his very second self, that she, the very moment in which he had exposed to her the tenderness of his heart, that she should then have entertained a confident then have entertained a confident al inter course with such a one as Sir France , Geral dine, an intercourse of which she Phad in tended that abould know nothing that that was more than he could endure. this this feeling that he was to known nothin of it, which was too much for him. It seems to him that he had been selected to be stalking-horse for them in their intery repurs It was not that we ever accused hispa wife illicit love. He was not base enswaugh think her so base as that. But thad ere he been some cause for a mysterious allian as to which he had been kept in the day To be kept in the dark, and by his of hwn wi "that I shall not have to encrosed on his to be kept in aire taken, who we will liberality." So Mr. Graham went back to was the one thing that was uner widurab town; and Mrs. Western carried herself And then the light had been let in ull poon h through the interview without the shedding by that letter from Sir Francis, in who hich generally held to be pleasant in a ne far lighbo hood. The intention had been one that !

old friendship should 🔤 renewed under his done so in order that he might maintain his roof, and be renewed without any information . being given to him that it had ever previously existed. This was the feeling that had made I incumbent on him to repudiate a wife who had so treated him. This was the feeling which forbad him to retire from his suicidal purpose. His wife had had a secret, a secret which it was not intended that he should share, and her partner in the secret had been that man whom of all men he had despised the most, and who as in now learnt had been only the other day engaged to marry her. In fostering his wrath he had declared to himself that it was but only the other day; and he had come to think that at the very moment in which he had told Cecilia Holt of all his own troubles she had then, even then, been engaged to this abominable baronet. "I have got another man 🔳 offer to many me, and therefore our engagement, which 📕 a trouble to us both, may now be over." Some such communication as this had been made, and he had been the victim of it.

And yet as he thought of all this, and nursed his rage, and told himself how im-possible it was that me should even pretend to live with such a woman with continued confidence, even then he was moments almost overcome by the tenderness of his recollections. He had loved her so entirely; and she to his outward eyes and outward ears had been so fit to be loved! He had thanked his stars that after running into so great a peril with that other lady it had at last been given to him settle his beart where it might dwell securely. She had required from him no compliments, none of the little weaknesses of love-making, no pretences, had demanded from him the taking of no trouble which would have grated against his feeling. She had been everything that his very soul desired. And she had played her part so well i She had been to him as though it had been a fresh thing to her to love a man with all her heart, and to be able to talk to him of her love. And yet she, the while, was in secret and most intimate communication with a man to whom he had been in the habit of applying within his own breast all the vilest epithets which the language could afford. "Swindler, thief, scoundrel," were the terms he had thought of. In his dislike to the ways of the world in general he had declared to himself that the world admitted such as Sir Francis within its high places without disgust. This was the man who had coolly demanded to intimate with him, and had

acquaintance with his wife !

We know how wrong he was in these thoughts; -how grievously he wronged her of whom he was thinking. . Of the worst of all these size she was absolutely innocent ;of so much the worst that the fault of which she had not been innocent was not worth regarding when thought of in reference to that other crime. But still it was thus that he believed, and though he was aware that he was about to submit himself to absolute misery in decreeing their separation, yet there was to his thinking no other remedy. He had been kept in the dark. To the secrets of others around him he was, he declared to himself, absolutely indifferent. They might have their mysteries and it would be nothing whim. He had desired to have one whose mysteries should be his mysteries; who should share every thought of his heart, and of whose secret thoughts he desired to keep the only key. He had flattered himself that it was so, and this had been the result! It may be doubted whether his misery were not altogether as bitter as hers.
"Of course she shall live with her mother if she pleases it," he said to Mr. Graham on the following morning.

As to money, if she will name no sum that she requires I must leave it to you to say what in Justice ought to be allowed to her. You know all the circumstances of my property."

"But I know none of the circumstances

of your marriage," replied Mr. Graham.
"They were altogether of the usual kind." "None of the circumstances of your separation, I should have said."

"It is unnecessary," replied Mr. Western, gloomily.

"It will be very difficult to give her any

"You may take it if you will that the fault all mine. I would provide for her as I should be bound to do if By my own cruelty or my own misconduct I had driven her from me!" He had no idea as he said this that by his own cruelty and his own misconduct he was driving her from him.

"My conviction is that she will take

nothing," said Mr. Graham.

"In a matter of business she must take it. The money must be paid her, let her do what she will with it. Even though a should be thrown into the sea, I must may it."

"I think you will find that she has a will of her own." "And she will find that I have," said Mr. Western with a frown. It was exactly on this point that the husband and wife were being separated. He had thought that she had calculated that when once they were married she had carried her purpose in spite of his will. But he would let her understand that it was not so. She had so far succeeded that she was entitled to bear his name, but she had not mastered him in the matter, and should not do so.

"It I a thousand pities, Mr. Western. You will allow me to say so, but it is a thousand pities. A most handsome lady; with a fine lady-like air! One in a thousand!"

Mr. Western could not endure to hear the catalogue of his wife's charms set forth to him. He did not want to be told by his lawyer that she was "handsome" and "one in a thousand (" In that respect their quarrel made no difference. No gentleman wishes another assure him that his wife a one in a thousand. An old mother might say so, or an old aunt; hardly any one less near and less intimate could be allowed to do so. Western was aware that no man in the ordinary course of events would be less likely to offend in that way than Mr. Graham. But in this case Mr. Graham should not, he thought, have done it. He had come to Mr. Graham about money and not about his wife's beauty. "I hardly think we need discuss that," he said, still with a heavy frown on his brow. "Perhaps you will think over what I have said you, and name a sum to-morrow."

"At the risk of making you angry I have to speak," continued Mr. Graham. "I knew your father, and have known you all your life. If this is to make her miserable, and if, as I gather, she has committed no great fault, will it not be—wicked?" Mr. Graham sat silent for a few moments, looking him in the face. "Have you consulted your own conscience, and what it will say to you after a time? She has given all that she has to you, though there has not been a shifting,—and no money can repay her. One fault is

not pardonable,—one only fault."
"No, no. I do not accuse her."

"Nor dream that she is guilty, if I under-

stand the matter rightly."

"No, I do not. But I did not come here to be interrogated about her after this fashion,—nor to be told that I am wicked. For what sins I commit I must be myself responsible. I am unable,—at any rate unwilling,—to tell you the circumstances, and must leave you to draw your own conclusions. — you will think over the matter, and will same a sum, I shall be obliged to you." Then he was about to leave, but Mr. Graham interposed himself between his client and the door.

"Pray excuse me, Mr. Western. I know that you are angry, but pray excuse me. I should ill do my duty to an old client whom I respect did I not dare, as being older than he is, to give the advice which as a bystander I think that he requires." Mr. Western stood perfectly silent before him but clearly showing his wrath by the frown upon his brow. "I wenture to say that you are taking upon yourself as a husband to do that which the world will not pardon."

"I care nothing for the world."

"Pardon me. You will care for it when you come to consider that its decision has been just. When you have to reflect that you have rained for ever the happiness of a woman whom you have sworn to love and protect, and that you have cast her from you for some reason which you cannot declare and which is not held to justify such usage, then you will regard what the world says. You will regard it because your own conscience will say the same. If I mistake not you still love her."

"I am not here to discuss such points,"

said Mr. Western angrily.

"Think of the severity of the punishment which you are inflicting upon one whom you love; and of the effect it must have on her feelings. I tell you that you have no right to do this,—unless she have been guilty, as you confess she has not." Then he seated himself in his arm-chair and Mr. Western left the chamber without saying another word.

He went out into Lincoln's Inn, and walked westward towards his Club, hardly knowing in his confusion whither he was going. At first his breast was not with anger against Mr. Graham. The man had called him wicked and cruel, and had known nothing of the circumstances. Could it be wicked, could it be cruel for him to resent such treachery as that of which he had been the victim? All his holiest hopes had been used against him for the vilest purposes and with the most fell effect! He at any rate had been ruined for ever. And the man had told him about the world! What did he in his misery care for the world's judgment? Cecilia had married him, and in marrying him had torn his heart asunder. This man had accused him of cruelty in leaving her. But how could have continued to live with her without hypocrisy? Cruel indeed! What were her sufferings to his-hers, who had condescended to the level of Sir Francis Geraldine, and had trafficked with such a one as that as to the affairs of their joint happiness ! To such a woman it was not given to suffer.

lady should look. Mr. Graham had been right And his heart became tender even towards her. . enough in that. But he had not known how What would be her fate, as his wife and looks may deceive, how noble to the eye therefore debarred from the prospects of any may be the face of a woman while her heart other future? She would live with her within is ignoble, paltry, and mean. But as mother as any widow would live, -with much he went on with his walk by degrees he came less of hope, with less chance of enjoying to forget Mr. Graham, and to think of the her life, than would any other widow. And misery which was in store for himself. And when her mother should die she would be all thoughat the moment he despised Mr. Graham, alone. To what a punishment was he not his thoughts did occupy themselves exactly with those perils of which Mr. Graham had spoken. The woman had trusted herself to his care and had given him her beauty and that she loved him. He remembered the last words of her letter-- "Oh, George, if you knew how I loved you!" He did not doubt but that those words were true. He did not suppose that she had ever given her heart to Sir Francis Geraldine,—that she had truly and sincerely devoted herself to one so mean as that! Such heart as she had to give had been given to himself. But there had been traffic of marriage with this man, and even continued correspondence and an understanding as to things which had put her with all her loveliness on a level with him rather than with her existing husband. What this understanding was he did not be said care to inquire. It had existed and still did exist. That was enough to make him know that she was untrue to him his wife,-untrue in spirit if not in body. But in truth he did care to know. It was, indeed, because he had not known, because he had been allowed only to guess and search and think about it, that now remain to share his. all this misery had come. He had been kept in the dark, and to be kept in the dark was to him, of all troubles, the most grievous. When he had first received the letter from Sir Francis he had not believed it to be true. From first to last it had been a fiction. But when once his wife had told him that the engagement had existed, he believed all. It was as though she had owned to him the circumstance of a still existing intimate friendship. He had been kept in the dark, but he did not know how far,

future, vaguely, the idea that by the deed he obdurate. He had been made quite sure was doing now, I this present moment, he that it was not for the benefit of either of was sacrificing her happiness and his own for them that they should attempt to live toever, -- as regarded this world. And the gether. Having come that decision, which people would say that he had done so, - the he represented as unchangeable, he was will-She would say so, and her mother,—and he demand for her future satisfaction and commust acknowledge it. And Lady Grant fort. "There I nothing you can do," she would know that had been so, and Mr. had said when she had written last, "as you

Yes; she was beautiful and she looked as a Graham would always think so | the end,

dooming her!

If he could die himself it would be well for all parties. He had taken his great step in life and had failed. Why should he doom her her solicitude. He did in his heart believe who was differently constituted, to similar failure? It had been a great mistake. He had made it and now there was no escape. But then again his pity for himself welled up in his heart. Why had he been so allured so deceived, so cozened? He had intended to have given all good things. The very essence of his own being he had bestowed upon her,-while she, the moment that his back was turned, was corresponding with Sir Francis Geraldine! That thought he could not stand. She, in truth, had been greatly in error in her first view of the character of Sir Francis Geraldine; but it must be a question whether he was not so also. The baronet was a poor creature, but not probably so utterly vile as he thought him. As he turned it all over in his mind, while wandering to and fro, he came in the conclusion that Mr. Graham was wrong, and that it was impossible that she, who had been the sharer of the thoughts of Sir Francia Geraldine, should

CHAPTER XV .-- ONCE MORE AT EXETER.

THREE weeks had passed and much had been done for Mrs. Western to fix her fate in life. It was now August, and she was already living at Exeter as a wife separated from her husband. Of much she had had to think and much to determine before she had found that haven of rest. Twice during the time she had received letters from her husband, but each letter had been short, and, though not absolutely without affection in its But still there loomed to him as to the language, each letter had been absolutely people whose voices he could not but regard. ing, he said, to do anything which she might have refused to do your duty." This had almost a false conviction. She knew that she could she have treated him so, him, who had been so absolutely devoted to her, who had so entirely given himself up to her happiness?

Lady Grant, when she had heard what was to be done, had hurried up to London but had not found them. She had gone to Exeter and there she had in vain endeavoured to comfort Cecilia. She had declared that her brother would in time forgive. Cecilia's whole nature had by this time apparently been changed. "Forgive!" she had said. "What will be forgive? There is nothing that he can forgive; nothing that can be spoken of in the same breath with his perfidy and crueity. Can I forgive? Ask yourself that, Lady Grant. Is it possible that I should forgive?" After two days spent in conversations such m these Lady Grant went back to town and discussed the matter with Mr. Graham. They did not at present know her brother's address; but still there was a hope that she might induce him to hear reason and again to consent to live with his wife. "Of all men," she said to the lawyer, " he is the most honest and the most affectionate; but of all men the most selfwilled and obstinate. An injustice is with him like a running sore; and, also, it is not always an injustice, but a something that he has believed to be unjust."

Cecilia had written at great length to her mother, telling her with all details the story as it was to be told, and sparing herself in nothing. "That wicked man has contrived it all. But, oh, that such a one as my husband should have been weak enough to have fallen into a pit so prepared I" Then Mrs. Holt had come up to town and taken her daughter back with her to Exeter. Now, at last, on this occasion, the old woman was both energetic and passionate. There had been much discussion before they had both decided, that they would again venture to old home. But here Cecilia had shown her-

made him again angry. "What right has had done wrong;-that she had done that of she to talk to me of my duty, seeing that she which among wives she ought to be ashamed. But her sin had been so small in comparison himself. Then he had suddenly gone from with the punishment inflicted upon her that England, leaving no address even with his sunk to nothing even in her own eyes. She sister or with his lawyer. But during this time felt that she had been barbarously used. his mind was not quiet for one instant. How The people of Exeter, or the people of the world at large, might sympathise with her or not as they pleased. But under such a mountain of wrong as she had endured, she would not show by any conduct of her own that she could have in the least deserved it. "No, mamma," she said; "let them stay away or let them come, I shall be ready for either. I am a poor wretched woman, whom to crush utterly has been within the power of the man she has loved. He has chosen to exercise it, and I must suffer. But he shall not make me ashamed. I have done nothing

to deserve his cruelty."

And then when she had been at Exeter but a few days there came another source of trouble,—though not of unmitigated trouble. She told her mother that in due course of time her cruel busband would become the father of a child. She would not write to him. He had not chosen to let her know his address; nor was it fitting to her feelings to communicate such a fact in a letter which she must address secretly to his banker or to his club. Yet the fact was of such a nature that it was imperative that he should know it. At last it was told by Mrs. Holt to Lady Grant. Cecilia had herself attempted it, but had found that she could not do it. She could not write the letter without some word of tenderness, and she was resolved that no word of tenderness should go from her him. It would seem as though she were asking for money, and were putting forward the coming of the little stranger as a plea for it. She would ask for no money. She had appealed to his love, and had appealed in vain. If he were hard, she would be so too. In her heart of hearts she probably entertained the idea of some possible future in which she might yes put the child into its father's arms;—but it should be done not at her request.

should be in his prayer. At least there was this comfort to her,—that she live together among their old friends in their no longer dreaded his power. He had so contrived that to her thinking the fault was self **m** be once again stronger than her altogether on his side. Forgive! Oh yes; "Why not?" she said. "What she would forgive! Oh yes; she would forhave I done to make it necessary that you give, so readily, so sweetly, with the full should be torn away from your house? I am determination that I should all be like a not at all ashamed of what I have done." In black nightmare that had come between this she had blazoned forth her courage with them and troubled their joys. But | the

bottom of the heart of each it must be understood that it had been hers to pardon and his to be pardoned. Or if not so, then she must continue to live her widowed life at Exeter.

Mrs. Holt was energetic and pessionate father than discreet. She would not admit that her child had done any wrong, and could not be got to understand but that the law should make a husband live with his wife in the proper way. It was monstrons to her thinking that her daughter should be married any offence on her part. shake her head, and Cecilia knew that iller thoughts she was executing some vehance against Mr. Western; but there struce to spoken words. Cecilia indeed son executed her vengeance against her her other did not perceive it.

...nong their Exeter friends there soon came to be an actual breach with Miss Alti-Miss Altifioria, as soon as it was known that Mrs. Western had reappeared in exeter, had rushed down to greet her friend. there she had been received coldly by pcilia, and more than coldly by Cecilia's other. "My dear Cecilia," she had said, Litempting to take hold of her friend's hand, "I told you what would come of it."

"There need be nothing said about it,"

said Mrs. Western.

"Not after the first occasion," said Miss. "A few words between us to show that each understands the other will be expedient."

'I do not see that any words can be of ervice," said Mrs. Western. "Not in the st," said Mrs. Holt. "Why need anything said? You know that she has been cruelly sed, and that is all you need know."

I do know the whole history of it," said Altitioria, who had taken great pride to the at informed person there as to Mrs. Westers sad affairs. "I was present up to s sad affairs. "I was present up to the mount, and I must say that if Cecilia

had then taken my advice hgs would have been very different. I alot blaming her." " I should hope not, and Mrs. Holt,

"But things would he been very different. Cecilia was a little at telling her husband the truth. A.Mr. Western was like other gentlemen, .e did not like be kept in the dark his wife. You see that Cecilia has givenortal cause for offence to

two gentlemen

This was y to be endured. Cecilia did and taken away, and then sent back, without not exactly low all the facts as they had any offence on her part. In the resent-ment which she felt against Mr. Western she Francis, a certainly knew none of those filled quite a new part among the people of which we sow in process of occurring; but Exeter. "The mamma; you are so loving, the strong suspected that something had so good," said her daughter; "but do not taken ple, that some conversation had let us talk about it. Cannot you understand been he between her friend and Sir Francis that, angry as I am, I cannot endure to have Geralie. She had been allowed to read him abused?" "Abused!" said Mrs. Holt, the ter from Sir Francis to her husband, kindling in her wrath all cannot hold my-auther remembered well the meaning of it. did come pass that Mr. Western's name ne had used. She had, however, thought wanot mentioned between them. Mrs. that something which had passed between It would now and again clench her fist himself and Miss Altifiorla had been the immediate cause of the writing of that letter-She did think that Miss Altifiorla had, as it were, gone over to the enemy. That she had been prepared to pardon. The enemy had, in fact, told no falsehood in his letter. It had been her misfortune that the story which he had told had been true :-- and her further misfortune that her husband should have believed so much more than the truth. For all that she did not hold Miss Altifiorla, to be responsible. But when she was told that she had given cause for mortal offence to two gentlemen, there was something in the phrase which greatly aggravated her anger. It was as though this would-be friend was turning against her for her conduct towards Sir Francis. And she was just as angry that the friend should turn against her for her conduct | her husband. "Miss Altifiorle," she said, " I must request that there be no further conversation between us in reference to the difference between me and my husband."

"Miss Altifioria! I it to come to that, Cecilia-between you and me who have enjoyed so much sweet friendship?"

"Certainly; if you make yourself so offen-

sive," said Mrs. Holt,

"It is the only made by which I can show that I am in earnest," said Cecilis. "If 📗 does not succeed, I must declare that I shall be unwilling to meet you at all. I told you to be silent, and you would not."

"Oh, very well! I you like to quarrel it

will quite . dition I have. But in your present conthrowing off think that you are wise in time when you old friends. It is just the would be true tot to cling to those who

This was more. I shall cling at tan Cecilia could bear,

she said, leaving the who are true to me,

"Oh, very well! "Poto conduct myself." T. I shall know how Mrs. Holt "I hope you as addressed to self, we you call it, some onduct yourbere. You're very fond of "e away from the truth; and Cecilia in hiddling, that's dition does not want be present con-Oh, yes, you can go away as so ddled with.

Please !" Thereupon Mus Altt as ever you please! Thereupon Muss Altraria left the room and withdrew. In must bris left the explained that this lady, since she was last on the scene, had learned to entertain new hopes, very exalted in their nature. It has anot occurred to her during those ten minute, at the Paddington railway station, that it might possibly be so if she played her cards well. And then how glorious would be the result! Sir Francis Geraldine had squeezed ber hand. If he might be made to go on squeezing her hand sufficiently, how great might be the effect produced! Lady Geraldine! How beautiful was the sound ! She thought that within all the bounds of the English peerage,and she knew that those bounds included the baronets,-there was no sweeter, no more glorious, no more aristocratic appellation. Lady Geraldine | What a change, what a thought of the chill of her present life, of written. "How could you be 7,000 its want of interest, of its insipid loneli-upon the poor man?" "Perhaps the it think too little of her own personal appeara little too soon, perhaps, for her own ance. She knew that she had a good wear-comfort; but that's her affair, not mine." ing complexion and that her features were of the hand of time. There were none of the Cecilia had been served right, though andersing dimples of early wouth none of thought ask said that the thought

the special brightness of English feminine loveliness, none of the fresh tints of sweet girlhood; but Miss Altifiorla boasted to herself that she would look the British aristocratic matron very well. She certainly had not that Juno beauty which Cecilia Holt could boast, that beauty which could be so severe to all chance comers but which could melt at once and become soft and sweet and easy to one favoured individual. Miss Altifiorla acknowledged to herself that was her nature always to remain outwardly the same to all men. But then dress and diamonds, and all the applied paraphermalia of aristocracy would, she felt, go far with her. If Sir Francis could be once got to ailmire her, she was sure that Sir Francis would never be driven to repent of his bargain from any falling off on her part. She thought that abe would know how to be the master; but this would be an after consideration, and one as to which the need not at present pay as to which the need not at prequezed especial attention. Sir Francis Had her hand most affectionately, and there have no subsequent to the second subsequen been a subsequent meeting at Exeter, while had stayed a couple of hours as he was through to his own property. And she of sure that he had stayed for the purposels meeting her. Since that affair with Cers Holt he had not been made warmly welco. at the deanery. Yet he had stayed and absolutely called upon Miss Altifioria. had found her and had discussed Mr. an. Mrs. Western with much sarcastic humour,

Lady Geraldine | What a counge, when a said, when he told her of the letter a blissful change would that be! When she said, when he told her of the letter a said, when he told her of the letter as the blissful change would that be! When she said, when he told her of the letter as the blissful change would that be! When she said, when he told her of the letter as the blissful change would that be! When she said, when he told her of the letter as the blissful change would that be! When she said, when he told her of the letter as the blissful change would that be! "Now you haven't!" Miss Altifinals had ness, and then told herself what might be may think that I have been hard upon he in store for her should she live to become Sir Francis had replied. "Perhaps she will Lady Geraldine, she declared to herself that know the meaning of tit for tat. Perhaps she even though the chance might be very small, will understand now that one good turn dethe greatness of the reward if gained would serves another. I was not that I cared so justify the effort. Lady Geraldine! And much for her," he said. "I'd got to feel she saw no reason why her chance should be that she was far too virtuous for me,-too so very small. She had a cousin with a stuck up, you'll understand. I wasn't at all pedigree longer than even that of Sir Francis, disappointed when she played me that trick. Count Altiforla,—who, indeed, had no She didn't turn out the sort of girl that I had money, but was a genuine Count. She her- taken her for. I knew that I had had an self had a nice little sum of money, quite escape. But, nevertheless, tit for tat is fair enough to be agreeable to a gentleman who on both sides. She played me a trick, and might be somewhat out of cibows from the now I've played her one, and we are even. effects of Newmarket. And she did not We can each go to work again. She began

that sort which did not yield very readily to only langued and smiled and declared the hat In answer to all this, Miss Altifiorla la 21

Sir Francis had been almost too hard, preparatory declaring himself. She was "That's my way of doing business," he had convinced that he was about to kiss her; but expected that III was going to do something he must go to the station.

"If any one wants me to run at the very moment at which the event had straight, they must begin by running straight been expected, Mrs. Green had been anthemselves. I can be an aweet as new milk nounced and the kiss did not, alas! come off. I'm well treated." Then there had been. She could hardly bring herself to be civil to a moment in which Miss Altificals had almost Mrs. Green when Sir Francis declared that

WORK AND OVERWORK.

By J. MILNER FOTHERGILL, M.D.

manifests itself in lassitude, in unfitness for exertion, compelling rest until the sense of vigour is once more experienced. · Certainly, fought off by determination; and sometimes by resort | stimulants. Baron Justus von Liebig wrote thirty years ago about the workman who resorts to spirits in order to enable him to complete his task-"He draws, so to speak, a bill on his health, which must be always renewed, because for want of means he cannot take it up; he consumes his capital instead of his interest; and the result in the inevitable bankruptcy

WORK, fairly proportioned to the powers, If they succeed all is well. If their outgoings is good and healthy for the organism; no just equal their incomings such accumulation matter whether it be brain-work or body-work... of means in impossible, and they become The full exercise of the powers, mental bankrupt unless they succeed in practically and bodily, a desirable and improves them; staving off payment by meeting the bill so long as the demand is not excessive. But coming due by drawing another. Yet the when the powers are called upon too freely, debt remains; and bill-drawing a costly then danger looms ahead. Bodily fatigue device which means absolute ruin at no very distant period. But during all this time there is the grave danger of some new demand, for which no similar scheme will or so far so good. But these sensations are not can provide; for their credit is already mortalways attended to, and too frequently are gaged up to the hilt. Smuch then they must. gaged up to the hilt. Smash then they must. Bankruptcy is the natural end of trading upon fictitious capital.

Now this illustration will make clear to the reader what is here meant about physiological bankruptcy. It means the exhaustion of the body-capital, and collapse before some new demand. Daily we pay into the body-bank so much; and every day we draw out so much. Some days the paying in is far in excess of the withdrawal; of his body." The system contains a reserve then we feel energetic. Many persons so fund of energy upon which we can draw in circumstanced feel a craving for something emergencies; and this is known by the term to do. A walk, a row in a boat, a game of "physiological capital." The body-income tennis; anything that will safely take away is paid in daily from the food we eat; the the surplus energy is acceptable. Animals body expenditure is the daily out-goings, are just the same. After a day or two in the The excess of income over expenditure is kennel the dog delights in a long day's the body-capital. When the outgoings are hunting. So with the hone; after a day or less than the incomings an accumulation of two in the stable he is "fresh," as capital takes place in the body-bank; just termed, and quite frolicsome when first as is the case in the money-bank, when more taken out. The cup is brimming over! On is paid in than m taken out an accumulation the other hand, man and animal alike enjoy follows. The excess is termed the balance. a rest after severe and prolonged exertion. Now when business firms reduce their balance. But when the horse must work every day, too far they are in danger of failure if any his owner feeds him up; gives him more sudden and unforeseen demand be made stimulant food. This, however, cannot go upon them. In fact if their balance be un- on for ever. The horse is at last found unequal to the demand, they may become equal to his work; the veterinary surgeon is hankrupt. They usually meet the demand called in, who pronounces him "used up," by drawing a bill payable at a certain date. and prescribes a course of grass." That is, In the meantime they set to work to provide the home has to have a long holiday, a rest the means to meet the bill when I falls due, in the country until he is strong again.

horse to reaccumulate a store of body-capital; which once more fits him for work. He is then taken into the stable, put on hay and com, i.e. a more liberal dietary to increase the body-income, and soon is at work again-

a good serviceable horse.

do we hear so much nowadays about holidays? Some little time ago, not more than a generation, holidays were associated with school children. Rarely did any one of adult years talk of a holiday. Such person was looked upon as quite luxurious; a holiday was a species of extravagance. Nowadays the autumn holiday is the rule with all who can afford it. The necessity for such holiday now becoming quite imperative. Nay, longer periods of rest are becoming actually necessary. We inquire after an enterprising acquaintance. "How is Mr. Vigor?" we ask. "Oh, he is abroad. His doctor has ordered him away for a voyage to Australia." "How was that?" we inquire. "The old story—overwork. Beginning to tell here!" And the speaker taps his forehead significantly, "Could not sleep. Began to find business too much for him." Pondering the matter over, it seems at first odd, inexplicable, that Mr. Vigor, of all persons, should have had to seek rest. Always at work, fond of toil, never sparing himself, pushing, energetic, industrious, thrifty; what-ever could have brought this about? The simile of the over-worked horse flashes upon the mental processes-Mr. Vigor is turned out to grass ! That is what it is. After a good rest, plenty to eat, plenty of fresh air, and little to do on shipboard, with plenty of sleep, Mr. Vigor will come back with a new store of body-capital; and go to business again with the same sense of energy as of yore. A new man, indeed i

Now what has Mr. Vigor being doing to get into this condition of physiological bankruptcy, or an approach thereto? He has been working until he has reached the point of overwork. He has drawn upon his physiological capital until he can no longer accomplish his daily tale of work; and feels exhausted by the small amount he actually accomplishes. He approaching a breakdown, other words, becoming a bodycome he has no funds with which to meet it. So his medical man has ordered him

Plenty to eat and nothing to do enables the tried, with good effect; but still are inadequate to complete restoration of the health; just as a few days' rest I the stable are tried for the overworked home, till the device in no longer sufficient. A prolonged rest then

becomes essential and imperative,

Some time ago, when talking with Mr. Just the same occurs with man! Why Duguid at the Brown Institution for Animals, at Vauxhall, informed me that horses which had already had a number of years of work in London showed much less resistive power to disease than was manifested by other horses recently come from the country.-The latter could fight successfully with the disease while the overworked town-horse soon succumbed. Mr. Duguid's observation fell like seed on ground prepared to receive it, for just then I had been studying the subjects of " Physiological Bankruptcy, and "Overwork," for two chapters thereupon in a work, "The Maintenance of Health;" and these identical effects upon the horse that were exhibited by man, were most sug-

gestive and interesting to me,

Since then I have watched with heightened interest, yet with saddened feelings, how frequently this sudden collapse occurs in overworked men before the impact of acute disease. Many men in the prime of life, in the midst of the greatest intellectual activity, are dead before their friends realise that they are seriously ill. It is rumoured that Mr. So-and-so is ill; next, that there has been a consultation of several medical men, and that little hope is held out for recovery; then, before the sense of shock is almost realised, that the fatal event has occur-This is very terrible, and creates intense interest on the part of his friends, who are stunned by the intelligence, and cannot comprehend how the disaster has happened. It turns out that early in the case asthenic symptoms showed themselves, and that the poor gentleman sank swiftly despite everything that could be done for him. Nor is such a history unknown among the medical profession. Several rude shocks of this kind have occurred within recent years. especially suggest themselves in conspicuous men, hospital physicians, and writers of eminence. First they were ill, but nothing sinister was apprehended. Then an asthenic type of disease was recognised of an ery-If any sudden demand were supelatous character; a sense of apprehension was suddenly experienced, not without good and valid reason; and soon it was whispered away from business altogether for a protracted that they were minking, and the fears were period. Probably small rests, short intervals quickly realised. Both had been systematiof absence from business have been already cally overworking themselves, trusting no in each case in the form of blood-poisoning; and then the real condition was revealed, and the sufferers quickly sank. These medical men both succumbed to the onslaught of an acute condition against which they would, in all probability, have successfully struggled, had not both been physiologically bankrupt. Overwork, systematic and persistent, for good and praiseworthy objects, had sapped the

nowers in each case.

"Nature knows nothing of extenuating circumstances." Physiological bankruptcy is a physical fact which is in no way a matter of Whether a man is exhausted by ethics. labour of the most laudable character, or by a persistent course of drunkenness and debauchery, matters nothing as regards the conditions of physiological bankruptcy with its train of dangers. Indeed such conditions are commonly associated with most praiseworthy efforts. But Nature is pitiless! It is a sad and sorrowful reflection that motives can exercise no influence, put in no plea of extenuating circumstances, when disease has laid its fell hand upon the organism; and the scythe of death is including in its merciless sweep the hard-working husband, the self-denying widow's son, the loving father struggling hard to win a competency, and provide for his growing offspring.

Work then is healthful; but overwork is destructive. It now remains to describe the effects of overwork: first, physical over-

work; then mental overwork.

Physical overwork is common, and met in a variety of forms. It may be the result of toil, in order to make a living, to provide for wife and children; or it may be the result of self-imposed exertion, as in amateur rowers or runners and athletics of all sorts. It matters not what the motive for exertion; if sufficiently severe and long sustained it will work its effects in time. Stealthily, unperceived, nay, unsuspected, the ruin is being accomplished. But not always in the same way, nor by identical means. In one case there is a general impairment of the health, a diminution of the physiological capital, only revealed by the collapse of the powers before the impact of some scate discase, as congestion of the lungs, pneumonia; or it may be bronchitis, especially in elderly persons. Disease of the respiratory organs certain form of valvular disease of the heart, always tests the powers very severely. Bronchitis comparatively free from danger, except at the extremes of life (when it is always serious), or the invalid, or in persons with impaired powers. The embarrassed respira- in the trade. During the time the red-hot

sudden demand would come. It did come tion requires extensive and sustained efforts to maintain life, and any cessation of the breathing for a few minutes is followed by death. I a hard, cruel way of torturing a healthy man to artificially embarrass his breathing, as the pitiless Spanish Inquisitor well knew; but when the constitution is broken or undermined then the effort soon exhausts the powers. I have been told by eminent medical men from the United States that pneumonia (inflammation of the lungs) is especially dreaded among their overworked population living continuously at high pressure. It also a common cause of death amidst the worn-out inmates of infirmaries and sick-asylums. The decayed organisms which drift into these refuges are the social failures, the waste products of our social workshop; and their decadence | quickly manifested when disease of the respiratory organs fastens upon them. Decay has been instituted before death. They are literally

worn out, while still alive!

Overwork may manifest itself in a totally different manner. It is a notorious fact that severe effort is liable to produce inflammation of the valves of the heart. Strain, as a cause of much disease of the circulatory apparatus, is now universally recognised. Some years ago a discussion took place in the public press as to the amount of heart disease among the crews of the University eights, past and present. The outcome of this discussion was such as rather to encourage rowing; for the crews seemed as a body to be very hale individuals. But then it must be remembered that these crews consist of picked men, very carefully selected; men who are as sound as any men in the world. It is when strain is thrown upon men chosen promiscuously as workmen are that the results are so different. Workmen choose an occupation because of some attraction for them, or because they must work at something, to make a livelihood, without regard to special fitness. See the bargeman labouring with his sweeps to propel or guide his lumbering, awkward craft on the Thames. For a time, during the ebb or flow of the tide, as the case may be, his efforts are veritable strains; from his feet which are fixed, to his shoulders from which the arms pull on the cars. For six hours at a spell this general strain is maintained. A well recognised as constantly linked with strain, notoriously common with these men. Go into a foundry and see the men wielding the "big" hammer; "strikers" as they are called iron is upon the anvil, the efforts of these men are most violent. Examine them at the end of a "hest," as I is technically termed, and they are found to be bedewed with perspiration, blowing like a greyhound after a course, their hearts beating violently. are very liable to the same form of inflammation of the heart's valves (acrtic) as are the bargemen. It occurs in men given to violent effort in other occupations. Even one of these zortic valves may be actually torn down by violent effort. Overwork is, then, a common cause of grave organic disease of the heart. All men who work at occupations entailing violent effort, certainly do not perish from such disease of the heart. But that a very large proportion unfortunately do so perish III a well-recognised fact in medicine,

Before the introduction of the Half-time Act the growing population of our industrial hives was notoriously deformed. Things are somewhat better now; but still the manufacturing population, along the back-bone of England, is seriously deteriorated as compared with the rural population of the English agricultural counties. In the black country and in the potteries the same degeneracy can be seen. True it it that improper food in infancy, the vices of manhood before growth is complete, are not without effect in the production of these deplorable results. Still, early toil beyoud the powers has a great deal to answer for in the production of this degeneracy.

The consumption of ardent alcoholic drinks by such populations is notorious. The monotony of their labour is answerable to some extent for the craving after alcoholic stimulants; that must not be overlooked. But it is not the complete or full answer to the question-Why do these town-populations crave after spirits? Beer # the drink par excellence of rustics, of the inhabitants of small towns, and even of the Cockney who follows light pursuits. Liebig has something to say on this subject well worthy of deep consideration. "The use of spirits is not the cause but an effect of poverty. It is an exception from the rule when a well-fed man becomes a spirit drinker. On the other hand, when the labourer earns by his work less than II required to provide the amount of food which indispensable in order to restore fully his working power an unyielding, inexorable law or necessity/ compels him to have recourse to spirits. He must work; but in consequence of instifficient food, a certain portion of his working power is daily Spirits, by their action on the nerves, enable him to make up the deficient brain broke down before an ordinary com-

power at the expanse of his body, to consume to-day that quantity which ought naturally to have been employed a day later." His phystological capital is clearly being exhausted; and it is no wonder that, under such circumstances, he dies comparatively early, and certainly prematurely. Not only is such a plan essentially and radically bad, but alcohol is a terribly dear form of food. Alcohol E such concentrated form is a potent aid to the already existing tendency to tissue-degenera-When overwork calls in alcohol to its help the unholy alliance quickly works the most disastrous results, and brings the organism swiftly to general decay. Even when the evil results of the deadly combination are not so marked, general deterioration is manifest in impaired power of labour, in inferior work, in lessened hours of toil. The tendency is to saunter away working hours in the alehouse; partly because work is found so irksome that II II pleasant to do nothing —perhaps worse than nothing; partly because the capacity to labour has been undermined. Of course here again there is not uniformity; one organism yields more readily than another. Toil and alcohol, and sometimes the alcohol with very little toil, soon reduce one man to the condition of a social parish; while in another case a hale old man will be found who works hard every day—"never misses any time," his fellow-workmen my-yet who drinks daily an amount of spirits which would soon tell sorely on an average person. But such a case does not militate against the general soundness of the statement that overwork, combined with alcohol, is a sure and certain road to body-ruin.

Now, it is time to consider mental overwork, a matter manifesting a rapid growth at the present time. Already the subject of holidays and of more prolonged periods of rest has been spoken of in relation to the highpressure existence in recent times. In the resent eager struggle for existence, still more in the ambitious race for pre-eminence, overwork is manifesting itself on all sides, and in all positions in life. Overstudy is telling upon our students in this crusy age of examinations, when every young person has to be a perambulating encyclopædia; no matter what the state of the physique when the educational course has terminated, The number of cases of self-destruction from anxiety and nervousness among young men preparation for modern examinations is appal-ling. Wold the young man who had "overstudied" was a weak-minded youth, whose

mounted by an average intellect. Now it is no uncommon thing know young discriminate; and possibly the omen who complain that they no longer feel lected, may ran on into the other. an interest in their work, and that they cannot remember what they read; that their sleep broken, and that they no longer possess the power of self-control they once enjoyed. When such loss of self-control is found along with periods of deep depression, then the temptation to micide may , become irresistable. Such breakdowns after a more or less brilliant scholastic career are unfortunately now no uncommon event, Indeed it may be laid down as a broad rule for the guidance of youthful students that so soon as the interest in their studies flags, or the memory is becoming less retentive, they are distinctly overworking. In athletics the terms used are to "train on," and to "train off." To "train on" indicates growing power and increasing fitness for exertion; in other words, "improvement." To "train off" signifies waning power, or "falling off" in capacity. So long then as study carries with it waxing capacity, it is "work;" when, on the other hand, the student feels " training off," then the boundary has been passed and the domain of "overwork" entered. Still more urgent does the case become when, along with a sense of waning power, the sleep broken and unrefreshing, or the digestion is upset. The danger-signals have, indeed, been run through, in railway phraseology, when these things are experienced. Such are the usual phenomena of overwork, manifested along with symptoms peculiar = each case.

Very frequently great irritability of temper is exhibited, which is merely a form of the lose of self-control just spoken of. It is very trying to the individual who is quite aware This and the consciousness of impaired brain power are commonly found together. Da Costa, the eminent physician of Philadelphia, thus describes this condition at an early stage—" Its manifestations are a slight deterioration of memory and an inability to read or write, save for a very short period, although the power of thought and judgment | by no means perverted. condition commonly spoken of = softening the two a condition of intense misery is estab-of the brain." Betwixt the symptoms of lished, until the patient is weary of life.

monplace educational course, easily sur-brain-exhaustion and those of the early stages of the actual organic change there is little to discriminate; and possibly the one, if neg-

Failure of the intellectual powers, when accompanied by a condition of sleeplessness, is a sufficiently serious matter to cause the sufferer therefrom to consult his medical man; and this he always certainly should do before resorting the deadly chloral. When chloral hydrate was announced with a flourish of trumpets as a perfectly innocuous parcotic. the sleepless folk hailed its advent with eager acclamation. But a little experience soon demonstrated that the innocuous, harmless drug was far from the boon it was proclaimed! In fact, the impression of wharmlessness was the outcome of ignorance, and not of knowledge of its properties. That | brings sleep with it, is true, especially at first. But the poisoned chalice carries with it a whole train of evil consequences. The mind is further enfeebled by its use; the condition of sleeplessness becomes more pronounced, as a part of the increased irritability; the individual feels worse and weaker, further and further emasculated by resort to the enervating drug, to which he is fast becoming a slave. Death after death among medical men themselves, as well as non-professional persons, have already resulted from the use, or rather misuse, of this narcotic agent; which is a valuable and potent medicine when used in its appropriate place and with proper precautions. Nor are these remarks on chloral hydrate out of place here. Sleeplesmess is so marked a symptom of brain exhaustion and 18 now so common; and resort to chloral for its relief so universal, that these words of warning are absolutely called for at the present time.

Over and beyond this exhaustion of the nervous system induced by overwork, there is the failure of the digestive and assimilative organs so often found accompanying it. The effects of mental toil or anxiety upon the digestion have long been known to physiologists and physicians, especially from the writings of Prof. W. B. Carpenter, F.R.S.; but there m not as yet any general familiarity therewith on the part of the public, who are liable to suffer Nor in the power of attention more than therefrom. The consequence of this is that the enfeebled; the sick man I fully capable of mental condition is further aggravated. The giving heed to any subject, but he soon tirea brain is ill-fed, from impaired assimilation of it, and is obliged from very fatigue to and a deficiency in the normal products of desist." This prief and succinct. The digestion. Beyond this, it positively condition one of failing power, and is often poisoned by the abnormal products formed surmised to be the commencement of the by the deteriorated digestive organs. Between

The spectre of brain-softening is ever at hand ready to present itself whenever the sense of depression keen. The consciousness of present disablement is deepened by apprehension of coming evil. Between the two the patient is weary of life; and not rarely

voluntarily puts an end to it.

It is not merely the effect of overwork telling upon the physique which we at present have to dread. A more serious and widespread evil is the impairment of the mental powers induced by overwork, or worry, which is even more destructive; especially when I is associated with the loss of sleep, "nature's sweet restorer," and with deteriorazion and perversion of the digestive organs,

in consequence of which the body III at once ill fed and poisoned. Such a complex condition mow becoming established, with every prospect of further spread, unless the public themselves can be induced to take the matter in hand in good earnest. To conceal the condition from one's self even. and to seek relief by secret resort to chloral. are the means at present largely pursued; and disasters overhang them, like vultures over a retreating army. Some acquaintance with the reality of the condition is essential to the adoption of wiser measures, reader must know that what witten here is no alarmist or senantional picture of "overwork" as it actually exists among us.

IN THE FOREST.



THE wind had gone with the day. And the moon was in the sky, As I walked last night, by a lonely way, To a lonely path in the forest gray, That we loved, my love and f.

They said, "She had some to her home a land that I did not know." And the words were still, and the woods were dumb. But I knew that she could not choose but come To a soul that leved her so.

I had longed for her return, And she came and met me there. And I felt once more the wast blood burn Through my heart, as a foot-fall nustled the farm And a whaper stin'd the air.

And through where the moonlight streamed She passed, and never a truce, Yet sweet in the shadow the glad eyes gleamed, And the chade more bright than the moonsh'ne seemed For the brightness of her face,

And I stretched my empty hands, And I cried in my weary pain, " Is there-away in the unknown hads, A heaven, where Time reverts his sands And the post suturn again?" a. Brit.

CHRISTIAN SOCIALISTS.

By THE REY, M. KAUFMANN, M.A.

L---LAMENNAIS.

"SOCIALISM," said a writer in Good a landable desire for an improved organization Words in 1875, "is a word which, to of society; it is necessary to remember that many persons, has an alarming sound, and there I a healthy as well as an unhealthy which has undoubtedly been associated at way in which the object may be sought."

different times with some ugly practices. Yet

in itself the term would seem to imply only sion, either in theory or in practice, to ac

ideals, that "Christian Socialists," post and were his aunt and elder heother, both of present, have endeavoured to improve society on religious principles. Readily recognizing existing social grievances, they try to find a remedy for them in the adjustment of social relations on a Christian basis. Whilst admitting that the existing state of things is not all that it ought to be, they differ widely from other socialists as to the methods to be adopted with a view to improve society. Their type of social union is not a "Society of Equals," which simply secures to each member an equal amount of material enforment, but the social idea of the New Testament, where "Christ's Kingdom" is represented as "a true brotherhood founded on devotion and self-sacrifice." Christian Socialists take note of the duties as well as the rights of individuals. Accordingly, in their endeavour to realise a higher social ideal, their chief aim is to reconcile, by means of entitual concessions, existing class-differences, rather than forcibly to remove them; to reform social abuses in reforming individual character, rather than to reconstruct society on an entirely new basis; I reunite the scattered social units, each pursuing its own selfish ends, by a common faith and hope in a common effort, rather than by a new social mechanism-a new "organization of labour." In short, they trust more to the effects of internal change of character and the moral influences of the Christian idea, then the external pressure of social institutions, limiting the voluntary action of individuals. Their methods, therefore, are constructive rather than destructive, guiding rather than governmental, and in most cases theoretical rather than experimental.

In these papers we are only concerned with Modern Christian Socialists in the three foremost countries of Western Europe, and among these France occupies the first place, as to time, in the history of the movement. Here we naturally turn to Lamennais as the principal figure in that small band, of whom Buchez, Périn, Lamartine, and, for a short time, Lacordaire and Montalembert, were the most prominent representatives.

Hugues Felicité Robert de Lamennain. afterwards known as E père Lamennais, was the son of a well-connected shipbuilder of St. Malo. Brought up chiefly in the library of an eccentric uncle of rather receptical tendencies, he became acquainted, early in life, with Voltairian views on religious subjects, and Rousseau's theories of society. Having lost his mother when he was seven

whom were noted devotees. Born with the religious instinct of the Breton, and inclined by natural disposition to contemplative, and retiring habits, the young Féli, I Lamennais was called in the home circle, bethought himself early to embrace the religious life. Still, for a long time, from over-conscientions doubts and scruples as to his faith and fitness for the office, he defined taking Orders.

An early incident in less child-life appears to have given a peculiar bent to his character, and to have powerfully influenced his conduct in the successive phases of his eventful career. In 1793, when he was eleven years old, a scene was transacted before his eyes which must have been a by no means uncommon occurrence, during that period of revolutionary frenzy, when the churches were closed, the clergy a proscribed order, and the assem-bling of the faithful for Divine worship attended by imminent danger. One evening a priest, the venerable Abbe Viel, entered the paternal mansion III disguise, to celebrate private mass at midnight, whilst an aged servant watched without to prevent surprise and discovery. A table, with two lighted candles, served as an altar. The priest, assisted by Lamennais' brother, performed the curemony. All prayed fervently, and, after pronouncing the blessing, before daybreak, the worthy man took his departure. This scene was so deeply impressed on Lamannais' mind, that he could never allude to it without deep emotion. It, no doubt, from an early age, coloured his views of men and things, and, to some extent, accounts for that exaggerated dread of persecution and oppres-sion which haunted him throughout life, and often made him see dangers and enemies to freedom which only existed in his fertile imagination. The minfortunes and ruin of his house, caused by revolutionary tyranny, stimulated an innate tendency to moroseness and misenthropy, and produced in his writings what has been aptly called an eloquent hatred - Asine doquente against all governments resting on force. With a highly sensitive organism and the restless excitability of a melancholy temperament, Lamennais combined in his character a haughty obstinacy, and polemical aggressiveness, which made him the earnest and eager advocate of any cause he took up; it also produced those sudden transitions from one mode of thought m another, which arose not from weakness or fickleness of character, but from the very intensity of his new convictions. The stirring times in which those who influenced him most for good he lived, moreover, had a disturbing effect on

a naturally impetuous temperament, and each come of his reflections in the famous Reserv of the revolutionary waves which passed over France during his lifetime, left their impression on his susceptible nature. In their reflex action they, in turn, became the cause of social agitation in Lamennais, as the impatient leader of public opinion in a restless age.

Perhaps no better key to Lamennais' character could be given, than the picture of the man himself as drawn by one of his contemperary admirers, a lady famous for her power of delineating human character. George Sand speaks of the "austere and terrible face of the great La Mennais," with his brow like that of an unbroken wall, " a brass tablet -the seal of indomitable vigour" upon it. She compares the stiff and rigid inclination of his profile and the angular narrowness of his face with his inflexible probity, hermitlike austerity and incessant toil of thought, ardent and vast as heaven. But, she adds, "the smile which comes suddenly to humanise this countenance changes my terror into confidence, my respect into admiration."

We note three distinct epochs in Lamennais' personal development and public career, which may be called the Reactionary, the Reformatory, and the Revolutionary periods. They correspond three contemporary events in the history of modern France. Lamennais became successively the warm defender of the Restoration, and of the Reactionary Government in Church and State; the champion of Church liberty under Louis Philippe; and lastly the advocate of the popular sovereignty, when he had become an irreconcilable republican in politics, and a radical, as we should say now, in social philosophy and religion.

Like his celebrated neighbour Chateaubriand, Lamennais shared the religious enthusiasm of young Frenchmen of the period, and became a Royalist and Ultramontanist, the uncompromising opponent of the Napoleonia idea and of the fervid atheism of the Revolutionary era. One of his earliest literary efforts is a tract on the relation of Church and State, conceived in this spirit (1811). Three or four years later a pamphlet written in the seminary of St. Malo against Napoleon sent him into exile to England, where he found shelter under the hospitable roof of his friend and tutor, the Abbé Carron. Here he remained till 1816.

short stay in the seminary of St. Sulpice, the effect certain mistepresentation. apparently engel in tuition and self-, produce on the Holy Father, has the world the out- Rome in 1804. He was received t

on Indifference in Religious Matters, the first volume of which appeared in 1817. created an immense sensation. In it the reactionary tendency of the Restoration period appears to the greatest advantage. The authority of Throne and Altar are maintained in opposition to the growth of excessive individualism; and here, too, Lamennas struck the keynote, so to speak, to most of his subsequent writings on the regeneration of society by the power of Christianity and the Christian Church. Here Lamennais condemns the growing indifference to moral distinctions and religious beliefs of men engaged in the selfish struggle for existence, and the practical denial of rights and duties in the race for wealth as a means of sensuous self-indulgence. Running to the opposite extreme, and confounding Christianity with the Papacy, Lamennais proceeds to make the Roman Pontiff the keystone of society. His principle is as concise as it | comprehensive: "Without Pope there can be no Church, without Church no Christianity, without Christianity no religion, without religion no society." But then, like De Maistre, Lamennais tried to present Christian dogma as the Divine expression of the general laws the universe. In his view the voice of the Pope is the voice of the people, which is the voice of God. Hence the Church must become a more vigorous organizing power in society, and " rise m strong enough to renew the face of society, to breathe life into the old corpse of the world."

In thus claiming for the Church the right of social reconstruction on the ground that her infallable voice only re-echoes the common reason of the race, Lamennais uncounciously became the advocate of an alliance between Papal supremacy and the sovereignty of the people. He thus became the inaugurator of a policy for which the timid though astute ecclesiastics of that day were not yet quite prepared, for it amounted to a concordat between Rome and Democracy, and is tantamount to the clerical connervative radicalism of our own day.

The claims put forward in this work with much brilliancy and force gained at first for Lamennais the distinguished title of the "New Bosset." Soon, however, it aroused the suspicions of the arthodox cierical mind in France and the jealousy of the Jesuits at On his return to France, and after a the Roman Court. Lamennais, alarmed at

at the time, even offered him the Cardinal's hat. There can be no doubt, however, that Lamennais left Rome not only reassured, but encouraged to devote the remainder of his life to the cause he had taken in hand. Neither the flattering friendship of the Pope nor the prospect of a distinguished ecclesiastical career could detain him in Italy. Lamennais returned to the sombre woods of his Breton retreat, watching with interest the social and political movements which were preparing for the Revolution of July 1830. He was engaged at the same time in a translation of Thomas & Kempis and in conproversial writing against the Gallican clergy.

The Revolution came as Lamennais had predicted, and with the rise of the "Bourgeoisie " into power under the Citizen King growls of discontent rose from the masses, who demanded a larger share in the distribution of national wealth as well as the extension of civil rights in the government of the country. It was the age of Utopias, the golden age of French Socialism, and no wonder the the popular ferment and the unbounded hopes of social amelioration among all classes reacted on the minds of religious philanthropists like Lamennais. He thought that now at last the hour had struck for social regeneration through the power of the Divine word. The enthusiasm of the young men who had with him joined the religious reaction of former days was now to be diverted into a different channel. Then, rising poets like Victor Hugo and Alfred de Musset had sung the praises of the restoration. Under the new regime all this was changed. Something like the modern Culturkampf in Germany threatened to destroy the amicable relations between Church and State. A small group of men, with Lamennais for their leader, rose up to defend the liberties of the Church against the encroachments of an ostensibly anti-clerical government. They established L'Appair, as the organ of their party and announced their work to be monce "catholic and national," Their aim was to liberalise the Church in order to catholicise the liberal State.

They were determined to fight liberalism with its own weapons. Hence they demand:

Non-intervention of the civil authority in religious matters with the suppression of "L'Agence Giulrale pour la Defence de la be made to the business which brought them

arms at the Vatican. Leo XII., it was said Liberti Religious," a society having the same objects in view which English Church Union, the Church Defence Society, and the Christian Socialists following Maurice, all taken together, represent in this country.

Henceforth Lamennais occupied the position mainly of a social reformer, similar to that taken up formerly by Dr. Chaimers in Scoland, as claimant for Church liberty and the "rights of labour" from a Christian point of view. Montalembert, Lacordaire, and Ozonana, together with Lamennais and a small but select hand of volunteers, endeavoured to give effect to these principles. But the opposition was too strong for them. Lamennois found himself in the same predicament as Féndon had done in the previous century though for dissimilar reasons. The attitude of the Pope in both cases was antagonistic for State reasons; their doctrines were pronounced dangerous, because Rome wished to be at peace with the ruling powers in France. Lamennais, however, had not Fénélon's gentle spirit of patient acquiescence. When his clients in the Holy City, frightened by his too vehement defence of Ultramontanism, stood aloof, leaving him to fight their battles against the Government unassisted, Lamennais, enraged at the fear and feebleness of the rulers in the Church, who, as he thought, bargained away faith and freedom for pomp and power, exclaims, " I will show you what a priest can do." But he could do very little, because he was *only* a priest, and as such utterly powerless.

Leo XII., Lamennaia' protector, was now dead, and 'the new pope, Gregory XVI., was less eager than his predecemor to shield the non-accredited champion of the Papacy. The publication of L'Apenir was suspended, after thirteen months' existence, and the fact is announced in the following words :--

"If we retire for a moment, it is not through meaninem, still less through fashing of heart; it is to go, as formerly did the soldiers of Israel, to concuts the Lord in Shiloh. Doubts have been thrown on our faith, and even our intentious, for in these times what is not attacked? We leave for a moment the battle-field to fulfil another duty equally urgent. The traveller's shall in our hand, we take our way toward. the Eternal City.

The reception at Rome was very different from that which he had met with eight years before. Diplomatic notes from several European courts had warned the Pope State salaries paid to the clergy; freedom of against the pernicious revolutionary theories education; the right of association and of the pilgrims. They were scarcely adpopular elections; an unfettered press, mitted into the presence of the Holy Father, and liberty of conscience. They formed and only on condition that no allusion should

nature was repelled by the temporising, cir- it for the first time Lamennais appears as th city of the Tiber—a disappointed man, Monta-Lacordaire at Munchen. It was there, at a repast provided by distinguished writers and further examination he said in a low voice Pope against us; we must not heaitate, but submit." On his return home he drew up the act of submission, which satisfied the Pope. Another and more stringent form of declaration was extorted from Lamennais in the course of the following year. He agreed to it, with some reservations, for the sake of peace; but its effect on his own mind was damaging to the cause of Rome. He arrived at the sad conviction that he had mistaken the principles of the Catholic Church, that his attempt to reconcile the cause of humanity with that of Rome had proved a complete failure. With the knowledge and at the gives in a simple, unconditioned adhesion to the Pope's Encyclical all matters spiritual, but reserves to himself the right of doing his duty in his country and humanity. Henceforth the full vigour of Lamennais' mind is given to the popular cause.

The renewal of society was still to be accomplished by religious agency. Speakingof the abject egotism and excessive individualism of the time, and of the duty of selfdenial for the common good, in a letter dated creature will be found saying sincerely our brothers who are on earth, unless they have said previously our Father which art in heaven." But Rome no longer satisfied his spiritual cravings, and in anger and 🔣 sorrow he bade farewell to the religious system he had defended so warmly and so ably.

This brings us to the third and last stage of Lamennais' mental development, marked by the appearance of his most popular work. "Les Paroles d'un Croyant" (1834). It is the product of the age as well as of the man, and is impregnated with the political amira- to Lamennais it is the absence of

to Rome. Lamennais' ardent and fearless tions and socialistic ideas of the time. In cuitous, back-stair policy of the Curis, its exponent of militant Christian socialism. wordliness, and its cowardice. Week after In his solitary walks under the Druidical week waited in vain for a decision, and oaks of La Chenaie he feels, so to speak, at last, wearied with endless delays, he left the the pulpitations of the human heart all over the civilised world. He cannot refrain from lembert accompanied his friend, and they met uttering his prophetic warnings and exhortations. An English Quarterly reviewer of the time remarks that the work in question exartists of the city for the three distinguished hibits a "monstrous alliance between a false friends, that a measurer of the Nuncio pre-christianity and a real Jacobinism," and calls sented Lamennais a bonnet rouge." The letter, dated August 15th, 1832. A glance work itself he styles "a silly and profuse told him that was unfavourable. Without rhapsody;" but we are not told why the "infamous volume" passed rapidly through "I have just received an Encyclical of the fifteen editions, and was received all over the Continent in various translations with universal rapture.

The fact is, the volume enjoyed this unprecedented popularity because it expressed a wide-spread feeling of the times; that the world was out of joint; that a new order of things had become necessary; that the professed principles of Christian morality would have to replace the all-prevailing rule of sel-fishness in the industrial world, so as to avent a social revolution as the result of class-

antagonisms provoking civil war.

To organise labour on the principle of fraternal association was now the dream of suggestion of the Archbishop of Paris he philanthropists; to substitute self-sacrifice for self-seeking as the ruling motive of human activity, and to remove the evils of competition by encouraging friendly co-operation, became now the aim of all. Like Carlyle, in the Bessy on Chartism, and in his Latter-day Pamphlets, social reformers in France watched with pain and sorrow the "living chaos of ignorance and hunger" I the lower strata of society. For this reason Buches, President of the National Assembly and a disciple of St. Simon, made attempts | establish asso-1836, he says truly enough what F. D. ciations with a common fund from 1828 to Maurice said independently twelve years x848, and apparently with some success. later, "Be very sure of this, that no human Socialists like Si Simon in his "Nouveau Christianisme," and philosophers like Comte. the friend both of St. Simon and Lamennais (for a time at least), humanitarians and orthodox Churchmen, all felt that some form of religious self-forgetfulness could alone save society. For this the frigid systems of the economic theorists had no prescription, and the philanthropist at best could but offer pakry palliatives. It was felt, is short, that in the feverish condition of the social organism, the calming and soothing of Divine remedies were needed.

sion to the complaints and aspirations of the

1848 Lamennais' long-cherished wish to represent "the people" in the council of the nation was fulfilled at last; he was elected a member of the Constituent Assembly. Here his peculiar deficiencies which had stood in the way of success before, impeded his movements once more. An admirable poet, following the inspiration of his severe and irritated muse. Lamennais could roose the passions and set a popular movement going, but he did not possess the calm and cautions sessir fairs of the practical politician, nor the circumspect deliberation of the discriminating philosopher to guide and direct men and events. As M. Rénan remarks, referring to this grave fault in his character, Lamennais inexplicable unless it be acknowledged that a man may be at the same time a superior artist, a mediocre philosopher, and an

incensed politician.

The quick irritability of genius is little calculated to man for co-operation with ordinary men of the world, dealing with public measures on common-sense principles in a calculating spirit. With the quickness of an eager mind Lamennais detected too readily motives and gave utterance too rashly to harsh criticisms, which offended and estranged the men with whom he worked. He is too much like one of the knights of the Middle Ages, or like one of those austere anchorites of an earlier period, who imagined themselves constantly assalled by lurking enemies and Satanic powers which they are sent to combat, and thus he strikes right and left without fear and without mercy, and still more often without discrimination. roused profound sympathies he also provoked implacable hatreds, and thus injured the cause he advocated in losing one after another of his supporters. He failed as soon as he descended from the rostrum to enter the arena of constructive legislation. Even the mob found it hard to recognise in this modern John the Baptist, with his haughty airs of spiritual exclusiveness, their true leader. When his proposals did not meet with that complete acquiescence which he demanded as a right, he turned away from his democratic coadjutors as before he had done from the ecclesisatical superiors, dissatisfied and disappointed.

The coup a Bat of Napoleon III. allenced Lamennais' voice as a popular agitator. Henceforth in the solitude of his retirement

drown the bitter recollections of those stormy and sterile Parliamentary discussions in speculative inquiries. The result of these labours is the unfinished work of his latter days, "L'Esquisse d'une Philosophie." As old age crept upon him the soothing effects of time softened the asperities of his irritable temperament. A screne calm succeeded, during which Lamennais turned to more congenial studies, the translation of the New Testament, portions of which had appeared already in 1846, and the study of Dante's Divine Comedy. | was whilst engaged on an introduction to the latter that he was struck with the fatal disease from which he never recovered.

The principles which helped him to bear the burden of life, and to deliver himself of the task assigned him, may be gathered from the following letter to a young man, who had confided to him, the story of his own sufferings :

"And you, too," he writes, "mingle your ewn voice with the solumn voice of nature which is heard across the centuries like one long funeral lancatation. You have suffered much, you still suffer much, is all human beings suffer in body and in soul, not only sufferings which bear a name of their own, but also that unknown something which all of us carry about us within ourselves; and thu is life, and the hearty and arandon; the inteffals grandon; and the beauty and grandeur, the instable grandeur of life. For are we to be satisfied with that hungar-ing after something which seems to devour us daily ing after consething which seems to devour in daily and yet without being able to be satisfied, that which fills the short space between the tradle and the grave? Oh, no, no! A beneficant power compels us to soon higher. Sometimes, however, sedneed by aley illustions and the inexperience of youth, we persuade ourselves that this good so much desired is close by owr side, that we can take hold of it, that we have sedneed it already; then, all of a midden, as Thescal news, it seemes our prists, and sadle we Pascal says, it escapes our grasp, and sadly we acknowledge that it was only a shadow. Then the deceived heart is troubled, and worn out with the betternous of fix grief. Because the image of the sembling stay has disapressed in the fixed hearst! trembling star has disappeared in the flood beneath, which for a moment reflected it, we cause to believe the existence of the star itself. Lift up your eyes, my dear child, you will find it rises a little higher. It would be reasonablepall the same, to inquire whether there be some object in our existence, and what it is. This end certainly is not the individual self in each Luss and certainly is not the individual self in each case, as the centre of all things; for each individuality cannot be that. But every one of as to be what he ought to be caust propose to himself, in everything he does or desires, another object outside himself; and thus at once desty presents itself rising above his and illustrating it with a zew light, it fills it with joys, severe undoubtedly, but protound, too, and inexhaustible."

The malady which first compelled Lamennais to take his bed on the 16th January, 1854, had now made rapid progress. The end was at hand, and found Lamennais ready, calm, collected, and consistent. To the last he repelled ations of philosophy and firmly some friendly, but injudicious attempts,

out being prevented in a church previous to course of social reform. build." His injunctions were strictly obeyed. to disperse, if necessary, watched the mournful procession. They showed their profound respect by uncovering their heads as the last carried to their resting-place.

What has been the result of Lamennais' wark as a Christian Socialist, in his efforts we cannot help admiring the sustained force to ameliorate the condition of the people of of his disinterested zeal, his masculine courage France? Of direct results of a positive kind and candour, added to the charm of almost there are none. His was rather the imperious childlike simplicity and feminine sensitiveness, and aggressive temper of the iconoclast, who his high moral tone, and persistent piety lays bare the faults and falsities of existing throughout the various phases of his developsystems, than the calm, constructive energy ment as a man and a social reformer. of the practical reformer. The vehement thoroughness of the man, however, produced not reassuring, as the dark shadows gathered a powerful and lasting effect on others, espe-round the death-bed of the aged warrior, cially the young men of his own time, and one gleam of sunlight, at least, might brighten since, in stirring them up to activity in the up the darkness without and within, the concause of social reform. Lamennais, most sciousness of having done his duty, as far as over, succeeded popularising the ideas the Neo-catholic Socialists in France Charles Kingsley was instrumental the dis- south in the spirit of one of the characters seminating the theories of Maurice and the in King Laur:

Christian Socialists in this country.

Thus Lamennais may be said to have

the only irritant disturbing the quiet ebbing brought about, indirectly, a rapproplement away of life. After forty-three days of suffer- between the Church and the working classes, ing, supported with atoical resignation, and as indeed the principles of the "Agence mostly spent in cheerful conversation with Catholique" have virtually, if not always the few friends who gathered round his bed, officially, been adopted since by the Romish side, Lamennais expired in full possession of Church. At all events it is Lamennais' his intellectual powers, and unswerving in his. merit to have emphasised, with all the fervious to the last account of the last convictions to the last moment.

His whole mind, we see fold, during his ant truth that religious convictions and enillness, was absorbed in altoughts on God. thus are the most powerful elements of The night before his death he had, as it social progress. Others have taken up the were, a vision of beatitude, of which he work where Lamennais left it, though not speaks to Barbet: "These were happy mos, always in Lamennais' spirit. Still, the guiding ments!" The instructions of his will wern principle of his life, of making religion the "I wish to be buried among the poor, and great regenerating power in society, has been like the poor; nothing shall be placed on my adopted, in one form or another, by a congrave, not even a simple stone; my body siderable number of young and able writers, shall be carried direct in the cemetery, with- whose works must ultimately influence the

Whatever may be the faults of Lamennals' On the last day of February his funeral style, declamatory as the occasion required, maked through the streets of Paris. Crowds and vehement because the writer felt so inof people, whom the Imperial police were sent tensely, and endeavoured to excite passion and pity in an age indifferent to the sorrows and suffering of the masses; whatever may be the errors of judgment in the course of remains of the tribune of the people were his public career, arising from his limited knowledge of human nature and the principles which govern conduct in average men.

> II the outlook was dark and the retrospect had understood it, and giving utterance to the sad endvictions of a bewildered soul, very

in maight of this and time we mave obey peak what we feel, not what we cought to any."

THE SCOTTISH HERETING FISHERY.

HE fishery for herrings in Scotland may with their catch-obtained during the night be described as being in the main a -in the early hours of the morning, when shore fishery. There are a number of boats, "the cure" at once commences, I being a I believe, which capture the fish and pro-rule of the fishery that all herrings brought ceed with the cure on board, but the greater in most we cured the same day. The grand, number leave port il the ovening and zeturn moving power of the whole industry is "the



The Bests group out

curer," he is the person who may be said to set arriving at the little port, cargoes of salt in motion the machinery which is constantly matter of that, will squat down at some little

twelve hundred boats on some nights during the six or seven weeks of the sesson, and there are two or three ports at the present time that have a fishing fleet of from six hundred to a thousand boats As may be supposed, these are very busy places during the short season of herring fishing "All of a sud den they awake from the winter's torpor to a new life , the curers and their assistants begin to prepare for the great work of the season. ships with materials for the making of barrels have been for some time

have also come to hand, as well as "cutch" at work, rifling the seas to provide food for for the dyeing of the herring nets, in order mankind As a rule, owners of fishing boats to keep them from rotting Half a score of are largely under me thumb, fishing for him new hering boats which have been on the at a prescribed rate per cross or barrel. One stocks for a month or two are launched and curer, or half a-dozen, or twenty for the numerous stranger crews arrive to fish for the various curers, hundreds of men too fishing village and in time "grow the place" come upon the acene from distant parts of into a town and port of some importance, the country to accure engagements during having arriest of from probably seventy to the fishing, some as sailors, some as labourers come upon the scene from distant parts of the country to secure engagements during three hundred and fifty boats fishing for The coopers, who perform a chief part in them. At one time the conjoined towns of the cine, start into a wondrous state of Wick and Pulteneytown sent out a fleet of activity, and work with avidity at the

making of many barrels . the gutting troughs are cleared out and prepared for action, and in due season scores of women find employment in gut ting, salting, and packing the fish "Buyers" at length come upon the scene ready purchase either fresh or cured fish m large or small quantities, cadgers, too, with their "cuddy carts," are at the place waiting on fortune, ready 🔳 hawk the herrings round the country, ald women as well assemble with their baskets III do a share of the trading, even the children can speak of



A successful fishing indeed means a com- will be married women when next year's fortable winter to thousands, and me some fishery begins. girls who stand nightly on the brachend to fishery. He I usually a "man of means, see the boats depart in the early evening or a person who possesses a considerable

little else than "the fishing," and as for their are deeply interested, for should there be a parents they are bound up in its success. great catch on one or two evenings they

means fortune, just as to others an un- As already stated the curer is the chief successful season spells ruin. Yonder lively moving power in the business of the herring



The First Bust.

amount of capital or bank credit. He sets fishing for him, according to the extent of up a curing yard and straightway proceeds his business, so that on some days of the to business, providing, of course, all the season when there is (as there usually is means and appliances of the cure, so far as twice on thrice a year) a "big fishing," he thinks will be judicious. He contracts the scene is a busy one, for all herrings with a certain number of bost-owners to which are destined to be branded must fish for him exclusively, the bargain being be dealt with at once. Although the barusually made for a supply of two hundred gain is generally arranged for each boat to crans (or barrels) at so much per cran, to be deliver two hundred crans in the course of delivered at his yard, morning by morning, the season, II II not often on the average that as soon as the boats come home. A curer so many are obtained, but that is a fact which may have from ten to a hundred boats all curers take into account while making the

and the work in consequence is for a time over the general run of boats has been scapty. quite paralyzed, while, to add to the gnef, of what had been calculated upon. It must use in the herring fishery, it is an open be explained before going further that the clinica built boat of considerable dimensions, many months before the fish can be caught, sails, founded of course on some sort of average of taup, who is generally the owner or part the preceding years—the curer often bargam owner of the vessel, a crew of four men, close of the previous year's fishery curet has sometimes to advance money to the boat owners when there is a bad erson will also build boats for rm bilions young men on certain conditions from port to port during the hering season, -one being that these boats must fish for fishing under contract with some of the curers him at a price. New systems are now, how-

Many boatwill Owners. " dontract ' as they used to do, but prefer to take the chance of the daily market, and at many of the ports tigere are active

requisite arrangements. The best laid schemes buyers, who purchase as the boats come of captains and curers sometimes, however, to port, so that the akippers of free boats come to grief, in some years there occur can frequently make an advantageous deal. such enormous captures that the supplies of for their cargoes, especially if they have salt become exhausted, or barrels run short, been fortunate on a night when the take all

Our artist has provided an admirable illus prices fall and profits fule away a fraction tration of the boat which is still in general price be paid for the fish is often arranged with a comple of masts, bearing me a rule three There is usually besides the cap ing for the licitings he cures one year, at the who are hared to help during the fishing The season. Many of the boats are "family concerns." A father and two of his sons, or two brothers and a brother-in law, may own one or more between them, and go At one time-indeed in some places the ever, coming into practice still prevails—it was the common plan for all the crew to share in the venture, not taking payment by result, there being of course a share, or perhaps two shures, for the boat. So rigorously in some places was the money divided, that when an odd copput or two remained, the sum was expended in goosebernes or apples to be partaken of in common by the captain and his craw

The most prominent burning fishery ports are as rule pear to where the fish have beer in the habit of appearing, but herring

boats have sometimes to sail a long distance in search, of the shoals, the fish being on oddsnons exceedingly ill to find. Nor have the fishermen any

rule to guide them in their search. If the herrings are thought to be near the shore, the sea birds will he found sitting low down on the precipitous chills, which in some the guidle the waters. If there is an only gleam on the heavy rolling waves, the men feel as

sured they are just on the shoal, but all such appearances are more or less dereptive, and men have been known to sui about, tacking and wearing, and not find a single fin during their long and weary royage. On occasions a prodigious shoul has been worked upon for a few nights and then it has all at once disappeared, per-

haps never to return, much to the amasement of the fishermen! Many currous. reasons have from time to time been advanced for the disappearance of the shoals, it is said, for instance, that her rings were driven from the Baltic by the battle of Copenhagen and that in other localities they were frightened away by the fires used in burning kelp, it is also affirmed by the superstations that they at once leave a coast where blood has been needlessly spilt. One of the quantest reasons ever given for the non-appearance of these fish in their wonted haunt was given by a Member of Pasliament in a debate on a little bill the story was that a clergymen having obtained a hving on the coast of Ireland, at once asymfied his intention of taking his tithe of fish, and since that declaration was made not a single heiring has ever visited that part of the coast

Heaped up with their fleets of nets, and the big bladders which serve to keep them in position after they have been paid into the water, the herring boots commence to leave for then night's work about four u clock in the atternoon, those boots which have not been at the herring ground on the previous evening being usually the flist in leave. There is always a large concourse of spectators taking stock of the interesting spectacle, waves, and mothers, and children as well, who have a deep interest in the venture, besides a crowd of idless very glad of an excuse for a chat, or to pass an hom m the open air Good wishes follow the venturous marmers, and silent prayers for their success and safety are offered up by more than one well wisher. Many in the crowd will doubt less have memories of sad mesfortunes,

and should calamity ensue it would not be note are thrown overboard resulted in a bitter ending. barometers, which are now conspicuous in



The sun will the first time on which a fair departure had have gone down and the shades of evening The public will have gathered over the waters ere the great work of the fishing can be begun. At every fishing port, offer such warnings to last the nets are paid over the boat, breadth the fishermen as often compels them to by breadth, by two of the hands, whilst other stay at home rather than face the threattwo laborated propel the vessel, the skipper
ened storm, but on such evenings as it
listing at the post, which is the helm. An
is safe to seek the shouls the work good for
apace. As I have stated, the men have only

mind wall is "standing perpendicular" in a very crude idea as to where the fish may be the water waiting the enmeshing of the fish found. Some skippers as they guits the open. The waiting the enmeshing of the fish found turn to the right, or the left, just as bladding affined to each joining in nets, whilst the whim seizes them. For twenty-we are in it kept that by means of lead sinkers, tharty miles, if there is a brisk brospe, the boats and is fixed to the boat by a back-rope. The will proceed before sail is sinckened and the nets being got into the water, the crew take

supper, and often sing a pealm or hymn before more and more intense; men rush wildly they go to rest, the boat with mechinery of capture being left for an hour or two to drift with the tide, during which time it is boped the fish will strike and the crew be rewarded with a rich take of herrings. By-and-by the anxious skipper will "pree" the nets, i.e. look if there are fish; he will probably also examine the nets of some of his neighbours to see if they have hit the shoal. Should there be no appearance of a take the nets will be all hauled on board, and the boat will shift its quarters, the crew having again to undergo a repetition of their hard work, and even then a score of fish may not be obtained to reward them for their assiduity. The "luck" If the fishery is often astounding; of three boats fishing within a stone's throw of each herrings whilst the other two will not take as intercepted the shoel, while the nets of the harbour.

boats begin to arrive with their cargoes of quick intelligence of big takes from the boats herrings, and no sooner have the fish been to the curer's office. delivered than the work of the cure begins. Our illustrations in this and the preceding of the Scottish herring fishery, but I fancy paper will give the reader a good idea of the enough has been said to convey to readers busy scene presented at a herring-fishing unacquainted with that particular branch port on the morning of a big take. Count- of industry an idea of its leading features

less banketfuls of glistening herrings are poured into the gutting vats, where brawny men dash them about with wooden spades, and fling over them great handfuls of sait. As the boats keep coming in the excitement becomes

about with note-books making entries, bands of fishermen come from the boats. with still more bountiful supplies of fish, while carts and waggons are being loaded with dripping nets carrying them in the drying-ground. Rushing and fro, from gutting-trough to packing place, may be seen the anxious gutters. In their working-clothes some of them look so withered and wild in their attire, that they might be taken for Macbetb's weird sisters, but when their work were and they have washed away the blood and slime which encrust them in their time at labour they look like what they are, comely Scotch lasses many of them, glad to earn a pound or two in the berring season. They usually work by reother one may obtain fifty or sixty barrels of sults, and a gang of four or five will eviscerate and pack a barrel containing from seven many fish! The nets of the one will have to eight hundred fish with wonderful dexterity and rapidity. The "cure" is carefully superother two have missed it. Some boats will intended by the officers of the Fishery Board, fish their two hundred crans (the quantity and must be carried out according to the usually contracted for) before ten days of the rules prescribed, otherwise the "brand" will season have elapsed, whilst other skippers be refused. This "hall-mark," as I may will toll on for weeks and never be within call it, is a certificate of merit, which is hail of the fish. When the nets have caught unhesitatingly accepted by foreign buyers as the matter of three score or more barrels the a proof of quality. A fee of four pence has work of hauling them in becomes toilsome, to be paid on each barrel so certified, and but the prospect of the reward in store as these fees bring in an annual revenue of enlivens the toil, and soon the boat is home- from five to seven thousand pounds it will be ward bound, the crew being welcomed as seen that the brand is thought to be of some they step ashore by the smiling faces of value. The business of the herring fishery, all interested in the venture, and particus especially on the north-east coast of Scotland larly by the wives and bairs glad to see is annually becoming less stereotyped; better husband and father once more safely in the and larger boots are coming into use, even steam-vessels are now being tried, and, won-As early as four o'clock in the morning the derful to relate, pigeons are in use to carry

It would be easy to extend these details

as a source of labour and food supply. It may added be that our fisher folk, although somewhat superstitious, and not very intellectual, are an industrious, and God-fearing peo-T & DEPTH AM





FIRESIDE SUNDAYS.

BY THE LATE ARCHIRALD WATSON, D.D., OHE OF HER MAINING CHAPLANDS.

at the foundation of all religion, to with- wisdom. But there are thousands of cases. draw into the inner life of a man whose heart where it is impossible to see the same love was at rest in regard to all that shakes and sad wisdom and purpose our own training

tries the faith.

nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, painful illness which has lasted long, and nor any other creature, shall be able to which is incapable of alleviation. in Christ Jesus our Lord;" it does us good of the love of God, Who afflicts none to listen to such words which come from willingly, and with this conviction full in lived and moved.

There are times and ways in which we and from which they pray be delivered: the unknown and unseen world; and I inlong that I is very hard indeed I hold fast by up any of those difficulties which gather one's confidence in the unerring love of God.

case of a child indeed the father seeks, above should be, that without an effort of their own importance than his momentary enjoyment. and so unhappy in His world?

No man would lay upon his child burdens afterwards fully understood. That is true of which human life suffers here, and, by degrees,

IT is refreshing in times when men are per- our human life and of our earthly homes, plexing themselves about questions which where there is the spirit of affection and under the Hand of God. Take with you When St. Paul says "For I am persuaded, even such a portion of the Bible as that that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor quoted above, and enter some house where principalities, nor powers, nor things present, a human creature lies crushed under some separate us from the love of God, which is with you in your heart a deep conviction a man who feels all he says, and who view try to explain how is that a neighbor has arrived at these strong convictions less patient should be subjected night are through many difficulties and in spite of day to a degree of suffering from and strongest man might well str sense of the intense reality of the life of faith; one else, it has arise man the fault of some it makes us ashamed of our halting and our wavering; it rebukes our fears, and by the wickedness or cart blessness of a parent, very power of sympathy it raises us above ourselves into the higher life in which he may sak, is the Love, oright. Where, you and read so much, in a case which we speak

And that is but a solitary case. This? seem m be separated from the love of God, text, or the truth it contains of God'ske this and when it requires often more faith than we and unerring love, and I turn it like a tdeep possess to believe that His love is unchanged. of light upon the thousands of poor creaturch There are great sorrows which overtake men who, after a few years of a miserable existences life, and which all men would fain escape pass out into the wilderness and darkness of and these sorrows come so heavily and last so quire whether this truth has helped to clear around the providence of God. I can par-Love measures 🖿 dealings somewhat by tially understand how, after the rough training the wishes of its object. When the father of life, men should openly confess that it was loves his child, and the friend his friend, he good for themselves to be tried; but can we, studies what the child or friend likes. In the in any remote degree, apprehend how it the mere gratification of its desires, to guide will to do right or wrong, human beings born the desires of his child and to train them; in the image of God, and under His dominion, and the training of the child is of far more should be so unconscious of His presence,

But even this difficulty is far lighter and or sorrows merely to give him pain; each less perplexing to the conscience than the task has its purpose, each correction or moral evil which exists in the world. We restraint is connected with a special object in may call in the aid of a great future world to life, which can be easily seen, and which is counterbalance the misery of the few years

and that a period is coming when the sufferings repentance | awakened in the soul. We may also take comfort from the sorrows of is cxist under its present conditions, where the welfare of one part of it a essentially bound up in the welfare of the whole. But are there not aspects of our human life which refuse to be made more cheering by such arguments? What of all the enmity to God's divine will? What of the lawless and wild passions of men? What account are we to give of the awful abysses of human degradation into which our nature may sink, and into which it is sinking in countless instances at this moment? What do we think of a love which can bear to witness all this long history of evil, for age after age, without interfering to many and to cure it effectively? Is the intercepted, divine and infinite love to conother two have ide with sin and sinful men, fish their two h mass of wrong and impurity usually contracted hed?

season have elaps not remain unmoved:
will toil on for we; remain idle or inactive:
hail of the fish. When love with survaines,
the matter of three sociation, may indicate work of hauling then that, everywhere, in one but the prospect odivine love has come into enlivens the toil, and evil, and has been resistward bound, theoring it. I cannot tell why they step sath not ended in the world : but all into can I tell why in my own heart the larly,est | not ended. We ask, and very hugurally, for an explanation of the long conhimsed battle between Good and Evil in the world, and we call it a religious or a theological difficulty which has yet to be solved. Perhaps it is; but it may m well be called a difficulty of human nature, a difficulty of the human will, and we may ask each individual why the great conflict between good and evilwithin his own soul rages yet-and why the heart and will have not finally surrendered the might of the Spirit of God. This is the difficulty which St. Paul has put and overcome, and he falls back in it on the love This is St. Paul the anchor of of God. life; if that fails all fails; and all may fail whilst that holds fast. The love of verse. Lose that and you lose everything. This love which has so many aspects is

we feel that light begins to rise upon the uni- our sky with clouds when the soul is impure, verse, as we consider that all sorrowhas an end, and which drives away the clouds when

of this state shall be found not worthy to And the measure of that love in the measure be compared with the glory that is revealed, of it as seen and revealed in the person and life of Jesus Christ. What was seen there, life, that they are inevitable if the human race. His goodness, His self-forgetfulness, and His full and entire surrender of all that life had, for the good of man—that was the perfection of human and divine love. God has manifested His love "in that whilst we were sinners, Christ died for us." "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." The love of God as exhibited in that one life took hold of St. Paul, held him fast and filled his soul with conceptions of God which he had never formed before. All that he had seen and experienced hitherto in his own life, seemed to him an inadequate measure of God's love. The love which was seen in the gifts of nature and of providence, in light and the sense of enjoyment, was a love which was by comparison feeble; but the love which sought and found a channel for its outflow in the holy and stainless life of Jesus Christ, and in His works of mercy in the face of enmity, that seemed to him the only adequate measure of a love which was worthy of God. When God revealed His Son in the heart of the apostle, his eyes were opened to discern a power and a light be had never seen before.

In the presence of a love so great, the apostle has imagined to himself several events or forms of existence, which in the estimation of some might interfere with the continuance

of this love of God.

Let me refer to two of them, the two first in order. "I am persuaded, that neither death nor life shall separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Desta.—We know the power of death agterate. In divides the present from the past. It loosens every mortal tie, it breaks every contract, it dissolves the bonds of dearest and holiest relationships. Even in the case of friendships which were once thought eternal, there comes a time, after long years, when former memories grow dim. Faces which were once familiar are remembered vaguely, sorrows which were once keen are mellowed by the lapse of time, and a period comes in the history of our losses when God underlies all human faith in the uni- they can be spoken about with calmness. marvellous how the best and greatest men cease to be missed, and how soon the world under all aspects the same. It is the same becomes accustomed their absence. Death love which corrects us and which heals separates men from human interests and our troubles; the same love which darkens human effections, and by degrees the dead

are forgotten, or linger only in the recesses of known shore, and finds in His Divine love a

a few affectionate and true hearts.

But even then, there is within us a witness to the fact that death cannot destroy all that has changed the whole conditions and most precious in life. We cease to have a response to our love, but we do not cease to love; we are not conscious III any influence arising from their thoughts, we no more hear the voice that cheered us, no more find life lighted up by their presence, no more rejoice their companionship, or return to their society to have our souls refreshed by their communion., But | the absence of all that gave our own hearts joy, we have not ceased think of them, to follow them in thought, to dwell on their virtues, to go over again and again in our inward hearts the scenes of other days. Their memories are not shadows, their former life and conversations with us are not a dream. We spend many hours in recalling their words and acts, their counsels, their virtues, their faith, their influence with us; and we are conscious in our own hearts that if affection is a reality, that reality still exists, and their departure has not affected one whit our profound love for them, and for all that was noble in them; nay, their removal from us has only helped us to see more clearly many excellencies and graces to which in their lifetime we were blind. Thus we have a witness in our own hearts that there is a love othern from which death cannot separate. How much more must this be said of the love of God. What is life, what is death to Him, that they should change His mind? When we enter into this world, we come under His authority: when we quit it, we only proceed to a different part of His realm. Life and death, which to us express the widest opposites of thought and being, can be no more to God than two mansions in His own great house. To Him. past and future, here and hereafter, are not the mysteries they are to us. The dead who die to us live to God; His presence is everywhere; all are before Him; and they go no more out. Death does not touch His influence, His power of communion with them, or His love to them. Death can no more alter God's interest and care for us than the shadows of night change the loving heart of a mother for her child. If there can be any change it must be that the affection is more intense and more powerfully shown. As the boy thrusts his hand into his father's when he enters the thick forest or goes into the strange crowd, and feels it grasped more firmly, so does the soul cling more closely to God in childlike trust as it nears that un-

deeper response. This assurance has introduced a new life into the world. relationships of human existence, and has furnished hope and resignation where otherwise there would have been darkness.

Life.-It might seem at first sight as if there were nothing special in life to make it a matter of strong faith in St. Paul, that life would not separate him from the love of God in Christ Jesus. But life is the cause of many Many friendships are bitter sunderings. broken by life, more perhaps than by death : quarrels which were unthought of arise, and even when there in no quarrel, old sympathies fade, early friendships droop, and companions who in their youth spent days in each others' society without exhausting those subjects which they viewed in common, can meet in later years and find that after a few minutes' intercourse they have little more to say. Different pursuits, different sympathies, have grossed the minds of each since thirink. What

and they find themselves widely affore this serve? each other's love. d in what is the Much more have we occased the suffering is

of ourselves and of our formholly unconnected it may be true that somen the fault of some the follies and vices of a from neglect, from more have to confess theseness of a parent, children, or young, and nay, from the very the world's ways, there right. Where, you heaven about them than of which we meak dealing with the cares an like this? pleasures of life has dulled now take this the spirit; the finer edge of spiritual in been worn off; the clearer light of headeep has been dimmed; we have grown reh familiar with the baser and more earthly view. of life, and the effect has been III separate us from all that was once reckoned good and divine. And all this while, if we had taken time to think of it, God's love has not changed towards us. All this while it has been shining on us, and speaking in reproof, that | yet affection. Our dulness, our want of true spirituality, our indifference | the highest truths, have sunk us lower, but they have not deprived us of that love which is unwearied and eternal.

Neither life nor death, says St. Paul, shall separate us from the love of God, and nothing else in heaven or in earth shall. It is on this faith that all human hopes rest. Higher than this we cannot go; short II this we may not stay. Apart from such a hope and faith, what is life worth?

With such a faith, on the other hand, what

may not a man do? He needs to fear sent, even when they seem most perplexing and overtake them; the events of the pre- Whom we have eternal life.

nothing: he is in possession of that secret fall into shape and order, and appear but a which soothes the trials and cares of life: he part of that endless succession of events faces all tasks with more courage, he meets which are embraced under the all-shadowing all labours more cheerfully, and he accepts love of the Eternal Father. Nothing is purthe chastenings and disappointments of his lot poseless, nothing lost. Well | it for us if in a spirit which 📓 fuller of hope. To a we can place ourselves under a love so pure, man who lived in this faith of the apostle, or so righteous, so strong and unfailing. And to a man who lives in it yet, the universe is why not? Nothing hinders us; nothing but not chaos, the past is not a mere chaning of that secret doubting and unbelief of heart, shadow after shadow, each melting into air, which measures everything by itself, and and the future in not darkness and nothing-forgets that the love and power of God are ness, but all things past and present, above measureless, and that the proof of this love us and around us, are distinct with meaning. has been before the world for ages, and has The forms which have passed away have been confirmed to mankind in the life and passed elsewhere, and we are to follow them death, in the gift and sacrifice of One in

LÉON LHERMITTE.

A LL the greatest painters the world has among the results and evidences of a growing known have been splendid colourists, appreciation of what can be attained by but the glamour of their example must not misless young painters and students into the a very healthy influence in promoting public belief that, in a picture, colour is everything. A good colourist may be a greater artist by nature than one who is merely a good draughtsman, for appreciation of colour comes more by instinct than by education; but it is much easier for presumptuous ignorance to arrive by trick and haphazard processes at sufficiently striking effects in colour, then it for it in conceal its shortcomings in drawing. Long training and faithful self-discipline alone can insure accuracy in draughtsmanship, and training and self-discipline lie at the very foundation of true excellence in Art. They make a man thorough and earnest; and only so far as he is thorough and earnest is he entitled to the noble name of artist.

Thanks not a little to an increasing acquaintance, on the part both of our students an intelligent interest Art, with the productions of French artists, whose power of drawing, as an outcome of their thorough training, is generally admirable, we are beginning to see that, pure black and white, artistic effects can be secured which, while sketching the preliminary outlines of their they may fall short of the kest work in colour, pictures. are infinitely more wholesome and instructive terms it: "a painter's art and the daughter than all crude attempts where colour is made of painting." To this special branch of Art the sole attraction. The improved "quality" and style of the illustrations in our books and and, in consequence, it is they who have magazines and the various Black and White achieved is the greatest success. For his Exhibitions that have been held London, landscapes in charcoal, Lalanne, the cele-

appreciation of what can be attained by draughtsmanship-have, in return, exercised

taste and knowledge.

Among the materials used in the production of black-and-white drawings, charcoal, for the effective results obtained by it, deservedly takes first rank. Mr. Hamerton, in his latest book, points out that the graphic arts contain three distinct languages -- the language of the line, the language of relative lightness and darkness in spaces, and the language of colour; and "that it has been found by experience that charcoal is one of the surest and most convenient means for shading spaces correctly." Mr. Hamerton dilates with great truth and detail on all the advantages the artist secures by the legitimate use of charcoal—the closeness with which textures can be imitated by it, the beauty of light and shade I can render, and and of that portion of the public that takes the refinement and immateriality of its tones, which are a perfect luxury to the eye.

Charcoal-drawing as now practised is the development into an independent art of the rough and often hasty method that artists have employed, since the earliest times, of the French have devoted particular attention, Giasgow, and Manchester-in themselves brated etcher, has a world-wide fame, and, painters of the figure who have made a sepa-I do not know of one who excels Léon Lhermitte in every important quality." This

high praise, but not too high.

The story of Leon Augustin Lhermitte's career is the record of a life devoted - Art. and is full of instruction to all young painters, who are so possessed by the true artistic spirit as to feel that the production of a good picture a task demanding the patient exercise of a man's best powers. He was born in the village of Mont St. Père, close to the vine-clad alopes of Champagne, on July 31st, 1844. Mont St. Père in a quaint, sleepy little village, full of old-world picturesqueness, where life moves leisurely, and men and women still retain primitive beliefs and manners. It is the very place for a reflective artistic soul to be nurtured in. Lhermitte's grandfather was a vine-dresser : his father, a schoolmaster, who, in his own line, has achieved honour, and is still alive, at a hale, hearty old age, to feel proud of the distinction his son has won. Lhermitte's early circumstances, resembling in some respects those that surrounded Millet, and fatal as they might have been to a weak nature, were the very conditions that entered as essential elements into the sustenance and growth of his powers. He was brought up in the country, he passed his youth among peasants, led their life, took part in their toil, understood their joys and their sorrows. This experience, healthy and bracing as it was, has influenced all the work of his riper years. Peasants and rural life, the gleaners in the fields, the labourers receiving their wages, the cottage matron busy over her household duties these M delineates with a loving care begotten of sympathy and knowledge.

His artistic instincts declared themselves at an early age. While attending his father's school, he began to draw, and his attempts had always one object wiew, the representation of things that actually lay before his eyes. Fortunately he met judicious encouragement. In 1863, a gentleman who lived m Mont St. Père, and was much interested in Art matters, discerned 🗎 these first essays of young Lhermitte a sincerity that gave promise of better things to come. This true friend overcame both the father's opposition and the mother's fears, and sent Lhermitte to Paris, in order that he might syste-

matically study Art.

Chance guided him to the steller of a master who has exercised a sound and fur-

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to quote Mr. Hamerton again, "Amongst reaching influence over modern Art in France, Lecoq de Boisbaudran. Monsieur de Boisrate reputation by their drawings in charcoal bandran was no believer in those systems of teaching that smoothe down all angularities in the pupils, and end too frequently producing only uniform mediocrity. His special aim was to discover and develop the personal and characteristic powers of each of his students. He succeeded in training up a group of artists of decided originality and of most diversified methods of expression. Among them are Legros, the well-known professor in the Slade School, London; Regamey, whose too early death cut short a most promising career; Fantin, appreciated almost as much in England as in his own country for his flower-pieces and portraits; Cazin, whose chaste and delicate style has placed him in the front rank of French painters. With the last named, Lhermitte, at his very first entry into de Boisbaudran's studio, formed a close and lasting friendship, which has not been without its effect on the work of both men.

> While he was yet a student Lhermitte showed the special bent of his genius. Every year he sent to the Salon one or two charcoal drawings, and his contributions soon began to attract attention from both artists and critics. His first decided success, however, was in the Salon of 187s, when he exhibted "Le Lutrin d'Eglise de Paris" and "Le Lavage de Moutons," which have since been shown at the Dudley Gallery, London. The following year he was represented by a large drawing. "Une Veillée de Village," and in 1874 the jury of the Salon awarded him a medal of the third class for his picture, "La Moisson," and for a charcoal drawing, "Le Bécédicité." Since then he has been a regular and important contributor to every Salon. His large painting, which was in this year's Paris Exhibition, "La Paye des Moissonneurs," is generally considered to be the best work in oil he has yet produced. Several of his pictures have been bought by the State for provincial Musics, and " L'Aleule," which brought him his second medal in 1880, is now in Gheat Public Gallery.

> Lhermitte has visited England several times, and has contributed all the Dudley Gallery Black and White Exhibitions since their institution in 1872. On the nomination of the well-known etcher, the late Ed-win Edwards, he was, in 1875, elected a member of the selecting and hanging committee of the Dudley. To the first Black and White Exhibition of the Glasgow Institute in 1880 he sent several important works,

St. Malo," and these at once received the hearty admiration of local artists and collectors. His contributions in the second Glasgow Exhibition in 1881 only confirmed the high opinion formed of his powers by all competent judges. He has exhibited also in

Liverpool and Manchester.

Lhermitte has, of course, a studio in Paris, but during the summer most of his time is spent in his native village. He sone of the villagers himself, knowing every one and known to every one. There, for away from the distractions of the world of fashion and folly, he can think his own quiet thoughts, and work out, undisturbed and tranquilly, his artistic conceptions. Some of his best inspirations have been drawn from the rural scenes--the village street, the calvaire, the blacksmith's forge—that are endeared to him by early associations, and have been made familiar, in all their lights and shades, by the long intercourse of years. But he does not confine himself to rustic subjects. Groups in the Paris markets, fashionable assemblages, church interiors, the crowded lecture-room of the Sorbonne-such incidents as these have yielded abundant material for his skill to exercise itself upon. Like the true artist that he is, he finds his subjects close at hand and in the life of to-day. He works in the spirit of the old masters, earnestly, truthfully, patiently, and he uses his powers, not in a vain attempt to revive the form in which the old masters clothed their aspirations, but in a sincere endeavour to show us something of the poetry and the beauty that are to-day m abundant on the earth as when Phidias carved or Raphael painted. His drawing is admirable, always correct and in the direction of the whole truth, yet never hard or niggled. With a few broad touches of the charcoal and with his splendid light and shade, which the papier vergé employs lends additional quality, he succeeds in obtaining effects that are most truthful, and yet without a touch in them of the commonplace truthfulness that, as it gives us only the outsides of things, is more than half a falsehood.

Lhermitte's oil work shows self-restraint and careful thought. He paints in a big style, and is improving year by year, espe-These in their own department of Art are Hellenger.

including his magnificent "Fish Market of simply unsurpassed. They are complete pictures—so complete that we do not even note in them the absence of positive colour. The graduated tones of the charcoal seem to

give all the colour we require.

Especially admirable in all Lhermitte's art are its thorough healthiness and sanity. He is no puling pessimist. Life, represented by him, is not a dreary wilderness, where disappointment and bereavement and work without hope, are the sole elements in the lot of man. We must go out mour labour in the morning, it is true; we must bear the burden and heat of the day; we must face failure and sorrow and vanished dreams with as stout hearts as we can, but life for us all has its compensations, and the painter and the poet do loyalest service to their fellows when they dwell most on these compensations, and show us how love and cheerfulness and faith can make us more than victors over all the ills that flesh II heir to, Some painters, II is true, are drawn irresistibly by their nature, perhaps by their experience also, to depict only the gloomics side of life. They paint always, as Millet said of himself, "dans Pembre," both spiritually and materially, but surely the greater and the healthier artist is he who has an eye for the sunshine as well as for the shade, and who is glad at heart as be listens to the lark's song or the merry voices of children. It is comparatively easy to win a cheap notoriety as a cynical misanthrope. It is a most difficult task to feel the burden of the mystery of this world's mingled good and evil, and yet be able to rejoice in the good and not be dismayed with the evil. As we look at Lhermitte's work we feel he has chosen the better part. A labourer with him is not a degraded dejected being with 📰 hope and spirit crushed out of him. He is a man hard-working and ragged, but still with compensations that-

** Do a' bis weary carling cares begunte, And make him quate torget his Libour and his toll."

The truth that Burns wrote, Lhermitte pictures for us. The truly artistic spirit recognises always the infinite possibilities that he

in humanity and nature,

Our illustration is a reproduction in woodcut of a charcoal drawing-"The Flower Market of St. Sulpice," The scene will be cially in colour, which in several of his earlier familiar to all who know Paris. Il is one of pictures is dingy. Many of his small land- those bright picturesque passages in the ordiscapes of Mont St. Pere and its neighbour- many every-day life of the city that arrest the hood are charming in tone and feeling. He attention of all who have been accustomed to is also a skilful etcher, but his fame has been only English skies and English manners, made by his figure drawings in charcoal. The wood-cut was executed by Clement ROBERT WALKER,



the Flower Market of St. Sulpace*

TREACLE AND LAMP-POSTS.

The Chening's Moth of a Young Asturalist.

By THEODORE WOOD, TODIT-AUTHOR OF "THE FIELD-NATURALIST'S HAND-BOOK."

HE reader will probably wonder, unless be an entomologist, what two such other; and they certainly do not seem to have much in common. But, in the career of a working entomologist, they play a very im-

portant part.

"Treacle," or "sugar," as it was formerly called, is a mixture of coarse treacle and rum, and is designed to attract the nightflying moths, for which purpose it is spread on the trunks of trees in a favourable locality. Attracted by the odour of the spirit, the moths come flying from all directions to the coveted dainty, and, settling on the painted trunks, speedily become engrossed in the occupation of sucking up the mixture. Meanwhile the collector, lantern in hand, makes his round of the prepared trees, and selects the specimens which he requires for his collection.

Such is a brief outline of the operation. and I shall now attempt to describe a suc-

cessful evening's work.

We have chosen a warm, close evening in the beginning of June, with an ominous bank of thick black clouds on the horizon, and tolerably evident indications of an approaching thunderstorm. The moon is at her last quarter, and does not rise until very late. So much the better for our purpose, for, irresistibly as moths are attracted to artificial light, such as a candle or gas-lamp, moonlight seems to be actually repulsive to them, and on a bright evening scarcely one will stir from its hiding place. The state of the atmosphere, too, is just what moths delight omen, and then set to work. in, and if only there were a slight drizzle, Hiding the lantern in the evening would be perfection. Altogether we could hardly have a better opportunity for our excursion, and accordingly, half an hour or so before dusk, we pack up our the thin-bodied Geometer moths, which always apparatus and start for a neighbouring wood.

entomologists, namely, that it is strictly to appear in considerable numbers. private, admission being only granted by Having poured in the rum, and mixed the special license of the owner. In consequence it wot infested with small boys, who of the brush, we apply it to the trunk of a form one of the areatest torments of the grand old oak in a long narrow streak, beginworking entomologist, and who, I they do not ning at about the height of the shoulder, and plaster his treacle patches with mad, are continuing about three feet from the certain to follow him closely in his wander- ground, working it well into the interstices of ings, frightening the moths from his trees, the bark. Thence we proceed to a second,

The apparatus mentioned consists of :-First, an old mustard tin, provided with a apparently incontruous articles as treacle and handle of strong wire, and containing rather lamp-posts can possibly have to do with each more than half-a-pint of "green" treacle. mixed with a little stale beer, in order to thin it. Formerly, instead of treacle, entomologists employed a compound made by boiling the coarsest brown sugar-" [amaica foots," as it is technically termed—in beer for two or three hours, and keeping it bottled until required for use. However, by degrees it has been found that a simple mixture of green treacle and rum answers every purpose, and very few now adhere m the old plan.

> Secondly, a large painter's brush, wherewith to apply the mixture to the tree-trunks.

> Next, a small bottle holding about a tablespoonful of the coarsest and newest procurable rum, to be mixed with the treacle just before applying it to the trees. Then, there is a large satchel containing chip pillboxes, such as are used for holding outment. of four consecutive sizes, and "nested" into one another to economize space; these are for holding the expected captives. A "bull'seye" lantern, a box of lucifer matches, and a butterfly-net complete the list.

> After a short walk we arrive at the wood, and find that it is high time to ronimence operations, for the sun has already set, and the bats are busily engaged in hawking for the insects which constitute their prey. Round an adjacent bush a swirm of guata are performing their aerial evolutions, a sure sign that the evening is a propitious one for the entomologist. We note the favourable

Hiding the lantern in a bush near the commencement of the round, we proceed to mix the "treacle," handing the butterflynet to our companion, who looks out for commence their evening Hight before darkness This wood has one great advantage to fairly sets in, and which are now beginning

Having poured in the rum, and mixed the and making themselves intolerable missions. and a third, passing by all trees with smooth

bark, which, for some reason or other, moths engaged in their feast, and elbowing each always avoid,

Meanwhile our companion by no means idle. Here a pretty little Wave Moth, with delicate white wings powdered with blackish spots. Among the bushes one of the small Emeralds is fluttering, while a Swift III dashing wildly about among the low herbage at the edge of the path. Here comes a thick-bodied Noctors flying headlong down the riding, and almost knocking against us before discovers its dangerous proximity; another, attracted by the odour of the rum, is coming in hot haste to secure a share of the feast, while a third is absorbed the flowers of a neighbouring bramble. A Dor-beetle flies lasily past, with its dull drone, and a Cockchafer is blundering amongst the foliage of the trees. Among all these his net is in constant use, and, to judge by his occasional exclamations, the rapid succession of injects rather bewilders him than otherwise. Nevertheless, before we have finished baiting the trees he has more than half-filled his collecting-box, and has certainly no reason to complain of the result of his labours.

Nor do we meet with insects alone, for on the path before us is sitting a huge toad, eyeing us in contemplative wonder, and we hear the rustle of a grass-snake among the bracken, as it retreats from the vicinity of the

unwelcome intruders.

After twenty minutes' work or so, we have prepared a sufficient number of trees, selecting them as nearly as possible in a circle, in order to waste no time in retracing our steps between the rounds. Now, laying axide the tin, we get our hands as free as possible from the treacle which has splashed on to them, light the lantern, and, pill-box in hand, commence our circuit.

After a little practice it becomes perfectly -cary, the lantern being held III the left hand, to work the pill-box with the right, a sine qua non when working alone. Some books recommend the lantern being fastened in front of the body by a belt, or hung round the neck, and one signations work actually suggests that it should be strapped in front of the chimney-pot hat ! However, even when the lamp | held by a companion, it is next to impossible to capture a moth on the treacle, and is even more difficult if is llung on the belt.

The first tree we come to has only one visitor, viz. an earwig of an exploring turn of mind, who speedily retreats before the light system of piracy, that he was obliged to lill of the lantern. On the next, however, there in wait for the marauders, and shoot them,

other right and left in their eagerness. Two of them feign death, and fall to the ground as soon as the lantern I turned upon them, intending to remain quiet until the impending danger has passed. A most irritating trick to the collector in this, which in one common most of the moths which frequent the bait of treacle, for, once among the dibris at the roots of the trees, which, from their sombre colours, they so much resemble, it is a matter of extreme difficulty to find them, and in most instances the search is mere waste of time. There is only one consolation, and that is, that after they have recovered from their fright, the fallen moths generally return to their interrupted meal, where they may perhaps be captured at the following round. In order to avoid the possibility of losing any insects in future, we direct our companion to place his net below the treacled patch before we turn on the lantern, that any moths adopting the above tactics may be arrested in their fall, and captured for examination.

Well is it for us, as it soon turns out, that we took this precaution, for, at the very next tree, a fine specimen of the rather scarce Light Brocade (Hadena genista) falls into the net before the pill-box could be brought into use. As it is, however, he is speedily captured, and transferred to a capacious coat-pocket.

As we approach the next tree in our circuit, a shadowy form sweeps past us, hovers at the patch of treacle for a second, and departs as rapidly and noiselessly as it came. It was a bat, which had learned by experience the attraction of the baited trees to insects, and had snatched one from the trunk as it passed, scarcely pausing in its flight.

In a wood in which we "treacled" regularly for three or four years, the bats were a perfect nuisance in this way, sometimes making free with nearly half the moths which ap-

proached the treacle.

A friend tells me that for some time was annoyed by an even greater pest, which took almost every insect that should by rights have fallen to his lot. This bee noire was found in the goat-suckers, or nightjars, which used to sit at the foot of the treacled trees and watch for an approaching moth. No somer did an insect arrive within a foot or two of the patch than the bird darted into the air, seized and devoured it, and then returned to its post in readiness for another victim. To such a pitch did the birds carry this are several moths of different sorts, all busily, before he could secure a single insect.

A little farther on we come to another robber, in the shape of a large toad, which has taken up his position exactly beneath the baited spot, and waiting with praiseworthy perseverance for the insects which are certain to fall to the ground as soon as the spirituous mixture has lufted them into unconsciousness. And a rich harvest must fall to his lot, for, besides the intoxicated insects from above, he has the opportunity of catching the enrwigs, beetles, &c., as they ascend from the ground to the nearest "dribblet." Judging from the rotundity of his form, he has often occupied this post before, and seems in no wise eager to leave it, even when the lantern is placed in close proximity to him.

Fluttering daintily up and down the treacle above, as though unwilling to touch the sticky substance with its delicate feet, we find and quickly secure a very fine specimen of the exquisite Peach-Blossom Moth (Thratus batis), with its five pale pink blotches on each upper wing, looking exactly like the fallen petals of the flower from which it takes its name. There can hardly be two opinions but that it is the most beautiful of all our British Noctues. Though by no means uncommon where it does occur, it is not very generally distributed, and a collector may work for years in a district without finding a specimen, while in another wood, perhaps only a mile or two distant, it can be taken in profusion. Here it seems fairly abundant, for on the next tree we find another specimen, and by the end of the evening have obtained nearly a dozen examples.

We now begin in find the slugs a decided nuisance, for three or four of these creatures will devour the whole of the treacle on a tree in a very short space of time. On one tree we find a gigantic specimen, a very Goliath among suga, somewhere about six inches in length when fully stretched out. The usual mode of proceeding in such a case is to put up the foot and crush the marauder. On applying this remedy a perfect stream of treacle flows from the crushed body of the creature, and shows the amount of mischief disappeared. he had done in a very short space of time.

All this time the moths have been very abundant, and we have added a considerable number to our collection, and filled the greater number of our boxes. However, we are at the end of our circuit, and it is a wellknown fact that the first round of the trees in length, and has the elytra regularly grooved is generally the most productive; so we must for the whole of their length. In has the not expect to be as successful during the peculiarity of never being out of season, so rest of the evening.

Nevertheless, the treacles are still very well attended by visitors, and moths, beetles, carwigs, slugs, woodlice, and spiders vie with each other in their attempts to secure a place. On one small patch we count no less than fifty-one moths, most of them common ones, however, besides the heterogeneous mixture just noticed.

On one tree there is a very strange and unaccustomed visitor, namely, a field-mouse, which has perched itself at the junction of a small branch with the trunk, and is apparently engaged in lapping up the treacle. When we turn on the light, it seems by no means disconcerted, but sits perfectly quiet, peering curiously at us with its large black eyes. A nearer approach, however, on our part, reminds it that "discretion is the better part of valour," and II disappears behind the tree, runs down the trunk, and is quickly lost to sight among the undergrowth.

While we are looking at it, a large Yellow Underwing (Triphana pronuba) comes down on the treacle with a plump, and begins rushing frantically about in search of the best place. Pushing another moth impatiently out of its way, it unrolls its long proboscis and sets to work, causing a large drop of the mixture to disappear with startling rapidity. What with slugs and what with Yellow Underwings the trees seem in a fair way to entirely deprived of the luscious bait, and so we take the gourmand between the finger and thumb and fling him into the air, when he takes the warning and his flight together.

Sometimes a moth refuses to be ejected from his position, and will return to the same tree time after time, and night after night, no matter how often he be knocked off, until the time comes round for him | pay the debt of nature. A marked specimen of the beautiful Red Underwing (Catocala nupta) has been noticed regularly for more than a month, gradually getting more and more worn in appearance. Whether nourished to an unusual extent by the diet or not, I do not know, but it remained on the wing for long after the rest of its companions had

Two trees farther on, the patch of treacle is half covered by a number of one of the wood-buring beetles, which does not possess a popular name, but is scientifically known as Helest strictus. is of a dark, reddishbrown colour, rather more than half an inch to speak, for I can be met with in every month of the year, clinging in the tree-trunks nt night during the summer, and buried | the ground or in rotten wood during the

frosts of winter.

While engaged in our next round, we have the opportunity of witnessing a very curious and interesting scene on the bait. A large Yellow Underwing-by far the greediest of all moths at treacle-is fighting with two specimens of the Dark Arches (Xylophania polyodon), a moth of about equal size, for the possession of a choice drop of the preparation. The light of the lantern does not deter them in the least degree, and they go on Jostling and struggling with each other, now one unil now another getting the advantage, until we end the dispute by knocking all three off the tree, to meditate in solitude on the fiality of worldly hopes.

All this time we have slowly but surely been increasing our list of captures, and after the fourth circuit of the trees find that we have barely half-a-dozen boxes left unoccupied. These we shall want on our return, and, finding it is verging close upon midnight, we determine to retrace our steps and accordingly set out on our homeward way.

Now for the lamp-posts.

As I mentioned near the beginning of this paper, moths and other insects are irresistibly attracted towards artificial light. Almost every one knows how moths will fly in at the open window on a warm summer's evening. dash violently about the room for a few minutes, and finish their managures and their life together by flying through the flame of the lamp, and falling, maimed and scorched, on to the table below. Whether they are fascinated by the light, and so are unwillingly obliged to fly towards it, or whether they are simply impelled by motives of curiosity, has not as yet been discovered. Whichever may be the case, the habit proves a source of great profit to the collector, and he never passes a lamppost without easting an upward glance at the tramework, any more than he walks by the side of a fence or wall without instinctively keeping a look out for any moths that may be resting upon it. And this, not by night alone, but also by day; for many moths, settling on the glass of the lamp during the their situation until the following evening.

which is resting a moth of which we are in want. So, laying the lantern and treacle-tin on the ground, and handing the net to our companion, we ascend the post, first taking the precaution of placing an empty pill-box in the cont-pocket, within easy reach of the hand. Once fairly up, the moth is quickly secured, and we slide down again, hopeful in the anticipation of further captures,

Some collectors, too lazy or otherwise upwilling to climb the posts, use a contrivance for catching an insect on a gas-lamp without exertion. This consists of a wide-mouthed glass bottle, charged with cyanide of potassium—the vapour of which III a deadly poison -fastened at right angles to the end of a long rod, and provided with a band of guttapercha round the rim. When moth seen resting on the side of the lamp, the bottle is uncorked and placed under the insect, which is speedily stupefied by the poisonous fumes and falls senseless into it.

This seems at first eight to be a very useful contrivance, and calculated to save the collector a good deal of bodily labour. But there are one or two serious objections to it, not the least being that the poisonous element of the cyanide is very evanescent, and requires to be constantly renewed in order to keep it in

a working condition.

Then when, wery often happens, a moth settles on the framework, or even inside the lamp, it is obvious that the bottle can be of very little use; and a collector relying entirely upon it would frequently be tantalized by the sight of a scarce insect which he was unable to obtain. And, moreover, wery often happens that a moth is quite invisible until the lamp-post is ascended, and would therefore only be accidentally found except by those collectors who climb every post on Most entomologists, favourable evenings. therefore, eschew this apparatus, and content themselves by climbing the lamp in the ordinary manner.

It is not to be expected, of course, that the spectacle of an individual ascending lamp after lamp, often for no apparent purpose, will long remain unchallenged, and in such cases the police usually consider that they "smell a rat!" I have myself been followed hours of darkness, still remain upon | after for upwards of a mile by a couple of zealous the break of day, and sometimes do not leave members of the force, who halted within forty or fifty yards of each lamp as I climbed it, To-night insects are nearly as abundant on and watched me with evident distrust. Nor the gas-lamps by the side of the road as they were their doubts finally set at rest until 1 were on our treacles, and after passing one climbed a post and boxed a moth when they or two, which were only visited by some of were standing only a few feet distant. This the common species, we come to a kmp on seemed to convince them that I intended no harm, and they then left me to my own is provided about half-way up with a ring of devices for the rest of the evening.

On our way home we pass very few lamps upon which one moth I least is not resting, while ichneumon flies and daddy-long-legs visit the light in some numbers, and an inqui sitive cockchafer is occasionally to be seen. Among so many insects our remaining pillboxes are rapidly filled, and we reach home with the pleasing knowledge that we have not room for a single additional capture.

Not, however, without one slight mishap.

As a rule, the descent of a Lunp is by far the easiest part of the business; but one post the Treacles and Lamp-posts.

metal, projecting some three-quarters of an inch from the "stalk," as our friend terms it. On this we are foolish enough to stand, and, occupied in the use of the pill-box, the natural result occurs, and we make a rapid descent, fraught with disastrous results to ankles and knees, and minus the expected insect.

However, this is but a slight penalty for our general success, and we seek our couch, some time after midnight, perfectly satisfied with the result of our evening's labours among

CORRESPONDENCE CLASSES.

T now about three years since there the tutors within a specified time. These commend the aim of these classes. It found its way into a thousand homes; was read on the banks of the Ganges and in the tea gardens of Assam, and excited enviosity in a Dutch colony at the Cape. A great help was given by that article to the modest little scheme which was then only about a year old, and in need of kindly fostering care to develop its powers and bring it to maturity. Hundreds of inquirers sought for further information, and many of these inquirers enrolled themselves as students. Since that time the classes have been growing in favour, and the addition of fresh members is mainly due to that best of all advertisements, the recommendation of old pupils.

The system of education by correspondence has found exponents and eulogists from time to time; but it may be well to explain briefly the method by which instruction in a great variety of subjects can be given equally well to pupils living in the next street and at the Antipodes, and that, too, with such regularity as would gladden the heart of the most anxiously conscientions member of any school board in the kingdom. Plans of study, in which the session's work is divided into fortnightly lessons, so that pupils may know precisely what they are to study, are first of all sent out. At the end of each fortnight carefully prepared questions on the prescribed lesson are forwarded the pupils, who are required to send written answers to

appeared in Good Words an article on answers are carefully examined, corrections Education by Post," in which special refers are made, and notes, criticisms, and explanaence was made to the Correspondence tions are added in the margin. The papers Classes organized by the Glasgow Association , are then returned to the pupils with the next for the Higher Education of Women. That set of questions. In order to insure reguarticle did more than anything close to make larity the Honorary Secretary's undertakes the known the existence, explain the nature, and transmission of the papers, and both questions and answers pass through her hands. This arrangement gives unity to the scheme, and enables the Secretary to superintend the work of both pupils and tutors.

> Teaching by post has other centres than Glasgow, but it is not too much to say that the Glasgow scheme embraces a wider curriculum than any other now existing. Its special plan of study is determined by the scheme sketched out by the Glasgow University for their local examinations and for that higher examination for women recently established as a nort of equivalent to an examination for a degree. The Association enlists the services of the very best tutors that can be got to take up the various subjects contained in the University scheme. There are about forty different classes, for there are three grades, junior, senior, and higher, in almost all the subjects, and these are divided among twenty tutors, to whose high excellence the success of the classes is mainly, if not altogether, due. A mere mechanist in teaching, who has no living enthusiasm for his subject, will certainly fail to stimulate his pupils to do their best, but the Association II to be congratulated on having obtained the co-operation of some of the most distinguished of the Glasgow University graduates, and of Oxford and Paris graduates who have taken high honours. With such

> "Miss Jose S. Macarthur, c. Buckingham Street, Hill-bald, Glasgow!.

of Good Words, it may interest them to know much I have profited by them. Mr. been that for Common Subjects. Literature, History, Scripture history, Latin, French, German, and Theory of music, in all the three grades, are in great request. Among the physical sciences, physiology holds the first place. Physiography is studied with botany, chemistry, and astronomy are left in ness in a barrack-room. the background, although they are much valued by those who make choice of them. Political economy | rising | favour, but logic, metaphysics, and moral philosophy are confined = a select few.

Although these classes are intended to prepare candidates for University examination, students do not need menter themselves for any test. In many cases it would be impossible, the distance of residence from any centre being too great, but whenever a sufficient number—not a large one—can be brought together, the University Examination Board is willing to establish a centre. It is hoped that in 1883 there may be one formed in Mauritius, where, fostered by a sealous coadjutor and much encouraged by the bishop, there is a growing demand for sound education, and a desire for the stimulus given by the prospect of authorized University examinations.

conferred by a system so flexible and ubiquitous m that of correspondence. By its help mothers are educating their children being to take a more intelligent interest in

men to guide the studies of earnest students vigour." A lady in the South of France really good work can be done and is done. writes: "I cannot tell how I have enjoyed As many correspondence pupils are readers this series of Scripture lessons, and how that this year, as usual, the largest class has deserves great praise and thanks for the able, comprehensive questions, and for his attention and kindness in fully correcting or approving the answers." And to give but one more instance, a corporal in North India working most diligently, so that he may rise in the scale of knowledge and intelligence and diligence, mathematics stands fairly well, but be saved from the temptations that beset idle-

There in no monotony in correspondence, Some of the subjects give rise to animated discussions carried on through several successive papers. An intelligent pupil has the means of bringing the questions which most interest him or her 📟 a fair discussion, and of receiving light upon them by communication with a man of culture who has made some of them his special study; and experience shows that the pupil does not fail to make use of the opportunity, The merits of Cavaliers and Roundheads have brought out strong opinions; the strength or weakness mi cized; the superiority of Rosamond to Celia or of Celia Rosamond, has been laid in the balance of youthful opinion, and the power of satire, as displayed by Swift, have been eloquently denounced and defended. connection with the literature class, in whic skirmishing is most frequent, a very though No account of these classes, however ful pupil writes: "As each paper comes in . alight, would be complete without some notice feel increasingly glad that I ever joined these of the cordial and grateful expression given classes. They have been a source of untold by pupils in their appreciation of the benefits pleasure and profit to me and to several o' conferred by a system so flexible and my friends." With testimony such as this arc much more that might be added, there can be no hesitation in recommending the with much success. Some make use of it on Correspondence Classes. There is no doubt their own account, the object of one of these they have been the means of helping many a solitary student, and of inducing many the studies of her boys. Many governesses a girl to resist the temptation of forgetting, are making advance in various branches amid the pleasures of society, the hard-won while teaching in schools and families, and conquests of school. This is the highest young ladies are redeeming part of their time criterion that can be applied. Judged, howfrom amusements and ordinary engagements ever, by a lower standard, that of tangible in order to cultivate their faculties and enrich results, the Glasgow Correspondence Classes their minds. One gentleman-the classes have, as may be seen by the report of the are not confined to one sex-who writes University local examinations, an equal claim that his curriculum was ended more than to respect and consideration. The whole thirty years ago, has been for two years a scheme in now thoroughly organized, and is zealous and distinguished student. He finds capable of indefinite extension. If any one in these classes "a stimulus and aid to desires have more detailed information methodical study in leisure bours, and a regarding this work, the Hon. Secretary is guard against that habit of desultoriness which always glad to enswer any inquiries that are at to her. JAME & MACARTHUR.



IN AND OUT THE DALES

By FRANCIS TRANCIS

a fair which was holden yearly in Portsmouth I own in those days, and which monopolited the whole of the High Street and Parade for sourteen days, to the de hight of us boys and the despair of the burghers I remember that I had been m galed with space nuts, spotted boys, pig faced and white-haired ladies, grants, dwarfs and peep shows, and well do I remem

H OW many years ago it me since I first ber them, for there was one representing visited those lovely Derbyshire dales that cause murder of the Red Barn, or 'the I cannot tell, for, sooth to say, I wested them true voracious specter (as per the showman) in spirit long, long before I wanted them in "of the outed trugedy of Maria Martin, or the person Let me consider, let me "perpend Red Barn murder," wherein her sweethcart, my rudiments" It is now somewhere about one Corder, invergled Maria Martin III the half a century ago, a trule more or less, when solitary Red Barn, somewhere in Suffolk, I I, a lad of nine or ten, was wending home-believe, and having got her take he did her wards after a heavy dose of Freemart fair—to death with pistol and kaife, and then with

pick and shovel dug a grave and buried her within the precinct. But murder will out in spite of all possibilities, human or otherwise, for ghosts walked in those days and formed a detective force of their own, being gitted with peculiar powers, as witness Giles Scroggins, Jacob Marley, and "the ghost of the grim scrag of mutton." So Maria appeared in a very ensanguined condition, and pointing to her various wounds as she arose from the open grave in terrific sulphureous clouds, from which it was clear where she was, went sliding along, with a hitch now and then owing to defective machinery, but which was more terrific than if she had kept straight on, and thus she appeared phantomimically to her slumbering parents, and disclosed the secret of her fate. &c., &c., &c., all of which I remember woke me oftentimes afterwards at dead of night with dreams of shivering horror. It is ofty years ago, but I can see the Red Barn and Maria Martin's ghost now, and that quiteimpossible knife which was like unto Sydney Smith's "Kime" which "the natives cut themselves with," and out of which he got such fun.

Pondering on this tremendous drame, I came across a bookstall in the fair-I always was a stall hunter—and poking about among old volumes I discovered an old edition of "Izaak Walton," by Moses Brown, the first fishing work I had ever come across. It required the whole of my remaining capital, "a splendid shilling," to purchase that delightful volume. The cuts with which Moses had adorned, or otherwise, his edition of the work, were tootoo-too, and even now I rear with laughter at his Jemmy Jessamy and meditative anglers, with their spruce and spotless knee-breeches. hosen, and buckles. And here is a curious reflection es passant: "Walton" has never yet been suitably illustrated in the correct costume of the period; what has been done by artists this they have accurately depicted the costume of the period, but it is the full-dress. costume from pictures, not the angling or sporting costume. Only conceive now if even Mr. Punch were to bring out a picture of a gentleman engaged in fishing in a tail coat, white tie, an acre of shirt front, paper cuffs, and patent leather pumps -- what should we say of it? Yet that is exactly what has been done in the case of Walton, when costumes were even more inappropriate.

Then and there for the first time I visited the Dales. I will not touch upon the Wal-

in every bit of somery described and noticed. in Dove Dale ! How every incident from the journey thither to the catching of each fish and the dressing of the flies burnt itself into my memory never after to be forgotten ! That was my first acquaintance with the Dales, and I was long after that I became acquainted with quaint old Rowsley.

"Why, dear me, friend Crayon, dost remember the day when we first pulled up at the porch of this now familiar Peacock, and admired you wondrous carving in stone, over the doorway, of a peacock evolved certainly out of the depths of the artist's inner conactiousness—a peacock with his tail set in a gale of wind and blowing all manner of ways?

Dost thou remember?"

"Truly do I. That was when poor old Cooper himself, the pleasant landlord, was alive; and well do I remember, too, how upon the third day he haled you off to look at the museum of one Bateman, and you objected thoroughly to be taken away from your fishing to look at three shark's teeth, a New Zealand club made in Manchester, and a stuffed monkey, as you said, while I went fishing-you thereafter returning much delighted with one of the finest collections of old English arms, &c., &c., &c., you had ever seen. Indeed, I remember it all exceedingly well; and now having seen our rooms and mounted our creels, let us take one solver glass of ale to the memory of old times and old friends. Now here are our tickets of parmission to fish, so let's away up stream, for the August days grow shorter and we may as well make them as long as we can. So at avant, and here is Fillieford Bridge."

"I suppose you will feel incumbent on you to sketch Haddon Hall," I say slyly. Now Crayon is an artist, but he is even more a fisherman, and you will not get him

leave rising fish for any sketching whatsoever. "Haddon Hall!" he says, with profound contempt, "it's been done to death a hundred times and more. It is like Pecksniff's Salisbury Cathedral, and has been taken from the north and from the south, from the east and from the west, from the north-east and from Haddon Hall from the the south-west. nor-nor-cast, Haddon Hall from the sousou-west. No, thank ye, the crowd is too big and the whole thing is on too large a scale. That old, old postern bridge though, half-hidden under broad spreading trees, and over which but one person could pass abreast tonian portion of the book as it is foreign to at the same time, I fine. 'Tis a worthy fragthis relation, but the Cottonian part I do-ment, and by my halidame, were it not that voured with intense delight. How I reveiled. I have seen three trout rise beneath it and a cast, too, for that fine fellow that rose by the the water rushes in to fill the fearful pit, the corner of the arch, and as good luck would terrible jaws clash together like the brazen spotted fellow, gently-so-into the landinggood three-quarters; may his capture be auspicious and but a precedent of sport to come." before them of the Vernous (Kings of the Peak entitled) and yet farther back, possibly even unto Saxon times, of the streams are close beside. But the fish are comparatively wary, for perhaps no portion of the hotel water, which extends over five miles or so from Filheford Bridge to Bakewell, gets so well fished, for Haddon is a magnet that drawn troops upon troops of them carry their fishing-rods along with them. On work and through the loveliest meads perhats the Derbyshue, which in their luscious greenes discem made not only to produce fat cattle, but for man's delight also in many another way; on past many a sinuous wind and turning, and surely there be few rivers that do wind and turn like the Wye; oftimes shall you be standing on the bank of one bend and another bend will be within a few yards of you, and yet if you follow the winding bank you shall have m cover balf-a-mile or more before you can reach from the one spot to the other, and these deep bends, with many a ripple and eddy, and many a high scarped bank, are where fish most do congregate, with-

" Here and there a huty treat,
And here and there a grayling,"-

thine!" Fate yawns for you beneath that may call the calyx of the anemone! Horrible crystal wave you sit so lightly and cockily fate! Ah, those strens! those strens! and

cood one above, I would-I-I-ah :- and a huge cavernous recess, set with a double Fearly now-carefully. Faith, 'twee a pest row of horrid teeth, gapes above and below, have it, there he rises again and I fast. Hey gates to Tophet, and, "poor insect," indeed i day, what a pother, master trouty I but no you are no longer a sentient thing, but mere more wilt thou seek the friendly shade of you animal provant. In paying these pretty, sheltering arch. Hither to me, my pretty delicately-pencilled creatures, however, one is apt to torget that they themselves, possibly tiet, in with you! A nice fish truly of a but a brief hour since, were savage, devouring monsters in their sphere, too, and just as terrible to the lesser insects of the waters as Thus we stray onwards past the grand old that all-devoming front is now to them and castellated mansion of the Manners, and theirs. For some of the larve of water-flies -and notably that of that delicate creature, the May-fly, or green drake—are, when in the larva state, the most savage and blood-Avenels. One could fancy that the trout thirsty little monsters possible, chopping up, and greyling pay particular worship to the with their sharp-pointed forceps, small fish magnificent old hall, for some of the best and insects fully of their own size; and you can hardly, perhaps, get a worse pest into your hatching-boxes, amongst your trout and salmon eggs, or alevins, than a dozen or so of May-fly last at. The only insect peats that can at all equal them in their destructive powers are the larvie of the big dragon-fly, and visitors all the summer long, and many of the water-beetle, Dytacus marginalis, both in its natural and its larva state; in the latter, so savage and destructive is it that it is called the water-devil. It is almost incredible what these insects will attack and devour. Fortunately, they are small creatures; for if they were not their rapacity would be too terrible. Look at a drop of water in a microscope, and you will see a parallel there. I am afraid that, beneficent as is the whole scheme of creation, there is a great deal of what sentimentalists regard as savagery and slaughter goes on amongst even the most (reputedly) tender and placed creatures. Peep into that region of wonders, the Brighton Aquarium, with me; regard that gorgeous tank, crammed with anemones of every form and hue, like a blooming bed of beauteous flowers-asters. daisies, chrysauthemums, anemones, ranunculuses, and fifty others. See that actinia, in sucking in the tender delicate dums which rose-leaf hues. How tender, how reposeful! come floating adown the stream, like the How innocently harmless! But just let any thoughtless ones of the world, who float wandering shrimp come half a fraction of upon the stream of life too lightly, regardless barleycom too close those charming and of the doors that lurks below. Fresh is the inviting harmless arms, and see what a strict air, and bright the sun; sparkling the water, attention is source paid to business! How and heavenly the day. Why need they promptly he collared, and how arm after trouble themselves about to-morrow, or the aim enfolds him, shuggle he never so madly hopes and chances of existence? "Poor and heroically ! How, finally, enwrapped in insect, what a little day of sunny bliss is fifty filaments, he disappears into what we upon. Suddenly there I a small whiripool, all the so-called myths of antiquity. They

are only myths to those whose imperfect knowledge forbids them to understand the parable. What was the Lernean Hydra shin by Hercules, for example, but a huge octopus? If you doubt it, read your Victor Hugo, perpend the devil-fish, and doubt no longer. You will thus, at any rate, have gained one step upon the ladder of wisdom, if, as the modern poet says-

" For little feels trust all too minds, But great once not at all."

But this moralising and day-dreaming; not that it is altogether an unprofitable mood to walk the meads in. And thus we wander on, Crayon and I, till we reach the stream below the wilderness, or "kingfisher's hannt," a wild and charming bit of scenery, an island wilderness, surrounded by pretty streams more or less fishable. At the foot-bridge below the weir we make a passe, for Crayon is seized with a sketching ill and sits down resolutely to his work; but, unfortunately, at his feet runs one of the best greyling streams on the river, which is rarely without a moving fish, and he has not well got his outlines on paper when a fish begins to rise, which at once relegates the pencil to the pocket. For that fish must be caught, and the Academy loses a pretty, breezy "Bit on tha Wye," with Mr. Piscator plying his art in the distance, and so I escape the Academy by the skin of my teeth, which is just like my luck,

From this, up to the iron foot-bridge, we pass stream after stream of lovely greyling water, and when the fish are on the rise here, it is a sight to see and to remember. In the pool below the bridge at Bakewell we pause mote some great big fellows rising far out and beyond the reach. A very pretty shallow this, of probably a hundred yards or so in length. On this bit I once killed eight-anda-half brace of very nice trout, with not a greyling among them, and, though there are very large trout in places on this shallow, they do not come to hand every day. But now the evening is falling fast, the fish have ceased rise, and, satisfied with our sport, we turn aside. A short walk through the clean little town, and the welcome portals of the Rutland Arms receive us. There is just time to wash our hands before the seven o'clock table d'hôte dinner, with pleasant company of hungry anglers and tourists.

A pleasant drive of three or four miles the next morning, through the village of Ashford, lands us at the new bridge . the entrance to out-tackling, Crayon rubs III a few outlines; pendage extending from the mouth, and which

but fish are seen to rise, and he soon forsakes the pencil for the rod. It is a curious thing to note how each of these Dates varies from, and is utterly unlike, the other. Monsal Dale is peculiar; though the hills that enclose it, often closely, are in places precipitous and wild enough, and often thickly wooded, there is a softness and sylvan beauty about

the scenery peculiarly its own.

Here, too, a singular pile of rocks, which bear a rude resemblance E a castle tower, and this is called "Hob's" Castle -Hob being supposed to be a certain goblin; manifestly, of course, a Hobgoblin, and a sort of Robin Goodfellow, since he did a rare good turn of work now and then for farmers or their wives when they were kind to him, and placed bowls of cream and cakes out for his delectation. As Milton says-

When in one eight, are glumpss of more, His shadowy field had threshed the carn Which top day-labourers could not end."

A very proper sort of goblin, a very estimable goblin, and it is a very great pity that all such things are now abolished by Act of Parliament. I suppose, however, if they were not they would be "comprehended as vagrom characters" by the rural police. Busingarruloosness, that vice of age, is gettledishold upon us. The river here, though it chan not wind about nearly so much as below Bakewell, has plenty of sharp bends and big deep pools to shelter any quantity of fish. The water, too, in heavier than it in higher up, and the fish less often found on the feed-at less: at the fly. Crayon, I see, has contrived to bag a greyling or two while I have done some kind offices for a leash of trout, ancenta engaged in trying to tempt a fine felloss of above a pound in weight out of the nerve; of a long, deep, round, switting pool where the river makes a sudden turn in its course and goes off at right angles. The bank is fringed with alders, and the cast is not an easy i a owing to the trees behind. Twice, however, have I covered the fish, and twice have I seen the rogue come up to the fly and drog back a yard or two with his nose almost touching it, so closely does he think it necessary to scan it. Both times, however, as he reaches the glide he leaves it and returns to his observatory at the neck. But the colour is right, though the sun | rather bright, and that makes him shy; no doubt his wonder is raised that a fly, otherwise so accurate in details, should have such a curly tail, a say Monsal Dale. And here, again, while I am nothing of that long shiny filamentous apraises suspicion in his scaly hosour. But the the valley at the neck of the pool; and we into the depths and up and across—he actually takes out line like a little salmon and won't be denied, for if I check him book, like Falstaff, "fat and scant o' breath," up and down trying for every sheltering weed last, and after a grand fight Mr. Piscator's rest. landing net scoops him out, as it has many an one of more than double weight, a handsome fish of a pound and a quarter, the fish of the day I doubt not. Bravo ! my little olive-quill offspring of my friend Marryat's invention, and one of the most irresistable insects which can be put over a trout, from John o' Groat's to Land's End, and I blow out the feathers of the wee tempter lovingly. Thus we go on from stream to stream and pool to pool until we sit down to lunch and moralise in the middle of a breesy rabbit Warren.

the Dale, and fish are both plentiful and large, and the baskets grow in weight, as hour by hour slips by. As the afternoon falls we come current, but abounds in very fine fish some of them of two pounds weight and more. We can see them swimming to and fro as we walk

A neglet of the great needlet, and the best Sydisher in Mangeline, and that is a very big weed.

sky i clouded now, the water ruffled with a watch a train come thundering across it and little breeze, and once more the fly goes true disappear suddenly into the bowels of the to its mark and lights like a shadow two earth in a tunnel as it reaches the hill on the feet above the fish; once more he rises to it, other side. This effect is perfectly magical: this time is sees neither carly tail nor file- now all roar and thunder, then a whiff of ment. There is a little dimple on the water smoke and sudden silence. Passing under as he gently raises his nose to the surface, a the viaduct, we saunter up the stream, cross slight turn of my wrist and a prodigious a hand-bridge, and pursuing the bank of the plunge on the surface, and then a rush down stream, which is here dull and dubbish, we pick up a nice trout or two, until we reach the plank bridge just below the railway station. A farther saunter above this shows gut, or hold will give way. For they fight us still some very pretty water and fine trout like Turks these Derbyshire fish, not being therein, with an opening view of Cressford mill-a big factory most picturesquely placed smidst waterfalls, rocks, and greenery of all or bank he goes, then back again, and descriptions. The view is charming, but our "Here we go round (not the mulberry), but time is up, so we make our way up to the the alder bush," and it is no easy matter to station, with brimming baskets and tired steer him out of it. But his time is come at limbs which have well carned a temporary

The next station - Monsal Dale is Millers Dale, and here we land on the succeeding morning, and proceeding down a very steep road we reach the bridge which spans the river. Here we stop to tackle up, and the keeper comes to us from an adjoining cottage. is a question whether we shall go up or down stream, but I decide upon "up." There is much more water and the scenery far more lovely. Below, it is not remarkable, and though there are fine trout and greyling, the mills often interfere with the water. We therefore, after trying some wary old trouts Just below us and on the other side are which are always rising just above the bridge, two wonderful ponds called the "Onaker's and being contemptuously declined by them, ponds," and I take it that they contain about go through the gate, along the private road the clearest water in England. They are fed towards a small wood. Here there are large from a little stream from the limestone and limestone quarries up above, as there are in are marvellously bright and clear. They so many places hereabouts, and they are con-cover some three or four acres of ground, stantly blasting them. So that II is not at and are full of very fine trout, which are not all an uncommon thing to have a shower of easy to catch. Having finished our luncheon atomes and rocks descending about your cars we once more get to our fishing. We now in this wood, and the keeper tells us how, but pass some lovely water, perhaps the cream of a month or two since, a stone twice the size of his head plunged into the mud within two yards of him. We therefore did not dwell within that wood, pretty as the scenery is, to a pretty waterfall which descends over the but hurry on to the exit, where is another weir of a large pool about sixty yards wide and railway viaduct. Here we are safe, and there above a quarter of a mile long. The water = some very fine water and very fine trout, here is almost still, there being a very slight too, of which one or two are coaxed into our creek; for, as luck will have it, there was a heavy thunder storm last night and much min fell, and the water II coloured, and that onwards towards the lofty valdact that means in exactly what Millers Dale requires. You see quite a different and superior class of fish on the feed then, and you may make a capital

bag of fish which will average a pound apiece or thereby, which you never can do when the The fish soon learn their water is clear. rudiments in these clear streams, but they seem to lose their caution in a coloured water. On yonder peaceful little island a foul murder was committed several years ago. The river here belongs to the Bagshawe family, who live in a fine old residence but a short distance away over the hill. Burton has a sort of mixed population, with a dash of rowdies and miners who are desperate poschers, and who go a poaching in large gangs. Several years ago, (hard upon twenty) the news was brought one evening up to the Hall while the inmates were at table that a gang of poschers were netting the stream, and young Bagshawe, a very promising, plucky young fellow, joined the keepers and went down stop the mischief. In the quarrel that ensued he was struck down by a heavy stake upon that island by one of the poachers and slaughtered like a bullock. The gang got off in the darkness, I believe, but five of them were afterwards arrested, but nothing could be proved, and the murderer got off his punishment by any human tribunal. But this is an eery subject for so pleasant a prospect, and here, from this stout plank bridge upwards, is some very pretty water which holds very fine fish and plenty of them, when there is plenty of fly also to show them-from this the vale gathers rapidly in wildness, picturesqueness, and beauty. Presently we come upon quite a sizeable stream, which, when we attempt to cross some sixty yards or so up, we find suddenly springs from the ground in three or four most copious jets which, combined, pour out of the limestone a supply which would suffice for a considerable postion of London. It is begutifully clear and pure, and as Crayon remarked, "after a toilsome climb along the other bank" (which is very precipitous), "it mixes excellently with whisky and gives a strong temperance flavour 🔳 it."

"I only wish," said Crayon, as like the Stranger-

"I only wish, my sparkling beauty, that I had you in my back garden at Twickenham -what a property you would be! While here you are not worth twopence a year. What a deal there in locality !"

"Why don't you wish you had that fiveacre plateau yonder in Lombard Street and Cheapside while you are about it?" I growled. " No harm in wishing," said Crayon cheerily,

slippery path which merged Millers Dale into what is called Chee Dale. Now I have seen Killarney and Loch Lomond, the Trossachs and the west of Connemara, they are all lovely, but they cannot hold a candle to Chee Dale. The river here runs for some distance the foot of a wall of stratified tock some hundreds of feet in height, which springs abruptly from the very bank, and a called Chee Tor. is beautifully crowned with a broken outline of fine foliage, while on the other side a confusion of rock-bank ferns and foliage of all kinds trends precipitously away behind as you plunge on from beautiful pool to more beautiful pool, all filled with still more beautiful frout.

It is impossible to describe adequately the beauty of the next mile or so of the river. In some parts, notably at the "Lover's Leap," the river is not to be got near, but runs through a chasm in the rocks, which are clad with creepers and ferns hanging down to the dark river eddying below. Now Crayon could hardly fish, he was so affected, " and here's a cave, too," he said, pointing out a hole where two big stones had come together either by nature or art, and left a sort of hollow like an Egyptian tomb beneath. "Here some jolly old hermit, no doubt, in days of yore lived in the most beautiful scenes and had all the best of the fishing to himself, and deluded the public to come and consult him about their corns or their indigestions or their future prospects, or something, and who brought him venison pasties and apple turnovers and larded capons and bottles of consoling mixtures and runlets of ale, and so forth, and charming females sang-

'Turn, gentle barmet of the dair, And guide my lonely way,'

and they did turn. He turned Edwin and the turned Angelina. Very pretty, upon my veracity! A nice little freehold, truly! Live in my heart and pay no rent,' as Paddy says. And this was the sort of place that they used to come to and pretended to practise Astheticum in."

"Practised what, Crayon? Æstheticism!" "No, no. I-I mean a-a-asceticism. But it's all the same, you know; all just alike

to hemits and such folks, you know."
"Oh!" I rejoined, "it's all the same to hermits, doubtless, since the last one vanished with Vauxhall, and there are no Troglodytes hereabouts in these days,"

But the mistake had discomposed Crayon, who rather prides himself on his accuracy, so he fell again to fishing and made his way slowly on up to the railway junction, and

[&]quot;Be stroped to the well of St. Keyen, and drack of its water again,"—

blocks," So, with three boys' Christmas we really enjoy play.

Buxton; and so we got back again with books and four serial tales for magazines, famous creeks to our starting point. And here with an illustrated paper or two thrown I must leave the reader and get back myself to divide his attentions for the next fortnight to the great Babylon betimes, where much or so, I leave him to his mill, while I return accumulated business awaits me; and as for to mine, blessing the benchcent award Crayon, he has four publishers and three which made work the wholesome lot of all societies tugging at his vitals for "those living, since without it how on earth should

AUTUMN LEAVES.

By FRANCIS GEORGE HEATH, AUTRUR OF "SYLVAN SPRING," &c.

tions of foliage, some of the exquisitely beauautumn has suggested the subject of the present paper. Inexhaustible as the theme is of Nature-and impossible as it must obviously be, even in a large volume, to touch more than its fringe, my object will be attained if, in these brief pages, I can secure such dention ■ the subject as may induce my rations to study it for themselves.

Many poets have eloquently dwelt upon

the splendours of autumn and upon the beauty of autumnal woods; but it is, almost invariably, general reffects—deep tones and broad masses of colour-which have caught the poetic eye. A forest rolling away to its far horizon of continuing woods dyed red, or orange, or gold, giving impressions of the boundless grandeur of Nature, excites feelings of enthusiastic admiration which find fitting language in the graceful rhyme of flowing verse. The writer is standing upon the summit of a mountain, the crest of a hill, or other elevated point of view, and it is the dress and colour of the wide-reaching landscape that affect him. I he be in a country of forests may look on all sides upon an unbroken expanse of wood just mellowing into the warm and tender hues which betoken the commencement of the earlier period of the season of change; or upon the irregular scenery where dense wood, open heath, moor, and sunny glade, form a whole of what, spite of the popular notion, genuine forest. Or may be he looking out from some high point of view upon the delightful mixture of half-wild, half-pastoral and agricultural country so dear to English people, whose

THE attempt, in a recent volume, to by homely tastes for the useful and the praccatch and, so to speak, stereotype ticalespects of cultivation. From such points by means of coloured factimile represents of view he will get, either in the earlier or in the later period of autumn, an unbroken mass tiful, but transient, features of the season of of colour-where trees are crowded together over wide areas-or those picturesque contrasts which are afforded when the changing -like all themes whose text is the loveliness folinge of isolated woods is shown against the greenness of pasture.

But the exquisite leveliness of the detail which contributes to the imposing whole that is so enthusiastically admired is lost in the general effect, and has been strangely overlooked even by those who have a quick eye for beauty. A great wood at a distance may present in autumn a mass of such nearly uniform colour as to give a casual onlooker an impression of sameness. Yet, on close examination of individual trees, it will be found that a multitude of insensible gradations of hue combine to produce the general effect; and if a minute inspection of leaves be made will be seen that the variations are countless. An ordinary hedgebank in the rank luxuriance of wild, unpruned vegetation may seem, looked at from afar, to have its drapery dyed purple, or scarlet, or yellow; but on a nearer view the general haze of colour will be shown to be only a composition of varying parts, and these, on still closer approach, to consist of an arrangement of shades which is not limited by the numbervast as these may be-of individual leaves, for each leaf within the small area bounded by its own outline, may include a marvellous diversity of shades and markings. Varied and beautiful as the mriace of such a hedgebank may be, I is delightful in peer into the interior and note the forms of loveliness which lurk there, unseen and unappreciated by those who do not suspect that so much beauty her hidden from the casual passer-by.

Let us take the bramble as one type, and perhaps the commonest of this hedgebank beauty. Gliple, with all his love for pature,

love of nature in its virgin state is tempered " "Antennal Leaver." London: Sampson Lou, Marston & Co. said, in speaking of this trailer, "I know but on one side, and green or golden on the one plant that is disagreeable, and that is other; they may be red and purple and yelthe bramble . . . As a pendent plant it has low and green, or marked by blotches or



An English lane,

the most insignificant of vegetable reptiles" -a strange opinion of a plant which is one of the most beautiful of all our wildings, and the charm of whose autumnal colouring is exceeded by no other, and equalled by very few trees, shrubs, or humbler plants. Blood-red, yellow merging into golden, purple, and rich brown are colours which are spread in endless this picturesque and beautiful plant. No two shrubs of brambie, even at the same season of autumn, are alike in the colouring of their leafage; up two sprays are the same, and the contrasts presented by different leaves on the same spray, and by the varying hues on the same leaves, are singularly and strikingly lovely. On the same plant, too, there may be blossoms-pure white and white delicately or deeply flushed with pink-green, red, and son, purple, yellow, dark green, light green, brown and golden green leaves. But this single leaves may be blood-red or purple others of unfaded verdancy; upon the whole

streaks freck es of all these colours in a manner which inever uniform, often strikingly and surprisingly picturesque, and always charming and beautiful

The delicate gradations of colour and the gentle contrasts in leafage constitute the especial charm of the early seemon of autumn, but are only notice by the clice ob-One server. of the prettiest sights in country road

no beauty. . . nor has it any foliage to bordered, as our English roads so frequently recommend it." He concludes that "it is are, by the familiar elm, is the falling of those golden leaves which first from the mass of still green foliage turn colour, loosen their hold and sail lightly down to the roadway. The falling elm-leaf is one of the earliest and entlest reminders that autumn is coming. The hot flush of summer has scarcely gone. At noon the sun may yet scorch the face, but the cool delicious evenings betoken a change. variety of markings upon the leafy tissues of Still, except in the dry atmosphere of our cities, there I not even mellowness in the hne of leaves, and the golden elm-leaf is an almost startling reminder of the approaching season. But, though unpoticed, autumn has been stealthily at work amid the elm boughs, and what appears a mass of undoubted green will give abundant evidence, a carefully examined, of the advance of the decay which is so picturesque and beautiful in its first manifestations. Around the prettily cut marblack fruit, purple and green stems, and crips- gin of some leaves will be noticed a delicate surcole of brighter colour. The same tinge will be advancing, in others, along the midbrief enumeration by no means exhausts the stems, or straight across from edge to edge. beauty and variety of the bramble foliage; for Yellow freekles may beatrew a surface in may be confined mone side, contrasting with the opposite side of deep, dark green Within the interior of a tree, apparently all green, a thousand changes in the arrangements of the shades may be found, some of which will be marvellously striking and beautiful Once begun the progress of change moften rapid, and advancing from their early stage of beauty the elm beads are soon myested with the glory of their departing hues.

Before the first frosts have turned in fiery brown the forest foliage of the oak and beech. there is the tender stage of colouring when Nature gently turns the scale from the full deep green of summer At this incipient stage of decry let those who appreciate the beauty of the early tinting stand under the branches of an oak or beech and look up into the mass of leaves A thousand may be gathered, and no one will be at all like another in the colour markings. The picturesque disposition of golden vallow, brown, and reddish brown upon the normal green will be shown in an endless variety of ways. The oak has been pretrily described as "a garden and a country," and so it is indeed to

the insects and birds which delightedly seek its cool. green receives during the heat of summer and few gu dens in variety of tinting could excel the oakleaves of autumo

Though not outvying in variety the colouring of the oak leaves in early au tumn, the folt age of the beech is more elegant by reason of the more regular and symmetri cal contour of the leafy outlines and of the

leaf may is shed an orange glow, or this hise indented margin present grooves or channels along which the autumn tinting advances, giving an appearance as of green and amber stripes alternating with each other Sometimes the advancing colour first tips with red or amber, or may be pale straw colour, the edges of the leaves Continuing its progress mwards, at often leaves a round central spot of deep glossy green, which stands out in vivid contrast to the light invading colour. Or the autumn colouring may extend down one or two of the spaces between the parallel veins. leaving all the others in the depth of their dark green beauty. The final occupation of these spaces by amber or hery brown, whilst the veins are still green, is one of the most striking phases of the changing hije

Familiar enough m the autumn yellowing of the elegant horse chestnut, and the lightbrown richness of the foliage of its namesake producer of edible fruit, but the chief beauty of both lies in the early stage of tinting, when spots and freckles and stripes of amber and gold and bronze contrast with the summer green. The gloss in the foliage of the edible chestnut adds richness to the charm of the markings, and though the dark, dull



framework upon which the glossy tustic is green of the other tree cannot vie with it in spread. The veins running in parallel lines from the "midrib" to the wavy but un-XXIII-44 |

elegance, the greater effect of the contrasts of colour afforded by the whorled leaflets, which

poise of beauty. Very similar the character of their markings are the autumn leaves of the plane, but the contrasts of colour upon the same leaf are often greater, for broad splashes of orange, inclining to red, bring out in vivid relief the bright glossy green, whose depth of verdancy has not yet been dulled.

My readers may often have noticed the splendours of maple hedges, and may have remarked that sometimes they are orange, sometimes golden, and sometimes purplish But few of them probably have red. spent delightful hours as I have done in exploring their innermost recesses in early autumn, and noting their myriad forms of beauty when, side by side on the same leaves, are deep, rich, glossy green, purple, orange, bronze, and yellow, spread in patches of all sises and in never-ending variety; a deep green glossy leaf being sometimes set off with a patch of bright orange, of orange and red, or it may be of purple and orange, in the centre, to the right or to the left of the midrib, or at the top of the leaf; or a green centre may set aff a border of the colours enumerated; or these may occupy almost the entire surface, leaving deep blotches or small spots of green. Oftentimes may be found one little spray of maple bearing half-adozen elegant paimate leaves poised on green delicate stems; each leaf varying from another in the depth, variety, and arrangement of the colours. Not so noticeable in the variety, though equally striking in the contreats of autumn colouring, a the foliage of the dogwood and spindle-tree. Hedgebanks are sometimes densely clothed with the first named, and when autumn has fully come, are dyed purple by its profusion. For a mass of rich colour, too, few forest shrubs can equal the spindle-tree when in the full splendour of bright scarlet. But the green and orange and red and yellow of the one, and the yellow and the green and scarlet of the other, in the early autumn, often provide an exquisite charm of contrast which can be equalled by no mere blaze of rich colour, fascinating to the eye as such colour always is when Nature is the painter.

How beautifully our world is provided with the choicest gifts of the Crestor! And nothing more fully proves to us the plenitude of the divine goodness than the loveliness with which even dying foliage is invested. The thoughtful student of Nature well knows too that it is the "commonest" plants whose

on each leaf are so elegantly spread around colours are the most beautiful and strikingthe point of the foot-stalk, gives a counter- another proof, if proof were needed, that the richest feasts are furnished for the meanest eyes; and another instance of that divine love and that magnificent justice which know no distinction of rank or condition, The contribution of the bramble the loveliness of autumn has already been mentioned. but there is a "commoner" and even more plentiful shrub—the hawthorn—the splendours of whose autumn tinting no pen can adequately describe. All shades of glossy green, crimson and purple, and bronze and gold, mingled and blended and contrasted in ten thousand ways, may be found in many a hawthorn hedge by all who will take the trouble, early in the season of the fall, to peep into the leafy interstices of the matted twigs and thorny sprays which III the spring are redolent of the sweet perfume of the cream-coloured "may." "Common," too, but how beautiful, are the cranesbills which dye whole hedge sides with a blood red hue: the scarlet "haws" which gleam from afar in the richness of glossy beauty, and the wayside silver weed, whose feathery leaves are tinged with gold in autumn in contrast with the silvery lustre which, in the early summer, attracts our notice, before the deep golden blossoms rise on their long and graceful stems.

> From autumn leaves let us turn to autumn landscapes, and few of these in our beautiful island can rival in loveliness the woods and glades of the New Forest. There, and in its neighbourhood, one can get the splendours of far-reaching antumnal woods and the quiet charm of those delightful "lanes" which form so especial a feature of rural England. faithful picture of such a lane is here reproduced * (page 608) from one of the drawings made for me by Mr. Frederick Golden Short, a young artist of rare promise, who has produced sketches probably unequalled by anything of their kind since Walter Crane made an early reputation by his delicious drawings of New Forest scenery. I spent several deightful hours of an autumn day in this same Brockenhurst lane, represented by Mr. Short with so much fidelity, collecting scores of coloured gems from bramble and hawthorn, maple, dogrove, ivy and other shrubs, carefully transferring them to my folios of botanical drying paper, and preserving them for reproduction in fac-simile by the skill of attist and colour-printer.

> For the pedestrian there is no season more delightful for a country ramble than the

^{*} This and the other Manicolines to this paper use from Antonional Terrors.**

autumn. There is not then that delightful one looks down upon a sweep of forest which freshness of all growing things so character-



istic of the spring; nor is there the floral splendour of the summer; but there is a delicious sense of the repose of Nature. It is not aleep, for the season for sleep is only approaching, but a settling down to repose. The air is soft yet bracing; the roads, dry and hard, are half deserted by holiday seekers. and one may wander alone into many a lane and enjoy the absolute rest and quiet so grateful to the brain-weary man. Sun-cays, relieved of excessive heat, will stream down through the entanglement of overarching boughs, bringing up, where they fall aslant upon leafage, the glowing colours of the ivied hedgebanks. All the hues of spring and summer, withdrawn from the now departed blomoms, seem to be showing their beauty, as if to create a final and magnificent display through the transparent film of the leaf cellular tissue. The golden stars of the hawk-bits light up with brilliancy the wayside greensward; and though speedwell and forget-menot have disappeared from the hedgebanks there is storage of delicious blue above, where fleecy clouds chequer the clearness of the autumn sky.

If from the lane with its loveliness of detail we turn into the forest we shall witness the glory of sylvan splendour spread on its largest scale over wide areas of woody landscape that stretch away into a far horizon. The same artist who so happily caught the inspiration of "An English Lane" bas sketched "Autumn from Bramble Hill" (page 609), and with equal success has selzed the beauty of the spot, and reproduced the lineaments of the far-reaching landscape. From vantage lanes, with the aim especially of showing, ground enriched by the purple of the heather—in the early time of the season of the fall, the blossoms high above the surrounding country, exceeding charm of autumnal leaves.

rolls on in undulating grandeur for miles upon miles, letting the eye, which I directed southwards, see no country beyond, but only the faint blue line of the distant sea, where the thin streak of the Solent divides the Hampshire mainland from the "Island Hills." The leafy billows are giorious in green and orange, in red, purple, and gold, whilst the warm tints of the woodland are shown in pleasant relief against the bright green of forest glades and the flash of distant water.

The pedestrian who has climbed to the heights of Bramble Hill to see the finest forest view which, perhaps, our England can furnish, must watch an autumn sunset; for the clouds seem to catch the gorgeous colours of the woodland--crimson, and orange, and purple-and are tinged with the golden glory of the sun as they float under the great blue arch which, touching on three sides the horizons of wood, finds on the fourth its boundary in the sea.

"A forest bridge," and a "pond at Bramshaw" give two peeps of delictous landscape which the pedestrian should see for himself.

Space forbids enlargement on the splendours of the New Forest. Lyndhurst and Brockenhurst, the leafy depths of Boldrewood, the sylvan glory of Mark Ash, the charm of Bramshaw, Stoneycross, and Boldre, the almost primeval grandeur of Canterton Gien the lover of the country must explore and admire for himself. The object of my paper I not to describe in detail the lovely scenes of the Conqueror's hunting-ground but to briefly point out the leafy beauties of its autumnal woods and its shady green



THE GOLDEN SHAFT.

BY CHARLES GIBBON, AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," RTC.

CHAPTER XXXVIL -- AN AULD FRIEN'.

WULL GREER entered the room in his pawkie way and with a sly grin on his face, as if he had some pleasing news to communicate and was proud to be the bearer of no corroboration in the speaker's face.

The oppressive dulness of the day, and again." the uncomfortable mental atmosphere in the

"Can you mind o' ony auld frien' that might want to see you though you maybe dinna care we see him, Mr. Thorburn?" he such a sentiment as that. But if it affords

asked cautiously.

No," answered Thorburn, looking straight in him and conscious of an uneasy thrill

passing through his frame.

"Weel, there's ane come that says he wants to see you sae that you may settle in your ain way some matters that naebody but yoursel' can settle,"

cally put the question:

"Who is it?"

"'Deed it's just Mr. Musgrave himsel'"he had been warned not to say Fiscal.

Thorburn remained silent for a moment and quite still, his eyes fixed on Wull's face but not seeing him. Then, in a clear, thin voice :

"Bid him come."

Grannie's head was bent forward eagerly to catch every sound which might indicate how Thorburn regarded the prospect of this meeting with the man whose mere name had formerly excited and agitated him so much. Armour was watching his face anxiously, but he could not make anything out of that curious smile with which he looked towards the door.

The Fiscal entered, and close behind him was Captain Brown, who remained in the doorway whilst the former advanced only two

paces across the threshold.

The two old friends gazed at each other in silence: the Fiscal was grave and calm, Thorburn quiet, but with a slight nervous movement of the lips at intervals. Both were mentally acting over again the scene in the shed at Campbell's farm.

"I did not wish to come until your friends were with you," said the Fiscal at length, "And I hope you will not be much dis-

turbed by my visit."

"I um pleased to see you-old friends

should always 🖿 pleased 🔳 meet."

The answer was so unexpected that the Fiscal's eyes quickened with suspicion that the words conveyed a sneer. But he found

"Yes, old friends should be glad to meet

"Especially when one of them I so near room did not harmonize with Wull's smile the end of his journey that both have the or cheery voice, but he was blissfully ignorant satisfaction of knowing that they cannot

meet often."

"I do not think there could be much pleasure in the meeting which arose from you satisfaction to feel that we cannot meet often, I hope you may find it rather in our mutual forbearance than because the end of either of us is so near."

Thorburn made a slight movement of his hand as if pointing to himself and there was a ghastly smile for an instant on his face.

"That's kind of you, but you hope in Thorburn understood, and yet mechani- vain. It is mockery to think that such a wreck as this can hold together long. Therefore I say again I am pleased to see you."

The Fiscal was perplexed by this strange opening of their interview. He had expected Thorburn to denounce him monce; and, instead, he was received in this grotesque humour, behind which, however, there lurked something suggesting to his suspicious eyes that Thorburn was laying some trap for him. He knew the man; he would cajole him into some affectation of renewed friendship and then would suddenly turn upon him and make his charge. He determined to give him the opportunity as quickly as possible; and yet even at that moment, when he looked at Armour and thought of Ellie, his heart sickened with hesitation.

"My reason for disturbing you," 🖿 said quietly, "is the important one that Captain Brown, who is here with me, is anxious to bring to justice the person who assaulted you and who will be guilty of something very like murder should you die from the effects of your wounds. We wish to have the whole

story from your own lips."

The calm, steady voice and the upright bearing of the speaker betrayed no more

then an official interest in the case.

"Yes, we would like to know from yourself how it all happened," said the chief constable iii his brisk way; and with a feeling of intense relief that itis own wild suspicions

were as ridiculous as he had all along wished need mercy yoursel', Jock, and you should

to believe them to be,

Thorburn paid no heed to him: his eyes were half-closed, perring at the Fiscal. Then he turned to Armour; hocked back at the Fiscal and divined something of his meaning. That curious smile which the son had noted before returned to his face.

"What would happen, supposing I did tell you that somebody had done uns-I

mean what would happen to him?"

"If you could identify him," said Captain Brown, as the Fiscal did not speak, "I would catch him and the Fiscal would send him

for trial."

"Ah, then he would be sent to prison. He would be disgraced—all who belonged to him would be shamed. If he were a proud man the degradation of being cast into a common jail would make him writhe with pain. If m had wife and children they would suffer torture on his account and could my word do all that?"

There was a kind of flendish pleasure in the voice and look of the man as he calculated all the pangs that he might make his enemy suffer. He seemed to be gloating over them as if they afforded compensation

for his own pains.

Not a muscle of the Fiscal's face was dis-

Brown had seen many queer characters in the course of his business, but he had never before seen one who took positive pleasure in his own injuries because of the penalties to be paid for them by the aggressor. He did not like the spectacle; but he again answered :

"You can send him to prison, but the rest will depend upon who the man and his people are. I know plenty of wives and children who rather enjoy the father's being

locked up."

"And he could be locked up whilst I am still alive-to-day, for instance-now, perhaps," Thorburn went on as if following the train of his own thoughts without reference to the presence of any one. "I would hear about it—I might even read the paragraphs in the newspapers; see his name drawn through the maudlin puddle of sentimental reporters. . . . That would be satisfaction, but I cannot have it."

His expression had changed before he uttered the last words and become and and

scrious.

"I am glad of that," said Grannie, "for I wouldna like you at this time especially to take pleasure ither folk's sorrow. You far, Brown," III said, and his voice was some-

hae name but merciful thoughts for ithers."

"You have not told us anything about the affair yet," said Brown sharply.

Then, Thorburn very quietly and deliber-

ately:

"There is nothing to tell. I was a pure accident. I fell upon the harrow and cut myself. I hid because I did not wish to trouble my people any longer with my useless life. You have found me-I think I is a pity; but I am content because I know that I can do no further harm anyone. I have no more to say. A few weeks will square my account with this world."

His head sank on his breast as 📗 he were tired. Brown, however, wished for more

information.

"But I anderstood you to say that you

had been attacked by some one."

"I say it was a pure accident; there is only one person a blazes. "Well, who is that?"

" Myself."

The Fiscal's lips were closed tightly and he had not once removed his eyes from Thorbum's face. He had grown paler as he listened, astounded, to the repeated assertion that there was no one to blame. He had not winced in the least degree whilst Thorburn was apparently gloating over the shame which was about to fall upon him. He had expected that and he had thought of it all himself. So he had been prepared.

But when he found this man, from whom he had expected nothing but the worst that his spate could accomplish, actually concealing his share of that night's work, he was moved. When he found him resolutely repeating the story as he had given it to Wull Greer in the first instance, he was moved with respect for this attempt to make some atone-

ment for the plat.

He understood that this was not done became Thorburn had any greater liking for him now than before; but for the sake of their children. Should III then break this generous silence and mar their happiness? It was hard to accept mercy from one for whom he had such contempt. In his pride he would have stepped forward with the declaration:

" "He 📕 like himself still. He does not speak the whole truth. It was I who flung

him down in my fury."

But he restrained himself. The matter

was not in his hands.

"I think we are taxing his strength too

what hourse, "We need not wait any

longer."

"Very well. He ought to know better than us, and it evidently has been merely an accident."

As they were going out Thurburn raised his head and called;

" Musgrave."

The Fiscal turned back but did not speak.

"I don't think we are likely to meet again.—I dare say we won't care to meet. But for auld lang syne let us shake hands once more."

The Fiscal gave him his hand without any sign of hesitation.

"Good-bye, my anld frien'," 🔤 said

quietly.

"I want you meanty this in your mind. Musgrave, that whatever may have passed between us I look upon you now as a good friend. Tell your daughter that I hope she'l may have a long and happy life with her man."

And he looked significantly at Armour.

"I will give your message."

The Fiscal left the room feeling that he had made a bargain with Thorburn.

CHAPTER XXXVIII. -- SUSPRISE.

It was settled that Thorburn should remain at Dalwheattie Mill until the doctor said he was strong enough to be removed to Thornishows. Whatever extra inconvenience this involved to the household of the miller was cheerfully accepted.

"Just dae what you think best," said the

miller, good-naturedly.

"Od, I'm thinking, father, that if Mistress Armour bides wi' the man it 'll be easy encuch," said Leezie, taking a plain commonsense view of domestic necessities. "You see she's gaun to bide in the room wi' him, and though she's blind she's just a miracle o' a body when since she kens whar things are. An' I'll mak' up the soffic intil as guid a bed for her as onybody could wish to lie on."

Granme was grateful for the services of these good friends, and they were glad to do anything for the blind old woman whose earnest and devoted nature exercised so strong an influence upon them that, although they did not know its meaning, any task

seemed light if w pleased her.

Thorburn relapsed into his quiescent state as soon as that interview with the Fiscal was over. He had never been so obedient in his life before. Whatever Grannie said he was to do, he was ready to do. He submitted as II III had in truth become a child again,

and gave loving response to the loving commands laid upon him.

He went back to bed and after a few minutes seet he draw a long breath—as one does after thinking out some sad problem and finding a satisfactory solution to it—and said calmir:

"I think it's all right now. The lad will have his less and they will go on together hand in hand living happy ever after."

"What we you saying, Jock?" inquired

Grannie, bending over the bed.

"I was only thinking about your laddiefor he is yours, not mine-John Armour,
and amusing myself by anticipating in thought
the future which I can never see."

"You are far ower gloomy. The Lord has his ain way o' doing things and there's nac use trying to do them for him. Maybe he means you to live a long while yet."

"I hope not. I got to the end of my tether long ago and I should not like whave it lengthened now."

"It's no for you m dictate."

"That's true—it's not for me to say I shall go this way when it is ordered I shall go that way. Why did Armour go away so soon? Was be angry with me?"

"What for should he be?"
"Because I am his father. . . . That's a

pity for him."

"You are no to fash yoursel' about onything he does just now; because he is sair worried wi' things at the mill."

Thorburn remained quiet for a little while.

Then:

"What can there be to worry him there? I think I know as much about it as he does himself. It was a sort of payment to him. I thought to use all the knowledge I had gained in my various speculations in America in directing him affairs here. I pried into everything, and I know that he had sufficient contracts on hand to keep his business flourishing for a couple of years. The people he was dealing with are all safe. What is the matter then?"

The invalid's strength seemed to revive

his anxiety about his son't affairs.

"He does not tell me what the fash is until it's a' bye and settled. But I ken'd frac what he does say mair than he thinks. I'm doubtin' that he's anxious about the bank that has all his siller in hand and about some shipping company that he trusted a great lot to."

"I wish I could be with him," Thorburn grouned. "But his bank has passed through storms before and must III safe. The ship-

ping company I warned him about in a into the kitchen to tell his sister Leezie that he humble way, for he did not then know who was to be back in a few hours. Next he went I was or how much I knew. The manager over to the mill and procured a flour-sack. of the company I met in New York. He is He stuck the one corner into the other and a wild speculator who has no regard for placed it on his head in such a way that It does not even regard his own in the right sticking up like the termination of a fool'severy penny he put into that business. But marched down the road indifferent to the the bank is safe."

"I canna tell; but be's been very anxious for weeks past. Onyway he had to haste

him back."

"I wish I could be with him," muttered Thorburn between his teeth and with his

" I'm hoping that you will 🖿 soon if you'll no be thrawn and let Dr. Johnstone see you and tell us what to do. He's our ain doctor you ken, and wonderfully skilled."

"Have anybody you like to see me," said Thorburn. "I never thought that I could wish to be on my feet again. However, I did mean to go to the kirk and market before I died."

That was said with a certain bitterness, as if he had been impelled to the intention, not by his own will, but by the desire to serve a

"I would be raci pleased if you would gang to the kirk," said Grannie, catching at one point which appeared most to her notion of what was best for him. "And I'm sure there's nachody would be mair pleased to see you than Mr. 'Moffat."

"Well, I hope to give him that pleasure," was the reply in a cynical tone; "but in the meanwhile, I want to know what's going on

at the mill"

ment.

"Oh, we'll get news o' that soon enough ! but if it would please you, I think we could get Wull Greer to gang doon and speir at

I ?- call him," was the eager com-

Wull was close at hand ready to perform any service that might be required of him, for besides his readiness to do anything in his power for Thorburn, he was eager to please the Fiscal.

"I want you be go to the paper-mill at Thorniehowe," said Thorburn calmly, "and say to the master that | will make me easy in my mind if will tell me how things are going-under his own hand."

"I'll do that," said Wull cheerfully. there onything I can fetch for you, mem?"

Grannie gave him a few instructions for the servants at Ilbornichowe, and then Wull went the answer.

anybody's interests but his own-and he formed a sort of hood with a sharp point way. . . . I told him that he would lose cap. Then he lit his short clay pipe, and dristling rain.

When he arrived at the village had, of course, a word to say in Gow, the smith, and to other cromes, and he did not even note the important fact that the rain had ceased and the sun was shining through watery clouds.

As he passed the village well he gave the usual greetings to three women he saw there. Eppie Lawson was just dipping one of her stoups and chattering all the time to her companions who were waiting with their stoups to get water. Curiously enough the subject of their conversation was Thorburn. That was natural enough, for Eppie had looked after his cottage, and one of her present companions was Babbie Howson, who had been his nurse during the last few days before he made his escape; and they were discussing the important question as to whether or not he was a lunatic.

"I ken mair than you can do about him," said Babbie, "and 👭 was just as daft as a

March hare-if no dafter."

"That's no true, Babbie Howison," said Eppie Lawson indignantly, " for he was just as quiet as a lamb, and aye ready to do onything for onybody. You has not notion hoo he would play wi' the bairns, an' what funny toys he would mak' for them out o' naething but his ain head. Was it no me that sent you to him, and it's clean nonsense for you to say that you ken him better than me?"

"It may be as you say; but I has expemence," retorted Babbie proudly, "and the man was daft, there's nae doubtin'; or he wouldne hae un awa' frac a guid hame. He had everything that mortal crature could possibly wish for, an' he rin awa'. If that doesna prove that he was daft, I'm daft my-

sel'1"

"Some folk might think you was," sand Mistress Lawson satirically, and, flinging over her body a hoop, which was used, crinolinefashion, to keep the atoups from interfering with the action of the legs, she lifted her stoups and marched away.

Wall Greer found Armour in his office and delivered his message. He was told to wait outside for a little time, and he would receive

Armour turned to Mr. Oswald again and resumed with him the task of examining the papers held in his hand and comparing the figures in them with those in the ledgers. The master was frowning and his lips were tightly closed—John Armour did not look well with that expression. The cashier was pale and nervous, frequently applying to his souff-box for consolation to help him through with the horrible task in which was engaged. The dream of his life was not to be realised after all. That was hard to bear, for it had seemed so near, so sure at last that he had been perfectly happy until these accounts of the shipping company had come in, and with them the first rumours of the difficulties of the bank. The poor old man showed more agitation than his master.

When the last page was turned over and the last figures compared—the total amount of loss estimated, Armour folded the papers nestly and laid them down on the desk.

"That's a bad business, Oswald," he said. and, although his tone was low, there was an

undercurrent of anger in his voice.

"It's a very bad business, sir, and if it should turn out me be true that there's anything wrong with the bank, I'm thinking it

will be worse."

"If that should be the case !-but it is impossible. However, we may as well look at the worst side of things at once. I have read somewhere that the really clever general studies what ought m be done in the event of defeat more carefully than what ought to be done in the event of success. If the bank goes wrong we shall have to shut up."

Mr. Oswald took another pinch of snuff: he would have liked in have given vent to a groun; but that would have been unbusinesslike. So be took his snuff and stared at his ledger as if it had something to do with this woeful disaster which now threatened them.

"Shut up, sir?" he said, as II the event were too dreadful to contemplate and certainly too much for him to be able to realise all at once notwithstanding his experience in shutting up.

"There will be nothing else for it," replied Armour, rising with forced calmness and

taking a drink of water.
"Surely that might be prevented, Mr. Armour," pleaded the old man as if the business were his own and he was plending for its life. "You have made a good sound concern of the mill. You have your new inventions in working order and surely you could find some man of capital to help you over any temporary difficulty. I know what sense would zisk his money with me after

to do, sir; I know it has been done in concorns not worth a tenth part of yours and I could name more than one firm that has won through to fortune by adopting the plan."

"What is it?"

"Take a partner, or turn the business into a company limited. I'm sure that I would do fine.

"Do you mean that I should sak a man who has money m put it into my business because I on the brink of bankruptcy?"

"No, no, you do not understand, or you out a wrong construction on what I'm saying. You ask him to put his money in only for his own profit and yours."

"That I a little doubtful," said Armour, smiling in spite of himself I the old man's

eagerness.

Filt's done every day; and if maybe whiles it turns out bad, that is no fault of the man who enters into it, or of the man who asks him--always so be that he does so in an honest way."

"I suppose I should be honest in the

matter."

"There is no doubt about it. That being the case, the man, whoever he may be, comes in with his eyes open-it's his chance of getting a place in a business that promises him a fortune for a few thousands of investment, and I believe they mostly get the most advantage out of the transaction

"And mostly lose every farthing they have

if the venture is unfortunate."

"But that could not be the way in this case," urged Mr. Oswald, taking a double pinch of spuff in order to emphasise his faith in the soundness of the house. "Do you not see, here's a good going business, only needing so much more capital to tide it over an unexpected difficulty and to keep it going? Well, it's a chance for somebody that has siller and maybe wants friends. Anyway, anything should be done, Mr. Armour, excepting shut up, for you have all those folk dependent on you."

Armour took another look at the papers, then at the ledger-poor Oswald watching

him eagerly all the time.

" If the bank happened to be all right," he said, so quietly that any one would have thought is was talking of somebody else's business, "it would have been a fair and honest bargain to offer to any one. But, as I have my doubts of the bank, would not be fair to induce another person to come into the business. However, we need not talk about that. No one having any common examining these balance-sheets as we have of his matriage, if not the absolute necessity done."

"There are plenty folk would be glad of the chance if things were effectively and perspicuously explained to them."

Armour laughed at the simplicity of the

"The usual way when seeking a partner is to explain things most effectively-for yourself. However, there I doubtless something in what you say. We have a good many orders on hand; I know that we are producing a good article, and I have no doubt that even if we do get into deep water for a while, we shall reach the land somehow. The idea of a partner is a practicable one, and I will think about it. Thank you, Oswaki."

The old cashier was comforted—so much so that in his joy he nearly spilled the contents of his snuff-box. He believed that they could bear the losses of this shipping speculation if these rumours about the bank proved be false; and if proved to be true there was still the visionary partner or company to help them through. Mr. Oswald was blessed with few ideas; consequently, when he did get hold of one he stuck fast it, and it took complete possession of him. At present his whole mind was occupied with that one thought-where to obtain a suitable partner. whose capital would help the mill through its present difficulties,

A telegram was handed in. Armour read it, and quietly laid it before the cashier.

"The bank has suspended payment, and cheet its doors, but this can only be temperary."

Mr. Oswald became pallid and unable even take shuff. Armour wrote quietly to Grannis answer to Thorburn.

"We are in a mess, as the bank has stopped payment, but it will be all right by and bydon't be frightened. I shall see you to night or to-morrow,

> " Your affectionate, " J. A."

He did not want to write more because he was afraid of alarming Grannie, and he knew that could not write more without doing that or telling a lie. And he objected to lies.

CHAPTER XXXIX .- A GREAT FAILURE.

ALTHOUGH wrote so quietly and tried to make the best of the worst to Grannie, Armour was perfectly conscious of all that this telegram implied if true. It implied ruin; and that implied the indefinite postponement to resign her altogether.

That thought made the future a blank. Fortune might be regained. There was in him that mapful confidence which is not born of vanity but of faith in honest work-assuring him that he would succeed again. He was sure of it; for he had always believed that there was work enough for everybody who was willing to work without being too particular as to what was set before the hand to do. He had always found that what was wanted was real workers not work.

But this meant delay: perhaps the weary waiting of years, and that would be unkind to her as well as torture to him,

Would she wait?

He had no doubt of that. She was too brave, too true a woman to change because his fortune had changed. But there was her mother who opposed the match from the beginning: she would not be content to wait, and her constant influence must wear out the resolution of the most determined of daughters.

Well, frankly he owned to himself he had no right to must upon Ellie waiting until he again stood in the position which should enable him to offer her a home, if not equal to Aladdin's palace, at least equal to that to which she had been accustomed. He could not, and he certainly would not blame her if she changed her mind some time after hearing the news of his ruin.

And yet there was in his secret heart a blissful conviction that she would not change her mind-that she never could do so any more than himself, and that | would find her in the worst extremity his comforter and faithful lover.

As he expected, the news of his imminent failure spread like wildfire—as soon, in fact, as the suspension III the bank was known the fate of the Thornichowe papermills was also declared.

"Aye," said Tawtie Pate, wagging his head wisely, "I thought there was a downcome afore him. He gaed up ower fast an' he's come doon the same way. But I'm rael somy for him. He was a fine chap, and ought to hae had better fortune.

"He was a wee upsettin', though," said Descon Simpson with a smirk of self-congratulation; "you never found me tryin' grand experiments in this way and that way as if I was wiser than my father afore me. Na, na, I just followed in his shoon, and look at me noo-safe and sound."

-« On, sy, sound enough," said Gow, the

smith and satirist, dryly. "I dinna ken anybody like you, Deacon, for takin' care o' him-

sel'. It's just wonderful."

"Naething particularly wonderful about it," said the Deacon, accepting the presse as a compliment. "I do nae mair than every honest man should do. I never gang ayont my tether. Ambeetion's an awfu' thing. I might hat ta'en the mills mysel' !"

"Ay, you see what blessin's we find in ither folks' doonfa'," said Gow dryly.

And so the gossip went on, every one professing and most of them feeling sympathy with Armour in his misfortune. But there was another matter which supplied ample material for talk - the same time. That was the return at the head of the poll of Hugh Fenwick of Cluden Peel as member of Parliament for Gartburn. Thus the man from whom everything had been expected had apparently made a failure, whilst the one from whom nothing had been expected had scored a distinct success.

There were to be great rejoicings at Cluden Peel in honour of the new M.P. There was to be a big dinner-party, and the Musgraves were, as a matter of course, amongst the guests invited. Proud as the mother and father might 🔤 of their son's newly acquired dignity their enthusiasm could not surpass

that of Mrs. Musgiave.

She had the best of all reasons for being enthusiastic; she felt that she had some right to a shale in the victory, for had she not always declared that he was a genius? Had she not always predicted his future glory? And had she not always urged him on in his career of ambition? Nobody rejoices so much in the success of a man as the person who can say with a smile of satisfaction to himself, "He has to thank me for that; he couldn't have done it without me." As a rule, people who say this have had little to do with the victory; but, all the same, they sun themacives in the honours of the hero.

Mrs. Musgrave was in that position. If she had been returned to Parliament herself she could not have been prouder; and although she was by no means a bad-hearted woman, her satisfaction was to a certain degree increased by the information which came to her about the same time of the misfortunes which had befallen the master of Thorniehowe mills.

She wrote a letter and a note. The letter was to Fenwick, expressing her enthusiastic congratulations, and her foud hope that she would live to see him Premier. She wrote the letters M.P. very large, as if by that means she could swell his dignity.

The note was to Armour; very polite, very kind, condoling with him in his adversity and desiring that he should call upon her at once for a little private chat,

Armour answered the note in person imme-

diately.

Mrs. Musgrave was astonished to find that although he looked a little paler than usual he was perfectly calm, and showed no signs of the absolute humiliation she imagined should be displayed by a person in his position. She looked sympathetic, however, and retained his hand for an instant in her own as she looked anxiously in his face.

"You know why I have sent for you, Mr. Armour? This news—this dreadful news you will excuse me, I am sure, for you are aware of the deep interest I must take in your affairs considering the relationship you

wish to form with us. Is | true?"

Notwithstanding the kindness of her manner, there was something II which made Armour feel uncomfortable. He could not explain it to himself, but it was the kind of feeling one has on discovering some petty meanness in another whom he is desirous to respect and like. It pained him, and he wished he had not seen it.

"It is quite true," he replied. "I have sustained some heavy losses, and the failure at the bank at this time may ruin me."

She was almost awed from her purpose by the singular calmness of the man. If he had prevaricated-if he had even attempted to make excuses, to smooth matters over, she would have had little or no compunction in what she was about to do. But his perfect honesty made her pause notwithstanding her fervour on Fenwick's account.

"But isn't is very dreadful, Mr. Armour?" she said with something like timidity.

"It is certainly very bad, Mrs. Musgrave," he answered, with the deliberation of one who has looked the worst in the face and prepared himself to encounter it; "but it is only dreadful to me because it may still further delay my marriage with your daughter,"

"Ah, you have thought of that," she cried, delighted to have got her cue. She could

speak freely now.

"I have thought of it, and I concluded that you sent for me | speak about it."

"You are very good, Mr. Armour, and I see you remember the agreement we came to about Ellie's happiness."

He bowed, but made no reply. She con-

tinued, a little awkwardly:

"It was about that—that matter I wanted to speak to you and I did not know exactly how to approach it; for of course I am most reason the thing out with him, and so by an anxious to avoid giving you unnecessary pain. But thanks to you—you are so very frank and kind, Mr. Armour-I am able to tell you at once what I have been thinking.

"I am glad to have been able to help you. You may be sure I shall listen with respect

to anything you have to say."

"You are so good I" (he did not relish the repetition of this flattery) "I know that this great failure must be very hard upon you, taking away as it must do everything you have gained by such-such energy and industry. And at this time, too, when you have other troubles to occupy your mind.

44 It is hard,"

"It must be very hard indeed; but I hope -I do hope with all my heart-that you will be able to recover yourself in time."

"I have no doubt of it. With time I can

regain everything."

"I shall be the first to rejoice when you have done so. But in the meanwhile I think that you should consider the position of Kille. Of course she will be deeply afflicted by your misfortune, and with her girlish ideas of life she will be ready m promise you anything. If you speak to her now I have no doubt she will be ready to pledge herself to wait for you as long as she lives, but "

The last word was pronounced with peculiar emphasis, and Mrs. Musgrave made a grand pause, regarding him with a faint smile of expectancy as if she would say, "You

must complete the sentence."

"I know that we must wait," said Armour, divining her meaning and yet unable to do

as she wished.

Mrs. Musgrave saw that he knew what she meant and was irritated with him for com-

pelling her to explain in words.

"You told me that you thought only of her happiness," she said with some impatience; "and if I were in your position, having that desire—considering all the circumstances... I would see that I had but one course to pursue. Do you not understand?"

"I think your meaning 📕 quite plain," he replied with the utmost calmness, although his heart was quivering. "You wish me to release Ellie from her engagement, and I can say nothing more than I have already said, that if she should wish to change her mind, the mere wish would be enough for me. I should certainly not try to persuade her to keep her promise."

effort she used the most persuasive tone and words at her command.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Armour, I am convinced that you would in no way try to force her wishes. But you must remember that Ellie is not an ordinary girl, and so long m you do not tell her deliberately that you leave her free, she will hold herself bound to you no matter what she may suffer. I ask you, that fair?"

At another time Armour would have smiled at the question, he was so confident of Ellie's fidelity; at present he was too much distressed to smile at anything, and answered gravely;

. "If it is your wish that I should tell her so, I will do it; but she I quite aware of my views on this subject."

"Then I do wish you to tell her, and I

also wish you to tell her father."

"That seems to be a little unnecessary," "Unless you do so you will not satisfy Ellie that you are in earnest"

" To satisfy you that I am in carnest I will give her father the assurance that I consider her quite free of any engagement to me,"

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Armour-you have given me so much relief. I cannot tell you how this subject has weighed upon my mind. It has almost made me ill, although I was sure that you would be ready me do anything that ought to be done for her sake. I need not say that I expect you to make your statement as if it came entirely from yourself."

Armour was a little put out at that, for he felt that making the statement at all might suggest the possibility that he himself wished to draw back. There was, however, no doubt that it was right to leave Ellie quite free under the circumstances; and he had so little fear of the result that III accepted Mrs. Musgrave's condition without hesitation.

She rang the bell and summoned Ellie, and he was too glad to have the opportunity of speaking to her to have demurred to any

conditions.

"Mr. Armour has something very particular to say to you, Ellie," said Mrs. Musgrave, as her daughter came into the room. "Good-bye, Mr. Armour, and I sincerely hope that you will soon overcome all your difficulties."

She shook hands and retired in her most stately manner. She had no misgivings about what she had done; she was perfectly satis-The man was so stubborn, there was no fied that she had discharged the duties of a doing with him at all. But she must not mother with admirable tact. She had been lose her temper; she must be quiet and considerate to the man who was leading her

child into a commonplace marriage, and she had cleared the way | her union with one who might be the future Premier of Great Britain. The most exemplary mother could not be expected to do more than that.

To be alone with her again, to feel her hand in his, to look into her clear eyes, and then to think what it was III had promised to do ! He was about to tell this girl whose face was a bright reflector of her mind, revealing to him love and sympathy—he was about to tell her that he thought her capable of change! He was about to say in effect, "You are fond and faithful so long as we are in smooth water, but I cannot trust you on board when we get into the rough seas." What nonsense! He would not like to have her with him for her own sake when the ship was going down; but if she were, he knew that she would take his hand as quietly as she was doing now, and stand patiently beside him until the big waves closed over them both.

"My darling," he whispered, as he took her in his arms, feeling ashamed that he should have meany anything which might even suggest to her that he doubted how brave and true she was and would be always.

"Was that the important matter you had to speak to me about?" she asked, smiling softly as she rested a hand on each of his shoulders and looked anxiously into his face. "You are looking pale and wearied; but I am glad you have not lost beart."

"That has been lost and found again, Ellie. I am having a bad time in business affairs, I suppose that is why you find me

showing signs of worry."

"It is true then what mamma told me-

you have lost everything."

The voice and face were full of such sweet sympathy that a man might be content to lose a fortune for it.

"No, not quite everything . . . yet," he answered, and would have added. " I still have you;" but he was obliged to alter the phrase. "I think we can keep our feet and make up our losses in time. But as things stand we will have to be like other prudent young folk and put off our marriage until I have won back something.

" Very well," she said quietly, accepting his decision unquestioningly. I he had told her that the wedding day was fixed for next week she would have responded in the same

"Are you sorry?"

"I must be sorry for the cause of the delay, but the delay itself cannot matter

Thornichowe and we can be often together."

"Yes, but . . . in the meanwhile you are to consider yourself free from any engagement to me."

She looked at him with wondering eyes, She did not mind his words, but his hesitation and unsteady voice suggested that they meant more than she could understand,

"How can I hold myself free, John, when

I-am yours?"

"That is comfort and strength too." His heart bounded over all his trouble into joy, "But you know I may be a long time-a very long time, and I want you I understand-to believe-" here was the difficult part...." : believe that you are quite free and that I do not consider you bound by any promise you gave when circumstances were different. Do you ses?"

"No, for the circumstances were never

different to me, We can wait,"

And he knew that she would wait no matter what might happen. He did not feel called upon to insist any further on her understanding that he absolved her from all pledges. Indeed without his formal renunciation of all claim upon her she might free berself at any time if she showed a preference for another. If she ceased to care for him, all bonds were worthless. Not from vanity. but from his entire faith in her truth be was unable to conceive that possible,

"Yes, we can wait," he said with a con-

fident smile.

And they were as firmly bound iii each other then, when he had set her free, as they had been before. They were perhaps more firmly bound to each other than before; for he had learned that she could not understand how she could be free whilst she loved him; and she had learned that it was only because she loved him that he could value their engagement at all.

Poor Mrs. Musgrave !--- abe was very proud of her diplomacy. She had actually succeeded in making Armour himself break off the match, and she had persuaded him that it was his duty to explain the necessity of the breach to the Fiscal. It was his duty : and she was honeatly convinced that she was

doing hers.

She was well pleased, and she had another little arrangement prospect which would complete her triumph. She would soon be able to speak of "my son-that promising young statesman, Hugh Fenwick, M.P. for Gartburn." It would be almost as satismuch. You are not going away from factory as to refer to the late Lord of Session; and the relationship to the two dignitaries would afford her joy for ever.

CHAPTER XL .-- A SLEEPING PARTNER.

ARMOUR'S visit to Dalwheattie mill was of some consequence. He found Thorburn in such an excited state that I threatened to end in a fatal fit of pervous exhaustion. His presence soothed him at once, although he still remained eager and questioned him about every detail of the business misfortune.

Endeavouring to take his mind away from that subject Armour spoke about Miss Graham and told him of her longing to see him so that she might " take the curse off him " as she had said.

"Take the curse off," muttered Thorburn gloomily, "it's rather late in the day for that. But did she tell you how it was to be

done?"

"No, she would not explain it in anybody but yourself; and I doubt if she will even tell you when you go to her; for she has lost all count of time and expects to see you as young as—as young as when you went

"Ah, that's a long time ago. But I can probe her memory as no one else can. You

must take me to her."

"As soon as the doctor says you may risk the journey we will go. But you see at present you may not even 🚃 as far as Thorniehowe."

"I don't want to me there particularly, but I do want to see Miss Graham. She has some message for me. That's what she means, and If she has anything to say that can relieve me I should **m** a new man. You must take me there. You don't know what the weak frame can endure when the heart is in the work."

"I cannot very well get away for a day or

"Yes, yes, I was forgetting, my poor lad. I will be patient. Send old Oswald to me; I want to speak to him. We were great friends whilst I was at the mill, for he soon found that I was as eager for its prosperity as himself, and I believe your failure would kill him."

"That would be a bad job, but I hope it

will not happen."

"Then send him me at once. may help you to weather the storm."

"What is it?"

"Better not ask. Let me see Oswald. I want him to do something."

"All right, I'll send him as econ as I get back. I deresay the ceting will do him

Armour was giad to see how much these romises relieved his father, although he believed that the desire we see the old cashier was only the result of some whim born of his feverish condition.

"Do just as he tells you," said Grannie, as she parted with him at the door. " It will do him guid, an' I canna do you ony harm."

"I mean to do it, Grannie."

"That's right, Johnnie, and you'll has your reward. He's far mair sensible than you would think."

Mr. Oswald went **Dalwheattin** in his

muster's gig.

On the following morning, whilst Armour was engaged in the office in the bitter task of arranging in their order the numerous claims for immediate payment which were rushed upon him as soon as the news of his involvement with the bank and the shipping company became known, the Fiscal called to see him.

Armour could not help feeling that this was the cruellest blow of all, for of course Mr. Musgrave had come mannounce that the engagement with his daughter was man

end.

With a sigh Armour passed the letters over to the cashier, who was curiously placed today, and went into the private room where the Piscal was waiting.

"You have a stey bras to climb this time, Armour; have you got the stout heart for it?" was Mr. Musgrave's kindly salutation.

"I don't know. Sometimes I believe it is in me to get over it, sometimes it seems scarcely worth trying. Let me spare you the task of having to repeat what Mrs. Musgrave told me yesterday. I consider your daughter perfectly free from any engagement to me.

He turned for a moment and looked out at the window. He could not command his voice, and he was glad that he had been able

to speak the words distinctly.

The Fiscal's cycbrows rose and fell as if he had been taken by surprise. 🔳 was not so much what had been said that astonished him as the utterly hopeless manner of saying it.

"Do you wish her be free?"

"I wish her to be free."

There was a pause, and the Fiscal was something say to him-something that frowning as he surveyed his young friend inquiringly.

"Do you wish to be free from her?"

"What is the use of asking that ?-- I have no choice. 📕 will take years 🖿 regain even a part of what I have lost. I cannot bind her to wait all that time, or expect you to sanction such an indefinite engagement."

The Fiscal's countenance cleared a little.

"I think you are right; she should not be bound to wait, and as you desire it we will consider the engagement an end."

Armour felt as if the last straw had been laid on the camel's back. But he had faith

in Ellie still to keep him up.

"I thought you would wish it to be settled

this way.

" It I as you desire. That, however, was not the subject on which I came to speak to you. It was about your business. There is a friend of mine who wants to invest some capital in a good going concern and it occurred to me that at this crisis you might be inclined | listen to his proposals."

Armour was amased at the coincidence, but he was somewhat dull in the "up tak" at this moment, for his mind was full of Ellie. Her father had taken the renunciation so calmly and dismissed it so briefly that he felt for the first time as if a real barrier had been raised between him and the prize which had been so nearly won.

He wakened up however, and was pleased as well as grateful; for he saw that this proposal would enable him the sooner to

claim her.

"It would be of much advantage to me tust now to have some additional capital: but does your friend understand anyth ng of

the business, and who is he?"

"I am not at liberty to tell you anything about him. He desires to be in every respect a sleeping partner, and you must accept me as his responsible representative."

"Is not that a little unusual?"

"Not at all; you have simply to deal with me as if I were the man myself. I shall be answerable to my friend for everything that I may do on his account. He will trust me and I can trust you."

Armour sat down and leaned back on his chair, regarding the Fiscal with a puzzled expression; but he did not speak.

"Well, what do you think of it?" queried

his friend.

"Oh, I is an excellent chance for me, of course -- but I am thinking about you, Mr. Musgrave."

The latter smiled, amused by Armour's

"And what about me, if it's a fair question?"

"I was wondering how is is that you are very hard to put into words.

always such a staunch friend to me. Whenever I was in a mess you have always been ready to help me out of it. that ?"

The direct question was almost too much for the man. Armour was touching the raw fiesh. The one sad, and dearest experience of Musgrave's life had been his love for Armour's mother. Everything else that he had done or hoped to do had been a matter of cool calculating common-sense. In that one passion the man's strong nature had been loose: he loved the woman without reason; he loved her, because he loved her: he had no explanation for it. She had jilted him, and she had deceived him: and still he loved her, cherishing her memory as the most precious jewel he had found in all his

And her son asked him why he should be

his friend.

Should be tell him? Would I be good for him to know? Would it be kindness or would it be cruelty to let him know the whole story? He did not know exactly what to do, but there was a cutious thought passing through him that in making this man understand the link that bound them there would be something reaching her. So:

"I am going to tell you something that may pain you, Armour," he said, making a sudden movement forward and gripping him by the arm. It was the first sign of nervousness that the Fiscal had ever shown. But even as he spoke there came the hesitation again. "I don't know whether I should tell you or not-perhaps it is best you should understand me, . . . The thing is simple enough. . . . "

Simple as I was, the Fiscal stopped and clenched his teeth as if he were swallowing

something.

Armour was looking at him with an expression of curiosity and amasement. He had always regarded him as a man who had no feeling whatever. The Fiscal had been to him what he was to outsiders—a calm, clever man, who never allowed feeling I have anything to do with his work. He did know that Musgrave could be kind; and he had good reason to be grateful to him. But when he came to him in this strange way with a proposal which made the liference between fortune and ruin, and with that curious tone and look, he could not help questioning himself and his friend..." Why was this?"

Simple it might be, but the man found it

friend," he said coldly, "is that I have some remembrance of your mother."

"My mother?"

Armour started up. Here was the opportunity to find the answer to all those questions which had troubled him so.

"Yes, and it is for her sake that I have been and am ready to do whatever in my

power E serve you."

Amour clasped his bands, leaning over the table, and bowed his head upon them. The great cry of joy that was in his heart he did not speak, but it was this-" Thank Godshe was innocent."

There was no need for explanations to lead him to that conclusion. It was clear to him the moment Mr. Musgrave spoke; and the

latter understood that it was so.

Then he rose and advanced with Fiscal. whose hand III grasped with that kind of fervour which only comes when one feels deeply grateful. Still holding the hand he

looked straight into his eyes.

"I don't know what I am to say to you, Mr. Musgrave—you can't realise what I have suffered thinking about my mother. Of course cannot be of any moment to me what she was as the world goes-but I have loved her memory and it was horrible to me to hear that she could be the false woman my father told me about."

There he struggled with himself: he wanted to say something more and he could not.

The Fiscal helped him out .- They were still looking each other straight in the eyes. Laying a hand upon Armour's shoulder, he said:

"It's not a nice thing to tell to a son, but you know so much already that the rest can be only pleasant to you. . . . It is queer, but even at this time of day, I find it difficult to speak about her quietly. There is not much in it to you or to any one except myself. Your mother and I were great friends—40 great that I believed at one time our lives were be together. Your father came in between us there was a slight quarrel-a separation-and we had to walk in different directions. She took her waypoor girl-and found death. I took my way, which was one of indifference to all human nature. I married a woman who had all that was necessary to help me forward in my business. It was a business affair altogether, and we are both satisfied with the result. That's the whole story."

"But about my mother-I want you to

"The reason why I have tried to be your milent, and I have been coward enough to be afraid to ask. Now-after what you have said-I know that I may ask and not be afraid to listen."

> The Fiscal looked at him steadily for an instant and then motioned him to a chair.

"Sit down and I will tell you."

There was a strange look in Armour's face. Could it be true that this man had no knowledge of the suffering he had caused? Could it be true that this man had been the cause of the act which had ruined his father's life, and remained silent about it all these years? No, it was impossible: he who had been so generous could not knowingly have done such a wrong,

"I am listening, Mr. Musgrave," he said

quietly.

The Fiscal rested his elbows on the table

and his cheeks on his knuckles.

"I have told you that it is a simple affair although it has led to so much trouble. This was how it came about Your father, Graham, and myself were close friends. Our pleasures were taken together, and for a time we worked together. During that time we were often at the house of your mother's father. Your mother and her sister, although only the daughters of a small farmer, had by their own intellect acquired a position higher than that of any woman in the district. We were three poor lads who had our own way to make in the world. Good luck made us acquainted with her father, and he was a man who liked to have young folk about him. In that way we had suany merry gatherings at the farm."

Here the Fiscal stopped and drew a long breath, as if he wanted strength for what he had to say afterwards. He did not move his hands from his cheeks or his eyes from Armour's face, but he tried to speak lightly, as if to glide over the tenderer parts of his

story.

"Your mother was my favourite—as she
Graham's. was your father's her sister was Graham's. . . . I say again think of what you feel for Ellie all that I felt for her. But unfortunately I shrank from speaking to her because I knew that I must ask her to wait so long for me. Your father, more regardless of the ordinary affairs of life, spoke and married her. . . . You must try to get over it, Armour -I didn't like him for taking away from me my prise. But I remained their friend, and only blame myself for not speaking out when I first discovered his foolish jealousy of Graham. There was of course this excuse tell me about her. Grannie has always been for me, that I was angry with him and that at a mistake. I learned the truth unfortunately too late and I was mean enough to stand back because well, because I was angry with him and her for being such fools. Then came the worst part of all, the treachery to Graham and better not go on with that. All that I want you to understand I that your mother was an honest woman and his folly killed her.

The Fiscal rose, walked to the window and back again, his hands behind his back, moving m in he had his umbrella in them, but

more nervously than was usual.

"Now you know the whole atory and you can understand why I take so much interest in your affairs."

Armour sprang to his feet and grasped his

"Thank you," was all he could say.

"I understand," said the Fiscal; "we need not talk more at present; but I take it for to Mrs. Musgrave.

first I was not quite sure that he was making granted that the arrangement I have proposed to you will be agreed upon and that you will be content to regard use as the responsible person."

"As you please. I cannot think of these

matters at this moment."

"One thing more I want to tell you, to save you a surprise; I think it very probable that Mrs. Musgrave will abroad this winter and Ellie will go with her. Of course that will be quite satisfactory to you, seeing that the engagement is an end.

There was something of old jocularity

in the way in which he said that.

"I daresay it will be 🖿 her advantage," said Armour, trying | hold | his good resolution to leave her quite free, but feeling at the same time a cruel twinge of pain somewhere in his head and about his breast, and a very clear sense that he wished he had not been so faithful to the promise he had given

THE TWO BIRTHDAYS:

Or, Mape und Mesignation.

A YEAR ago, a little year, I sat, a lonely thing, Awaiting what might be the cheer My birthday morn should bring, When lo! I heard a fluttering sound, And, looking up, beheld A troop of forms that flocked around, Like fairies out of eld.

All beauteous were they, winged with gold, And, as they danced in glee, The world no more seemed dark and cold, But made for joy and me. I asked not whence they came or why; I knew as well as they. Oft had they passed my threshold by, But now had come to stay.

Like rose-buds garlanded they spanned My room from roof to hearth. They touched my lips, they clasped my hand, I felt no child of earth. And, syren sweet, the song they sang I wept for joy to hear. "At last," the fairy chorus rang,

"We bring a blissful year."

A year ago, a little year t I keep my quiet room. No radiant forms with wings are here; No fairy troop has come, And all the happy thoughts they left Have faded like a dream. Sometimes I feel as one bereft, And sometimes richer seem.

Yet do I sit alone no more, One guest steals to my side; Ofttime I've heard her at my door, At last I open wide, Half-nun, half-angel seems this guest, And pensive II her smile; Yet doth she cheer my birthday best, And solitude beguile.

Where'er she goes she brings an air Of twilight calm and case. Her voice mas the south wind fair, That stills the troubled seas. She cannot bring back banished hours, Nor those fair hopes I weep; But she can cover them with flowers, Where in their graves they sleep.

M. BETTAM-EDWARDS.

KEPT IN THE DARK.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XVL-" IT IS ALTOGETHER UNTRUE."

THE month of September were itself away at Exeter very sadly. An attempt was made to bid Mrs. Western welcome back to her old home; but from the nature of the circumstances there could hardly be much heartiness in the attempt. Mrs. Thorne came over from Honiton to see her, but even between Cecilia and Maude Hippesley, who was certainly the most little more. She did make an attempt at cherished of her Exeter friends, there could confidential conversation, but was soon be no free confidence, although there was much sympathy. Mrs. Western could bring herself waspeak evil no one of her husband. She had, with much passion, told the entire story in her mother, but when her mother had begun may hard words respecting him Cecilia had found it impossible to bear them. Had her mother taken Mr. Western's ears. She still looked forward to the chance of having him back again, and if he would come back, if he would take her back, then he should be entirely forgiven. He should be so forgiven that no mutual friend should have heard a word of repreach from her lips. She herself would know how hardly she had been used; but there should be no one to say that she had ever been heard me complain of her husband. Not the less was her heart full of wrath. Not the less did she during every hour of the day turn over in her thoughts the terrible injustice of which she had been the victim. But it can be understood that even to ker old friend Mande Hippesley, who was now happy in her new home as Mrs. Thorne, she could not talk openly of the circumstances of her separation. But there was, alas, no other subject of such interest to her at the present moment as to give matter for free conversation.

The Dean's family, and especially Mrs. Hippesley, attempted to be kind to her. The Dean himself came down and called with much decanal grandeur, conspicuous as he walked up to the Hall door with shovel hat and knee breeches. But even the Dean could Holt had, without telling her daughter, in not do much. He had intended to take Mrs. her passion, herself written to Mr. Western. Western's part as against his brother-in-law, having been no doubt prompted by some old perversity, and that without the slightest feeling of favour towards Cecilia Holt; but cause for blame." Such had been the nature

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now he was given to understand that this Mr. Western had also gone astray, and in such a way as to make it hardly possible that he should talk about it. He called therefore and took her by the hand, and expressed a hope that all things should be made ... straight, and then M left her, taking her by the hand again, and endeavouring to prove his esteem by his manner of doing so. That was the beginning and the end of the Dean's comforting. Mrs. Hippesley could do but stopped by Cecilia's cold manner. Western, indeed, could speak mone. She could not utter a word either for or against her husband. Mrs. Green came, of course, more than once; but it was the same thing Mrs. Western could endure to talk and III III talked to about nothing. And though there was friendship in it, it was but a subdued part, it may be doubted whether she could feeling of friendship, -of friendship which have endured that. There was no speech under the circumstances had **m** be made concerning him which was possible for her silent. Mrs. Green when she had taken her leave determined not to come again immediately, and Mrs. Western when Mrs. Green had gone felt that she did not wish her to come. She could live with her mother more easily than with her old friends, because her mother understood the tone of her mind. Each kept their thoughts to themselves on that subject of which each was thinking; but each sympathised with the other.

Lady Grant as soon as she understood the condition of things at once began to To her it correspond with her brother. was a matter of course that he should, sooner or later, take his wife back again. But to her thinking it was most important that be should do m before the fact of their quarrel had been flaunted before the world by an enduring separation. She wrote in the first instance without throwing blame upon either party, but calling upon her brother to show the honesty and honour of his purpose by coming back at once Durton Lodge, and receiving Cecilia, "Of course it must be so sooner or later," said Lady Grant, " and the quicker you do it so much easier will be the doing." It should in told that Mrs. "You have sacrificed my daughter in your

of Mrs. Holt's letter, which had reached him but a day before that of his nister. Lady Grant's appeal had not been of the same nature. She had said nothing of the sin of cither of them; but had written as though both had been in fault, misunderstanding each other, and neither having been willing to yield a little. Then she had appealed to her brother's love and affectionate disposition. was not till afterwards that she had been able to inform him of the baby

that was expected.

Mr. Western answered his sister's letter from Dresden. To Mrs. Holt he sent no reply: but he used her letter as the ground for that which he made to Lady Grant, writing as though Mrs. Holt's words had come directly from his wife. "They say that I have sacrificed Cecilia without the I have not slightest fault on her part. sacrificed her, and there has been terrible fault on her part. Fault! A young woman marries a man while she is yet engaged to another, and tells the poor dupe whom she has got within her clutches nothing of her first engagement! Is there no fault in that? And she afterwards entertains the first man at her husband's house, and corresponds with him, and prepares at last to receive him there as a friend, and that without a word on the subject spoken to her husband | I there no fault in that? And at last the truth becomes known to him because the base man is discontented with the arrangements that have been made, and chooses to punish her by exposing her at last to the wrath of her husband? I say nothing of him. With his conduct in the world I have no concern. But can all that have taken place with no fault on her part? What in such a state of things should I have done? Should I have contented myself simply with forbidding my wife to receive the man at my house? Should I have asked her no question as to the past? Should I have passed over that engagement which had been in full existence during the last twelve months, and have said nothing of it? Or should I have expressed my anger and then have forgiven her and attempted to live with ner as though this man had never existed? that Cecilia should visit her. This however Knowing me as you do, can you say that Mrs. Western refused to do. She had come that would have been possible to me? The that would have been possible to me? How could I have lived with a wife of whom I knew so much as I had then learned of not at once leave her. She considered hermine,—but had known so little before? Had I been a man of the world, living for the remain at Exeter until she received instrucworld, careless as my own home except as to the excellence of my dinner and the comfort.

of my bed, I might have been possible. man trusting for his happiness to such means night perhaps have continued we exist and not have been broken-hearted. But I think you will understand that such could not be the case with me. I looked for my happiness to my wife's society and I discovered when I had married that I could not find it there,

I could never respect her!

"But she tells me that having married her I have no right m sacrifice her. As I had been fool enough to allow myself 📰 be so quickly altured by her charms, and had made those charms my own, I was bound to stand by my bargain! That I take it III the argument which her mother uses. I grant the truth of it. I is I that should be sacrificed and not she. I have so acted that I am bound to submit myself to such a verdict. What the law would require from me I cannot say. The law might perhaps demand a third of my income. She shall have two-thirds if she wishes it. She shall have seven-eighths if she will ask for it. At present I have given instructions by which during her life she shall have one half. I am aware that in the heat of her passion she has declined to accept this. It shall nevertheless be paid to her credit. And I must deny that one who has achieved her marriage after such a fashion has any right, when so treated, to regard herself as sacrificed. I am the victim. But as I am convinced that she and I cannot live happily together, I reserve m myself the right of living apart."

Lady Grant, when she received this letter, immediately sat down to write to Cecilia, but she soon found it to be impossible to put into a letter all that there was to be said. She was living in the neighbourhood of Perth whereas her sister-in-law was at Exeter. And yet the matter was of such moment that she perceived it to be essential that they should see each other. Perhaps it might be better that Mrs. Western should come to her; and therefore she wrote me her,-not explaining the cause of the proposed visit, to do which would be as difficult as to write the full letter, but simply saying that in the present condition of things she thought it would be well to her mother, she said, in her terrible difficulty, and in her present circumstances would self bound to obey her husband, and would

There was in her letter a subdued tone of

tions from him to leave it.

had not deserved. She at any rate was anxious to do her best. But she would not on that account abandon the task which she had undertaken. Her only doubt was whether she had better go to her brother at Berlin or to his wife at Exeter. She understood perfectly now the nature of those mistaken suspicions which filled her brother's mind. And she was almost sure of the circumstances which had produced them. But she was not quite sure; and were she to make mistakes in discussing the matter with him, such mistakes might be fatal. thought that with Cecilia she could not do other than good. She knew her brother's mind better than did his wife, and she imagined that between them such a story might be told,—a story so true and so convincing that the husband might be brought back,

The following very short letter therefore was written. "My dear Cecilia, as you will not come to me at 'Perth, I must go to you at Exeter. I shall start this day week and will be with you on the following Wednesday. Do not mind as to a room for me, as I can stop at the hotel; but it I I think imperative that we should see each other. Yours affectionately, Bertha Grant."

"Mamma, Lady Grant is coming here next week," said Cecilia m her mother.

"To this house, next week?"

"She says that she will come to the hotel; but of course we must receive her here."

But why is she coming?"

"I suppose it is because she thinks that something should be done on behalf of her brother. I can understand her feeling, and am sure that she sympathises with me. But I do not think that any good will come of it. Unless he can see how wrong he is nothing will be able to change him. And until his very nature is changed he will not be made to understand his own fault." It was thus for the first time for a fortpight that Mrs. Western spoke to her mother about her hus-

At the day appointed Lady Grant came and Mrs. Western met her at the station. "Of course you will not go to the hotel," she said; "there is plenty of room at the house.! I am greatly obliged we you for coming. It seems a dreadful thing to have to come on such a business all the way from Perth. I know that I ought to apologise to you for the you saytrouble."

"Apologise | There can be no apologising between you and me. I I can make

displeasure, which Lady Grant felt that she each of you understand the truth there is not I think any doubt but that you will be

brought together."

"If he can be made to see the truth, it may be so. I do not know that there is any seeing of the truth necessary on the other side. I have complained of nothing. He has taken upon himself to leave me for some cause as to which I am perfectly in the dark. However we will not talk about it now." Then she put Lady Grant into the fly and took her home.

There was nothing more said about it on that day. Mrs. Western, in whose bosom something of her feeling of anger against her husband was most unjustly extended towards Lady Grant, took care that they two should not be at once left together again. Mrs. Holt was studiously civil, but always with a feeling that Mr. Western and Lady Grant were brother and sister. It was probable that the sister would take her brother's part and consequently be at any moment converted into an enemy. The first evening at Exeter was passed very uncomfortably by the three ladies. But on the following morning a conference was demanded. "My dear," said Lady Grant, "we have got to discuss all this and we may as well do it at once. What does your husband mean when he says that you were still engaged to Sir Francis when you became engaged to him?"

" Has he said so?" "Yes: indeed."

"Then he has said what | altogether untrue. Nor is there the slightest ground for such an untruth. Everything between me and Sir Francis Geraldine was over before wo had gone to the Continent. Why, I left England in consequence of the shock it gave me to have to abandon him. Does he know -does your brother know what I told you?"

"He did not know it when he wrote to

"I suppose not. I should think he would send some message. As a rule he is softhearted, although to me he has become suddenly so inexpressibly cruel."

"But you understand now the cause of his

displeasure?"

"Not is the least," said the angry wife. "I know of no cause for his displeasure. Displeasure | I know of no cause to justify = step so terrible as this."

"Though the statement may be untrue as

" It is untrue. | altogether untrue."

" But | has believed it !"

"Why has he believed it? Why; why?"

person has intentionally spread it abroad of the little stranger. "He can reject me, the lie, will distort it, and twist it, and aggravate it, -to his own wrong and to that of should reject his own child."

Dessionately loved!"

"And who so passionately loved you! was because of that that the lie has so rankled! And, Cecilia, dear, let us be altogether open to each other."

"I have concealed nothing from you," said

Mrs. Western proudly.

"Nor wilfully from him. But you had kept from him a detail of your past life,-of your life not long since past, which, as you yourself felt, ought to have been made known

"It would have been made known to him." "Just so. But unfortunately he was first allowed to hear it from another quarter. How it was told from thence you and I do not

know."

"I saw the letter to him from Sir Francis Geraldine. There was no such statement in it as that you have now made. The tone of the letter was ungentlemanlike and abominable; but the facts as declared were true."

"Do you believe then that he has invented this falsehood against you, to excuse himself?"

"No," said the deserted wife; "I do not think he invented it."

"Nor I. How was it then that the idea.

has made its way into his brain?"

"He suspicious," said Mrs. Western,

speaking very slowly.

his character. But he is true and honest, and affectionate, and is by no means exacting that your husband should be perfect; --nor has he a right to expect it of you. He had no idea of this engagement till it was told by him who of all men was bound not to tell him."

The conversation was carried on after this for a considerable time, but was left chiefly in the hands of Lady Grant. Two or three tidings which she had sent him. Lady Grant longed to a man's letter or a woman's. "I

"Ah indeed; why?" said Lady Grant. "I bosom, as soon as he should be made to suppose that no lie becomes prevalent in the understand all the exact facts as to her interworld for evil without some fault on the part course with Sir Francis Geraldine and as to of somebody. Even though it may not have her quarrel with him. But poor Cecilia been expressed in exact terms some false seemed to believe more I the coming And then a man in his wrath, when he hours she once said, with mingled bitterness and hope, "but I cannot believe that such as he

But neither then nor on the following day, "But my own busband! Him whom I so which was the last that Lady Grant allowed herself at Exeter, could she be induced to send to her husband a single word asking his pardon. "No," she said, holding her head aloft as she spoke; "it is for me to pardon him. If he wants my pardon he shall have it. He need not ask for it, but he comes

he shall have it."

CHAPTER XVII.-MISS ALTIFICRIA RISES IN THE WORLD.

During this time a correspondence, more or less regular, was maintained between Miss Altifioria and Sir Francis Geraldine. Sir Francis had gone to Scotland for the shooting, and rather liked the interest of Miss Altifioria's letters. It must be understood that it had commenced with the lady rather than the gentleman. But that was a fact of which he was hardly aware. She had written him a short note in answer to some questions he had asked respecting Mrs. Western when he had been in Exeter, and this she had done in such a manner as to make sure of the coming of a further letter. The further letter had come and thus the correspondence had been commenced. It was no doubt chiefly in regard to Mrs. Western; or market pretended to be so. Miss Altificria thought it right to speak always of her old friend with affectionate kindness; but still with considerable seve-"Yes; he is suspicious. It is the fault of rity. The affectionate kindness might go for what it was worth; but it was the severity, or rather the surcasm, which gratified Sir or self-seeking. You have no right to expect Francis. And then Miss Altifiorla gradually adopted a familiar strain into which Sir Francis fell readily enough. In fact Sir Francis found that a young woman who would joke with him, and appear follow his lead in her joking, was more to his taste than an anstere beauty such as had been his last love.

" Lady Grant here this moment," Miss times Mrs, Western put in a word, but it Altifiorla said in one of her letters. She had was always to ask what might be the effect by this time fallen into that familiar style of upon him when he should have learned the writing which hardly declared whether it beseemed to think that he would of course suppose you know who Lady Grant is. She come back and again take his wife to his is your fortunate rival's magnificent widowed

aister, and has come here I presume to endeavour to set matters right. Whether she will succeed may be doubtful. She is the exact ditto of her brother, who of all human beings gives himself the finest airs. But Cecilia since her separation has given herself girs too, and now leads her lonely life with her nose high among the stars. Pour dear Cecilia; her misfortunes do not become her. and I think they have hardly been deserved. They are all the result of your bitter vengeance, and though I must say that she in sort deserves it, I think that you might have spared After all she has done you no harm. Consider where you would be with Cecilia Holt for your wife and guardian. Hard though you are, I do not think you would have been hard enough to treat her as he has done. Indeed there is an audacity about his conduct to which I know no parallel. Fancy a man marrying a wife and then instantly bidding her go home to her mother because he finds that she once liked another man better than himself! I wonder whether the law couldn't touch him! But you have escaped from all that, and I really can't understand why you should be so awfully cruel to the poor girl." Then she signed herself "Yours always, F. A.," as though she had not been a woman = all.

In all this there was much guile. She had already taken the length of his foot, and knew how to flatter him, and to cheat him at the same time. "That poor young woman of mine seems to have got into difficulties," he said to Dick Ross, who had gone down with him to Scotland.

"You have made the difficulties for her," said Dick.

"Well; I paved the way perhaps. That was only justice. Did she think that she was roing to hit me and that she wasn't to be hit in return?"

"A woman," growled Dick.

"Women are human beings the same as men, and when they make themselves beasts have got to be punished. You can't borsewhip a woman; but if you look at it all round I don't see that she ought to get off so much better than a man. She 🗷 a buman creature and ought to be made to feel as a man feels."

But this did not suit Dick's morality or his sense of chivelry. According to his thinking a woman in such matters bught to be allowed to do as she pleased, and the punishment, if punishment there is to be, must come from the outside. "I shouldn't like to have done it; that's all."

"You've always treated women well; haven't you?"

"I don't say that. I don't know that I've ever treated anybody particularly well. But I never set my wits to work to take my revenge on a woman."

"Look here, old fellow," said Sir Francis. "You had better contrive to make yourself less disagreeable or else you and I must part. you think that I am going me be lectured

by you, you're mistaken."

"You ask me, and how can I help answering you? It was a shabby trick. And now you may bluster as much as you please." Then the two sat together, smoking in silence for five minutes. It was after breakfast on a rainy day, such as always made Dick Ross miserable for the time. He had to think of creditors whom he could not pay and of his future life which did not lie easily open before him, and of all the years which he had misused. Circumstances had lately thrown him much into the power of this man whom he heartily disliked and despised, but at whose hands he had been willing to accept many of the luxuries of his life. But still he resolved not to be put down in the expression of his opinions although he might in truth be turned off at a moment's notice. "You are corresponding with that old woman now?"

"What do you know about my correspondence?"

" I know just what you told me. That letter there is from the lady with the Italian name, She has more mischief even than you have, I believe." At hearing this Sir Francis only laughed. "If you don't take care she'll make you marry her, and then where will you be?" "Where would you be, old fellow?"

" It don't much matter where I should be," said poor Dick. "There's a revolver upstairs and I sometimes think that I had better use it. I've nothing but myself to look after. Twe no baronetcy and no estate, and can destroy none but myself. can't hurt me very much. I'll tell you what it is, Geraldine. You want a wife so that you may cut out your cousin from the pro perty. You're a good-looking fellow and can talk, and, as chance would have it had, I imagine, got hold of a true last she found you out."

"What did she find out?" "The sort of fellow that ye you among the Dean's pr find you out before the she did before it was you the sack."

"That's your idea."

"She did," said Dick boldly. "And there should have been an end of it. I don't say but what it might have been as well for you as for her. But it suited you to have your revenge, and you've had it."

"I rather think I have," said Sir Francis,

"But you've got a woman to help you in getting it who seems to have been as spiteful as you, without any excuse. I shouldn't think that she'd make a good wife. But if you don't take care she'll be yours. Then Dick got up and walked out of the room with his pipe in his mouth, and went into his bedroom, thinking that | might be as well for him to pack up and take his departure. The quarters they were in were, as he declared to himself, "beastly" in wet weather; but his worse than what had often been said before. So he chucked off his slippers, and threw himself upon the bed thinking that he might as well endeavour to get through the morn-

ing by going to sleep.

Sir Francis when he found himself alone began to think over all the circumstances of his present position. Among those circumstances Dick Ross was one. When he had intended to marry Miss Holt he had determined to get rid of Dick. Indeed Dick had been got rid of partially, and had begun to talk of going to Canada or the Cannibal Islands, by way of beginning the work of his life. Then Sir Francis had been jilted, and Dick had again become indispensable to him. But Dick had ever had a nasty way of speaking his mind and blowing up his patron, which sometimes became very oppressive to the Baronet. And now at the present moment he was more angry with him for what he had said as to Miss Altifiorla than for his remarks as his conduct the other lady. All that was simply severe in Dick's words he with his practice he at any rate acknowledged is success. But his remarks as to the second dy had been very uncourteous. He had done so very well himself that he is entitled declared that she with the Italian name was a worse devil even than himself, and had warned him not to marry the fiend. Now he had nearly made up his mind that he would marry her. With all the ladies with become aware that, in marrying them, he she'll have a good time if lie does, and if he must more or less alter his manner of life. don't I she's' t break my heart." Then he With Miss Altificula no such alteration would put his pen down and sat for a while thinking

be necessary. He attributed a certain case which she possessed to her Italian blood, and thought that he would be able me get on with her very comfortably. To marry was imperative with him,-because of his cousin. But he thought that were he to marry Miss Altifiorla he might continue to live his ordinary life almost without interruption. He had considered that in doing so he need not even dismiss Dick Ross. But now, in consequence partly of the great discourtesy of Dick's remarks and partly from his strong inclination. for Miss Altifiorla, we began to think that after all Dick had better go. Just at this moment Dick's fortunes were, he knew, very low. One sum of money had been lost at cards, and another sum of money had not come. Dick's funds were almost absolutely shirts hadn't come from the wash, and he had worn out. But that was only a reason the no vehicle to take him to the railway station more for parting with him. He did not care without sending for a fly. And after all what to have to deal with a man who had to wear IIII had said to Sir Francis was not much out his old clothes in his house because he had not credit with his tailor to get a new coat and trousers. He thought that he would part with Dick; but he had not quite made up his mind when he sat down to write his letter to Miss Altifiorla.

"My dear Miss Altifiorla," he said. "I really don't see that you have any reason to blow me up as you do about 'poor Cecilia.' I do not think that poor Cecilia has had it at all hotter than the has deserved; and when you tell me that I have been awfully cruel to the poor girl, you seem to forget that the poor girl began the war by being awfully cruel to me. If you and I should ever come to know each other, you may be sure that I shall never treat any woman well become she has treated me badly. It's a kind of gallantry I cannot understand, and must make a man's conduct quite indifferent to the sex generally, If you're to treat all alike, whether they run straight or bolt, why shouldn't they all bolt? It would come to the same thing in the end. There is Dick Ross been making himself uncommonly disagreeable on the same subject. took for a compliment. If Dick found fault I don't mind your lecturing me a little,chiefly because you don't think it; but I'll be hanged if I take it from him. He has not

to blow up any one.

"Mind you write and tell me what happens over at St. David's." Mrs. Holt lived in Exeter at St. David's. "I shall ## glad to know whether that respectable person, Mr. whom he had hitherto been connected he had Western, comes back again. I don't think

what should be his last paragraph. Should he put an end to all his doubts and straightway make his offer, or should be dally a little longer and still keep the power la his own hands. At last he said to himself that even if he wrote it his letter would not go till tomorrow morning, and he would have the night to think about it. This consideration got the better of his prudence and he did write it, simply beginning a new sentence on the page. "Don't you think that you and I know each other well enough to make a match of it? There is a question for you to answer on your own behalf, instead of blowing me up for any cruelty to Cecilia Holt."

Then he signed his name, "Yours ever, F. G.

Miss Altifioris when she received the letter was surprised, but not startled. She had expected that it would come, but not so quickly; and it may be said of her that she had quite made up her mind as to the final answer to given if it should come. But still she had to think much about it before she wrote ber reply. It might be very well for him to be sudden, but any over-suddenness on her part would put him on his guard. If he should be made to feel alarmed at what he had done, if he should be once frightened at his own impetuousness and hers, he would soon find his way back again out of the difficulty. But still she must flatter him, still she must make him think that she loved him. It would not at all do for her to write as though the thing were impossible. Then in a pleasant reverie she gave herself up for a while to meditating over the sudden change which had come upon her views of life. She remembered how strong the had been in recommending Cecilia not to marry this man, and how she had congratulated her when she found that she had escaped. And she remembered the severe things she had said about Mr. Western. But in her thoughts there was nothing of remome or even of regret. "Well, well; that it should have come to this! That he should have escaped from Cecilia and have chosen me ! Upon the whole it will be much better for him. I shall tread on his come less than her thoughts. Perhaps an idea did creep in England." There was no commencement to as to some awkwardness when she should this, nor any ending. He did not even sign meet Cecilia. But they could never see his name, nor call her his wife, or his dear much of each other, and I might be that Cecilia. Upon the whole she felt that it there would be no such meeting. "What rather confirmed her sentence of banishment

does it matter?" she said, as she turned to her writing-table.

But this was not till three days had passed after the receipt of the proposal. Three days, she thought, was a fitting time to show that though hurried by an affair of so much moment, she was not too much hurried. And then she wrote as follows :-

"MY DEAR SIE FRANCIS.

"Your letter has almost taken away my breath. Why, you know nothing or little about me! And since we have been acquainted with each other our conversation has chiefly been about another lady to whom you were engaged to be married. Now you ask me to be your wife; 🗷 least, if I understand your letter, that is its purport. If I am wrong, of course you will tell me so.

"But of course I know that I am not wrong; and of course I am flattered, and of course pleased. What I have seen of you I have altogether liked, and I do not know why we should not be happy together. But, marriage ! marriage is a most important step, -as, no doubt, you are well aware. Though I am quite earnest in what I am saying, still I cannot but smile, and can fancy that you are smiling, as though after all it were but a joke. However, give me but one week to think of it all, and then I will answer you in sober carnest.

"Yours ever (as you sign yourself),

CHAPTER XVIII.—A MAN'S PRIDE.

Anour a week after Lady Grant had gone Mrs. Western received a letter from her husband. She had expected that he would write, and had daily looked for the letter. But when it did come she did not know whether to take it as a joy or a source of additional discomfort. There was in it hardly a word of declared affection. Nothing was said as to his future life or hers; but he did write, as she thought, in a familiar and loving strain as to the event which had yet to be expected for many months. "My sister has told me your news," he said, "and I cannot but let you know how anxious I shall be both for your safety and for that of the stranger. R she would, and be less trodden upon, too, there be anything that I can do for your cotathan she. I may be that I must tread on fort, if you will ask me, you may be sure that his corns a little, but I will not begin till it will be done. I am still at Dresden, and after my marriage." Such was the nature of have no idea of immediately returning to

than gave her reason for hope. He had felt when he wrote it that he could not remain altogether silent, but had yet determined to awaken no hopes by an assurance of his returning love. "In fact, the letter," she said to her mother, " must be taken as meaning nothing. He did not choose to subject himself to the charge of having been indifferent to the coming of such an event. But beyond this he had had nothing to say to Poor Mrs. Holt remained altogether silent when her daughter discussed the subject. She knew that she could not speak without loud abuse, and she knew also that her daughter would not allowher to abuse him.

Cecilia, without asking the advice of any one, resolved that she would not answer the letter. She could not write without using affectionate language, and such words should never come from her till she had first been addressed with full affection by him. "Never," she had said to herself a score of times; "never!" The meaning of this had been that having been so cruelly ill-used she would do and say nothing that might be taken as evidence that she had thought berself in the wrong. She would bear it all, rather than give him to understand that she did not appreciate his cruelty. She had told him of her love, and he had not vouchtafed to say a word to her in reply. It was of the injustice done to her that she complained in the words which she was constantly framing for herself; but it was the apparent want of affection which was deepest in her heart. Though he had been twice as cruel, twice as hard, she would have been less unhappy had she succeeded in drawing from him one word of affection. "What can he do for my comfort?" she said to herself again and again. He means that if I want money I shall have it, so that he may avoid the disgrace of leaving his wife and his child unprovided for. I will not have his money, unless he also come himself." She would not even write to Lady Grant, or let her know that she had received a letter from her husband. "Oh, yes; I have heard from him. There is his letter, and she flung the document across the table to her mother. Having done so she at once left the room, so that there should be no discussion on the matter. "That there should be not a word of love in it; not a single word," she went on saying to herself. "How hard must be a man's heart, and how changeable! He certainly did love me, and now 🔳 has all gone, simply through an unworthy suspicion on his own part."

had been as yet to read the riddle of a man's heart,-how ignorant she had been of she difficulty under which a man may labour to express his own feeling! That which we call reticence is more frequently an inability than an unwillingness | express itself. The man is silent, not because would not have the words spoken, but because he does not know the fitting words with which speak. His dignity and his so-called manliness are always near to him, and are guarded, so that he should not melt into open ruth. So was with Mr. Western. Living there all alone at Dresden, seeing no society, passing much of his time in a vain attempt | satisfy himself with music and with pictures, he spent all hours in thinking how necessary his wife had made herself to his comfort during the few months that they were married. He had already taught himself to endeavour to make excuses for her,—though in doing so he always fell back at last on the enormity of her offence. Though he loved her, though he might probably pardon her in his weakness, it was impossible that the sin should be washed out. His anger still burned very hotly, because he could not quite understand the manner in which the sin had been committed. There was a secret, and he did not know the nature of the secret. There had been an understanding, of which he did not even yet know the nature, between his wife and that base baronet. And then the terrible truth of his memory added to his wounds. He thought of all the words that had been spoken, and which he felt ought to have given her an opportunity of telling the truth, -and would have done so had she not purposely kept the secret. He had playfully asked her how it had been that she had loved no other man, and then she had remained silent in a manner which he now declared to himself to be equal to a falsehood. And when he had been perfectly free with his own story, she had still kept back hers. She had had her story, and had resolved that he should not know it, even though he had been so open with his. He no doubt had been open at a time when he had no right to expect her to be equally so; but when the time did come, then she had been a traitor to him. When accepting his caresses and returning them with all a young wife's ardour, even at that moment she had been a traitor to him. Though in his arms she had thought,—she must have continued to think,-of some unholy compact which existed between her and Sir Francis Geraldine. And even now she But here she showed how little able she had not told him the nature of that compact.

Even now she might be corresponding with and continued submit herself to a man Sir Francis or seeing him for aught that he who was in his eyes so contemptible. He knew to the contrary. How was it possible could not endure the idea that a woman for

against him as she had sinned?

And yet he was so far aware of his own weakness as to admit to himself that he would have taken her back III him if she had answered his last letter in a contrite spirit and with affectionate words. He would have endeavoured to forget not to forgive, and would have allowed himself to fall into the loving intimacy of domestic life,-but that she was cold and indifferent as well as treache-So he told himself, keeping his wrath hot, though at the same time his love nearly mastered him. But in truth he knew nothing of things as they really were. He had made the mistake of drawing a false conclusion from some words written by Sir Francis, and then of looking upon those words as containing the whole truth. Sir Francis had no doubt intended him to think that he and Cecilia Holt had come to some rupture in their engagement from other than the real cause. He had intended Mr. Western to believe that they had both agreed, and that they had merely resolved between them that they had better not be husband and wife. He had intended to convey the idea that he had been more active in so arranging it than Cecilia herself. Cecilia, though she had read the letter, had done so in such a frame of mind as hardly to eatch the truth. But he, Mr. Western, had caught it altogether and mai believed it. Though he knew that the man was a dishonest liar yet he had believed the letter. He was tortured at the thought that his wife should have made herself a party to such a compact, and that the compact should still have remained in existence without his Although there were hours knowledge. during which he was most auxious to return to her,-in which he told himself that it was more difficult was stay away from her than even to endure her faithlessness; though from day \boxed day he became convinced that he could never return to the haunts of men or even to the easy endurance of life without her, yet his pride would ever come back to him and assure him that as a reasonable man was unable put up with such treachery. He had unfortunately been taught to think, by the correspondence which had come from the matter of his cousin's racing bet, that Sir Francis Geraldine was the very basest of mankind. It was unfortunate, for he had no doubt been induced to think worse of his wife because she had submitted herself

that he should pardon a wife who had sinned whom such a partnership had had charms should be the chosen companion of all his hours. He had already lived with her for weeks which should have been enough to teach him her character. During those weeks he had been satisfied to the very full. He had assured himself frequently that had at last met a woman that suited him and made her his own. Had he known nothing of Sir Francis Geraldine he would have been thoroughly contented. Then had come the blow, and all his joys were "sicklied over" with the unhealthy tone which his image her former lover gave him. She became at once to him a different creature. he told himself that she was still the same Cecilia as had been his delight, yet he told himself also that she was not the same as he had fancied her when he at first knew her,

> There is in a man a pride of which a woman knows nothing. Or rather a woman is often subject to pride the very opposite. The man delights to think that he has been the first to reach the woman's heart; the woman is rejoiced to feel that she owns permanently that which has been often reached before. The man may know that in his own case it mot so with him. But as there has been no concealment, or perhaps only a little to conceal, he takes it as it comes and makes the best of it. His Mary may have liked some other one, but it has not gone farther. Or if she has been engaged as a bride there has been no secret about it. Or it has been a thing long ago, so that there has been time for new ideas to form themselves. The hushand when he does come knows at any rate that he has no ground of complaint, and not kept specially in the dark when he takes his wife, But Mr. Western had been kept specially in the dark, and was of 🔳 men the least able to endure such treatment. To have been kept in the dark as to the man with whom the gul was engaged, as he thought, at the very moment in which she had accepted To have been made use of as a step, on which a disadvantageous marriage might be avoided without detriment to her own interest! I was this feeling which made him utterly prostrate, which told him that death itself would be the one desirable way out of his difficulties if death were within his reach.

> When he received the letter from his sister telling him that he might probably become the father of a child, he was at the first prepared to say that thus would they two be

were in all respects true. At present, as he said to himself, he was altogether in the dark. But in fact had he now learned the very story as it had existed, and had Cecilia told it as even in his estimation have been completely whitewashed. In her perfect absolution from the terrible sin of which he now accused her he would have forgiven and forgotten altogether the small, the trifling fault, which she had in truth committed.

There was something of nobility in all these feelings, but then that something was alloyed by much that was ignoble. He had resolved that were she 📰 come back to him she must come acknowledging the depth of her sin. He would endeavour to forgive though he could not forget; but he never thought in these hours that it would be well for him to be gracious in his manner of forgiveness. To go to her and fetch her home to him, and say to her that all that was post should be as a dream, a sad and ugly dream, but one to which no reality was attached, never occurred to him. He must still be the master, and, in order that his masterdom might be assured, full and abject confession must be made. Yet he had such an idea of his wife, that he felt that no such confession would be forthcoming, and therefore to him. appeared ever more and more impossible that they two should again come together.

With Cecilia the matter was regarded with very different eyes. To her, too, it was apparent that she had been treated with extremest cruelty. She, too, was very hot in her anger. In discussing the matter with herself, she allowed herself thoughts in which indignation against her husband was maintained at a boiling heat. But nevertheless she had quite resolved I forgive him altogether if he would once come to her. And

reconciled. He could hardly live apart, not saked for. If he would but show her that only from the mother of his child, but from he still loved her, that should suffice. The the child itself. He went away into solitode would around them would of course know and wept hot tears as he thought of I all. that she had been sent away from him, and But ever as he thought of it the cause of his then taken back. There was in this much anger came back to him and made him de- that was painful,—a feeling full of dismay as clare to himself that in the indulgence of no she reflected that all her friends, that her feeling of personal tenderness ought he to acquaintance, that the very servants should disgrace himself. At any rate it could not be know that she had been so disgraced. But till she should have told him the whole truth, of all that she would take no notice,—no -till she should have so told her story as to notice as far as the outside world was conenable him to ascertain whether that story comed. Let them think, let them talk as they would, she would then have her one great treasure with which to console herself, and that would suffice for her happiness, In her hottest anger she told herself from far as she was able to tell it at all, she would time to time that her anger would all depart from her, -that it would be made to vanish from her as by a magician's wand,-if she could only once more be allowed to feel his arm round her waist.

In all this she had no friend with whom to discuss either her anger or her hopes. Her mother she knew shared her anger to the full, but entertained hopes altogether different. Her desires were so different that they hardly amounted to hopes. Yes, he might be allowed to return, but with words of absolute contrition, with words which should always be remembered against him. Such would have been Mrs. Holt's expression as to the state of things had she ventured to express berself. But she understood enough of her daughter's feelings m repress them.

The only person who sympathised with Cecilia and her present condition was the girl who had once before evoked from her so strong a feeling of tenderness. She did know that the man had to be forgiven, terrible as had been his sin, and that nothing more was to be said about it. "Oh, ma'am," she said, "he'll come back now. I'm sure he'll come back now, and never more have any of them silly vagaries."

"Who can say what vagazies a man may

choose to indulge?"

"That's true too, ma'am. That any man should have had such a vagary as this! But he's dying to come back. I'm sure of it. And when he does come and finds that he's let to come quiet, and that he's asked = say nothing as he don't like, and that you are all smiles to him and kindness,—and then with the baby coming and all,-my belief is that to insure her forgiveness no word even of he'll be happier then than he was even the apology should be necessary. She knew first day when he had you." This, though that she would have to deal with a man to spoken in rough language, so exactly expressed whom the speaking of such words would be Cecilia's wishes, that she did feel that her psinful, and none should be expected, none maid at least entirely sympathized with her.

POISON IN COMMON THINGS.

By PROPESSOR P. A. SIMPSON, M.A., M.D.

I,--POISON IN THE AIR WE BREATHE.

THERE are few words in the English language which produce a more painful impression upon the popular mind than does the word Poison, and there are at least two valid reasons why it should be so. In the first place we find poison waging war against human life, sometimes openly, sometimes insidiously, often successfully; and in the second place, from remote ages down to the present day, we are accustomed to see poison going hand in hand with crime as its chief companion. But we must remember that poison is by no means an evil-door only as the agent of the assassin or of the suicide. These are doubtless its most hideous aspects, but there are many others where its effects are produced as surely, though often very insidiously, without any evil intention, and, like a wolf in sheep's clothing, clad in garis to such cases that we wish to direct attention, by pointing out a few of the modes in our every-day life in which poison may enter the human body without our knowledge, and wherein its presence is unnoticed until disease or death makes it manifest.

composition of atmospheric air, and how it porting life and health, it may carry disease long thought that air was spiritual, that it the world; but we now know that it is just as material as a piece of iron, and that it will weigh down the scales of a balance in the same way; and the time may yet come when by means of immense pressure and intense cold may be condensed into a liquid, as carbonic acid and other gases have already been. We find air present everywhere. There appear, which does not contain pores, and state contains a large quantity of air in solu-

vations have since shown that a extends to a height of more than two hundred miles. Owing I the force of gravity the air I much denser near the earth, and gets thinner, layer by layer, as you ascend. If then the atmosphere were possessed of colour would be very dark just round the globe, and the tint would gradually fade into space. There is no absolutely normal composition of the air we breathe; or, if there be, is not at present known. It contains, however, in all cases, unless under purely artificial conditions, two essential elements, which are nearly invariable under normal circumstances, namely oxygen and nitrogen, and two accessory elements which vary extremely in amount, but are practically never absent, namely carbonic acid and water. Without either of the first two, air could not exist, and without the last two, air is scarcely found in nature. Their combination moreover is not a chemical ments which are intended for our good. It union but a simple mechanical mixture. But besides these constituents the air contains an immense amount of life, and small particles derived from the whole creation. In the air may be found animalcules, spores, seeds, cells of all kinds, eggs of insects, fungl and elements of contagion, besides formless dust, Let us, then, consider in the first place the and sandy and other particles of local origin. For example, no one can travel in a railway may become so vitiated that, instead of sup- carriage without being surrounded by dust, a large portion of which may be attracted by or death to those who breathe it. It was a magnet, consisting as it does in a great measure of minute particles of iron derived was like the life, and that it was the soul of from the rails. The purest air has some dust in it. There probably never fell a beam of light from the sun since the world was made which would not have shown countless numbers of solid particles. Roughly speaking 100 measures of air, if pure, should contain 78'98 parts of nitrogen, 20'99 of oxygen and og of carbonic acid. Without oxygen a candle will not burn, and animals cannot is scarcely a solid, however compact it may live; but for the purposes of animal life this gas requires to be diluted, and this is effected these pores are filled with air. It is to in the atmosphere by a large admixture of be found in abundance in the soil; indeed nitrogen. In fact nitrogen seems to act in were it not so, numberless worms and insects the animal economy purely as a diluent or which inhabit the latter would cease to exist. vehicle for the administration of oxygen. The most compact mortar and walls are Carbonic acid as far as we know II not essenpenetrated by it, and water its natural tiel to the animal kingdom. To man it is simply a superfinous ingredient, but harmless tion. The atmosphere was formerly believed when in small quantity; to the vegetable to extend no higher than five miles above world, on the contrary, it is a food which the earth's surface, but meteorological obser- together with water often suffices to support the entire life of a plant. WI en, however, from any cause the quantity of carbonic acid is much increased, it becomes highly poisonous to man. When the amount reaches to or even 5 volumes per cent, it produces fatal results, and even 2 per cent. occasions in most persons severe headache. The balance between carbonic acid and oxygen in the atmosphere, continually disturbed in one direction by the animal kingdom, is constantly maintained by the vegetable kingdom; for while the former consumes oxygen and gives off carbonic acid, the latter for the most part performs the opposite function. Owing to certain local conditions, however, which we shall presently consider, the quantity of oxygen in the atmosphere sometimes falls below the normal amount, to the extent of over 3 per cent, while the carbonic acid proportionately increases. In order to estimate the importance of what might otherwise appear trifling differences in the composition of the air we breathe, we must remember that we take into our lungs from 1,000 to 2,000 gallons of air daily. Now the presence of only a few grains of impurity in a gallon of water would render it unfit for drinking purposes, although as we only drink a comparatively small quantity of water the whole of these few grains would not be swallowed in a single day.

We have spoken of carbonic acid as an impurity in the atmosphere; and so it is, for it is unfitted to support animal life. An animal will die from autocation in an atmosphere containing plenty of free oxygen if it contains over 10 or as per cent, of carbonic acid gas. But a minute increase of this gas in the atmosphere is of most importance, from the fact that it always comes in bad company, and tound be a measure of the many impurities which accompany it. Moreover, for every increase of carbonic acid there is a corresponding decrease in oxygen, so that we have in such cases a double effect, viz., a subtraction of the life-giving principle of the air, and the addition of noxious substitutes. These noxious substitutes consist for the most part of organic matter, either of animal or vegetable origin. The exact nature of the orpoisons of contagious diseases, still remains Whether they consist of inconceivably minute particles of decaying matter, or of living microscopic germs; whether in some instances they are conveyed by particles of skin and pus-cells from the diseased to the vapour.

nated; all these are questions which have yet to be satisfactorily answered. It is, however, certain that almost invariably the atmosphere is made the vehicle of the contagion or deadly agent, whatever may be its nature; and hence the great importance of taking such precautions as will prevent the contamination of the air; or all events, aid in dissipating or destroying more hurtful impurities. An estimate of the amount of organic impurity in the air of our large cities may be formed by considering the enormous quantities of carbonic acid gas that are daily and hourly poured forth in these industrial centres. Dr. Angus Smith, whose investigations regarding "Air and Rain" have won for him a world-wide celebrity, has found that in the City of Manchester 15,066 tons of carbonic acid are daily passed into the air that envelope it; and Dr. de Chanmont states that 822,000,000 cubic feet of this gas are generated in London per day, or more than 9,500 cubic feet per second. Fortunately the operations of nature are in themselves calculated m restore a state of equilibrium in the constitution of the air. Injurious gases become diffused, diluted, or decomposed; animal emanations are absorbed in the processes of vegetation; suspended matters are washed down by rain, or fall by their own weight, while many organic substances are so acted on by oxygen as to render them innocuous. Thus the vast aerial sea maintains a uniformity of composition, owing to the mighty forces of nature, without which all our samtary measures would be futile. But if nature be so powerful as a sanitary agent, how is it that we still require to cope with that formidable enemy which we call foul air? It is because we ourselves are constantly vitiating the atmosphere around us whether we live, or work, or die, and because the impure products thus generated are not sufficiently provided against by efficient ventilation. Let us glance briefly the principal sources from which these impurities arise. These may be grouped under three heads, viz.:s. Respiration. 2. Putrefaction. 3. Trades and Manufactures.

Respiration.—The air which we draw into ganic substances, which constitute the specific our lungs with every breath contains 21 per cent, of oxygen, but when we expire it again it only contains 13 parts. We have, in fact, abstracted 8 per cent, of oxygen and given back in its place a poisonous mixture of carbonic acid, organic matter, and watery We breathe out this poisonous healthy, or are condensed with the watery mixture at the rate of one gallon each minute, vapour of the atmosphere and thus dissemi- but (even spart from the organic matter) it is

acid which it contains, that each gallon would require to be diluted with 100 gallons of pure air before being again fitted for respiration. In a city such as London then, the air is being polluted even by the carbonic acid which we exhale at the rate of nearly six hundred million of gallons per minute, to such an extent as to render it unfit to be breathed again. Surely this should make us welcome every strong gale as an angel sent from heaven, bearing healing on its wings. But it in dwellings, and especially the dwellings of the poor, that the polluting effects of respiration are greatest, for in these it ii too often the case that man places every possible obstacle in the way of nature's methods of ventilation. Moreover in apartments that are crowded it is practically impossible maintain the air in a state of purity, and thus they become hot-beds of discase. The very interesting experiments made by Dr. Angus Smith upon himself in an air-tight leaden chamber, led him to the conclusion that, in air containing an increased amount of carbonic acid, this gas alone, even without the other hurtful ingredients, such as organic matter, rapidly produces poisonous affects-indicated by feebleness of the circulation, extreme slowness of the heart's action, and great rapidity of the breathingand that when men are exposed to it they are really gasping for breath, without being aware of the cause.

The presence of carbonic acid in the air we expire is readily seen by blowing our breath, by means of a tube, into a bottle containing ordinary lime water. The water soon becomes opalescent and then milky in appearance, Owing to the formation of carbonate of lime or chalk; the carbonic acid of the expired air having combined with the lime previously held in solution. It is this principle which taken advantage of in order to estimate the amount of carbonic acid in atmospheric air. Dr. Angus Smith lays down a simple practical rule whereby any one may ascertain if the air of an apartment contains carbonic acid to a dangerous amount, viz., "Let us keep our rooms so that the air gives no precipitate when a rol-ounce bottle full of air is shaken with half an ounce of clear lime water."

well known that speedily fatal results arise from overcrowding and want of fresh air. Out of the 146 prisoners confined in the "Black Hole of Calcutta," 123 died in one night; and it is significant that many of the survivors afterwards succumbed ... "putrid fever."

so impure, owing to the amount of carbonic wanting in this country. Of the 150 passengers that were shut up in the cabin of the Irish steamer Londonderry, with hatches battened down during a stormy night in 1848, 70 died before morning. In these two catastrophes suffocation was doubtless the direct cause of death, but the fact that "putrid fever" attacked many of those who were carried out alive from the "Black Hole of Calcutta," showed that the feetid exhalations to which they were exposed must have aided largely in destroying the lives of the immediate victims, The re-breathing of foatid matter thrown off by the skin and lungs produces a kind of putrescence in the blood, in proportion to the amount inhaled, and to the period of exposure to its influences; and even air only moderately vitiated, if breathed for a long time day after day, produces most serious results. These results are seen in pale faces, loss of appetite, a lowering of the spirits, and a decrease of muscular strength. That air polluted by respiration is the one great cause of consumption, which may be handed down from parents to children for generations, rests upon such a mass of facts, that it is no longer controvertible. instance, we know that an increase of the disease occurs pari passe with an increase in the density of a population; that in manufacturing centres, where the males are the chief workers at indoor employment, the male death-rate is the highest; that in others, where females are principally required at indoor work, they suffer most; and that in agricultural districts, where the men spend nearly all their lives in the open air, and the women scarcely ever leave their cottages, the female death-rate from this disease is higher than the male. Moreover the testimony of the most able physicians at home and abroad; the results of inquiries as to the prevalence of this disease amongst the picked men of the armies and navies of the world; the reports of bospitals for consumption, and of commissigners and committees appointed to make special investigations as to jails, workhouses, and schools; all these point to poisoning by impure air as the most fertile source of consumption and many allied diseases.

Patrefaction .- We now pass on to the second source of foulness of the air, viz.: putrefaction. Putrid emanations have from the carliest times been held me be capable of producing injurious effects on the human system. In the Bible we read of the great care, taken to disinfect or clean vessels which may have contained any putrid matter, and in ancient Nor have similar instances been Rome measures were adopted for the efficient

Our present method if disposing of our refuse is by means of water, which washes it through liable to be attacked by typhoid fever than channels called "sewers" to the sea. But meanwhile the organic portions are undergoing decay, and certain gases are thus evolved which mixing together form what we term "sewer-gaz." The principal gases thus given off are carbonic acid, nitrogen, and sulphuretted hydrogen, and although this mixture if breathed is injurious to health, it cannot be regarded poisonous. Thus sulphuretted hydrogen (similar 🖿 the odour given off by rotten eggs) although a deadly poison when inhaled in large quantities, is so diluted in sewer gas that its poisonous properties are in a great measure neutralised. There is still, however, sufficient sulphutetted. hydrogen in sewer gas to render it very injurious by lowering the tone of health, and by gradually diminishing vitality to such an extent that disease ensues. What, however, is of far greater importance as a poisonous agent is the organic matter which is held in suspension by these gases. The composition of this organic matter is by no means uniform. It is composed of particles from all kinds of decomposing matter, sometimes containing minute living organisms, and sometimes without doubt the germs of disease. The exact nature of these germs of disease is still a matter of uncertainty, and the question as to whether they may appear spontaneously during the progress of decay, or whether they are merely wasted by sewer gas just as the ripe seeds of many plants are scattered by the atmosphere, is equally unsettled. This, however, has been sufficiently established, that when diseases do come amongst us they take root with most effect in those places where decomposing matter is found, and that the germs of these diseases find in the organic element of sewer gas a congenial soil in which they can increase and multiply indefinitely, and by which they can be carried from the dead to the living. That typhoid fever depends, to a great extent, upon the polluted air or sewers, cesspools, and of the soil proved by very strong evidence. In some cases the disease has been confined to a particular part of the house, especially exposed to the effluvia from badly trapped drains, where there could be no doubt as to the source of the infection. The sewer air, laden with the specific poison, may be inappreciable to the senses, but its hurtful effects make themselves felt none the less, and, as recent events have shown, may sometimes exhibit them-

cleansing of the sewers and streets of that city. Nay more, il would seem that persons of the upper and middle ranks in towns are more the poor classes; the reason being that the houses of the former are more generally connected with sewers, and either from structure or situation are of higher elevation, so that the light sewer gases, obeying natural laws. are more apt to accumulate in the drains of such houses, and failing efficient trapping and ventilation of the drains, to effect an entrance into the houses themselves. There is good ground for the belief that cholers, diphtheria, scarlet fever, as well many other diseases, are occasionally spread by means of the air of sewers and cesspools; but whether these diseases originate spontaneously in this way, or whether the sewer gas only serves as a carrier of the disease-germs, is a question, as in the case of typhoid fever,

as yet unsettled.

Trades and Manufactures.-Let us next consider some trades and manufactures which have an injurious influence upon persons engaged in them, and to a certain extent upon the community large. The injurious effects are owing to solid particles and offensive gases which are given out into the air. The result of inhaling air more or less charged with solid particles may be easily explained. When the latter reach the entrance to the windpipe they at once set up irritation in the delicate lining membrane, and nature tries to repel the intruders by the involuntary cough which results. Should this fit of coughing fail in doing so, a quantity of glairy fluid is poured out from small glands in the windpipe, and this fluid enveloping the solid particles tends to prevent them from doing further mischief. Should they, however, find their way lower down into the air passages, nature has provided a very beautiful mechanism for their expulsion. The entire lining membrane of these passages is covered with innumerable minute hairs, or "cilia" as they are called, which by constantly waving in an upward direction towards the mouth tend to carry the solid particles, and the glairy secretion which they have provoked, away from the hings, and so out of harm's way. This wonderful provision of nature I sufficient for the purpose, provided the strain be not too trolonged; but when the supply of irritating particles is constant or nearly so, the nerves and muscles involved in this mechanism become exhausted and cease to perform this process of expulsion. The irritating particles selves in the most exalted stations of life, are now no longer removed from the delicate membrane of the air passages upon which they lodge, this membrane becomes inflamed. and bronchitis or asthma I the result. But this inflammation, at first only affecting the superficial membrane, may sink into the deeper tissues and affect the lung itself, in which case the original attack of bronchitis frequently merges into a condition of a consumptive nature. This will explain why many trades are injurious in which the danger to health is due to the fine dust floating continually in the air of the premises. For example, the particles of coal dust in the air of mines, and the smoke from factory chimneys; particles of steel and grit given off in grinding; organic dust or fluff in shoddy and flax mills; the dust in potteries, china works, pearl button manufactories, in polishing and cement works, in brass works, in marble and steel polishing works of various sorts, especially where emery is used; in all of these cases the solid particles are inhaled and tend to produce disease in the lungs and air passages. Moreover, the severity of the effects is chiefly dependent on the amount of dust, and on the physical conditions as to angularity, roughness or smoothness of the particles, rather than on the nature of the substance, except in some specific cases. The habitual inhalation of coal dust in the air of coal mines very frequently results in consumption, and the fine divisions of the lung become so blocked up by the particles of coal that the term "black-lung" has been applied the appearance presented by the lung after death. It has been found that the death rate from consumption among miners who work in mines where the air is changed rapidly, as in Durham and Northumberland, is very much less than among miners who work in mines that are badly ventilated. Of all unhealthy occupations that of steel-grinding is the most fatal. Steel-grinding 📗 divided into the dry, wet, and mixed methods; and the injurious effects vary according to the amount of water used on the stone. Forks, needles, scissors, &c., are ground on the dry stone, and accordingly the men and boys employed at this kind of work are found to be the greatest sufferers. Dr. Hall, of Sheffield, has furnished important information as to the average duration of life among the artisans in steel, which he found to be as follows, viz.: dry grinders of forks, 29 years; razors, 31 years; scissors, 32 years; edge-tool and wool-shears, 32 years; springknives, 35 years; files, years; saws, 38 years; sickles, 38 years. In this and

methods have from time to time been devised, more especially of late years, whereby the dust might be prevented from entering the air-passages, such as fans for blowing it away, and respirators of various kinds to filter the air as it is being breathed; but it has been found that workmen themselves frequently object to any innovation which appears to them to interfere with their more immediate comfort. There are some trades where the dust given off acts not only as a mechanical irritant when breathed, but where the substance thus inhaled acts as a direct poison. For instance, manufacturers of white lead and other mineral paints frequently exhibit symptoms of poisoning in this way, and workmen who use arsenical compounds, as in the making of wall-papers, artificial flowers, &c., are often the victims of poisoning by arsenic. This poisoning by means of arsenical wallpapers deserves more than m passing notice owing to the dangerous and even fatal effects which they induce, not only in the workmen who prepare them, but also in persons inhabiting apartments where the walls are covered by them. These wall-papers are mostly of a beautiful green colour, the latter being due to a paint composed of arsenic and copper. Owing to variations of heat and moisture the green particles are constantly being set free from the paper and carried about the room by ventilation, idea of the amount of poison with which so many people are surrounded in their rooms may be formed if we consider that this green pigment contains 59 per cent. of arsenic, and that a square foot of one of these wall-papers contains on an average more than sufficient arsenic to poison twelve persons. In addition to the cases which most physicians are now so familiar with, where dangerous symptoms of poisoning have been traced to this cause, I is much to be feared that insidious and chronic disease II too often due to this practice of covering the walls of our sitting-rooms, and more especially our bedrooms, with arsenic. It may be remembered, however, that a wall-paper may be green and yet not contain any arsenic, so that the following simple method of eletecting an arsenical paper may be useful. If a camel-hair brush be dipped in an ordinary solution of ammonia, and applied to the green portions of the suspected paper, the green will be rapidly changed to an azure blue colour if arsenic be present. Some such simple test is all the more important, because green papers, " warranted free from many other similarly injurious trades various arsenic," have frequently been found to conin France and Germany there are laws against tating, and giving rise to various diseases the sale or manufacture of these poisonous the lungs and eyes, materials, and it is much to be regretted that in this country our extreme sensitiveness subject" has hitherto prevented legislation calculated to restrain a manufacture so deadly

and unnecessary.

In addition to the sources of pollution of sidering, there are various trades and manufactures in which poisonous matters are given off. Some of these are of an organic nature, on in the melting of fats, in the making of size and glue, in the boiling of oil, in the boiling of bones, and in many other processes carried out on a considerable scale, where the emanations are highly offensive and often of unknown chemical composition. works must be included in this poisonous group owing to the accidental escape of gas, sometimes in large quantity. In lime-kilns enormous volumes of carbonic acid gas are poured out both from the limestone burnt breathing. and from the fuel employed, and in this way persons living in the immediate neighbourbood have been suffocated. In chloride of lime (bleaching powder) manufactories, and in places where it is used for bleaching wool and other materials, chlorine gas is given off in the air for long distances. In other farmer, who, always breathing a pure atmo-branches of industry the workers are exposed sphere, has thus stored up a great amount of to the vapours of sulphurous acid and additional constitutional force.

tain a large percentage of that poison. Both muriatic acid, both of these being very irri-

Such, then, are a few of the impurities, more or less poisonous, we be met with in the about interfering with the "liberty of the air we breathe; and dangerous to health as all of them are, it must be admitted that they do far less mischief to the public health than the continual mismanagement of our atmospheric food, common in all classes of the atmosphere which we have been con- society, by which it is rendered unfit to support a healthy life. The two ways in which air may be rendered thus comparatively valueless are either by excluding it too much from our dwellings, and this I the fault of the rich; or by crowding too many people together in small rooms, and this is the fault of the poor. In the houses of the better classes the air is kept out by closed windows, doors, curtains, and even in some cases by putting screens before the fire-places in summer, and in bedrooms in winter when fire is not used, thus cutting off the escape of air which has been rendered impure by

Pure air is in fact the most important of all health factors. When it is breathed freely, plentifully, and continually, there are few diseases which it will not enable the body to resist. Nay, even some injuries, which, received by the denizens of into the air, causing when inhaled a very the overcrowded city, would be speedily fol-great amount of irritation in the air passages. lowed by death, will be readily recovered great amount of irritation in the air passages. lowed by death, will be readily recovered Moreover this chlorine vapour is often carried from by the agricultural labourer or country

ATHEISTIC SCIENTISTS.

HERE is a sort of men whose faith is all In their five fingers, and what fingering brings, With all beyond of wondrous great and small, Unnamed, uncounted in their tale of things; A race of blinkards, who peruse the case And shell of life, but feel no soul behind, And in the marshalled world can find a place For all things, only not the marshalling Mind. Tis strange, 'tis sad; and yet why blame the mole For channelling earth?—such earthy things are the;; E'en let them muster forth in blank array, Frames with no pictures, pictures with no soul. I, while this cardal dome o'erspans the sod, Will own the builder's hand, and worship God. JOHN STUART BLACKIC.

THE CENTENARY OF A GREAT CATASTROPHE.

BY THE REV W BENHAM, BD,
AUTHOR OF THE "MEMOIR OF CATHERDIE AND CRAUFURD TAIT

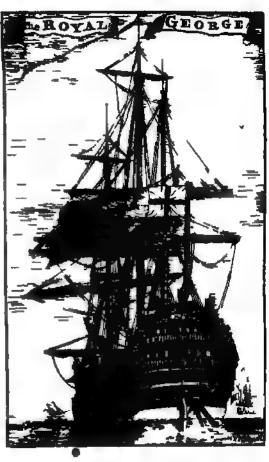
N old man in drab shorts and grey worsted stockings, shoes with large buckles, antique coat and low crowned hat, together as like the old man in the Old Curronty Shop as if he had sat for the picture, such a one was my grandfather, as I remember him between forty and hfty years ago He was a Ports mouth man, and always telling stones of things which he had seen in the war times There are two which I remember dis tinctly No doubt I should have forgotten them, had I not heard my mother repeat them many a time since, but as it is I car see him now, leaning on his nest round-topped cane, and telling over, sumply and with trans parent truthfulness, how he saw

Jack the Painter dragged to his death for attempting to burn down Portsmouth dockyard, and how he stood on the shore, geth one of the crew of the Royal Groege by his side and saw her go down at Spithead. The hundredth anniversary of that terrible catastrophe has recalled the memory of the story, and I pur pose in the present paper to tell it over again, with the help of many contemporaneous documents which he before me

And first let the reader look upon the noble vessel in her pride and beauty, as in those days

ship building was understood. The illustrations we give are taken from two fine enginvings in Martin's *Philosophical Miscelleny*, published the year that the ship was launched, 1756, and they are accompanied by a full description of her which to nautical readers will no doubt be interesting, though I confess that I am somewhat hazy myself with some of the details, just as I am with the technical parts of Marryat's novels. The reader, how ever, shall have it in full, to make what he can of it

The Royal George was built at Wooksach, began the 8th January, 1746, and leunched the 18th of February, 1756 XXIII--44



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The old rivalry between England and France had just blazed out again fiercely, the immediate cause being in America. The English colonies there, up to this time, lay along the Atlantic only. The French in Upper Canada had laid claim to the whole territory at the rear of the English possessions, and in the fighting which had ensued

had gained the advantage.

Out of the hostilities thus engendered aprung two combinations, which had a vast effect on the history, not only of the two nations, but of Europe, and of the world. First, in order to counteract the designs of France, the English ministers, under the Duke of Newcastle, made an alliance with Frederick the Great. The immediate coasequence was to unite France with her ancient foe Austria, under Maria Theresa, who hated Frederick for robbing her of Silesia. And thus began the memorable Seven Years' War. The noble ship thus synchronizes with a very important chapter in the history of England; her lifetime, so to speak, covers a period second to none in its momentous issues. and the year which saw her go down was as memorable as that which first saw her affoat.

But before closing the magazine from which I have been quoting, let me transcribe one more paragraph, on which my eye has accidentally lighted. In not without bearing on the events that I have undertaken to

record. Here is:-

"Births. Nov. I. [1755.] Empress of Germany, Queen of Hungary, &c., of a daughter, named Marin Antoinetta Anna Josephina Johanna."

If there were rejoicing in Vienna that evening at the safe birth Marie-Antoinette, there was weeping enough in another capital; for on the morning of that same day 60,000 persons had been hurled to death in less time than has taken me to write this page, in the Earthquake of Lisbon. But let this pass now. We have seen how the alliance between Maria Theresa and Louis XV. of France began. From the very day of this hapless daughter's birth the Empress cherished the idea of cementing the ill-fated alliance by marrying her to the French Dauphin. She brought her up in the expectation,—an expectation realised when the poor child was not yet fifteen years old.

At the first onset of the Seven Years' War victory seemed altogether on the side of the French. They pounced on Minorca, and took it from the English; Admiral Byng, who was sent to its relief, fell back before the greater strength of the French fleet, and the weak Ministry, in order to save themselves from the indignation of the whole country, sacrificed Byng, who was tried by court-martial (Dec. 1756), and shot at Portsmouth. The disaster of Minorca and fresh reverses in America produced in England, says Mr. Green, "a despondency without parallel in our history." But now the tide suddenly turned. The accession of Pitt to the Ministry was the herald of a series of triumphs such as England had never seen before. Clive's great victory at Plassey June 23, 1757, "opened that wonderful career of conquest which has added the Indian Peniusula, from Ceylon to the Himalayas, to the dominions of the British Crown." The same year Frederick of Prussia, aided by subsidies from England, annihilated the French army at the battle of Rossbach, and cleared Silesia of the Austrians by the victory of Leuthen. In 1759 General Wolfe took Ouebec from the French, and next year Amherst took Montreal, thus completing the conquest of Canada. An attempt of the French to seize Hanover was defeated at the battle of Minden. "Never had England played so great a part in the history of the world as in 1759."

The civil events which followed the accession of George III., the intrigues of rival politicians and courtiers, the struggles between the Ministry and the public press have no connection with our subject. Nor has the early portion of the history of the War of American Independence. We merely chronicle the fact that in 1782 the independence of the United States was acknowledged.

In the oridence before the const-martial, which was her the set of the ship, it was stated that the war about high than agreeing with the rules of proportion at present laid down, but the heat salier in the service."

of these years, there is one chapter of our history which does not cause us shame. The naval records of the country remain glorious throughout. Whilst the connection between England and her American colonies continued still unbroken, Pitt's during vision had looked beyond the Atlantic, into the Pacific and Southern seas, and seen fresh lands for England to turn into colonies. One navigator after another went forth, but the names of the rest were eclipsed by Cook, who, in 1768, explored the Pacific and led the way in founding the colonies of Australia and New Zealand, And when the American War broke out, the naval victories over France, Spain, and Holland showed the energy of our sailors as great as ever. For three years, from 1779 to 1782, the French and Spaniards besieged and bombarded Gibraltar in vain.

Here we arrive at the point of time which brings us the catastrophe of the Royal George. Lord Rodney, the greatest of English admirals next to Nelson and Blake, as well as Anson and Boscawen, had repeatedly made her their flag-ship, and Lord Hawke was on board her when he attacked a French fleet in 1776, and when her cannon sunk the Superbe of 70 guns, and set fire to an 84. She "had had more fiags on board than any ship in the service." But she had shown such signs of age, that her guns had been reduced from 52, 40, and 28 pounders, to 40,

32, and 18 pounders. On the and of August the fleet went out for a cruise under the command of Lord Howe, and hazy weather coming on, the Royal George was within an ace of being wrecked on the Prall, near Start Point. She was kept off with the greatest difficulty, and they sailed away to the west of Scilly to see that a convoy from the West Indies was not intercepted. They sighted a French fleet on the look out for it. We gather the particulars from a letter written on board her, now in the British Museum. "The French," says this letter, "had 36 sail of the line, and we 22; by no means a match, but I make no manner of doubt, had we been to windward of them, but we would have cut off their van ships before the rear could come up to their assistance, the rear being Spaniards, and their ships being very bad sailers. However we parted with consent without even firing a gun."

They returned to Spithead on the 14th of August, having received news that the West India ships had arrived in safety, and the head of the Admiralty, Lord Keppel,

the midst of all the humiliations and disasters came down to make an inspection of the whole feet. "We have not had such an overhauling for years," says another letter. Whether as a result of this examination, or from the circumstance that a large quantity of water was found in her hold after her last cruise, an order was given for the Royal George to come into dock. The carpenter, however, after making an examination, declared that the leak was only two feet under water, and that it resulted from the rubbing off of some of her copper sheathing. It was therefore resolved, on his recommendation, | lay her slightly over on her side-"heeling" her was the phrase in use-until enough of her lower timbers should appear above water to enable the damage to be repaired. Very few persons anticipated the possibility of danger, but there were a few nevertheless, as we shall see.

The fleet at this moment was under the command of Admiral Richard Kempenfeldt, the brave son of a brave Swede, who, coming early into the English service, had followed the fortunes of James II., and after his death had been recalled by Queen Anne, and Justifying the good opinions which had been formed of him, was made Lieut. Governor of Jersey, and died there. His fine character is depicted by Addison in the Spectator under the appellation of Captain Sentry.

Admiral Kempenfeldt was now sixty-four ears old, the youngest admiral in the service, but unsurpassed, it is said, in his skill in manceuvring a fleet. He had often distinguished himself, and in the month of December preceding had taken a French convoy of twenty transports, protected by a larger fleet than his own, and thus had been the means of saving Jamaica, by securing time for Lord Rodney to reach it. He had come on board the ill-fated vessel the day after he arrived at Spithead. Two little sons were with him.

And now I come to an incident as I heard it from my eye-witness.

"There were some who declared from the first that what they were going to do would sink the ship, and a few who had got leave to go ashore made excuses and didn't go back in the morning." And there was one of them who stood alongside me on the beach, for there was quite a crowd of us looking across at her. 'They'll sink her. I swear they'll sink her,' he kept saying, and certainly he did swear it a good deal too. We could see quite plainly when they tilted

* I find from the records that there were about sixty of het care us, shows at the time.

her over, and when the sailor saw her he The Admiral was calmly writing in his cabin shouted. 'Now you'll see she'll go down.' And, presently, all of a sudden down she And in a few moments we saw hundreds of vessels pulling out towards her." Such me the narrative which I have heard the eye-witness tell.

But let us go on board and learn full

particulais.

It was about six o'clock on Thursday morning, August 19th, that the work of careening the ship was begun by removing many of the guns to one side, and so increasing the weight

seemed like a madman, 'She's going,' he on the lower deck. Altogether there were between eleven and twelve hundred persons on board.

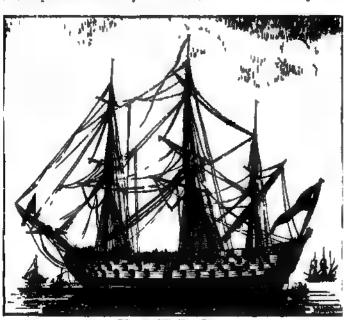
The leak was discovered and mended, the seams were caulked, and new copper sheathing was laid on, when (so at least it was declared by some who were present) the carpenter, unknown to the Captain, gave directions for the lowering of the vessel "just one more streak," his object being to lay open the mouth of a stop-cock which was used for letting water into the lower decks to wash them, and which was out of on that quarter. For nearly four hours the order. If the report is true, the poor man

paid for his rathness with his life. Some one observed that the ship was turning almost imperceptibly on her side, and pointed it out to the carpenter. At the (Waghorne by



work went on. Not only the officers and The words had hardly passed his lips before crew, with the exceptions already named, but I the water began I rush in at the lower portdundreds of other persons were present. A holes, which had been rashly left open. As large body of carpenters had been brought ahe still tilted over, the guns on the higher from the dockyard, and, as was usual on portion ran down to the sinking side, and of board all the ships in the harbour, there were course increased the movement. There was women and children, it is said the number no more time to take any measures. Within of four hundred. Many were wives of the six minutes from the first cry of alarm she

She had been held by two anchors, at In the tremendous sailors. There were also, says the Morning whirthcol created by the sinking of the Chronicle, nearly fifty Jew pedlars who were vessel, a fresh loss of life ensued, trying to force the sale of cheap jewellery. The Lark, a victualling aloop, was lying the sailors having recently received their pay. alongside, and me that moment was engaged



Side view of the Reput George.

warrant and petty officers, but more as usual went down. were poor abandoned creatures of bad character come to make prey on the reckless the head and stem. in hoisting in spirits. She and her crew were swallowed up in the vortex. Another vessel cut adrift and dropped astern just in time to escape, as also did the Admiral's attending cutter.

The carpenter was heard to cry, "She is sinking," as is sprang through a posthole.

He was afterwards found dead.

About two hundred and thirty persons were picked up by the boats which hastened in the scene as soon as it was safe to do so. The vessel had gone down in fourteen fathous of water, and of course her top-gallant masts, is well as her starboard lower yardarms,* were above water. To these

many sailors were clinging.

A few records of preservations amid this terrible scene are here and there preserved. A young man named Bishop, the son of a currier at Chester, was on the lower deck when the water rushed in. It carried him with irresistible force up the hatchway, where a rolling gun jammed his hand and smashed three fingers. He remembered no more till he found himself lifted out of the sea into a boat. A marine, who was fixed sentinel over a sailor in Irons for some offence, freed his prisoner the moment the alarm was given, and they were both saved, but the marine's arm was broken. A licutenant, named Durham, was swimming about, when a boat rowed towards him, He cried out to its crew to pick up Captain Waghorne close by, who was in greater danger than himself from not being able to swim so well, and the Captain was accordingly rescued. He had a son on board who was drowned. But the strangest story of rescue is contained in the Morning Post of September 19th :- "The live stock upon deck were naturally left floating. Two sheep swam to Ryde, bringing with them a little boy in petticosts apparently about three years old, who had an arm firmly grasping each of their necks." Both his parents were drowned. An officer who had lost his son declared his intention of adopting him.

The following touching record concerning Kempenfeld: I from a letter of the day:—

"My poor old friend the Admiral was writing in his cabin. He jumped out of the stern gallery and got on a hencoop. He was seen sitting on it with one private marine. The marine held fast and was saved, the Admiral let go, being I suppose tired. He must have been near 70 years of age. The master of the Buffalo in a boat once laid hold of his hand, but there being a great swell in the sea he could not keep

it. He held up his hand to **m** saved, but immediately went down,"

Another heart-moving scene is described by another writer. A respectable-looking old woman was crying on shore; her daughter, with five children, had gone on Board that

morning to see their father.

Some few days afterwards my grandfather went in doors, and said in his wife, "If you want to, see such a sight as you never saw before, go out into High Street." "What is it?" was the rejoinder. "Three waggonloads of drowned sailors being carried to Kingston Churchyard for burial." My grandmother, as may 📰 supposed, had no desire for such a sight. But a painful record remains connected with this subject, which one would fain ignore, but that it behaves us to be faithful chroniclers. The newspapers of the day accuse the parochial authorities of demurring to allow the poor victims burial. The sailors, we are told on the same authority, who brought bodies ashore were menaced and not allowed to land them-"they ought to take them right away to sea and cast them adrift." One spectator saw a long line of unburied left on the beach for a whole day. Some one more merciful than his fellows brought a large tarpaulin, and reverently covered them until a place of burial was gradgingly conceded. But against this statement must be placed that on the tombstone, quoted below. It looks as if the setters up of the monument meant to enter their protest against the charge.

A reward of £100 was offered for Kampenfeldt's body, but it was never recovered.

How deeply III England was moved we can easily imagine. "The annals of this country do not record so unexpected an accident, nor scarcely one more dreadful in its consequences," writes the Morning Herald. "Never were there such visible signs of grief exhibited by the public as on the present occasion," is the sentiment of the Morning Past. The merchants of London, foremost, as so many times before and since, in deeds of benevolence, set on foot an active subscription for the widows and orphans.

Of the many poems and elagies which were written on the calamity, only Cowper's, as far as I remember, retains any place in literature. It will be remembered how he calls on the authorities to weigh the vessel up. In doing so he was expressing the hope of many, though others pronounced it impossible from the first. In one journal before me are the two following sentences, in different parts of

the paper :--

She leaned towards her side just as she had gone down until the note of September, when she middenly signed hersalf under water, to the terror of these who were will have shout her.

"The naval people my she can be welghed up if the United Service Museum in Scotland the weather prove favourable in the course of the Yard.

"It is the general opinion that she cannot be raised, as no purchase can be obtained owing to the

ımmense weight."

Such difference of opinion mot very hard to account for, but another matter touched by the poet is certainly enough to smace one. "Her timbers yet are sound," he writes. Yet the European Magazine, after giving the account of the calamity, adds, "the ship was old and crazy, so that it was determined to lay her up the ensuing winter." It is difficult to believe this statement, though it is supported by the evidence given before the court-martial, which, according to the usage of the service, was held on Captain Waghorne, on the 10th of September following. The report wery unsatisfactory, and I do not wonder that it calls forth indignant letters from newspaper correspondents of the time. One of the carpenters deposes that "the ship was so rotten that hardly a peg would hold together." Admiral Barrington "had said to the carpenters that he thought it impossible she could ever be made fit for service." The carpenters had replied "they thought they could patch ber up for one more summer," to which the Admiral had rejoined, "it would be well if no accident happened." However all this may have been, it is quite clear that the vessel did not sink through going to pieces. She went down whole; and the evidence looks like an attempt to cover a blunder by throwing the blame on the ship. The Captain was honourably acquitted, as be deserved, for all accounts say that he was an excellent officer.

Many plans were proposed for raising her, which need not detain us, seeing that none Some interest, however, proved feasible. attaches to the description of the diving bell, which was then but newly invented, and many improvements of which were made during the operations which followed. The hoy that went down with her was weighed up in the following July. "By means of this in the following July. "By means of this diving bell," says the Gentleman's Magusine, the untimely death of thy fellow mortals, and whilst "they girt cables round her and weighed as a Man, a Belico, and a Patriot, thou readest the her up. There is reason to hope the Royal melancholy natrative drop a tent for thy Country's her up. There is reason to hope the Royal George will be weighed up in the same man-1784 "Messrs. Braithwaite and Sons drew up the mainsheet anchor, weighing 98 cwt., the heaviest in the known world, and "made no doubt of weighing up the ship." (Gent. Mag. 532.) Besides this, guns were from time to time drawn up; some

The hope of raising the vessel, however, was not entirely abandoned until within my own recollection. For many years the enormous wreck lay full in the roadstead, and was very dangerous a shipping. As late as 1839 investigations were made order to judge whether the vessel might be drawn up with the improved mechanism now at command. But it was found that the great ship was by this time sunk deep in sludge, whereupon Colonel Pasley, with his suppers and miners, undertook to destroy her. First of all he arranged that divers should send up whatever was capable of removal, and for six or seven hours a day they were at work, skilfully as well as industriously. "They sent up their bundles of staves, casks, or timber, as closely packed as a woodman could pack up faggots in the open air. As many as ninety such pieces were lasked together at a time." On one occasion two divers, who had seized the same piece of wood, got to fighting over it, till one knocked out the eye of the other's helmet, when, of course, it was necessary to haul him up, or he would have been drowned. For several seasons the work went on; large cylinders were filled with powder and fixed by a voltaic battery. The operations were concluded in 1844. A buoy still marks the spot of the catastrophe.

There is in St. Michael's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, a monument to Kempenfeldt by the younger Bacon, with a bas-relief representing the submerged ship. The following are the inscriptions on two tablets in Kingston Churchyard. I owe the copy to the kindness of the vicar, the Rev. Edgar Jacob, who writes to me, "Curiously enough there is no entry of the burial in our registers. The grave of the men is at the extreme S.E. corner of the churchyard, I ft. by and

marked by four corner stones."

LARGE TABLET.

- READER

The auth day of August, 178s, his Majesty's ship the Royal George, being on the heel at Spithead, oversat and sunk, by which fetal accident about nine hundred mons were matautly launched into eternity, among whose was that brave and experienced officer Rear Admiral Kempenfeldt. Nine days after many bodies of the amustanate floated, thirty-five of which were inof them may be seen, curiously exidized, in terred in one guve near this monument, which is

erected by the Parish of Portses, as a grateful tribute to the memory of that great Commander and his fallow-CONTERES.

'Tis not this stone, regretted Chief, thy name, Thy worth and morit shall extend to fame; Brilliant schievements have thy name imposit In lasting characters on Albion's breast.

SMALL TABLET.

"NEAR

This stone lyeth III one grave the remains of 35 of the poor unfortunate Men that periahed in his Majesty's ship Reyal George, a fast rate of 100 gum, which great Honour."

sunk at her unchors at Spithead, Amust the 29th, 2782. As a testimony of sympathy for the unfortunate this stone was exected by one who was a stranger both to Officers and the Ship's Company,

December the 10, 1782.

A wreck they suffered, though by no tempest driven, And enchored in the friendly Port of Heaven.

It would not be doing justice to the Churchwardens, Overscore, and Inhabitants of the Parish of Portsea in general was it not mention'd, that every assistance was given by them to the above unfortunite men, for a decent and Christian burial, which will ever do them

BETWEEN TWO WATERS.

In Artist's Moliday in the Speenees.

PART IL.

X/E made an early start next morning. skirting first through the vine-clad heights of Juraneon, which produce a seductive white wine (in its turn very apt to produce a bad headache if not treated with duc caution), then through two or three flowery villages to Louvie. Here we breakfasted, looked at the old church, with its storm-beaten steeple, then remounted the hill, and drank in the beauty of the view that had struck us as we descended. It is exceptionally fine, and would make a grand picture of the scenic order.

Altogether Louvie is a most desirable place for an artist's head-quarters—far better than the much-vaunted Laruns, which is seven or eight miles up the Val d'Osseau. Here you have more space and more variety The river is finer, and snow of subject. hills not so assertive. The village itself offers novel backgrounds for figures, and with a little trouble you may get groups of Spaniards, Béarnais, mules, horses, and what not, here as readily as at the dismal Laruns. Then the Val d'Osseau, with its hiscions greens, soft woods, brown villages, and queer watercourses, is close at hand. I was quite sorry when Mr. James's oracular voice declared, "Time's up!" I cut another nitch in my memory, and we recommenced our journey through the Valley of the Bear. The severe forms of the snow-peaks are now continually ground forms a complete picture at every corner. High up in the hills we catch sight of women, some wearing the national red capulet (a sort of hood), and doing rough farming work. The afternoon is still, and the sound of their laughter comes to us with the

lowing of the cattle and the tinkle of sheep-

Just before reaching Laruns (an important village for merchandise) the view is very grand, and the theatrical air with which our driver exclaimed, "Voila la Pic de Ger!"
was very comical. He took great pains to point out to us the localities of the Two Waters.

Just beyond Laruns the road bifurcates into two steep ascents, the left leading you to Eaux Bonnes, the right to Eaux Chaudes. The Pic de Ger dominating over one, and the Pic du Midi over the other. Between Les Eaux rises the steep Col de Gourzg, so that the longest way round is the shortest way home. As we walked up the steep zigzag to Eaux Bonnes I took the opportunity to ask Mr. James if he thought we had acted advisedly in thus "adopting," as it were, Mr. Robb. We knew nothing about him. and Mrs. Quilter was evidently not well disposed towards him. May we not get into Nothing, however, some unpleasantries? can move my friend when he once makes up his mind. He is terribly loyal in his friendshins; he had taken a fancy Robb, and stuck up for him through thick and thin. " I don't care what Mrs. Quilter, Mrs. Grandy, or Mrs. Anybody else says or thinks," said he. "Robb I a good fellow, and I shall see him through this." So, accordingly, before us, and the varying contour of the at the table d'hôte Mr. Robb sat between us, where Mrs. Quilter glared at him across the table. He had his revenge, though, for some inscrutable telegraphy passed between him and the young lady; whereat she would blush and he would smile serenely.

Ranz Bonnes is a curious place. Its posi-



Coming from the Mountain

tion is quite unique. Take a lot of handsome Westbourne Park houses and stick them down in the form of a square in a mountain niche, 2,450 feet above the sea level, and you have haux Bonnes It is a regular culde sac, every house is an hotel or lodginghouse, and during the long winter months the place is deserted. If is supposed to be seady for visitors in June, but no one behever the season to have really commenced till the handsome person of M. le Medecin Inspecteur-Docteur Manes-has been seen walking cheenly down the one street and shaking hands with M. Tavernes, the landlord of the Hôtel de France and mone of the place. During July and August invalids flock from all quarters of Europe-Russians, Swedes, Spaniards, Belgians, English, and French-all having something wrong with their respiratory organs, and all eagerly quaffing, gargling, or bathing in the thermal sulphur waters

A man is better known here by his cough than by his name, and is described to you not by his height or physiognomy, but by the particular state of his lung or knyns.

Mrs. Quilter was in her glory. After breakfast she would waylay every new arrival in the salon, and there elect from them a full and particular account of their ariments. The gravity of the case never lost anything

by her subsequent narration There was an Irishman, a Captain Burgon, full of fun and humour, who played her a trick, the fun of which I don't believe has reached her to this day. She had been sympathizing with him. "Yes, my dias madam," he replied, tapping the left side of his chest and speaking in the thinnest and most puno of 'oices-"jes, it's all on this left side. Doctor says there's no chance for me Top of lung completely gone! But," he continued, suddenly drawing himself up to his full height, slapping the right side, and speaking in a deep bess voice, "THANK HLAVEN, THE RIGHT IUNG IS AS BOUND AND GOOD AS EVER!"

She was greatly exercised at Mr. Robb's appearance. 'However, I always thought," she added, "that he looked delicate."

He drank the odorous water most courageously, so did Mt James It holds sulphurctted hydrogen in solution, and bubbles out at 90°. Weak throated people also gargle in a place set aude for this excress. In the grand hall of

the establishment you meet your friends durting about with their prescribed dose in one hand and a bottle of lemon syrup in the other, or you may hear them gargling merrily in various keys in a distant corner.



Cottong from the bath

promenade. So completely are you hemmed in on every side that this access impossible at first sight. A little investigation, however, discovers cunningly devised roads and walks cut up the side of the mountain es zigzag. They are capitally contrived and kept, have convenient resting-places, and will reward your climb by confronting you with unexpected beauties in the shape of tiny cascades, lichen-covered beeches, and bright peeps of snow mountains. These precipitous noths have great attractions for the young people; others preferred the grand " Prome-

whole time, Mr. James most religiously walked this once, and sometimes twice a day: arrived | the end he would take his seat, produce his cigar and his pocket classic, and after devouring the whole of one and some pages of the latter, return happy and contented.

Somehow or other I got a chill, and before expostulation could be made he had brought Dr. Manes to my bedside. Ouiteatypical

depressing. The mist and rain seem to Eaux Chanden. get into the cul-de-sac, where no wind can drive them out. Mr. James, however, both, swinging, as it were, between the two seemed think my going was a duty waters. Some of them (I believe Mrs. to myself and society in general. So off Quilter did it) would take a dose at the I went by diligence in the morning. At Eaux Bonnes establishment in the morning, the bottom of the hill I looked back. bathe at Eaux Chaudes, then back for another high above in the sky the secreted edges laying in as big a stock of health as they can

After the establishment the correct thing is to cut against the blue. Eaux Chaudes was as bad as Eaux Bonnes. The gorge is narrower, and the mist has less room to dispose of itself; but the brawling, dashing river was at once a delight, and the general aspect of the place far more inviting to an artist in consequence of being less prim and

The houses are irregular, and scattered here and there rather picturesquely. Long strings of gaily caparisoned mules may be seen before the Aubergiste. There, too, are Spaniards, with their gay sashes and the weather-worn velveteen, so dear to an artist nade Horizontal." Some people call it the for colour. Guides with nondescript dresses. "Lady's Mile." At all events, here you can and pretty pessants with their red capulets, get a fair level stretch of one mile, and have dark square-cut bodices, and dainty little the smiling Val d'Ossean at your feet the brooches stuck on the white open vests. For



doctor-a kind and reassuring presence, and the most part the men were knee-breeches, a sort of combination of the frankness of jackets, and "berrets"—the latter being John Bull with the politicus of the French, nothing more nor less than "Kilmarnock" I was at once advised to me to Kaux bonnets. As for the vaunted baths (of course Chaudes, to to Madame Baudot's estab- I took a few), I don't think there is a pin to lishment—an hotel—and take a course of choose between them and those at Eaux baths. An enlivening programme this, with Bonnes. It would be heresy to say this the weather as had as it possibly could be! there, for the fashion is drink your thermal Bad weather Eaux Bonnes I terribly sulphur at Eaux Bonnes, and bathe in it at

Many invalids, especially Russians, do There was the mist over Eaux Bonnes; but dose - Eaux Bonnes in the afternoon, so of the Pic de Ger were standing out clear in their prescribed holiday. Beware of cold after your exercise of the bath. It is at right selves in the most aggressive way across the establishment.

The strictest incognite can be kept. 1 should have passed Mrs. Quilter, if she had not spoken to me out of the depths of her sac. She thanked me for my expressions of "But there I not much the aympathy. matter with me," she said; "only I thought it a pity not make use of the baths when I was m near." I began my sketching. Once or twice the diligence brought over Captain Burgon and Mr. Robb, who, after breakfasting, would accompany me to my work. Through their pilotage I found out a capital subject at a place called Gourst, some 2,000 feet straight above Eaux Chaudes. The zigsags to it are quite easy, and after an hour's climb through boxwood, across tiny bridges, and by innumerable waterfalls, you come across the quietest and greenest of plateauxone, moreover, aspiring to the dignity of a ventable republic, where the chief is chosen every year III dispense the laws, and where the women are forbidden to marry out of the plateau. This law in more honoured in its breach than in its observance. When I had fairly settled to my work, my two esquires started off to prospect the little village. They returned laden with milk and cheese, which went to form part of our hands under a spreading chestnut tree. Higher up we found another little plateau, gemmed over with the brightest of wild flowers-monkshood, columbine, and ox-eyed damies being The higher you the most conspicuous. climb the more expressed in the colour, owing to the chemical rays of the sun not having been diluted by the atmosphere.

A few days later (I had luckily finished Gourst) my breakfast table was cheered by the smiling face of Mr. James, who had walked over from Eaux Bonnes. He always thinks of others before himself, and on this occasion declared I must be dull, and he had determined to take me back to Eura standing that he would return and explore into her good graces at once I Eaux Chaudes further with me. There can be no sort of doubt that it has superior claims tion, proposed that the ladies should accomas a sketching quarter. The Gave itself, within a mile of the Hôtel Bandot, furnishes some admirable close studies of rock and unable to hear any remarks in a rattling water. Some of these huge rocks, discarded carriage; so was relieved from being the from a neighbouring peak, have posed them- recipient of her many troubles.

to be provided with a garment, like a sort stream, and give a holding for Dame Nature of sac, which you don after coming out of to rear perfect little gardens of boxwood and the Eaux Chaudes. You may see small wild flowers—quite safe, too, from marauders, hands of martyrs thus attired making sepul- for the green Gave dashes down on either chral looking progress from the buthing side with great noise and menace. Never was there such a place for falling water! You are designed with it. It "above, below, around," and you can take your choice from

thin silver thread to an avalanche.

What a contrast at Eaux Bonnes! Here a grand hand was playing in the open space between the houses, playing so well, too, that I was glad to pay two france for a scat under the trees, where I could smoke one of Mr. James's havannes and listen. your eyes, and you may be in Paris, or London; nor, in opening them, I the vision altogether dispelled, for you are confronted with some of Mr. Worth's latest costumes flitting about the little enclosure between the pieces. Mr. Robb and Miss Quilter were there in carnest conversation. Burgon, too, conspicuous in a remarkable suit of knickerbockers. He was as loquacious as ever, informing me within a few minutes that "that"—pointing to the young couple—"was a case," that Mr. James was one of the truest sportsmen and finest gentlemen he had ever come across, and that he and Robb were about to rise at four A.M. the next morning to go up the Pic de Gor and shoot izzards. This proposed excursion was the files de résistance of conversation at the table d'hôte; no end of advice was given, and wonderful personal experiences elicited. Mr. James's advice, as being that of a typical British sportsman, was treated with most consideration of all. Mrs. Quilter ostentatiously shook bands with them, declaring that it was a sin for two delicate young men to expose themselves to such fatigue (two stronger fellows never breathed). Though she had not overcome her dislike for Mr. Robb, and prevented as much as possible any communication between him and her daughter still the supposed fact that he was "delicate" invested him with considerable interest in her eyes. If he could only have got up a pale face and a hollow Bonnes with him. I yielded on the under- cough, I believe III would have tumbled

My friend, with great tact and considerapany us in a drive towards Argelles. At starting he cleverly apologised for being



It was raining. During one of the showers we took refuge in a solitary Aubergiste about nix miles from Eaux Bonnes, where we found three or four shepherds drinking red wine out of clay cups, and joking with a stalwart girl who was cutting up mountain rushes for fodder. Presently the sun broke out, and the view was glorious !--so fine, indeed, that I induced the party to continue their drive, and pick me up on their return. I climbed the hill, a friendly shepherd carrying my sketching things, and subsequently volunteering to write down the names of the distant peaks in my book. This he considered be his part of the sketch. The mist had cleared away from the little amphitheatre, and was climbing laxily upon every side of us through the dense box and fir woods. High above, and almost encircling us, the snow-peaks of La Late, Gabisos, de Gers, and Asté cropped out among the grey clouds. The sun seemed to focus itself on the tiny Aubergiste, and presently out come the other shepherds, whom we could hear encouraging their big white dogs to collect the sheep, which were dotted in hundreds at our feet.

was like a song! Ruthlessly disturbed, however, by the waving of white handkerchies from the returning carriage. The ladies' alarm about the sportsmen was at once set at rest by finding them at the hotel door waiting to assist them to alight. They had had no sport. As to the izzards, Robb declared that Burgon, contrary to the injunction of Jaques Orteig, their guide, would take a short cut across some rising ground. An observant chamois was thus enabled to catch sight of his gorgeous knickerbockers, and all chance of a shot was lost!

During the next week I found plenty of occupation round Eaux Bonnes. The adjacent villages of Aas and Accoust are well worth an artist's attention, but diligent search is necessary to find out the best points.

Every day at the table d'hôte I could see that Mr. Robb and Captain Burgon were progressing with Mrs. Quilter: She was much concerned Mr. Robb's lameness, which had come on since his mountain excursion, and having attended some surgical lectures and bandaging classes in Edinburgh, spoke with authority about baths and rest. She, backed up by Mr. James, advised instant recourse to the baths III Eaux Chaudes. Captain Burgon, backed up by Mr. Robb, was loud in the praises of Panticosa, a place fifty miles off across the Spanish frontier! was a grand consultation, and ended by an arrangement in the effect that we should all take leave of M. and Madame Tavernes and meet at Eaux Chaudes in two days. So we did. Madame Boudot received us with



many smiles, and my old guide looked party started for Gabas, a dirty little village pleased at the prospect of more frames.

about five miles up the gorge. You are

The weather was fine, and while our patient (for Mr. Robb, from his increasing lameness, had earned this title) took various douche baths, we made ample excursions.

Beyond Eaux Chaudes the scenery becomes wikler and more beautiful at every step. The green river tumbles noisily among the rocks to your left, and the hills rise thousands of feet above you. They are covered with box and pines. Here and there, almost among the clouds, the bare rocks peep out, and you may catch the silver gleam of falling water. The olive, which grows so densely on the Mediterranean side, does not grow at all in the Basses-Pyrénées. Here it I replaced by the box, which is hardy, and flourishes at high altitudes. It gives a distinctive character to these mountains, and clothes them with a surface more

vigorous in texture and colour. The pine-woods are stupendous, crashing through box, birch, beach, and other foliage, like elephants through a jungle. About half way to Gabas, where the valley opens, you may see armies of these stretching away in perspective till the last are lost as purple blotches on the snow. Four kilomètres from Eaux Chaudes a dip through one of these woods takes you across the Gave into a warm sunny gorge. It is called "Sousoucou." Here I worked for two or three days, and could scarcely believe I was not in a Scotch glon. Heather, rock, and silver birches, all went to strengthen the illusion. It was only when bright-coloured lizzards crept across my feet that I woke up in the Pyrenees. In this gorge, also, can i found an admirable study of the fantastic Pic d'Isabe, with a broken bridge for a foreground. Here, too, on a clear day, you will become intimate with the true "Pyrenean purple."

Our evenings were very pleasant. Miss Quilter, to the delight of ourselves and the French visitors, sang Scotch and English ballads, and Captain Burgon had an inexhaustive supply of racy Irish stories. When I asked him about Robb's increasing lameness he winked most furiously; but to Mrs. Quilter's officious sympathies and never-ending offers of advice he would shake his head ominously. Robb himself sometimes forgot to be lame, and Mr. James always met my inquiries about the mystery with an exasperating reticence. One morning the whole

party started for Gabas, a dirty little village about five miles up the gorge. You are reminded of the contiguity of Spain by the sign which has, on the north side, "Hôtel des Pyrénées," and on the south, "Fonda dos Pyrenees."

Here the road divides. To the left a mountain track will take you the Spanish frontier in less than four hours, and by the tight you reach the Plateau des Bious Artigues, whence climbing aspirants attack the Pic du Midi. It rises to nearly 10,000 feet between the two tracks. Either way you are in the midst of the wildest subjects; but by the left you also stand a chance of seeing a rough troop of Spaniards with their mules and general impedimenta coming through the

passes.

was while watching one of these wonderful cavalcades that Mr. Robb hurt his lame foot by slipping off a loose rock. There was great consternation. We carried him back to the little inn, where Mrs. Quilter actually condescended to bandage it for him. The party drove back in time for Madame Bandot's table d'hôte, leaving me to search for some work higher up the wilds. Here the subjects are far finer on dull, stormy days, and some precious impressions (which would otherwise have been unbeeded) may be gathered, by starting off in the lightest possible marching order, and taking careful blots of transient effects. On ordinary days the Pic du Midi is absolutely offensive in its formality; but there is, of course, always detail of the finest order for close work. Gabas would furnish pictures for a month, I remained several days, and was sorry when Mr. James (who had paid me a daily visit) assured me that time was up, and that steamers waited for no man. Scarcely had I entered the Hotel Baudot before Mrs. Quilter proudly informed me that her repeated bandagings were caring Mr. Robb's lameness

In the morning the whole party assembled to make their adieux. As we got into our carriage Mr. Robb whispered something in Mr. James's ear.

"What was he saying wyou?" I saked, as we drove off smid the hand-wavings.

"He was saying," said Mr. James, slowly lighting his cigar, "that he should send me that case of Lafitte; so, by and-by, you will have to come and drink Mr. and Mrs. Robb's good health."



PIC DISABE IN THE PYREMERS

FIRESIDE SUNDAYS.

No. V.—By the EDITOR.

WHEN St. Paul wrote the Second Epistle I am not ashamed, because I know what a was "such an one as Paul the aged," what a great preacher I have been," or worn with the toil of long missionary labours. "because I know what sacrifices I have He was in Rome, waiting his final trial, made." Far from it ! He meekly lifts his and conscious that must end in death, eyes to his Lord and Master and says, "I He had recently escaped from being con- know Him Whom I have believed." demned the wild beasts. He had then stood alone in the crowded court, every friend having forsaken him : nevertheless the I hold a pure creed and have correct opinions Lord had stood with him and strengthened him, so that he had been able to preach the that "the time of his departure was at hand," and I his loneliness he longed for the presence of his dear son Timothy. Luke was the only one with him of his old companions, and so he writes this letter to
the living Saviour—"I know Him Timothy, then far away in Asia Minor, beg-have believed, and I am not afraid." ging him w come to him shortly, not to be before winter," This longing to have his friend with him is as suggestive as it was characteristic. Indeed the whole epistle is peculiarly touching. Amid fatherly directions for the guidance of Timothy in his fulfilment of his pastoral duties, and almost stern admonitions to bravery in the face of peril, there are ever and anon tones of deep sadness, arising partly from the foreboding of coming suffering, and partly the sighing of one wearied with the long battle and desiring rest.

Thus on the very brink of the grave, with the chequered memory of his life lying behind him and with a violent death close before him, he expressed the ground of his confidence, "I know Him Whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day." This was St. Paul's confidence. There is here not a vestige of self-righteousness. As he looked back on his apostolic life he could say with truth that "he had fought a good fight and kept the faith." He knew that his labours had not been 📕 vain. But as he looked forward to death and judgment, was the one and only ground of his hopes. The life he had lived in the flesh had

to Timothy—the last ever wrote— hard-working and successful apostle and

This was a personal trust. He does not say, "I know what I have believed. I know that regarding certain dogmas." His faith was distinctly personal. "I know Him Whom I mpel 🚃 all present. Now, however, he have believed." He had put his trust 🖹 Christ as one trusts any friend or brother on earth. He is at peace, not because ill had cast himself on any mere abstract doctrines, or on any Church or priesthood. He goes m once ■ the living Saviour—" I know Him Whom I

And it was not with St. Paul now as with afraid, but to "do his diligence to come one who was trusting God for the first time. He had not only faith but assurance of faith derived from long experience. As he looked back on the past and recalled the way in which he had been led since the hour when in Damascus, thirty-two years before, he rose from his knees the consecrated "servant of Jesus Christ;" as he recollected the strange vicissitudes through which he had followed his master—the persecutions, shipwrecks, scourgings, and manifold sufferings; and as he remembered too all that the Lord had been to him during that time, he could say with triumphant emphasis, "I know Him whom I have believed." The experiences of half a life-time spent in daily communion with God, and under circumstances which made him recognize a daily Divine guidance, had not been in vain. The will of God had become more real to him than anything else in the universe, and to trust Christ the most natural of all acts,

Still further, this faith had led him to commit something into the Lord's hand, to lie there as in pledge. "He will keep that which I have committed to him." He not only trusted God for forgiveness and grace, he recognised, at the end as at the beginning but he had yielded himself **u** God in comof his career, that the grace of the Lord Jesus plete self-surrender. For more than thirty years he had never considered himself as "his own." He had committed his life to ever been by the faith of the Lord Jesus. God, to go where He sent him and to do "Not I, but Christ liveth in me," had been what He commanded. He had committed the secret of his power. And so now, when his body to God, and accordingly in hours of he thought of his departure he does not may, danger or of physical suffering 🔳 never

that "in every place bonds and afflictions awaited him," yet "none of these things moved him," nor did " "count his own life dear to him," that he might fulfil "the ministry he had received of the Lord Jesus." Whether he lived he was the Lord's, or whether he died he was the Lord's. All had been yielded up for time and eternity, and so now when things were narrowing to the sharp issue of death, he was perfectly calm and fearless. He knew not what torture the rage of enemies might inflict, but he knew God, and rested in perfect confidence. And this blessed confidence of his reached far beyond this life. To his eyes the bar of the Roman Magistracy paled before the thought of another Judge and of another trial. With an indefiniteness which lends a majestic solemnity to the expression, he speaks of "that day" when in the solitude of his personal responsibility he must stand before the judgment-seat of Christ, "That day" is a phrase frequently employed by St. Paul in reference to the great day of Christ's appear-ing. It is that which is called elsewhere "the day of the Lord," " the great and terrible day of the Lord," " that day which no man knoweth, no, not the angels of heaven, but the Father," "that day which cometh as a thist." Three times in this same Epistle to Timothy does St. Paul speak of "that day," as if, when death was approaching, the thought of Christ's appearing was more vividly and constantly present. When he prays for Onesiphorus it is that "he may obtain mercy in that day." For himself be knows that he will "receive a crown of righteousness in that day," and again he expresses his confidence that the Lord "will keep that which he has committed in him against that day." "That day" was for him the most solemn of all events, but he had surrendered everything so completely into the hands of Christ that he knew all would be well, for all would be kept by the same Saviour who had loved him and given Himself for him and who was to appear the second time unto salvation,

All this has very plain and useful teach-We may learn that the kind of ing. faith in Christ which gives true comfort trusted." The clever unbeliever may utterly something more than baying certain confound the arguments of many a sincere opinions as to the truth of a few important child of God, overwhelming him with an dogmas about Christ. For faith in Christ, as array of learning he cannot gainsay, while often practically held, is no more than the his trust remains unshaken on the founmeaningless repetition of some stock-phrases dution of a thousand experiences of Divine as to His "having died for sinners," and while goodness and truth. Far more easily might such opinions are kept as safe sentiments, on his confidence, by similar arguments, be overaccount of the entertainment of which, it is thrown in the character of his nearest and

faitered. Like a true soldier, although he knew believed, God will somehow deal with us "not as we are," yet Christ | really all the time shut out from heart and life. There is not self-surrender to the loving will of the Master. There is nothing committed to Him except the selfish hope that because sound opinions are held as to the atonement all will be well with them when they die. But it was not with an abstract proposition, but with Him "who was alive and became dead and is alive for evermore," that St. Paul dealt. His faith, being trust in a Person, was vitally connected with love, and that love determined his character and inspired the confidence which casts out fear. For there is an enormous practical difference between dealing with a theology and dealing with a Divine Person-just as there a wide listinction betwirt a philosophy of social rife and enjoying the friendship of a brother man, The human brother is more than a congeries of propositions. He is one who feels with us, whom we know that we can trust, said to whom we may go in our ignorance and weakness. In like manner if we had only a creed as the object of our faith, we might remain long in suspense, and at the best find the intellect more employed than the heart. But in dealing with Christ our Saviour and Brother, we have to do with the same Jesus Who, when on earth, stooped to the poorest, the weakest, the very worst, and Who lived out the love and friendship of God towards man. We have, therefore, to look to One touched with the feeling of our infirmities, who understands us in our difficulties, and cares for us in every right anxiety as no one else in the universe can do. To Him, therefore, we can go even when we feel a great way off from what we would wish to be either in our religious views or in our religious life. When we thus deal with the Personal Saviour our faith becomes more than an opinion. comes the self-surrender of loving confidence. Like St. Paul we then commit everything into his hands, to be directed, not by our own passions, nor by the world-but by His good and loving will. And this leads to the convincing evidence of a similar experience as his, who said, "I know Him Whom I have

has been the light and strength and restorer is near, the things beyond will not look vague of his soul.

drawing with us also to an end, and when against that day."

dearest earthly friend, than in that Saviour who some aickness or old age tells us that the close or strange, for we will feel that we have more But we must "acquaint ourselves with than empty words to support us. We will God," if we are to experience this peace and taste the fruits of personal trust in Him who We must deal frankly and is "the same yesterday and to-day and for sincerely with Him, allowing Him to govern ever," and be persuaded that He is able " to us and lead us. And then when life may be keep that which we have committed to Him

BEE LIFE.

By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A.

"HE reader must not expect to find in the I following pages a description of the Hive Bee and its management. I shall simply attempt to give an outline history of the various bees all over the world, their habits, and the work which they do. Among them the Hive Bee will find its place, but not as a domesticated insect, these pages treating of the natural, and not the artificial life, of the insects which will be mentioned.

Roughly speaking, we may divide the bees into two great groups, the Solitary and the Social, and will begin with the former.

Like the generality of insects, the Solitary Bees are either male or female, and only the latter possesses a sting. It is an universal rule among sting-bearing insects that the males Unlike the Social are perfectly harmless. Bees, which feed the young grabs, or larve, until they are about to assume the pupal state, the Solitary Bees form a separate cell for each of the young, fill it with a supply of food which will nourish it until it becomes a pupa, close up the cell, and leave it.

Chief among them are the Earth-burrowers, many of which belong to the germs Andrena.

Some of them prefer hard soils, and have especial liking for well-trodden paths, the harder and more stony the better. Their holes are very small, and as they burrow to the depth of eight or ten inches, it is not an easy matter to trace their excavations.

The best plan II to insert a flexible grass stem into the hole, and dig a funnel-shaped pit, of which the grass stem occupies the centre. At the end of the tunnel will be found a little cell, simply excavated in the earth and filled nearly to the ceiling with pollen. Generally there. only one cell to each tunnel, but occasionally the bee digs several branch tunnels, and places a store of food terraneous chamber the egg is hatched into twigs. If the ends a some cut branches of

a legless grub, such as has been mentioned. It immediately begins to feed, and as soon as it has finished the pollen heap m which it is placed, it changes into a pupa, and subsequently into a perfect insect.

These bees are very common along the sea-shore, especially where the coast II composed of chalk cliffs above and sand below. Like all bees, they are very fond of salt-water, and may be seen to settle on the sand and drink their briny draught with great sest.

Some of these bees are fond of sand-banks, and one, the Kentish Bee (Andrena piciper), is remarkable for the fact that it is almost wholly confined to the county whence it derives its name. The face of any sand quarry in any part of Kent is tolerably sure to contain the tunnels of this bee. It burrows almost horizontally, and does not penetrate to any great depth. The tunnels are generally set closely together, so that I have procured in a few minutes several dozen of the silken cells soun by the larvae just before their change. The cell at the end of the tunnel is stored with the white pollen of the thistle, and the mother bee has a most curious aspect as she flies to her burrow so laden with pollen that she looks as if she had been rolled in a flour barrel. When she comes out again she would hardly be recognised as the same insect, the colour being nearly black, with the exception of the second joint, or tibia, of the hind leg. which is silvery white below and brown above.

There is one enormous genus of Solitary Bees called Osmia. These insects make their nests in all kinds of unexpected places. They will utilize nail-holes | garden walls; and I have seen an old stope wall that had once belonged to a garden literally swarming with these been A brick wall is scarcely so much favoured by them, as the bricks are too regularly laid to allow of much excavation between them. Some of the Osmia bees are very small, and an egg in each. Within this dark sub- and burrow into the pith of broken or cut

a rose, a bramble, or a jessamine be examined, some of them will be found m have a little round hole in the pith scarcely large enough to admit a No. 5 shot. If such twigs be cut







Fig. : - Occur.

Fig a-Magachile.

longitudinally, they will be seen to contain a row of little oblong cells, from which in process of time will be developed tiny blackish bees. Several insects have this habit, but that which is most commonly found in twigs Osmia leucoinclana.

The number of cells is very variable. Sometimes there are six or seven, but in a speciof keeping to the middle, she has gone in a collection, owing to the difficulty of preoff obliquely until she came against the Then she has gone downwards for a little distance between the wood and the pith, and probably, has disliked the direction of the burrow, deposited her eggs in as much of it as was completed, and gone off to make another.

Another species, Osmis parietans, which is seldom seen except in the northern parts of England, makes its dwellings under flat stones. There is a wonderful example of these habitations in the British Museum. The stone is only ten inches in length by six in width, and in it are fixed two hundred and thirty-six cells.

They will build in almost any crevice, even choosing such singular spots as a keyhole, an empty bottle, the barrel of a revolver pistol, &c. Some years ago I was at a sale, and the auctioneer offered, among other lots, a large bandbox filled with odds and ends. I bought the box, and found among its contents a piocolo flute. In trying its tone it refused to atter a sound, and on looking into it the interior was seen to be stuffed with some soft substance, apparently paper. A closer examination, however, showed that it was completely filled with the cells of an Osmis, The flute can be seen the nest-room at the Beitish Museum.

the common banded ansil, filling them with maker uses his shave.

eggs, honey, and pollen, placing a wall of some vegetable substance between each egg and its neighbour,

Another wall-frequenting bee | called Meschile mureria. It makes cells very like those of the Osmia, as may is seen by the illustration. These cells were found in the finting of a pillar.

There are several species of Osmia which do not take the trouble of burrowing, but penetrate into straws, especially those of thatched roofs. They have even been known to find their way into grocers' shops and make their way into maccaroni, much to the

diagust of the consumer.

Some of these solitary barrowing bees are known by the name of Leaf-cutters, because they make their successive cells III the leaves of different trees and shrubs. Rose-leaves are generally chosen by this insect, which cuts semicircular pieces out of the edge of the leaf, carries the severed portions to its burrow, and in a most wonderfully ingenious men now before me there are only three. manner forms them into a series of cells, look-The bee, however, seems to have met some ing like a number of thimbles thrust into each impediment in her work. She has begun, as other: These beautiful nests are not uncom-usual, in the centre of the pith, but, instead mon, but a good specimen is hardly ever seen



Rose-cutter Bom, and Nort. Holf order! sist.

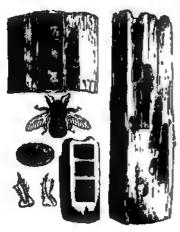
serving them. It is useless even to attempt to retain the colour, and without the most careful preparation the leaves will become dry, uncarl themselves, and fall saunder.

On the Continent, but not, I believe, in England, an allied insect uses the petals of the scarlet poppy instead of rose-leaves.

One British solitary bee, Anthidium masignificant, seems to have been first noticed by Another of these obiquitous bees, Onnie Gilbert White, who called it the Hoop-shaver, bicolor, generally selects the empty shells of because it uses its jaws much as a hoopthe "touchwood" found in decaying willow- cells. Having placed a sufficient quantity of trees. If, however, a can find the descried food at the bottom of the burrow, and an tunnel of a goat-moth caterpillar it will make egg upon the food heap, the takes a number use of it instead of gnawing a barrow for itself. of wood chips, moistening them with The cells in which its young are reared are saliva, and places them in a ting-like shape made of the down of various plants, the common campion being apparently the favourite.

them against the stem, and, running quickly along it, shaves off the down in a sort spiral cost which quite covers its head. With this down, mixed with some glutinous

tion of its young.



but, 4.- Kylm opa. Half actual ama

The typical wood-boring bee, however, is not known to inhabit England. Its scientific name is Xylocopa (i.e. wood-cutter) vialucer. At first sight it looks very much like large black Humble Bee, but it can easily he distinguished from these insects, not only by the shining abdomen, which is but sparely covered with hairs, but by the deep violet colour of the wings. Popularly it is called the Carpenter Bee; but there are so many bees which deserve this term that neither of them can arrogate it to itself.

This bee is especially remarkable for the solidity of its work. Usually the cells or partition walls of the tunnelling bees are exceedingly fragile, no matter what may be the material of which they are made.

Unlike the generality of barrowing insects, which carry the excavated material to a tion of the woody fragments for the purpose much like a small Humble Bee, and indeed is

It makes its burrow in soft wood, generally of separating her burrow into a series of just above the food. When the first ring dry, she makes a second ring within it. Opening its jaws widely, the bee places and so proceeds until the has made a nearly flat floor of concentric rings. When finished. the floor is about as thick as a penny, and it becomes exceedingly hard as it dries.

Now there comes a problem which could substance, it makes the cells for the recep- only be solved by careful study of the bee, Cell-making is rather a teclious process, a week or more being consumed between the laying the first egg and the completion of the last cell. Naturally we might think that the eggs which were laid first would hatch first, and that therefore the insect must injure its companions by breaking through their cells in its way to the entrance of the burrow, even if it had sufficient strength for the task. The solution of the problem is beautifully simple, and is thus described by the late Mr. F. Smith, whose knowledge of the Hymenoptera was unrivalled :-- "The bees which first arrive at their perfect condition, or rather those which are first anxious to escape into day, are two or three in the upper cells. These are males; the females are usually ten or twelve days later. This is the history of every wood-boring bee which I have bred, and I have reared broods of nearly every species indigenous to this country.

There is another burrowing bee (Chalicodoma) which makes partitions in a similar manner. But, as it is an earth-borer, it forms its floors of concentric rings of clay instead of wood chips. It is a native of South Africa.



Fig. 5-Challendoma.

Before passing to the Social Bees, I must bestow a few lines upon one very common and very interesting British insect. This is scientifically named Anthophora retusa, and distance, so as not to betray the burrow, it is generally accepted as the British type of the Xylocopa reserves a considerable por the Mason Bees. This insect looks very

XXIII-45

in the walls, and similar localities, and covering them with a patch of mud, which looks very much if it had been flung against the the feathered tips of the middle legs. wall by accident, and left to dry there. the cells, which are made of little pellets of at those which are social in their habits.

considered as such by all who are not ento- earth fastened together like the wood chips mologists. It makes a sort of composite nest, of the Xylocopa. The cells are rough in the placing its cells in the crevices of rocks, holes exterior, but smooth and polished on the interior.

It is a pretty bee, and can be known by

Having taken this rapid sketch of the Soliserves, however, a protecting cover for tary Bees, we shall in another paper glance

A WIFE, YET NOT A WIFE.

3 Vietim of ihr French Marringe Pats.

have escaped public attention, or have been so little understood, as the anomalies arising from the French marriage law in its relation Illritish subjects, and from the marriages contracted in Great Britain and Ireland between them and foreigners, only acroading to our marriage law, which, as regards all civil rights of property, name, legituracy of children, &c., upon French soil, is null and void.

True, the victims have been mostly our countrywomen and their children-for when a French girl is married in England to one of our countrymen, every precaution is taken to make her marriage legal in the arrondissement of the town in which she was bornbut, as yet, there exists no authority by which the same forms should be observed to make the marriage of a Frenchman with one of our countrywomen, contracted here, binding in his own country.

Surely our Government could find some means of legislation to prevent the present painful state of things, which lays numbers of broken hearts upon the hearths of our British homes, and hides in Paris many of our countrywomen, who silently live out their wrongs rather than expose a position proved

to be without redress.

One lovely May morning a small party waited at a registry office in London to be

married. A beautiful girl of seventeen was the bride, whose father, now dead, had been an officer in the British array, and had served in the Crimean War. She had been brought up in a school for the orphan daughters of officers. Though scarcely seventeen, her acquirements had justified her appointment as pupil-teacher. and she had the privilege of spending the Saturday and Sunday with her mother, who

FEW subjects of such vital importance weekly visits her uncommon beauty attracted the attention of the man who, on this morning, claimed her as his bride. He followed his prize well up, and had little difficulty in persuading the widowed mother to acquiesce in the trembling assent of the girl. In truth the profession of love from the polished lips of a Frenchman was difficult to withstand, and besides, there was a tinge of romance about him, for he was one of the exiled Communists of Paris t And he was a sculptor, which added to the charm. Alas! no one warned the fatherless girl that beneath these attractions danger lurked. All looked bright, and it would have been hard to mostil a doubt into the trusting, loying heart of a girl of seventeen.

True, the mother and daughter would have preferred a religious service, but the bridegroom belonged to the type of thought which was expressed as that of "the Liberals" in France. Later, on the return of these exiled Communists to Paris, this type of liberal thought developed under the editorship of Blanqui, the bridegroom's great friend, his journal assuming the title " Ni theu, ni

No; his was the grand liberal religion which was fast gaining ground in France; and as he was not a Roman Catholic, the susceptibilities of the mother were quieted,

The day ended with a grand feast, at which many of the chief Communists were present, presided over by Blanqui, one of the mayors of Paris during the time of the Commune.

Wonderful speeches, savouring of "Liberté, Egalité, and Fraternité," were made, which to unsophisticated cars made France appear

the land of Utopia!

One bitterly cold day in December, 1879, soon after the heavy fall of snow which besieged Paris for weeks, a poor young woman filled the position of housekeeper in a gentle- with a little boy of four years, half nozen man's family near London. In one of these | with cold and faint with hunger, entered the

waiting-room of the Mission Home, 77, Avenue Wagram. The lady who received them was soon chafing the benumbed hands of mother and child before a good fire, and giving them necessary food and restoratives, the big tears meanwhile rolling silently down the young mother's check, drawing attention to a face of no common beauty, though somewhat dimmed by sorrow and want. When partially recovered she told her story: that she had come to Paris about four months before with her husband, an amnestical Communist, to whom she had been married in London five years ago, when he had faithfully promised to fulfil the requirements of the French law if ever restored to his native

country. This he had failed to do, under the plea that he could not obtain his parents' consent. She might share his apartment if she liked, but he could not support her or her children. She was quite bewildered on finding that her marriage in England meant nothing in France. Ignorant of the language, and with two young children, she knew not what to do, for she soon found that her husband, now that he had returned to his former associates, was a very bad man, and that "Paris was not a little heaven." So she left him, and had been trying to support herself and her children by working her sewing-machine and by giving English lessons. Hitherto they had inanaged to live, but it was bare living, as the worn garments and shattered appearance of mother and child testified. Her baby was out at nurse to leave her free to earn daily bread as best she could. The previous day, hearing that loaves of bread were being distributed at the mairie of her arrondissement, she, pressed with hunger and want, took her place in the long "queue" waiting to receive their portion. Weary and exhausted with cold, before her turn arrived she had fainted. An effort was made by some compassionate women to restore her, but etc they had quite succeeded, in answer to the query, "Qui est-ce?" the truth had come out: "Une de ces Anglaises qui se maria seulement en Angleterre." The words caught the ear of the man who was dealing out the bread, and with a true and patriotic eye to merciless economy and justice, he explained to the ttembling woman who had scarcely recovered consciousness, "Qu'il n'avait pas le droit de l'aider, car elle n'était pas Française; elle devait s'adresser à l'Ambassade d'Angletetre."

Acutely feeling the betrayal of her wrongs, not be in any immediate difficulty. On she dragged her steps back to her child, reaching London she took small lodging, Scalding tears tell on the sleeping boy; she and went to the house where her mother

looked round the bare room (for all had been pledged for food and fuel), and thought what matter if both sleep, and the sense of hunger and want be bashed for ever by the chill hand of death!

True, both slept, but not in death. How many a sorrowful heart wakes up but to grasp its sorrow anew, all the keener, alas I from its temporary repose. How could she face cold officialism again, perhaps to be told another of the galling truths which seem to overshadow the English wives of Frenchmen in Paris! And she looked round for something more to pledge for the day's needs, but there was nothing save her sewing-machine, the bread-winner when food could be carned. The worker's indignant pride was not proof against the mother's love and the child's tears. Soon they were tolling through the deep snow from Vaugirard, and reached at length the British Embassy. Hers was only a common story, and she was directed, like many others, for relief to the Mission Home.

"And I have pledged everything," she added, summing up the brief history of her sorrow and want.

"Everything?" asked the lady, more in sympathy than in questioning; but the sharpened sense of injustice was keen and quick.

"Everything," she repeated. "I will show you what I have left," and putting her hand into her pocket she drew out a letter and a little book. "There," she said, as her eyes filled with tears, "that is all I possess!"

The letter bore the mark of tears; it was from her mother, and the little book was her mother's gift. "Little Pillows," by F. R. Havergal. On the first page was written—"To my child, who will find but a hard pillow to rest on in Paris. May she read a chapter each night for her comfort." And so she had, for the pages were well worn, and had been wept over too. Yes, this and her children were her last earthly treasures, and again the large tears coursed each other salently down her cheeks, and spoke more cloquently than words of how they were valued.

Would she like to teturn to her mother? Oh, yes, with her children. Arrangements were soon made for her to do so at once, and a telegram was sent to the mother, who still occupied the same position of trust, to prepare her for her daughter's arrival; and a sovereign was given her, besides her fare, that she and her children on arriving might not be in any immediate difficulty. On reaching London she took small lodging, and went to the house where her mother

with the family had gone abroad for some so." months.

A day or two after, m she was planning a future for herself and children, she was startled by her husband, who, watching her for evil, had not been long in tracing her, and coolly informed her that if she did not return with him to Paris he would force her to do so, as she was his lawful wife in England. Bewildered and disheartened, she assented, he partially assuring her that he would fulfil his previous promise of marrying her according to French law, so legalizing her children. No one was near to connsel-for the poor have but few friends-and she returned with him. During the journey to Paris the baby, scarcely a year old, became very ill. On arriving at her husband's apartment, almost her first request-for medical advice—was refused.

The broken-hearted mother nursed her contribute anything towards the funeral. The few feet of earth which covered the dead habe in the Fosse Commune were consecrated by a mother's tears.

The little boy was still left to her; she determined to be freed, seeing that there was no hope of justice me herself as a wife from a man so heartless, and she came to the "Home" for advice and help.

In a letter to the Times, August, 1880, hers was amongst the cases narrated of the victims of the French marriage-laws, who had received aid and sympathy through the

" Mission Home."

A few days after its insertion the following letter was received at the Home :-

" My widowed aunt was deeply moved by your letter which I happened to show her, as the case of the lady married to a Communist is a sad repetition of her only child's history. Honourably married here, cruelly deserted on his return to Paris, her child died on her way home, and she only reached here to die.

"You will now understand how a story like that affects my nunt. She would like to try and make that lady happy, and has asked me to request you (if you think it right) to make the following proposal to her, viz.: to accept the shelter of her home, and to act as companion | her, as she is alone and requires one. She would be treated as a daughter, and provision made for her to 77, AVERUE WAGRAM,

lived, only = find it closed, and that she return to her husband | she wished | do

After some correspondence, this kind and providential offer was accepted for the deserted wife and child.

Early in January, 1881, they were to start by the night-mail from Paris with one of the ladies of the Home. As their friend was anxiously awaiting mother and child, a pencilled note was put into her hand :

"There is no hope of saving us. This afternoon I went to the school for my boy, and found that his father had taken him to the Mairie, and had registered him under his name; so my child is his now by law, while I, his mother, am still no wife. He has taken all I had to love and to live for. It is useless try and save me, I could not live apart from my boy, I may be his guardian angel, and watch him from a little one with characteristic devotion until distance. Should anything happen to his death released the little sufferer. The father father he would perhaps be mine. But you, forbade any religious service, and would not dear madam, be careful; for he knows who is that has been helping us, and vows vengeance. When there is another émeute there will be a good many stray shots, and I can only pray that he may not teach my child to hate me.-Your broken-hearted,

> And who shall follow the mother-still young in years and beautiful—through the weary mazes and seething temptations of Parisian life; a mother, yet no wife, not even bearing her child's name; her mother's heart torn from all that it had left to love. and trampled on by the man who well knew how to win all that was pure and womanly as his lawful wife in England, but me cast her hopelessly, because lawfully, adrift 🛍 his own country?

> And the child-for whom she alone suffered and toiled—how shall they meet again: when imbued with the principles of "Ni Dieu, ni maître" in some lawless émeute, whose "stray shots" fill up the meed of private hatred, goaded by men who seek some new crime to incite lawless passions which have well-nigh palled with satiation? Or have the thoughts embodied in "Little Pillows"—watered by a mother's tears and nurtured by her prayers-fallen upon good ground which shall yet, under God, bear fruit, that shall fall as balm on the wounded, sorrowstricken heart of his nameless mother-legally married—and yet no wife.

> > ADA M. LRIGH,

PARIL.

THE ST. GOTHARD RAILWAY.

By S. G. DARNETT.

I N some aspects and developments of the | we lose somewhat the sense of grandeur and conception. But in the world of science all is reversed. Progress is the watchword of the stirrings of its gigantic powers.

hidden within the womb of time.

human mind the world has already wit- sublimity; but we willingly forego this nessed a perfection which it will not see again, when we think of the results which enor at least only after the lapse of ages. The sue from human skill and enterprise. The speculative intellect of a Plato, the rich ima-, St. Gothard Railway, which marks an era ingination of a Shakespeare, the vast capabilities the history of locomotion, is now an accomof a Michael Angelo have illumined literature plished fact, and travellers can enjoy all the and art for all time; and of human powers advantages of crowing the Alps without the beyond these we feel that we can have no toilsome labour which formerly attended the

exploit

This railway, and the road which preceded the great pioneers of the present, as it has it in construction, were planned upwards of been the watchword of great discoverers and thirty years ago, but variety of circuminvestigators in the past. That which to- stances interfered with the execution of the day seems to have touched by its lofty daring project. It was not until 1830 that there the topmost pinnacle of success, appears in the was any carriage route at all by way of St. next generation but the tentative effort of a Gothard and the Bernardino, this being the spirit which was only just beginning to feel only way entirely through Swiss territory over the mountains. But, when this road was It is, perhaps, not too much to say that eventually constructed, it could not compete during the nineteenth century alone the world with the Brenner and the Semmering routes, has made greater progress in science than in which were so much lower and easier of all the past ages of its history. The subju-access. Though the St. Gothard road had gation of steam and of the electric force are the advantage of being shorter, it had the sufficient to prove this. On all hands we are more serious disadvantages of being steep surrounded by the marvels which have re- and perilous, and of frequently being rensulted from scientific investigation; and when dered almost impassable by snow drifts. It we think only of what the last quarter of a was not unnatural, when railways came to be century has given birth to in this respect, who spoken of and contemplated, that the St. is bold enough to put a limit to further dis- Gothard should have been most favourably coveries, and to say science, "Thus far regarded. But for eleven years, that is shalt thou go, and no farther?" If we could between 1848 and 1859, nothing could be project ourselves into the dawn of the twen- done in consequence of the disturbed contieth century we should probably be filled dition of Southern Europe. The time, with astonishment at the wonders as yet however, came for action, when Germany on the one hand and Italy on the other, In facilities for locomotion we have ad- became pressing for this new and admirable vanced in an amazing degree. The Atlantic mode of intercommunication. The Swiss mo longer a formidable drawback to tra- cantons still held aloof, being divided upon vellers, for the journey from England to New the question, but at a conference held at York has been abridged a little over seven. Beme on the 15th of September, 1869, the days. In the matter of railways similar St. Gothard was accepted me the true line. marvellous results have been obtained; and In this conference Switzerland, North Gerthe world has recently been called upon to many, Italy, Baden, and Wurtemberg, were witness the Alps laid under contribution for represented. Difficulties still lay ahead. the purpose of furthering human progress. France naturally held firmly her own route, That vast mountainous range is no longer the Mont Cenis, and also in the Simplon, formidable, it was in ancient times, or even which was then about to be constructed. At in the days of Napoleon, which latter have, as last the result of the Franco-Prussian warwere, but just passed away. by rendering a thing easy, which before has there could no longer be any opposition of been supremely difficult and awe-inspiring, moment to the plans of Germany, and the



Lata to to the lat Good comme

Gothard line will be best understood by the aid of the following facts Ihc journey from Switzerland to Italy, that 15, from Lu cerne to Lu gano, m 1 little over one hundred miles In this passage there are no less than fif ty tho smill tunnels passthrough, with a total length of fif teen miles The time occupied in passing through the great St (10 that l tunnel which in uldition is itself nine and a quar ter miles in length 1bout

twenty thice minutes I he scenery, wherever the pase of the speciator can rest up on it, is glo rious In proof of this we need only refer to our

St Gothard has was resolved upon The illustrations The loveliness of the Urner Sec terms had been trrunged at the Conference and the grandeur of the views about Go of Varzin in June, 1870, but the works only schenen puricularly affect the travellar Nor began to be pushed forward with vigour in must such points as those afforded by the October, 1872 At this latter date the Mont DeviPs Bridge and the Canton of Schwytz Cents route was already open, and of course be forgotten. The whole length of the line, the Brenner and Semmering routes had long from the engineering point of view, more over, is most notable. Not only has the The great engineering skill called into St. Gothard line the longest tunnel in the requisition in the construction of the St [world, but twenty-four miles, or more than one fifth of the whole lane, consists of tunnels exceptional nature of the work must be A number of these tunnels had to be con taken into consideration. "The huge mass structed in spiral or corkscrew fish on, in of the . Gothard, observes one writer, order that while making the necessary rapid "constitutes the centre of the long circular ascent from the valleys to a higher elevation, chain that encompasses the north of Italy the line should be perfectly protected against. From its four sides flow four of the greatest the walanches which are frequent at those. Alpine streams, two of which, the Rhine

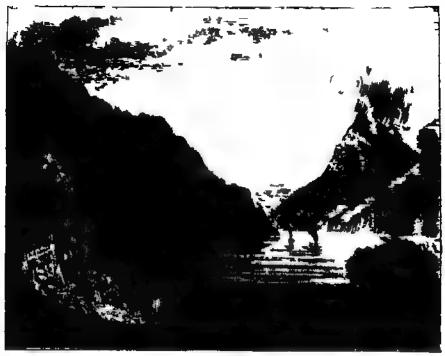
places. Not alone from the point of view and the Rhone, take from their sources a of its fifty three tunnels, but from its lofty winding course, the Rhine castwards and the vinducts, its bridges, its sheltered galleries, Rhone westwards, while the two others, the

and other works. the St Cothud line m well entitled to be called one of the most remail able achieve ments of mo dern engin eering The tunnels of the Semmering and Bienner routes are much shortes than those the St Gothud, the longest in the Bienner being only 865 metals the entire covered was of the St Gothard is no less than 40 715 INL tres where is th bemmes ing has only filteen tun nels with an inntegate of 44 19 metits, and the Brenner twenty seven tun-ทเไ

The cost of this line of enjard a sa €9 500 000 sterling a very heavy amount, though the



The Don La Projec



The Urner San

Reuss and the Ticino run in a straight the other south—a straight line which is prolonged on the north to the Rhine at Bale, from Bale to Colo ne and to the sands of the North Sea on the south to the lakes Maggiore and Como to Milan, a German port in the Mediterranean, just 14 the Brenner and Semmering have made Adriatic ! The St Gothard line also having a perceptible influence already upon the commerce of the north of Europe con siderable additional traffic beginning to set in by way of Antwerp Indeed, the Northern Europe generally

A comparison has been drawn as to the line away from one another the one north, real distances traversed by the accessal routes For travellers bound to Genor from Pans or I ondon, from Dresden or Munich it may be proved that the St Gothard soutc is shorter than either the Mont Cenus et the Prenner For from Pure to I ale and I u to Pavia and to the Mediterrinean at come the distance is only 379 miles which Genoa The Gothard Rulway thus could comfortably be mixelled over in twelve virtually makes the 'proud city' of Italy hours at the rate of 31 miles an hour while the Mont Cenis route in a journey of 348 miles to Culoz, 380 to Montmellan 431 Venice and Trieste German ports in the to Modane, and for to Junin. The Brennet route, which a ilso straight from north to south, along the Tyrol from Innsbruck to Verona, is only 105 miles in length but Innsbruck = 109 miles from Munich, and the lines from Munich to Stuttgart, Frank fact that this route is the straightest and fort, Salzburg, Prague, and other cities are so practically the shortest across the vast Alpine crooked, that even for travellers bound from chain will not only naturally secure for it the any part of Germany to the Adultic, the St traffic of the Rhenish regions immediately to Gothard line will be, by least three or four the north of it, but also that of the greater hours, shorter than the Lirenner route. The part of Western Germany and Eastern Brenner will be found longer still for travel France, as well as Belgium and Holland und lens having to thread their way to the Medr terranean from Verona to Genoa" But be-

sides this, on the score of its magnificent lakes, that of the Four Cantons, at Lucerne; scenery, the new route is sure to become a favourite one. "The St. Gothard Railway takes its start from the finest of all Swiss in the world; and it ends the Lakes



The outlook at Schwytz.

Maggiore, Lugano, Varese, and Como, that the land of beauty."

For the new route, therefore, we may safely group of Italian lakes which surpass in love-count upon a future as successful and brilliness all other lakes, and to the beauty of liant as that predicted for it by the diswhich there is nothing comparable in Italy tinguished guests at the Lucerne fêtes, in itself, i.e. in what has been emphatically called May last, when the St. Gothard line was formally thrown open in the world.

AN INCIDENT IN PARIS,

Connected with Miss Trigh's Mission Bome.

I T haunted me for a week and more,
In the Paris streets with their roar and whirl;
It will haunt me now till my day is o'er—
The home-like face of that English girl.
Itaal I ever seen her before that night?
Itave I never seen her on earth but once?
So many come to me in sorrowful plight;
But she was a lady you saw at a glance.

Times were bad in our Ourrier quarter,
And we had to open a kitchen there
For those who had nothing to buy with, or barter:
But what brought her to our pauper face?
She came with the rest, but not, like them,
Pushing to get her a foremost place,
But timid as she who touched the hem
Of IIis robe, unseen, for its healing grace,

Surely I knew that face before;
Or was it only our English style,
Seen at rural church, or on ball-room floor,
And everywhere seen like a sunny smile?
I must speak to her, and I must find out
How she came to be in our Quarter: then
One plucked my gown, and I turned about
To a group of chattering, bearded men.

When I shook them off, and looked again

For the home-like look of that English face,
I searched each group, but I searched in vain;

And the light seemed gone from the sunless place,
"Had any one seen when she went away?

Could any one tell me what was her name?"

No; they noted nothing, had nought to say,

Except of the hunger that gnawed in them.

I said, Next week she will surely come;
And all through its days she haunted me,
As I wandered about, in street and slum,
'Mong the sorrowful sights that were there to see.
But next week came, and they came in scores,
I'ushing and chattering, eager-eyed,
And I stood and watched by the opening doors;
But she was not there, and my whole heart died.

I know not wby, but I felt at once
Something had happened I should regret,
Something had lost me a God-given chance,
And I never could pay to that soul my debt.
Oh, sweet pale face, that came over me
Like a letter straight from an English home,
Or a breath from an English clover lea,
Where now do thy wistful glances roam?

I stood up before them, described her look, Her shrinking manner, her scanty clothes; Did any one know her? Then some one took Courage to say, it must be "Miss Rose." Yes; she had seen her going about; No; she knew nothing about her more, But thought, perhaps, that she could find out Her room from the woman that kept the door,

That night—for I could not rest nor sleep Till I knew the truth-I was at the place. The concierge said, "Mon Dieu! I weep When I think of that girl with the kindly face. She comes not down one day last week, Nor next, nor again, and I wonder why. Was she out of work? Was she, maybe, sick? But we let another two days go by.

"Then-yes-the police, they break open the door; Ah! she is dead in her little cold room-Four days lying there dead on the floor, And they carry her off to the pauper's tomb; Just some rough boards like a packing-case, Then a hole where they heap up many dead; But the Bon Dieu searches the horrible place, And He knows where His own little ones are laid." WALTER SMITTL

ALEXANDRIA AND THE BIBLE.

BY THE VERY REV. J. S. HOWSON, D.D., DEAN OF CREETER,

places. Still there are good reasons why we should pause in serious thought on the calamity which has fallen on so famous a city. Who is to be blamed for all this? What mistakes have been made, and who has made them? Such questions are asked on every No attempt, however, will here be made either to ask them or to answer them. Nothing is more easy than recrimination, and nothing more common. We see it very well practised among children in the nunery; religious thought rises into a higher sphere. Almighty Judge and Father.

TERRIBLE calamity has fallen on Alexandria calls our minds to its early reli-Alexandria. Much indeed has hap- gious associations and memories. If we pened since; and new events, in rapid suc- think reverently of the structure of the cession, have been calling our minds to other Bible and of the course of Divine Providence in connection with the history of this city, we must see, in the events of the day, an instructive opportunity for recalling some portion of the past.

(i.) And first, Alexandria forms part of that general Egyptian background of all sacred history, whether Jewish or Christian, which is one of the most remarkable facts in the arrangements of God's dispensations.

As regards the older dispensation, the sacred annals are occupied with Egypt during and we see it practised equally well in a longer time than with Jerusalem. Through the House of Commons. At such a time the whole of the Old Testament we never seem to lose eight of the country of the Nile. When God comes in the form of calamity to To make this clear it a needful only to touch visit any part of the earth He makes use very slightly the following facts. The patrialike of human wisdom and buman folly, arch Abraham himself visited Egypt, and We lose the most serious lessons of such a stood on the banks of its river, as he had crisis if we look too much to secondary causes. stood on the banks of the Euphrates. To Such a crisis ■ an invitation to callgreat prin- | the biography of Abraham add the biography ciples to mind, and to gaze upward through of Joseph, with those of his father and his the clouds to the calm bright throne of the brothers. And not only did this great foreign comptroller of Egyptian finance see the Pyra-Here are some of the reasons why mids, but at Sichem, in the centre of the Holy well for us to pause with this subject before Land-the very place from the neighbourhood us. But, moreover, the temporary fall of of which the Midianite merchants brought

him—his body, embalmed after the manner of other mummies, was hid to its rest. To this again add the biography of Moses, who comes into the history when the national life of the Hebrews is rising like an inundation out of the patriarchal. The departure from Egypt marks the great crisis of the change, and completes the change for ever; yet nothing could alter the fact which is stated in a famous sentence of one of the prophets, "Out of

Egypt have I called my son.

Egypt still remained as the immovable background of all this wonderful history, and in living contact with it, too. The thought of the Hebrews was always reverting to this prelude of the poem of their national life, to this vestibule through which they had passed into the promised home of the Holy Land. Remember all those passages in the Paalms which refer me the time when "Israel came out of Egypt." Remember the active commercial intercourse of the days of Solomon. Remember that Jeroboam was here, when Solomon's son sowed the seeds of fatal disunion among the tribes. Nor is there any more remarkable instance of this reverting of the thought of the Hebrews to their ancient home than that chapter of Isainh, which contains the "burden of Egypt," and where the scenery and the customs of the country come before us as vividly as if we were travelling through it -the wizards and charmers, the waters of the river, the paper-reeds and flags, the flax, the sluices and ponds for fish. And there are other words in the chapter which at this moment it is impossible not to quote, though they are quoted without any expression of opinion regarding the personages of the day. hold the Lord rideth upon a swift cloud, and shall come into Egypt . . . and the spirit of Egypt shall full in the midst thereof . . . and the Egyptians will I give over unto the hand of a cruel lord. . . . The Lord hath mingled a perverse spirit in the midst thereof."

does the Bible loosen its hold upon Egypt. On the contrary, this land of ancient wonders forms part of the necessary framework of the history which we read there. We ought not Cyrene, which lay between Egypt and Tunis, who were in Jerusalem at the Great Pente- Alexandria to the Bible. cost. If was on the way down into Egypt (iv.) We have seen that this city shares that Philip met the Ethiopian : and who knows with Egypt at large the general character of

me a most remarkable fact) fills at least half of the fumous speech of the first martyr. Nor Egypt forgotten by St. Paul in his address in the synagogue of the Pisidian Antioch. So that it is as though the shadow of the Pyramids were flung right across the book of the Acts of the Apostles. The command of Joseph concerning his bones, the refusal of Moses to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, the safety procured by the sprinkling of blood in the Passover, the drowning of the Egyptians in the Red Sea, these topics constitute an animated passage in that record of the Saints which we read in the Epistle to the Hebrews. Above all we must remember the direction sent through an angel that, when the massacre of the chikiren was impending at Bethlehem, the Saviour was to take refuge in Egypt, so that the home of His infancy was there, and a new meaning was given to the prophet's words-"Out of Egypt have I called my son."

(iii.) But in recalling this close relation of Egypt to the New Testament, the point to which we are now moving is the accurate and special mention made there of Alexandria. Four times is the city named in the New Testament, and on each occasion in such a manner as to have a very large fulness of meaning. In fact, it might be correctly said that this famous Egyptian city comes there before our notice five times; for when we read that Jews of Egypt were at Pentecost, we know very well that the greater part of them came from Alexandria. But to let that pass, and to mark only the places where this city is actually named—it was in the synagogue of Alexandrian Jews at Jerusalem that the great disputation of St. Stephen took place; it was by the learning of Alexandria that Apollos, who is singled out as a sample of the missionary assistants of St. Paul. was fitted for his work; it is in connection with the trade of Alexandria that the great (ii.) But not even in the New Testament | lessons of life and character come to us from the account of St. Paul's voyage and shipwreck; and lastly, it was in a ship of Alexandria, whose very name we know, that this apostle successfully completed his voyage to to lose sight of the frequent mention of Rome. What kind of religious suggestions these facts have for we shall see more and is, in fact, the modern Tripoli. We find fully as we proceed. Let us now linger, for Jews of Egypt specially named among those a moment, on another general relation of

what blessings came, through the Gospel, to
the region of the Upper Nile, with the returning pilgrim? Egypt (and this seems to

only. Throughout the whole range of the Old Testament, from Genesis to Malachi, though the mention of Egypt II frequent, Alexandria has no existence at all. The city of On is famed as the residence of the fatherin-law of Joseph: but this was not Alexandria. Zoan was the chief city of the Delta: but this was not Alexandria. The city of Rameses was the starting-point of the Israelites at the Exodus: but that was not Alexandria. That place on the coast, where our ships have recently been occupied in such serious work, was in those early days, and all through the Hebrew annals down to the very end of the series of the prophets, a mere fishing village, unknown to history.

The origin of this renowned city took place In that interval between the periods of the Old Testament and the New, which is often strangely neglected, even by students of theology; the circumstances of its origin are of the most striking character; its very name is this day a memorial of one of the greatest men of the world. Alexander, after the completion of his vast conquests from the Mediterranean to the Indus, saw instinctively, in the wide grasp of his capacious mind (for it is difficult is doubt the reality of this prescience), that this spot was adapted to be, as it were, the centre of three continents. I say three continents, because America and Australia were then entirely hid under the cloud of the future. Thus the city was laid out by this famous conqueror and famous organizer, and called by his name. Never was any city founded with so definite a vision of great results. These results were manifold; and if we look over them with a reverential regard to Divine Providence, we perceive that the Christian Church has resped from them a vast benefit, which we ourselves enjoy to this

Alexandria had a good harbour, alike for commerce and for war. The merchandise of India and Arabia began speedily to come this way towards the West and the North, The population increased rapidly; and this population, as it has been in our day, was from the first of very various nationalities, with a marked liability to faction and turbulence. Among these nationalities was a very large proportion of Jews. Great privileges were given to them by Alexander, and continued by his successors. Special quarters of the city, of wide extent, were marked out for them. It might almost said that there was a repetition of that residence of "Israel in Egypt," which has furnished a subject for

the genius of Handel.

only. Throughout the whole range of the Old Testament, from Genesis to Malachi, Jerusalem became very close: and this opens though the mention of Egypt I frequent, out to us that wider prospect of religious Alexandria has no existence at all. The city results, to which, from our present point of of On is famed as the residence of the father-

(v.) The learning of Alexandria, in connection with the diffusion of the Greek language, has had the most important bearing on the early spread of the Gospel, on Christian theology, and on Ecclesiastical history. Alexandria became not simply a great mercantile city and a centre of great political power. It became also a place for the accumulation of knowledge, for philosophical inquiry, and the most active intellectual pursuits. Its library and museum were renowned throughout the world. Here was the great meeting-place of the East and the West. Here above all was the great meeting-place of the Greek and the Hebrew, of Greek Philosophy and of Hebrew Religion. The Jews acquired here wider views than would have been possible in Palestine. This doubtless was by no means an unmixed advantage; but these changes

prepared the way for the future.

And especially when we think of this preparation, and of the divinely appointed connection of Alexandria with Religion, we must bear in mind the spread of the Greek tongue, as the means for communicating thought, and the translation of the Ancient Scriptures into that noble universal language of poetry and philosophy. This translation was used by the Apostles in the structure of the New Testament, its dissemination among the heathen facilitated the reception of the Gospel, which itself was preached in Greeksome have gone so far as to say that in our Lord's day it was the familiar Bible of the Synagogues in Palestine; it was certainly the Old Testament of the Early Church after the time of the Apostles, as it I the Old Testament of the Greek Church to this day. No treasure of equal value was in Ptolemy's great library. And this translation was executed at Alexandria. Is it not a thought to by strong hold on our imagination, that tradition places the homes and the work of these translators on the sea-shore, precisely opposite the outer position taken by our ships during the late bombardment?

(vi.) We are now in a condition ■ perceive more clearly the significance of those four passages, where Alexandria appears by name in the Acts of the Apostles. "The Word of God increased in Jerusalem: the number of the disciples multiplied greatly; and Stephen, full of faith and power, did great wonders and miracles among the people.

Then there arose certain of the synagogue, only frequent communication between Jeruthis kind had no small effect on the growth sailing into Italy, and he put us therein. of Christianity.

Such notices, though slight at first appearance, have not their place in Holy Scripture by accident. And a suspicion arises in the mind (though I am not aware that this has occurred to any of the commentators) that Stephen himself may have been from Alex-know from "the casting out of the wheat into andria, and trained in its schools. This thesea" at the time of the shipwreek. And the would account for that very large mention i of Egypt which occurs in his speech : and another circumstance appears to me to tend this -that we see Religion here in conjuncin the direction of the same conclusion, tion with Trade. The Gospel moves, and This speech is the only past of the Bible in which we are told that "Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians."

(vii.) Whatever may be our speculation [regarding a possible connection of Stephen with Alexandria, we know of this connection as a certain fact in the case of Apollos. St. Paul had now completed his Second Missionary Journey and was beginning the Third. Through the dissemination of the synagogues, and by the help of the Greek language, the Cospel had now been widely spread. "And a certain Jew named Apollos, born at Alexandria, an eloquent man, and mighty in the Scriptures, came to Ephesus. This man was instructed in the way of the Lord; and being tervent in the spirit, he spake and taught diligently the things of the Lord," The word here rendered "cloquent" ought rather ■ be rendered "learned." Apollos had been trained in the schools of Alexandria. We observe that it is said he was born there, He had not been a mere casual resident in the place; but it seems that he came to the work of evangelisation with all the influence and apparatus of the learning of the place; and it is highly probable that he was only a sample of many who, under Divine Providence, were engaged in the first planting of the Gospel.

(viii.) The next passage takes our thoughts which a called the synagogue of the Alex- from the learning of this city to its trade: and andrians, disputing with Stephen: and they this, too, we see connected with the early were not able to resist the wisdom and the work of the Gospel. St. Paul, with other spirit by which he spake." This is the prisoners, had act sail in an Adramyttian preamble of the first martyrdom: and if we vessel from Casarea, under the charge of a look closely into the historic fact recorded centurion, bound for Rome; and after touchhere, we perceive it to be important. Jews ing at Sidon, they had "sailed under the of Alexandria had a synagogue in Jerusalem; lee of Cyprus, because the winds were conthey were recognised as being in some way tray." It was thought likely that some different from the Jews of Palestine; yet they other vessel, on its way to Italy, would be were recognised. All this indicates not found in one of the harbours of the coast of the mainland beyond this island. This exsalem and Alexandria, and frequent passing poctation was fulfilled. "We came to Myra, to and fro, but interchange of thought like a city of Lycia," says St. Luke, "and there wise, and frequent debate. And debate of the centurion found a ship of Alexandria, The same circumstances of weather which had impeded the other vessel doubtless detained this Alexandrian ship, and caused her to be in harbour here for a time before prosecuting her voyage. Egypt was the granary of Italy; and that this was a corn-ship we thought which is brought into the mind by such a combination of circumstances is has a right to move, along the line of common things. The presence of St. Paul in this com-ship, his character and his teaching, remind us of the great blessing which results to the world whenever a high moral purpose is combined with mercantile traffic.

(ix.) But Alexandria appears once more by name in the history of the Acts. The Apostle was wrecked at Malta; and the ship and the cargo were lost, though all the crew and the passengers were saved. Malta and Cyprus! How strangely the places which are made familiar to us by the distressing and anxious events of the present time, and by the movements of our own ships and soldiers, seem to come before us, like a fresh commentary on what we read in this part of the Bible 1 The winter was spent in Malta, " and after three months," continues the historian, "we departed in a ship of Alexandria, which had wintered in the isle, whose sign was Castor and Pollox." Those who are acquainted with classical mythology know very well what kind of figures they were which were painted or carved on this Alexandrian vessel. The remainder of the voyage, too, is made vivid and distinct to us by the mention of the places at which they touched -first Syracuse, then Rhegium. They came

the Alexandrian corn-ships then unloaded their cargoes. So they went to Rome. Now such was the mode of effecting long voyages in those days. Travellers were obliged to make use of such opportunities as mercantile This might be exships afforded them. emplified by the voyages of kings and emperors over the sea which St. Paul had been crossing. Such then was the mode in which missionaries travelled during the early Gospel days; and thus we see here the famous sea-port of Alexandria in another of its relations to the spread of Christianity and the building-up of the Church.

(z.) This is far from exhausting the history of the influence of Alexandria in the furtherance of our Holy Religion. Even the Biblical associations of the subject are not finished at this point. I see no reason for discrediting the tradition that St. Mark first founded the Christian Church at Alex-His name has ever been couandria. nected with the Christianity of Egypt. One form of the tradition connects the African work of this Evangelist with Barnabas, and with Cyprus, which, as recent events have reminded us, is very near to this coast. If we were quite sure of the truth of this general fact, it would be a speculation of extreme interest to connect in thought the Christianity of the Nile with the work of one whose defection in early life was followed by faithful labour in association alike with St. Peter and with St. Paul.

After the Apostolic age a very wide view opens out to us of other sacred topics which were localised here, and are full of interest The fourth and fifth cenand instruction. turies constituted, as has been truly said, "one of the cardinal and critical eras in the history of the human race, in which virtues and vices manifest themselves side by side;" and in both aspects Alexandria had a great place in the influence exercised by that age upon mankind. Our concern here is with Christian influence and the permanent good which resulted from it; and in a case like the present, where brevity imperative, it is desirable, as it is commonly consonant with truth, to connect such a subject with one great personality. Now Alexandria was the city of Athanasius. In the mere statement of this fact | summed up a wide range of momentous Church history. A curious story is told of the boyhood of Athanasius; and the scene of it ii that very sea-shore with which we have been lately made so painfully familiar. Some Egyptians shall know the Lord!

into their final harbour at Putcoll, where boys were playing I Baptism, one of them administering the imaginary rite to the rest. The aged bishop of Alexandria, who had all I desire say at this point is that been watching the game, sent for them and rebuked them. That boy was Athanasius, who afterwards, as himself Bishop of the same city, won imperishable renown, and was more than once, after exile, received and welcomed back with all the honour that the place could bestow. A city associated with such a biography deserves, if we may so say, a perpetual vitality.

Alexandria will revive. Of this no doubt can be entertained; already she has revived, after a long period of obscurity under the Mahommedan sway; and so II will be again after this shorter but crushing trial. Great cities have a wonderful power of rising from their ashes. It happened me to be in the United States when Chicago was burnt, and to hear of that terrible fire when standing by the Falls of Niagara. Everthing was colossal in that calamity, and it filled the mind with awe. But now Chicago is a more magnificent, more busy, more prosperous city than ever. So will it probably be with that smaller, but far more ancient city, of which we have been thinking.

But how will the Alexandria of the future be related to the highest subject of all? The answer to this question will perhaps in a large degree depend upon Great Britain. We must hope that the city of Alexander and Athanasius has a destiny full of blessing to mankind. And there is a cheerful omen suggested by an incident contained in our newspaper intelligence. There is-to turn in imagination to the same point again—a lighthouse in Alexandria, on the extreme rock of Pharos, just opposite the outer position of our ships. The lighthouse was injured and broken by the bombardment: but by the courage and activity of some of our sailors the light was within a few hours reconstituted. Now, as is generally believed, the carliest lighthouse in the world, erected in the times which separated the histories of the Old and New Testaments, was on this very spot. This rock then I one of the glories of Alexandria; and in its earlier days it was certainly prophetic of light and safety dif fused over many a dangerous coast. May the prophecy be fulfilled in the highest sense! may light come out of disaster and darkness! may that become literally true which predicted in that chapter of Isaiah, which "The burden of Egypt" | contained, "The Lord shall be known to Egypt, and the





ON THE KNEELING FIGURE IN MALVERN PRIORY.

[This old Remaissance figure (of a lady) is placed just outside if the real looking morthwarts, with one side of the fare turned a the want, the interest to the after Although faceling, it has it a lift distance the upper runes of whiching nowing to its peculiar actions to have a way with the late is in its right to the against match half-yaw of held plantial (see really in the highly compressed lops) which given in capture with of the real [1].

agul or smile bull a me d half spiritual (esp viully in the tight superess d hos) which gives in eight smile of the mile in a TENANT of stone? here still thou wonthippest, Smiles the prayer that on thy hips has hung While ages travelled. Sail thou kneel'st among

The quiet tombe Impassioned joy or splices.
Moves not thy face—in part to heaven addressed,
in part to the green hills thy feet have clomb
Image of what is part, and what shall come?
Salent as death, which thou embodicat

Lar more than life Mute sentry ! stood between The crambled mortal and ascended spite. !

Hast thou no sense for what is, or has been? Can nothing buck thy sopulchre of rest?

Once thy heart throbbed with human motion hase, Thy folded hands with others warmly pressed, Thy close-scaled lips have sweetly spoke or rang— Now an eternity is not more dumb!

The organ peals around thee its deep notes . But thou art deaf to music's noblest atrains

A glosy of each buse about thee floats.

I hou can'st not for the splendour of height penes.

What fateful storms und changes hast thou seen!

How hitle dost thou heed the mid world's hum!

Our childhood knew thee as doth now our age—

Tune sing not thee Where art thou III this space, The part of thee which not in stone remains,

While wondering centuries roll past thy place?

They change and come the whole world turns a page—
But thou still wen'st that smile upon thy face

CHARLES GRINDROD.

CHRISTIAN SOCIALISTS.

By the Rev. M. KAUFMANN, M.A.

IL-CHARLES KINGSLEY.

I'I' was by one of those strange coincidences in literary history, which are not without a peculiar significance of their own, that Charles Kingsley in England, and the Dake of Montalembert in France, took for their subject the life of St. Elizabeth III their first The coincidence attempts wathorship. forms a connecting link between the subjects of the last and the present paper, Lamennais and Kingsley; for both the former, an intimate friend of Montalembert, and the latter were attracted by this medizival saint because, among other reasons, Elizabeth of Hungary had been "the poor man's patroness" and the representative of Christian socialism in the thirteenth century. When Montalembert paid a reverential visit to her tomb in 1833, and when, ten years later, Kingsley commenced a history of her life, which ultimately appeared in another form as The Sain's Tragmly, they were both enthusiastic young men passing through "a season of acute struggle " in their views on religion and society. Both had the welfare of the poor deeply at heart, and were naturally fascinated by a kindred spirit of religious philanthropy. And so Montalembert produced a biography and Kingsley a tragedy, both having for their object to teach the religious world its duty towards the starving multitude in their struggle, not only with the ancient "tyranny of the feudal caste," but also the modern "tyranny of capital." For this there is abundant evidence (so far as Kingsley is concerned) in The Saint's Tragedy.

Thus Count Hugo, one of the dramatis persome, is simply a specimen of the doctrinaireeconomists whose cruel Malthusian theories were attacked later on more directly, and almost fiercely, in "Yeast" and "Alton Locke,"

Count Hugo is the practical business-man who takes a common-sense view of things in famine time,

" The sharper the famine, the higher the prices, and the higher I sell, the more I can spend; so the money circulates, sir, that's the word—like water—sure to run downwards again; and so it's as broad as it is long; and here's a health—if there was my beer—to the farmer's friends, "I bloody war and a wet harvest."

The Abbot, speaking in the language of the so-called Manchester school, equally hateful to Kingsley's mind, rejoins :-

"Strongly put, though correctly. For the self-in-XXIII—46

terest of each it is which produces in the aggregate the happy equilibrium of all."

"" But look you, sir," reterts another interlocator, "private selfishness may be public weal, and yet private telfishness he just as surely damned for all that.""

Here we have C. Kingsley's own sentiment, or his social philosophy in its incipient stage. Here he appears for the first time as "the apostle of a new revolutionary gospel."

We have seen that such, too, in the main was Lamennais' standpoint. This suggests a brief comparison of the two men, and the state of things around them which gave rise to the social movement in which they took

such an active part.

There are striking similarities on the one hand, and characteristic peculiarities on the other. Both Lamennais and Kingsley were impetuous and thorough-going, sanguine 🔣 a. fault, and charged with nervous excitability to the last degree. In both we observe the same energy and enthusiasm producing premature exhaustion, the same sincere simplicity, the same conscientious concentration upon the self-imposed task, which made them fretful under reverses, impatient of trifles, and which produced, at an early stage of their career, that weariness of life which made Kingsley often exclaim, " How blessed it will be when it is all over!"

The distinguishing characteristics of Kingsley are his capacity for physical enjoyment and love of science, his appreciation of home life, quick sense of humour, practical understanding, and wide social sympathies. These preserved him from many errors and extremes to which Lamennais fell an easy victim. Gifted with a natural cheerfulness of disposition and capable of healthy sensuous enjoyment in the house and in the fields, Kingsley rarely gave way to those melancholy broodings which embittered the life and marred the happiness of Lamennais. This English buoyancy of spirits and relish for fun and frolic formed a strange contrast to the recluse habits of the Frenchman, who, though he could be cheerful mare intervals in conversation with intimates and enjoyed his little Sunday dinners with Beranger at Passy, was nevertheless a victim of almost habitual moroseness.

These personal characteristics had their effect on Kingsley's public life, and had their special value in the maintenance of mental balance (comparatively speaking) during that "convulsed era" of socialistic agitation when he with others joined "the battle against starvation" in the stormy years between

1848---1855.

It was an "anxious and critical time," as Kingsley's friend Thomas Hughes called it. On both sides of St. George's Channel widespread distress and famine had produced loud discontent. The revolution on the Continent fomented the popular agitation in this country. In most of the industrial towns riotous meetings were held. London was declared in a state of siege. The bridges and Downing Street were barricaded, the Bank of England and other public buildings were garrisoned, and the Houses of Parliament provisioned as if for a siege. A million of special constables were sworn in for the protection of life and property against the This exhibition of force Chartist rising, quelled the movement, and the crisis passed away. With the disappearance of immediate danger, men began to underrate the causes of these disturbances as soon as they ceased to be afraid of the consequences. To sound the alarm against this growing feeling of supine indifference, some powerful articles appeared in the Morning Chronide to disabuse the public mind of this easy-going misconception as to the real state of things. They startled the world in disclosing the dangers which London had just escaped from, and drew attention to some of the crying social evils which had brought the country within easy distance of a revolution; and with it the conviction dawned in the minds of many that "something ought to be done." Among these was that small band of Christian Socialists who had F. D. Maurice for their leader and C. Kingsley for their most popular and eloquent spokesman. They perceived what others, blinded by prejudice, failed to see, that the extinction of Chartism as the symptom of dissatisfaction was not the end of the evil itself. They knew full well that the country had not been quite free from disturbances ever since the Reform agitation. Kingsley himself had been present, as a boy, ■ the Bristol riots in 1831. What the effect of these early impressions on his mind was he told the Bristol people twenty-seven years

When the first excitement of horror and wonder was past, what I had seen made me for years the vertest aristociat, full of hatred and contempt of these dangerous classes, whose existence I had for the first time discovered. It required years—years, too, of personal intecourse with the poor—to explain to me the true meaning of what I saw here in October twenty-

seven years ago; and to learn a part of that lesson which God taught to others thereby."

This lesson of experience taught him that the duty of the Church was not confined to counsel and consolation in times of distress, but that the "new era" required a clergy with intelligent sympathy for the sufferings of the masses, able to apply the moral lever of religion with a view to raise them from their sunken position. He had learned that the gentry who had "discoursed upon the perveneness and wickedness of the human heart which led men into discontent and rebellion" had mistaken the signs of the times, and that a strong effort would be required to bring about a reconciliation of existing classantagonisms.

The Duke of Richmond had said, in x330, in the House of Lords, "I believe a feeling now exists among the labouring classes that your lordships and the upper classes of society are to be regarded rather as their foes than their friends." This feeling in the public mind had not subsided, but had been rather intensified in x848, notwithstanding the passing of the Reform Bill and legislative measures in favour of the working classes, which had occupied the greater portion of

the session of 1843.

Dr. Arnold, with the ardour of a religious reformer; Sidney Smith, with the force of religious common sense, and Dean Hook, with the skilfal energy of religious organization, had each in their way prepared the way for the Christian Socialists. Sir Robert Peel had passed his measures of reform of Church property to augment small livings, with the intention expressed at the time in the following words:—

"The advantage I anticipate is, that by this proceeding I shall place the Church of England in a favourable light before the people of this country, and conciliate towards R that favour and affection to which I believe it to be justly entitled, and lay the foundation of extended wedulness."

The time had now come when Dr. Arnold's fears lest the old ecclesiastical structure was no longer suited the needs of the times were to be dispelled by the appearance of a body of men in the Church, taught in his school and imbued with his spirit, who rose to the occasion, and in the person of Parson Lot made their effort to have "God justitified to the people."

For a while Kingsley watched keenly the

[&]quot;Martiness: "History of the Peace," vol. iv. 275; and cf. 25, 274, of journess; also vol. ii. 455. Dr. Hook during the elections of churchwardens in 284, bill said that the Chartast where the only body of churchwardens who had conducted discovered and amountable, phraghtiorward, and gentlemanly manner." — Ib vol. iv. 193.

current of events from his retreat at Evensley without taking an active part I the movement, except by way of correspondence with Maurice. But when the news of the Chartist rising reached him at last, he could contain himself no longer, but went up to town to

take his share in the work.

Soon after this appeared Politics for the People, with those powerful contributions of Charles Kingsley under the well-known title " Letters I the Chartists," signed by " Parson Lot." They were sadly misunderstood and misinterpreted by contemporaries as of the most violent revolutionary character. They were nothing of the sort. Kingsley had said, indeed, in one of them, "My only quarrel with the Charter is, that it does not go far enough in reform." But what he meant by going not far enough he explains further on, when he points out the error of the Chartists "fancying that legislative reform is social reform, or that men's hearts can be changed by Act of Parliament." He then directs their mind to the only true organizing force of society, when he says :-

"God will only reform society on condition of our reforming every man his own welf, while the devil is quite really to help us to mend the laws and the Pan-liament, earth and heaven, without over starting such an impertment and 'personal' equest, as that a man should mend himself." Immediately afterwards be directs their attention to the Bible, "the poor man's comfort and the neh man's warning."

It was with sentiments like these (he called it "Bible-Radicalism") that Kingsley, on a memorable occasion, attended one of the meetings, organized by the Christian Socialists to meet the Chartists, at the Cranbourn Tavern; Maurice presiding. Some vehement speeches had just been made against the Church when Kingsley rose, and, tokling his arms across his chest, he threw back his head and began: "I am a Church of England parson," and then, after a long pause, "a Chartist." But here, too, he not only expressed sympathy with the grievances of the Chartists, but also courageously condemned some of their false methods in the proposed settlement of the question.+

Want of funds put an end to the publication of Politics for the People, but this did not prevent an effort being made in another

direction.

Mr. Ludlow had just returned from Paris,

*Politics for the People, p. 49, 58, and "Letters and Memories of his Life," vol. 5, 162, 165. "The Ibble," says Charles Kingeley, "not only dwells on the rights of peoperty and the duties of labous," but "tur once that it does that, it peaches ten times over, the duties of projectly and the raphic of fabour." Professor, the duties of projectly and the raphic of fabour." Thomas Region in "Alten Locks," p. alx.

where he had seen something of the working of organized labour-associations. was intended to start similar co-operative societies in England. A new publication was started an advocate co-operative principles, and Ludlow became its editor. It called itself the Christian Socialist, and main object, as stated in the first number, was " to diffuse the principles of co-operation as the practical application of Christianity to the purposes of trade and industry.

Its promoters boldly expressed their belief in the essential harmony between Christianity and socialism; but socialism with them only meant associated labour, as dislinguished from individual enterprise, lact, the alternative name of this publication was much more appropriate, though less senational and less exposed to misinterpretation

—A Journal of Association.

However, although association and cooperative labour was the primary, I was not to be the sole object of the Christian Socialists.

"We must touch the workman at all his points of interest," said Kingdey at the time, in a letter to Mi. Ludlow. "First and foremost at maccintion, att. Leddow. "First and foremed at macenators, at also at political rights, as grounded both on the Christian ideal of the Church, and on the historic lacts of the Angio-Sanon racs. Then national editorico, sanitary and dwelling-house reform, the free rule of land, and corresponding reform of the land-laws, moral improvement of the family relation, public laws, moral improvement of the family relation, public laws, moral improvement of the family relation, public for white for the point I am very secplaces of recreation (on which point I am very est-nest), and I think a set of hints from history, and cayings of great men, of which last I have been pick-ing up from Plata, Demosthenes, &c. "**

In one of the early numbers of the Christian Socialist Kingsley, under the nom de plume of "Parson Lot," draws a parallel between the exodus of the Children of Israel rom Egyptian bondage and the deliverance of the working classes from modern "tyrants." In a later number t he labours to show as against the Reasoner, a Chartist publication, that the higher notion of the "dignity of labour" is derived from the inspired teaching of Holy Writ. In a lecture of Kingsley's, published there, he refers me the success of the Moravian Establishment compared with the failure of other social schemes in their practical application, and assigns the following as the reasons:-

* Because they were undertaken in the fear of God, and with humility and cantion; because the Moravians acted in the little that they were brothers and sisters, members of one body, bound to care not for themselves, but for the commonwealth."1

In fact, throughout, the aim of this publication was very similar to that of L'Avenir in

* Prefatory Memorr in "Altern Locke," p. 221.

† Christian Sacustre, vol. 1., pp. 65, 66; 68, pp. 113-114.

† Christian Sacustre, vol. 1., p. 853

France. "The new element is democracy in Church and State. Waiving the question of its evil or its good, we cannot stop it-

Let us Christianize it instead." *

To do this a courageous attitude was indispensable, and Kingsley was prepared in his pugnacious way for a bold step. As he put it himself, "I want to commit myself; I want others commit themselves. A man never fishes well in the morning till he has tumbled into the water I"

The tumble came **a** time when he least expected it. It happened in the year of the Exhibition in 1851. By this time the Christian Socialists had established themselves sufficiently to attract public attention. Their publications, especially Kingsley's tract entitled "Cheap Clothes and Nasty," had caused considerable sensation. When, therefore, a series of lectures on social subjects were organized by some of the London clergy, Kingsley, too, through Maurice, was requested join in the enterprise. He consented, and selected for the subject of his sermon, "The Message of the Church to the Labouring Men." The incumbent of the church at which it was to be delivered cordially approved of it, and no guarantees were given of any kind as to the manner of treatment by the preacher.

Kingsley took for text Luke iv. 16-21, and in the course of his sermon remarked :-

"I assert that the business for which God sends a Chivilan priest in a Chrustian nation is to preach and practice liberty, equality, and brotherhood in the fallest, deepest, widest, simplest meaning of these three great words; that in as far as he so does, he is a true percet, doing his Lord's will, and with his Lord's blessing on him.

"All systems of society which favour the accumu-

lation of capital **22** a few hands, which oust the mass from the soil which their forefathers possessed of old, which reduce them to the level of serfs and day-labourers living on wages and on alms, which crush them down with debt, or in any wise degrade and enslave them, or deny them a permanent stake in the com-

monwealth, are contrary to the kingdom of God which Jesus proclaimed."+

At the close of the sermon the incumbent got up and declared that in his opinion the greater part of it was untrue, and that he had expected something quite different. Kingsley made no reply. It must have been a great trial to Kingsley made repress his vehement indignation at such The congregation evidently expected a reply. He merely bowed his head, pronounced the blessing, and descended from the pulpit.

The unusual step taken by the incumbent was all the more surprising as he had pro-

*Letters and Memories of his Lafe, I. p. 242. † See Sermon at St. John's Clearch, Charlotte Street, Fateroy Square, June 2004, 1832.

fessed acquaintance with, and expressed great admiration for, Charles Kingsley's published writings. Among them were "Yeast" and "Alton Locke," the former of which had appeared in Frazer's Magazine in 1848, the latter had been published in 1850, and both contained matter of a much more inflammable character than the sermon in question.

It is to them we must turn now as containing the most characteristic sentiments of Charles Kingsley at this period of agitation, and the most important in our biographical sketch of Kingsley as the Christian Socialist. "Yeast" was seething in the author's mind during the period of suspense which preceded the Chartist outbreak, and, as its name implies, it was intended to reflect the turbid state of the public mind at the time.

In the book itself, the fragmentary and unconnected form of which Kingsley acknowledges and attributes to "the yeasty state of the mind of the world around him," we have here and there strong socialistic passages of which the following is a fair specimen. It is in the form of a dialogue between a country gentleman and Lancelot, the hero of the story :

"has one right which he can demand, it is thus, that the State which exists by his labour shall enable him the state when exists by his Japoni shall chable him to develop, or, at least, not hinder his developing, his whole faculties to the very unneat, however lofty that may be. While a man who might be an author research as sped-chadge, or a journeyman while he has capacities for a master; while any man able to rise in life remains by social circumstances lower than he is walling to place bimself, that man has a right in compliment the States injustice and neglect.

walling to place himself, that man has a right in com-plain of the State's injustice and neglect."

"Really, I do not are," and Viconbois, "why people should wish to size in life. They had no auch active in a product of those modern days."

"I think, honestly," said Lancelot, whose blood was up, "that we gentlemen all run into the same fallacy. We fincy ourselves the fixed and necessary element in society, to which all others are to accom-modate themselves. "Given the rights of the few each, to find the condition of the many poor." sems to me that the other postulate miquile as fair-"Given the rights of the many poor, to and the con-dition of the few rich."

"Lord Minchamstead laughed. **If you hit us so hard, Mr. Smith, I must de-mounce you as a Communat."

Nowhere in his writings, except perhaps in Alton Locke, does Kingsley paint in more vivid colours, or with a more painfully realistic intensity, the extremes of luxury and poverty than in this volume, and yet he in not without hope. He does not see in this the "grinding of the iron wheels of mechanical necessity," but a general plan which Providence will reveal presently. His two princi-

W'Yeart," pp. 180-181.

pal characters in the novel are to become he appeared to exaggerate on purpose to show an ideal pair of pioneers towards the society

of the future."

"Yeast" contains some hard hits at the country parsons, which gave offence at the time. The fact is he was young and ardent when he wrote the book, and his language was not cautious, nor did he intend it to be so. He more frequently wrote as a partisan than with the judicial calm of a social philosopher. But then he only described the state of feeling prevailing at the time without necessarily expressing sympathy with its violence. He drew a picture of the disaffected peasantry, dark and lurid, indeed, but true as drawn from nature. He described what he saw with his own eyes. His critics imagined that he revelled in the contemplation of the anarchical turmoil which he described. this they were mistaken. Kingsley may have been carried away by excess of sympathy to exaggerate the case, but it was done unconsciously and under a deep sense of duty to speak out and avert dangers which he saw, or imagined he saw, were threatening the very existence of society.

This, too, is true of "Alton Locke," that powerful story of the adventures of a Chartist tailor, and which was, as has well been said, " the outpouring of Kingsley's impulsive sympathy with conscious powers impotently struggling under the artificial conditions of a corrupt civilisation." Kingsley knew from personal experience something of the difficulty of rising genius which he pictures so faithfully in Alton Locke. There is a curious passage in one of his letters from America which probably describes his own state of mind at this time: "Thirty years ago . . . I meant to go in despair . . . and throw myself into the wild lite, to sink or to swim, escaping from the civilisation which only tempted me and maddened me with the carry of a poor man!"

"Alton Locke" has been called "the greatest poem" and "the grandest sermon," and was highly approved of by Carlyle. It contained many passages which startled the world, just then awakening out of its comfortable sleep of selfish case. When Kingsley accused the commercial world of cannibalism, † devouring in its greed bodies and souls of the working man, whilst they were devouring one another the competition struggle for employment,

* "Letters and Memories," ii. p. 432.

+ "U that I had the torigue of St. James," he writes to his wife from London II thap, "to pleaf for these year follows to till what I aw myesfer men to go and rescue them from the tyrancy of the small shoulkerjung inadiords who get their routs out of the Sank and blood of these men."—"Letters and Memonos," i. 316-217.

the worst side of things. But the impassioned rhetorical utterances of the period were the result mainly of an excited brain unconsciously exaggerating the danger of the hour. What Sainte-Beuve says of Lamennais was evidently true of Charles Kingsley, his mind was "oxidised by the age " he lived in.

After the storm then followed a calm, even in Kingsley's own disturbed career, and he, too, like most men under similar circumstances, reached the safe haven of contented optimism. The war-cries of his younger days grew more feeble by degrees as things improved around him.

" Hireling and Mammonite, biget and know " Casul to the buttle-field, shark to your grave."

Such was the burden of his song in the turbulent days of 1848. His muse assumed a more cheerful and less combative tone before it was finally hushed into silence. Kingsley remained true we the main principles of his social philosophy, though in his method of vindicating them he grew less violent and aggressive.

It would be difficult to state in full these principles. There are passages in his social novels which almost show a tendency towards what is now called State-socialism, as in the passage in "Yeast" quoted above. But the confession of the heroine in "Alton Locke" represents more accurately, perhaps, Kings-

ley's own aspirations :-

** One by one every institution disappointed me. They accound, after all, only means for keeping the poor in their degradation by making in just not in-tolerable to them—means for enabling Mammon to draw fresh victims into his den by taking off his hands those whom he had already worn out into uselessness. Then I tried association among my own sex-among the most miserable and degraded of them. I simply tried to put them into a position in which they might work for each other, and not for a single tyrant; in which that tyrant's profits might be divided among the slaves themselves. Experienced men warned me that I should fail; that such a plan would be destroyed by the innate selfahness and meany of haman nature; that it demended what was impossible m find—good faith, fraternal love, overraling moral influence. I answered that I knew that already; that nothing but Christianity alone could supply that want, but that II could and should supply it; that I would teach them to live as a steen by living with them as a sister myself. to make my workrooms, in one word, not a machinery, but a family And I have succeeded, as others will succeed, long after my name my small endeavours are forgotten amid the great new world—new Church, I should have said—of onfran-chised and fraternal labour." •

This was Kingsley's Christian Socialism, the methods for improving society were me be divine. He knew of no universal remedy

^{**} Alton Locke," pp. 197, 198.

for curing social evils, nor did he believe "rising | life" | be the great panaces of happiness for the classes struggling into competency. He looked forward to a total change in their condition by means of an entire transformation of character, and a regeneration | the human heart.

In the later stages of his Christian Socialism Kingsley contented himself to direct his reformatory efforts against indiscriminate and inquisitorial methods of almsgiving, sanitary improvements, the education of women, and the application of science the solution of

social problems,

Those who had watched him with apprehension before now began to feel more at Others who had regarded him as a great social prophet, a modern John the Baptist, imagined now they saw in him one of those clothed in soft raiment, who lived delicately in kings' courts. They missed in his later utterances the haughty scorn of selfish indolence, timid avarice, the severe intolerance of the mean and weak which had characterized his early speeches and writings. He himself seems m have been fully aware of the change that had come over him, and said as much in some of his letters to his friends and in private conversation, had changed with the times; when the atmosphere around him grew more cool he, too, became more subdued in his strictures on society, and began to condone more readily its faults. He hailed gladly every wellintentioned effort (of which there were many) to improve the condition of the people, and henceforth adopted studiously the language of moderation, f

Kingsley, however, in his later development had no more sympathy with the outand-out obstructives than in his earlier life III had agreed with the thorough-going demagogues. "Politics and political economy," says in 1857, " may go their way for me. If I can help m save the lives of a few thousand working-people and their children, I may earn the blessing of God." He acted on this principle in his own parish, endeavouring to "redeem it from barbarism." He strove with all his might influence others in his lectures and speeches to do the same. Great was his delight when his own efforts and those of Sir Arthur Helps in this direction received recognition and support from those in power, like Lord Palmerston. would cheer his heart now to see the great

for curing social evils, nor did he believe efforts made for spreading culture among "rising | life" | be the great panaces of "the masses."

In "Yeast" already Kingsley endeavoured to inculcate that lesson of true democracy, which considers the beautiful the heritage of the poor as well as the rich, and Tregarva, one of the principal characters in that novel, becomes the type of "English art-hating Puritanism, which becomes gradually con-vinced of the divine mission of art." The lesson has not been thrown away on those whom it most concerned. It has been acknowledged since that the true communism is that of ideal goods: "The British Museum is a truly equalising place, in the deepest and more spiritual scuse." Many of the "safe men," who were so much shocked by Kingsley's attitude I that time, have since gone much farther than he did in the direction of spreading sweetness and light among the labouring poor. Penny-readings-inaugurated first, we believe, by him in his parish -have been superseded by a larger number of superior intellectual and artistic enjoyments, to relieve the tedium and the depressing monotony of factory labour in

"Sunice cities, and the very haunts, Of smoke-ground labour, and foul revelry,"

In matters of sanitary science Kingsley, as in everything else he took up, was too sanguine; as, for example, when he says, in 1859, "I shall try henceforth to teach sound theology through physics." But many who may doubt the soundness of his theology, as well as this novel instrument of thought in religious speculation, and many more who may neither care for the matter or the manner of Kingsley's theological teaching, will assign to him, nevertheless, a high place among those who, in a practical way, have become "saviours of society."

This brings us to the conclusion of the matter—the question as to the real value of Kingsley's agitation in its ultimate results.

The main object of the Christian Socialists, in the first instance, was the substitution of co-operation for competition, association in the place of isolated enterprise, the organization of labour instead of the scattered efforts of social units, in the general struggle for existence. In this effort the Christian Socialists were not successful; they have not been able to avert "the horrible catastrophe of a Manchester ascendancy." Free competition, for better or for worse, prevails as before, and co-operation is only feebly and slowly strug-

^{*&#}x27;/b, p. 87. † Cf. Preintory Messoir in "Alton Lacke," p. mis. to Nav. "Letters and Messories," vol. sk., pp. 237, 242, 304.

[&]quot;Several instances occur in the "Letters and Mamories" of her his to show your important results from these efforts, See vol. il. pp. 357, 369, 392, 47 passess.

gling into existence, as the new principle of industry. The associations established by the Christian Socialists have disappeared after a short-lived existence; nor have the terrible things come to pass in consequence, which Kingsley expected in 1852. But this is partly owing to the legislative measures in favour of co-operative societies passed in Parliament mainly through the influence of the Christian Socialists and their friends, and partly on account of the growing tendency of friendly and concerted action between the masters and the men, as well as the slow but steady development of self-help among the working classes themselves.

Kingsley lived long enough to observe the practical failures of some of his schemes; but he was also shrewd enough to foresee the ultimate triumph of the principles he had advocated, as he says in the last words of the Christian Socialist, when it came to

an end:

The proper impulse has been given, Wast a lattle longer."

"Bon " Latters and Memories," vol. i., 384-75.

Taking it all is all the life and work of Charles Kingsley were alike interesting and most useful. As the author of the Saint's Tragedy, "Yeast," and Alton Locke," as the "Chartist Parson," in his poems and occasional letters, as the sanitary reformer and advocate of co-operation, preaching in his latter days the "gospel of godliness and cleanliness," as the influential university professor inspiring the young with noble ideals, as the type of a happy father in the bright cheerfulness of his home-life, and as the genial companion of a large and select circle of friends and acquaintances, who me this very day bear record to the attraction of his personal intercourse, Kingsley exercised a healthy influence on his immediate surroundings and the outer world, where he was chiefly known by his books of fiction.

Some few of his dreams have been realised. Some of his schemes for the regeneration of society have proved premature. The lesson of his life is contained in the words which ever cheered him both in success and failure—

"Work, and despair not!" :

TRICYCLING IN RELATION TO HEALTH.

By Benjamin Ward Richardson, M.D., F.R.S.

ride the tricycle that the work of it is exceedingly fatiguing, and those who are seen riding receive often from the lookers on anything but complimentary observations, with proffers of assistance as singular as they are uninviting. In point of fact, however, nothing is so easy as the work when the art of working is mastered. It is ensier than walking, it easier than riding on horseback on the easiest horse that can be ridden.

The peculiarity of the process of riding on the tricycle is, indeed, when once the art is obtained, so that much can be done not only without fatigue, but with a sense of lightness and of relief from weariness, bodily and mental, which is positively refreshing. I can ride forty miles on the tricycle experiencing. I can safely say, less fatigue than from walking ten or from riding on horseback twenty, although upper and lower parts of the body. I am a practised hand in both the last-I am comparatively a novice on the tri- in the saddle with one forward movement of

HERE is an idea by those who do not cycle. The reason of this is not difficult to explain.

In walking, the lega carry directly all the weight of the body, and as each foot comes down on the ground there is a certain vibration or shock quite through the body, which, though not acutely perceptible, is, nevertheless, fatiguing. The breathing, also, is carried on at a disadvantage, for the diaphragm or great respiratory muscle is not able to act in walking with that steadiness, and as I may be said, purchase, as it 📕 when the pelvis is fixed, the spinal column firm, and the upper limbs steady. The circulation, too, is considerably quickened, and the heart I toiling at a rapid speed, lifting very quickly the whole of its blood over that hill called the ascending aorta, the first pall of the great blood-vessel which springs from the heart in the form of a beautiful arch to supply with blood the

In riding on horseback the body is seated, named exercises all my life through, while but the sitting a not firm. The body rises the animal, and falls with the next movement, so that there with the best riders a persismovements are adverse to saving of labour, and are very fatiguing. The lower limbs become weary from the support they have to give to the body of the nider, and from the grip they have to maintain on the body of the horse. The upper limbs become fatigued from the exercise that is demanded in guiding the horse, while the movement incident to the motion of the body and of breathing is carried out at a great disadvantage, a disadvantage quite as great as that from walking. The effect on the circulation still worse. With each concussion the column of blood rising from the heart is brought back upon the progreat artery II tried severely. In the old days of posting, when men were regularly employed to ride post, this effect of constant strain upon the great sorts gave rise to a disease, an aneurism or dilatation of the vessel to which the significant name of " postboy's disease" or "post-boy's aneurism" was applied.

In tricycling these difficulties are very greatly lessened if not removed. The body is lightly scated, and the direct weight of the body upon the lower limbs is taken off, the limbs themselves being left free to do the work required. The concussion of the body through the limbs is also much relieved. The body is firmly placed and the breathing is well and easily and firmly sustained. Best of all, the heart in not subject over-strain or concussion by the exercise when the exercise is carried out with even common regard to steadiness and freedom from violence of

These are the reasons why the motion got by the bodily work in tricycling is so much easier than that got by walking or by riding on horseback, easier, in short, than any other mode except by the bicycle.

LEARNING TO RIDE.

It must not, at the same time, be supposed that tricycling can be successfully practised off-hand, and that I is only to mount and be off. There really is a good deal to learn in order to tricycle-quickly, merrily, safely, healthily. The art must be learned, and a few of the most important points to be learned, in order to make the exercise good and healthful, may appropriately come in here.

Beginners often are led to make hard work of the exercise from not getting hold tent concussion; there is, moreover, some of the art of moving the pedals. I was my-weight borne from the stirrups. All these self a long time very clumsy, and made myself more weary in a mile than I would now in twenty miles. This art can only be acquired by practice, and it does not consist at all in throwing all the force of the rider into every movement, but in skill in making each movement sharp, clean, and complete in itself, reserving always the full force that may be judiciously thrown in for special occasions when the necessity arises. The art is perfect when the rider, while progressing, has learned to forget that he has any legs at all, and when he works them automatically, changing the pressure without any serious thought as to the reason of change, and leaving the higher nervous centres free for steering and foretecting aortic valves, and the tension of the seeing all the obstacles that lie in the

To arrive at this very simple perfection a few details have to be attended to by the learner. The first of these is that he makes up his mind to the certainty that there I no practical difficulty in the way of attaining to the perfection required. The next is to gain confidence in the power to sit and propel with the feet. The third is to adjust the seat or saddle and the handles in such manner as to suit the procise requirements of the particular rider. The last is to hold all force that is not required for immediate survice, in reserve for emergencies.

In propelling, then, the leatner, if on a rotary machine-and this is so distinctly the best I shall refer to no other-must be careful to plant his feet firmly on the pedals in such manner that the ball of the foot rests on them. Many commence by putting either the arch of the foot or the toes on the pedals, which is an cotire mistake, because as a fundamental rule it must be remembered that the best motion is got by treading as in walking, and the pearer the movement of walking is obtained the better. The pressure down being made from the ball of the foot, the heel should be brought into good play: the heel should descend as the foot goes down, by which movement the pedal is not only brought its lowest, but without extra labour is pushed forward. This prevents partial dead stops or locks, makes the machine move on evenly and gives momentum. The motion started in this manner should be sustained steadily; it should never be in starts or spurts, and, except when the object in view is actual racing, II should not be at racing speed. Six miles an hour, taking one

road with another, for six hours a day, is the steady motion to be attained to. A great deal more may of course be accomplished by practice, but the rider who can master this pace and keep up day by day has nothing to be ashamed of, while he may be assured that if he be in fair condition he is pursuing a course which is as healthful

as it is enjoyable.

it he kept in mind that walking is the mode of propulsion to be imitated, the ankle motion will then be gained as a matter of course, and the knee motion will not be strained. It will be soon discovered that the knees must not be too much bent, and that three parts standing is the best position in the scat or the saddle. If the scat is set low, and the knees are bent, the power that lost is dead against good and effective work. In the bent position there is no weight put into the work which is a loss, while there an impediment introduced from another cause. When the knee is bent the great muscle which runs down the fore part of the thigh and which, including the knee-pan, ends in a tendon or sinew attached to the large leg bone, the tibla, is working at each contraction with very great friction, its tendon being held tight upon the knee-pan. therefore soon becomes exhausted, wearied, stiff, and painful. But if the limb be kept nearly straight while at work, the weight of the body comes into instant action, and the rectus left easy in its work undergoes no more fatigue than the other muscles of the thigh and leg.

The lessons to be drawn from this fact are these :--(1) Do not sit too heavily on the scat, but only so as to rest the body firmly. (a) Keep the seat so high that the feet reach the pedals when at their lowest, comfortably and no more. (3) Have the scat sufficiently forward to enable you to be well over the pedals, or as the usual saying is, " well over

the work."

Too much attention cannot be paid to these details. Many riders fail for a long time, from no other cause than from neglect

in attending them.

The character of the seat | of moment. The seat should be so shaped that it does not in the least interfere with the backward movement of the limbs. For this reason I recommend gentlemen to ride on a rather long and narrow saddle. For ladies I recommend a small scat well hollowed out on the front edge so as much freedom of movement as can possibly be they had no nose at all, the moment they obtained.

It is a matter of moment for every one to keep to his own saddle or seat. It is good for every rider to keep to his own machine and to have it altered for others as little as possible; but it is almost essential for the saddle to be exclusively his own; it soon becomes modelled in the necessary fit, and, like a shoe, is that which no two persons can comfortably adapt and adopt.

In learning to ride the tricycle the management of the breathing should have a first consideration. To get into a good and healthy habit of breathing, and to get that habit confirmed is worth a great deal to riders of all ages. Let then the following brief

rules he kept in mind.

There are two handles on the tricycle, one of which, that on the right hand, I used for steering the machine; the other, that on the left hand, for holding by. Both afford support. By seizing these handles firmly, and pulling up by them, great power may be got for propelling the machine, because by this means the hands and arms come in to assist the legs and an extra force is put on. Young riders are apt to begin by laying on this reserve power and never giving it up. To use this assistance, however, the chest has to be armly fixed. The easy, natural movements of the chest, those movements by which we unconsciously **!!!** the chest in the ordinary way when we are quietly moving about or sitting, are not carried out, but deep breathing is established, the lungs are filled with air to distention, and great pressure is thrown upon the heart. These are bad effects to keep up; they soon cause extreme fatigue, and they prevent the rider from being ready to meet difficulties in climbing, in going over rough roads, and in meeting other obstacles which are sure to spring up whenever he undertakes a few hours' journey. The point of practice, consequently, is to use the handles as rests for the hands on all common occasions, to let them hold the handles lightly, with no more force than is just necessary for steadiness and mastery, and only we bring them into full use when the necessity arises that is to say, when extra power is suddealy called for, as on approaching the upper part of a hill, or in moving over rough or soft ground.

Another rule about breathing is, to learn from the first to breathe by the nostrils, not by the mouth. I do not know why it is, but certain it is, that most riders get into the way of mouth-breathing, as if get into the saddle. The result is always

mouth and throat becomes urgent, and leads to swallowing a large quantity of drink, which injurious, and the throat is not only made dry, but sore from the dryness. In addition to this mischief the large surface of the mouth and throat is exposed to catch all impurities of dust and dirt floating in the air, while much power is lost owing to the rapidity of the breathing that is induced, the irritation and cough that are often brought on, and the reduction of purchase in respiring owing to the constantly open state of both the breathing inlets and outlets, the nostrils and the mouth. Learn then to breathe by the nostrils in the ordinary and natural way from the beginning of the practice,

The earliest exercises on the tricycle should be taken on a level road, and they should not be so prolonged as to produce fatigue or embarmssment of the breathing or circula-Gradually the time of riding should be increased and the common difficulties of the road met. It is good practice to commence by riding a mile the first day, and not to exceed two miles a day for the first three or four days; after that the exercise may extend to five miles a day, and in a week or two to the

full of the rider's capacity. On this point of the rider's capacity for

health which are vital.

RULES TO BE OBSERVED SPECIALLY.

work there are certain rules bearing on

z. The riding should never be carried out at one time to the extent of causing excessive weariness, stiffness of the muscles and membranes, and want of power in the limbs.

a. In climbing a hill it is never advisable to strain every muscle, from the foolish determination to mount the hill all costs. It is best, and quickest, and easiest, and safest to dismount and to push the machine up to the brow of the hill. The act of walking for a short distance relieves the rider. It brings a new set of muscles into play, and it "stretches" the body, to use a common expression.

considers all but impossible. I have found an up. that out beyond anything I expected when

bad. The passage of air over the surface is got by the process of treading the machine, of the tongue and throat renders those that is, of throwing the whole weight of the surfaces very dry, so that in a short ride body into the pedals, by which process a the desire for some liquid 📟 moisten the heavy rider, quite as easily as a light one, can acquire the power of getting up a hill. Yet it is bad to attempt to carry this effort too far, as all good riders will maintain. question is when to get off the machine before or during climbing. Some reckon by the ascent, and tell you that when the eye roughly measures an ascent of one in seven or eight, it is the wise thing to dismount and push up the machine. A better practice | | be guided by the power of the rider to move on without bringing in his reserve force. If the hill be long and he finds it necessary to pull hard at the handles in order m make progression, the time has come for him to dismount

and to walk the ascent.

4. In descending a bill every advantage should be taken to save the motion of propulsion and to let gravitation do the work of the rider. It is in this way that so much labour is saved in riding, and so much advantage is gained over walking, not only in speed, but in actual work, for, as we all know, walking down hill is very shaking and laborious work. Sometimes, on the tricycle, however, too much advantage is taken of the running down hill, and a speed is got up which is not merely accompanied with a certain amount of unnecessary risk from falls, but with other risks which, less perceptible to the rider, are hardly less dangerous. These are excitement, fulness, thereby, of the brain with blood, and concussion from the rattle of the run, all i them injurious results. I have known extreme giddiness, and what we physicians call vertigo, produced by too rapid running down a long descent. Facilis descentes is a good motto to keep in mind on these occasions, together with the moral that clings to it. In running down hill it wise to keep the machine well in hand by the brake, to confine the pace to seven or eight miles an hour, and not to attempt to get up momentum until the lower part of the descent is reached. There, after considerable practice, a little more freedom may be permitted so as to assist in meeting a rising ground, just as for all time past our drivers of 3. Practice in climbing will enable a rider carriage, coach, and cart have been accusto get over difficulties which a young rider tomed to close a downhill and breast

5. The capacity for work when the art of I began to ride, and I can now, without good riding has been acquired should never fatigue, climb hills, which I would never be measured by what can be done on one have dared to have faced at first. This art day or on one particular occasion. The body

is sometimes capable of performing without then the injury I inflicts on the life is ineviper of his own, change the labour vastly. One consequences that may be regrettable. ride cannot, therefore, as a matter of course, be a day. The safest plan = to keep in the mind a fair but not too high average, and given—six miles an hour for six hours a day -is as sound an one as I can suggest in the present stage of tricycular evolution. may come as the machine is improved, when it is made to wind itself up as it runs down hill, with the brake turned into a reserve of

force, I will not venture to say. 6. The rule not to overstrain the body in riding by attempting too much is applicable to persons of all ages, but it requires to be liable of all to suffer from over-strain. Growing youths are not fitted make prolonged and wearisome journeys, extending over several days or weeks, at high speed, taxing This all the physical qualities of the rider. is a word in season, if it be acted upon, the letters of a past time, labelled "haste! haste! oh, haste!" The end is folly. It is turning a good thing to a bad use; an enjoyto try to stop competitive riding. I know stimulated to carry out improvements. when becomes a strain on the vital powers of Good Words.

sense of fatigue a much larger amount of work table. I feel this so much that I lately than it is at others. Very triffing circum- gave a prize for a fifty mile competition with stances also assist or oppose a rider; direc- a sense of compunction which is untion and character of the wind, good or had pleasant, notwithstanding the most judicious turning of his machine, good or bad tem- arrangements to prevent any approach -

7. In order - effect a long ride without taken to represent another, and it is very bad severe fatigue it is good, and, indeed, right, to set up as a hard and fast rule in touring to divide the journey into easy stages. From that so much, nolens volens, shall be done in two to three hours is long enough to work at one stretch, and fifteen to twenty miles is long enough for one ride. It is always wise, in never to exceed that except under favourable touring, to take the morning and evening circumstances. The average I have already for the longest rides, and few enjoyments equal a gentle spin along a pleasant road by moonlight. I do not think it is a sound plan What to break suddenly through fixed physical habits bearing on bodily rest and bodily exercise, and I would not, therefore, recommend those who have arrived at mature life to alter their times for rest and work very much, out of regard to the practice of this new exercise. If they are by habit early risers I should say by all means take full enforced on the young, who are the most advantage of the first hours and get the prime of the morning for the first ride, get eighteen miles out of the thirty-six in a day's tour. Then six or eight miles may be made in the course of the day, and the remaining ten or twelve when the sun is going down, or, if there be a full moon, when the moon has risen. By this which this Magazine never carried for a division time is afforded as well for rest as healthier purpose. The idea of our young is for the purpose of becoming better ac-speed! speed! speed! They wish to go, like quainted with the history and character of the localities through which the journey is made.

I intended, when I sat down to this paper, ment into a slavery; a healthy into a break- to add a rule or two for the selection of a down exercise. I know that it would be vain tricycle, and to give some account of the relative merits of the machines I have myself that by competition the makers of tricycles used. I find, however, that I have no space are enabled to test their machines, and are left, and although I am well aware that many Yet persons are anxious for me give a directhere must be a limit or the art will be en- tion on this matter, I must ask them to be dangered from the injury will inflict, and knot enough to wait for it in an early number



THE GOLDEN SHAFT.

By CHARLES GIBBON, AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACE OF GOLD," ETC.

CHAPTER XLI.-THE CONQUERING HERO.

HERE had been only a hint given of the intended flight to the south for the winter; but the Fiscal understood it and all that it meant. To the amasement of Mrs. Musgrave he did not rise at the hint and offer opposition.

She misunderstood his silence for approval, and in one sense she was not quite pleased. That is to say, she did not like to feel herself of such small account as to make it easy for him to dispense with her society for several

months.

He was too sail to oppose her. And when he looked at Ellie, noting how pale and thin she was growing, he thought that any change would do her good and that, by and by, she might come home to happiness. Meanwhile his own mind being so much disturbed he believed it would be best for her that she should be away.

But he would miss her—so much! How this gnarled oak of a man clung to that tender ivy which had wound itself round about his life so that it seemed, and was to him, the evergreen foliage of the parent

trunk.

It would be best for her, however, all things considered, that she should be away for a time; and so, when his wife urged that they should seek a warmer climate for the winter on account of their daughter's health, he made no opposition.

He had no doubt of Armour-no doubt, certainly, of Ellie. They would be faithful and they would come together by-and-by-

that is if he might permit it.

That was why he had warned Armour to be prepared for the impending flight, although it had not yet been finally decided upon. It

soon was decided, however.

Returning from his victorious campaign at Gartburn, and with his new honours tresh upon him, the first visit Fenwick paid was to Torthorl. It might have been some lurking sense of gratitude to Mrs. Musgrave which inspired this prompt courtesy. She thought it was, and her congratulations were the more effusive in consequence.

But he observed that Killie was not impressed by his importance = a British legislator; she was even miserably cold

in her reception of him; and he was disappointed.

With the affectation of a vain man he pretended to make light of his success.

"It is really nothing. Anybody could have done it as well as me if he had only

taken the right way.'

Of course &e had taken the right way, and was thus enabled to buy new admiration cheaply; for besides implying that 📗 was above the weakness of being excited by this trifling incident in his life, he also implied that the really great things were to come,

"Why, I thought you told the electors that you were unspeakably proud of the honour they had conferred upon you," said

Ellie innocently.

"Oh, yes, one says that sort of thing in a speech-it's a matter of form. You are obliged to put it in whether you mean it or

"Do you say things that you do not mean,

then?"

"In public speeches everybody does soit is unavoidable. If we were to say only what we mean there would be few speeches, and they would be short."

" Unless you say what you mean, I do not understand how you can make a speech at

all," was Ellie's comment.

"It is quite easy, I assure you, Miss Musgrave. You get up your subject and then tell the electors bow you will turn everything to their special advantage. Make them believe that to be the whole object of your existence, and it's all right."

"I should prefer make them believe only what I thought might be accom-

plished."

"Ah, you would never succeed as a parliamentary candidate."

"You do not understand these things, Ellie," broke in the mother; " Mr. Fenwick

does, and you see he is elected!"

The fact of the election was a sufficient answer to the silly ideas of her daughter about the propriety of saying only what one meant. Eihe said nothing more: she was of the same opinion still-that John Armour would never have given the people promises he did not mean to fulfil,

When Mrs. Musgrave found an opportunity of speaking to Fenwick alone she said

with an expression of much anxiety:

"Do you observe any change in Ellie?"

"She seems to be a little out of sorts."

"I am afraid she is a great deal out of sorts, poor child. Did you not observe how thin and pale she has grown?"

" I hope there I nothing serious the matter

with her.'

"We hope not, but the doctor says she must have a complete change and I purpose taking her to Cannes or Nice for three months or so."

Fenwick's countenance fell.

"That will no doubt set her up; but I wish the place had been nearer so that I might have had a chance of seeing her-and you, occasionally."

"I should not think the journey one of excessive fatigue for a gentleman accustomed

to travel."

Fenwick's countenance brightened into a smile.

"That's true. I'll call and leave a card,"

he said gaily.

"It will be delightful. We shall be so lonely, you know, for Ellie does not make new friends readily and we do not know of any one who is going out this winter, but I think of asking Miss Dinwuddie to go with

"She would be capital company for you both—she is such a jolly girl. When do

you intend to start?"

"As soon as we can make our arrange-In about a fortnight I should ments. think."

Fenwick went away contented. He did not mind Ellie's coldness now, and he overcame his chagrin at the marked care with which she avoided being alone with him even for a moment; for he would soon have plenty of opportunities of seeing her under circumstances more favourable to his suit. He had no doubt the change would do her good and under the influence of the sunny south she would forget Armour.

Poor beggar!" he mentally exclaimed as he rode along, "he has fallen upon bad times. To lose his fortune and his lass at

one stroke is hard upon him."

There was a curious mingling of sincere pity and a petty sense of triumph 🔳 Fenwick's mind. He congratulated himself upon being such a lucky dog. Whatever indiffer-ence he might affect in the presence of others, he was proud of his election; and he was confident that in the end he would gain the election Ellie's hand, too. was not in the nature of things that any girl would go on moping long for a man who was ruined Cluden Peel party is over."

and had no prospect of being able to support

a wife for years to come.

Mrs. Musgrave had very much the same idea and her little plan was working perfeetly. Now that Fenwick had promised to follow them, she at once proceeded to inform her husband distinctly of her intentions for the winter.

"Very well," said the Fiscal as quietly as if she had only told him that she was going

out for a walk.

"I am sure you must see yourself how much she needs this change," Mrs. Murgrave proceeded to argue as if he had raised some objection. "She has had far too much vexation for one so young and she will never get over it if she is kept within sight of Thorniebowe."

"Yes, she has had some fash, like other

folk," was the placid response.

"You do not disapprove of the arrangement?"

" No."

"Then you will impress upon Ellie the importance of trying to be cheerful and to take an interest in her travels."

"I will make out a list of rules for her guidance and she will of course obey them. Ten minutes will be at first allowed for moping, five minutes afterwards and all the rest of the day to be given up to laughter and sight-seeing."

"But I particularly wish you to advise her not to waste her time and health thinking

about Mr. Armour."

"We can give the advice but it is too good to be adopted."

"I am convinced she would obey if you

were to advise her in earnest."

"I shall be most carnest in counselling her to abandon everything that may waste her time and health," said he solemnly.

"Then there is another matter upon which I desire to consult you. I propose to invite Miss Dinwuddie to accompany us so that Ellie may have a suitable companion."

"Very well," in exactly the same tone as

before.

"I think will be very pleasant for her

and agreeable to me."

Poor Mrs. Musgrave, she wanted to discuss the details of this important journey-how important it was in her estimation only she herself quite understood and she could find no one who would discuss them with her. She was obliged to force the conver-

"Then we will start immediately after the

"Very well."

The Fiscal was abstracted and busy making the arrangements for his retirement from office. These were the more troublesome as his resignation had been returned to him with an earnest request that he would recon-Bider it.

Ellie could not take an interest in the proposed journey. At another time she would have liked to make it, but at this juncture it seemed as if she were running away from Armour when he had most need of all the help her love and presence could give him. But her father had said that she ought to go; and that was enough. Armour could not join her at Cannes as he had done

at Kirkcudbright.

There was one point, however, in which she did take some interest—that was to learn as soon as possible the date of their departure. She would have liked it to be before the Cluden Peel dinner, but knew that it would not be; and she was not disappointed when her mother informed her that they would leave three or four days after She was able to look forward to this tiresome party with some resignation as her father had promised to accompany them to it.

Meanwhile Mrs. Musgrave found in Miss Dinwuddle the enthusiastic sympathy in discussing all the details of preparation for the journey which she did not find at home. Miss Dinwuddie accepted the invitation gleefully, came over to see her and Ellie about it and would have been pleased to start at once, but that she, too, was to be at the great Cluden Peel dinner and would have

been very sorry to miss it.

That "great banquet," as Mrs. Musgrave called it, brought together the largest company that had been at the Peel since the bridal day of its present master. Light and mirth filled the rooms and many hearty congratulations were offered the new member for Gartburn. As Mrs. Musgrave surveyed the scene she was full of joyful anticipations.

Ellie must be impressed by all this. She must compare the brilliant future which is before her, with the dreadful one she has so

narrowly escaped from."

thinking twice about me," Fenwick was saying III himself as he watched Killie in the drawing-room,

" Is it nearly time to go, papa?" Ellie was

whispering at the same time.

"Yes, I think we had better go soon. It The anow was thawing from the eaves of the

has begun to snow and I expect a storm 🕍 not far off," said the father.

CHAPTER XLE.-A PAREWELL.

WHEN the Torthorl party left Cluden Peel the snow had only begun to fall in big soft flakes, which drifted hesitatingly to the ground like pieces of down, every gust of wind altering their course. The flakes fell faster and thicker as the night advanced, the wind became stronger, and the white masses were like whirlpools in the air.

The snow had ceased I fall before dawn, and the wind had become quiet. The sun was a red flame, and there was a broad prairie of fire in the sky which tinted the white ground. The cold stillness of the morning and the robin chirping on her window sill made Ellie think of the lilt;

"When the bills are covered w! maw, If then it's winter fairly."

She opened the window; the robin came in and perched on the top of the lookingglass, with head on one side eyeing his hostess knowingly. The birds and Ellie were great friends: her window ledge was a place of general entertainment for them. A small platform had been constructed on it where a plentiful repast of crumbs was apread every morning; and in one corner was a water dish which Ellie seldom allowed to be empty. The consequence of this hospitable entertainment was that she had many visitors during the winter and spring months, although in summer time the platform was almost deserted. But Ellie did not accuse them of ingratitude; she was content to serve them in their time of need.

And now she wondered if that bird sitting there with his comical look of curiosity had any suspicion that she was about to take flight and leave them all at the mercy of a servant who might or might not remember her instructions. It seemed as if she were being taken away from everything-and everybody-she liked. The thought of the loneliness of her father during the long absence of her mother and herself was a sad one. It made her even think of pleading for an alteration of plans. But he had said it was best that she should go, and she must "She must begin to feel that it is worth obey with as few signs of reluctance as possible.

The two were very silent at breakfast that morning. A huge blazing fire made the room cheery and took away all discomfort from the white wintry look of things outside.

windows and trickling down the panes in fantastic lines. The ground outside presented a perfectly smooth white surface; the shrubs beyond were like so many irregular piles of snow, and overhead was a cold grey sky. But the atmosphere was clear and bracing, exhilarating to the active worker and walker.

"I am going to Dalwheattie to-day, papa, say good-bye to Mr. Thorburn," said

Ellie as she poured out the coffee.

"Yes," he answered quietly without any symptom of surprise; "how are you to go?"

"I wrote to Mrs. Armour saying that I would go by train, and she is to have some one at the station in meet me. Can I take

any message?"

"There is none, except that I shall be well pleased to hear that he is better. I'll tell Bryce III get the gig out and we can drive into the town together. Does your mother know?"

"I am going to tell her now."

Mrs. Musgrave was not pleased when

made acquainted with her business.

"We really must attend to the ordinary civilities of life, child," she said somewhat petulantly; "we must call at Cluden Peel to-day."

"Very well, mamma," was the submissive answer; "but you will not be going until the afternoon and I shall be home in time to go

with you,"

That was so far satisfactory; it showed that Ellie was not trying to avoid the call as she had done on a former occasion. Therefore with an injunction " not to be late on any account," she allowed her to go.

It was not the frost or the snow, or the want of subjects of conversation which made the father and daughter so silent during the drive into town. They were both thinking about the impending separation. It was the first time in her life that she had been away from him more than a couple of weeks together and she had never gone so far away. The circumstances of the moment, too, made the event the more unpleasant to them.

She had much of her father's dislike to emotional displays, and both were quiet, but each was conscious that the same subject:

occupied the other's thoughts.

The distance to Dalwheattie by the milway is only a few miles and on arriving at the little station Ellie found Wull Greer waiting.

"He's just that auxious about your coming, miss, that Mrs. Armour was thinkin' she oughtna to hae tauld him to expec' you," was Wull's salutation.

"It is not far, is it?"

"Ou, no, but there's a short road an' a lang ane. What are will we take?"

"The shortest, if you please."

"That's through the neep field, and it you're no feart for wattin' your feet we'll be there in nac time."

They passed down the road in the centre of which the snow bad been already churned by cartwheels and horses' hoofs into a reddish slush. Eltie was glad to be led out of this mire into a turnip field where, in spite of the snow, men and women were busy " pu'in' the neeps." The workers were merry at their task as they moved along the furrows in an irregular line. The left hand grasped the "shaws," pulled up the bulb from the soft ground; then a deft stroke with knife or reaping hook swept off the tops and the turnip was ready for the byre or the sheepfold. There was plenty of time to exchange all the "clash" of the neighbourhood, for rough jokes and personal comment upon each other. But healthy good-nature predominated amongst these blithe workers in the

"It's no far noo, miss," said Wull," yon's

the hoose."

And he indicated the cottage with a jerk of his thumb.

Passing from this scene of vigorous life into the sick-room was like passing suddenly

from light into darkness.

Thorburn could not be induced to keep his bed; he persisted in getting up daily and he was allowed to have his way as the doctor said it would be dangerous to excite him by opposition. He was now on the little sofs propped up with pillows and muffled in blankets. Grannie was seated beside him knitting.

His eyes brightened as Ellie entered and he hastily threw a handkerchief over his

hèad.

"Do you think you can bear the sight of me?" he asked before she had time to speak.

"Oh yes, Mr. Thorburn, you cannot look

so ill az I have imagined you."

"Pull down the blind, mother."

The little room was not at any time well lighted by its small window, and it seemed to be late glosming when the thick holland blind was down.

"You needna be see particular, Jock," said Grannie, gently chiding what she, remembering the past, regarded as his vanity,

Ellie is nae qualmish miss that canna thole the sight o' a scart. I ken that she has gaen to help folk that were far waur 🖿 look on than you can be."

"I have no doubt, but I don't want her to think with a scunner of the last time she saw me."

"But this is not Be the last time, Mr. Thorburn," interposed Ellie. "I mean to see you often yet, and you must not take such gloomy views of your own condition."

He uncovered his face, and if the light had permitted her to see how haggard and sallow it was she would have been grateful

for his considerate precaution.

"I am not gloomy at all now," he said with a faint smile, "I am more content than I have been for many years, and am only taking a reasonable view of the course of nature. The accident has done me good of nature. -it has let out all the bad blood, and I am not the same man you used to come to at the cottage, except in the pleasure it gives me to see you again."

"I would have come sooner, only my father told me it would be better for you if I waited for a few days. But I could not delay any longer as we are going away on

Monday.

"Going away?"

"Yes, with my mother to Cannes for the winter.

Thorburn was observing her face cariously, and she felt the blood ringling in her cheeks. She knew quite well what he was thinking. Was she running away because Asmour stood on the brink of ruin and must fall into the abyss as everybody thought? She would have liked to assure him that it was not so, but she did not know how. He did not require the assurance.

"He will feel that loss more than the

You don't want m go?"

"No, but my mother is very anxious about it, and my father agrees that we should go."

"Eh, but I'm wae bear that," claimed Grannie sadly, "for it will take the fusion out o' my pair lad, and he is sare ncedin' a' that he has enoo."

At that cry Ellie felt as if she had agreed to do something wicked. She was sensible that this journey was intended by her mother to mark the close of her engagement with Armour. Her mother had not said a word this effect, but her meaning was quite Indeed Mrs. Musgrave was now acting as if she assumed that the affair had been definitely broken off in the course of that interview which she had herself arranged, just as I first she had treated the idea of a match between her daughter and the paper- warstle wi the world."

maker as too preposterous to | entertained seriously. Ellie had not attempted I force an explanation from her mother. would be to cause unnecessary pain III them both. She was innocent of any suspicion that her mother could deliberately plan to separate her from the man whom she had plighted herself. She was convinced that, by-and-by, when their fidelity had been proved-when it became clear that time, distance, and misfortune had no power to alter them-even her mother would become reconciled.

So she had been passive, prepared m wait calmly until her lover came to claun her. When he did come she would place her hand in his and go forth with him meet and to endure whatever fills fortune might have in store for them. If she might have had her own way she would have preferred that the marriage should take place at once, so that she might have had what would have been a privilege in her eyes—a sbare in his new struggle. That would have been true happiness, and would have provided a rich store of sweet memories for after years. He, however, had said "We must wait." Her father evidently approved of that course, and it would afford her mother some satisfaction. So she was ready to wait submissively.

But when she heard Grannie's lamentation it found such sympathetic echo in her own heart that she felt guilty of cowardice. Her troth to Armour was as binding upon her as marriage yows, and she saw how she was deserting him when she should have been standing bravely by his side helping and She was dismayed and comforting him. distressed exceedingly.

Thorburn helped her out of the awkward whirlpool of thought into which she had been

"You mistake him for once, Grannie," he said: "her absence will put more pith into him, for he will know that the harder he works the sooner she will be back m him. There is only one thing which could take the fusion out of him-to learn what he never will learn, that she had jilted him. answer for her."

Ellie made a little impulsive movement towards the speaker, and her cheeks were

flushed with a grateful smile.

"There's use need for onybody to answer for her," said Grannie; "an' I wasna meanin' to cast ony doubt upon Ellie, as she kens. I was just thinking about him at this minute —me here, and her awa'—left a' his lane 🔳



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"He'll pull through, never fear," was Thorburn's confident assurance. His back may be at the wall, but he has the stuff in him that makes a man fight best when the odds are greatest against him."

"Nae doubt, nae doubt, but I'm wae to

hear that Ellie's to be awa'.

"It is only for a few months, you know, Grannie," said Eilie, "and we can speak to each other through the post. He will be so busy that the time will pass quickly, and when I come home again we shall all be very

happy !"

Then there was a pleasant chat about the future, and what was to happen when Ellie Thorburn entered into the came home. speculations as to the future as if he expected to be present to share their joy. At moments a grim smile would flit across his face when they spoke of the part he was to take in the rejoicings, but it passed so swiftly that Ellie only once observed it. A chill passed over her—she understood his thought although Grannie was quite deceived by her own wishes and the cheerfulness of his speech. He knew that his place would be vacant when she came home.

His almost supernatural sensitiveness made him aware that Ellie had divmed his thoughts. A slight, quick movement of his hand onjoined silence, and indicated that his assumed cheerfulness was for Grannie's sake. In his face she read this, "It is the only kindness I can do her-to let her beheve that there is

still hope."

He said aloud,

"You will tell your father, Miss Musgrave, that I was at the Dalwheattie market yester-

"At the market!"

"Oh, yes, I made them take me out! You see, I can't get them to believe how atrong I am. They would coddle me up here and kill me with kindness if I allowed them I have their own way. But I won't let them do it. Tell him, too, that I mean to be at the kirk on Sabbath, and a man who has been at kirk and market after such an accident as mine can't be said to die of the effects of it. Be sure to tell him all that, and how blithe you found me."

"I shall not forget anything.

And what do you think Grannie has been trying to do? You won't believe it. She has been trying prevent me from going to kirk. Did you ever hear the like?"

"You ken it's because we are feared that you are no strong enough yet," was Grannie's mild defence of her extraordinary conduct.

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4 But I am strong enough. Do you not feel how much cheerier I am since we drove through the market? I mean to be at the kirk on Sabbath and I mean to be Kirkcoobry, too, on the first day that John can take me. . . . I will do it."

It is told that people have lived beyond the physical term by the sheer force of will. Thorburn was trying to do so now; and to that end he was hoarding all his strength. He who had been so eager to die was now eager to live-but only for a few days, that he might accomplish his work of atonement and hear the message of mercy—he had no doubt it was one of mercy-which Graham had left with his sister for him.

"Is it not too much for you to do all at

once?" queried Ellie.

"Not at all. They hap me so that I am like a clothes peg; I can walk a little and Wall Greer can do all the rest for me. . . . I want you to remember him, Miss Musgrave. He is worth remembering."

"My father told me that he was to have a

small farm of his own soon."

"Oh! he did not tell me about that, but I am glad of it. He'll give up poaching then I should think and keep out of muchicf, like that old radical who became a wild tory as soon as he was rich enough to buy 2 coo . . . I am glad to hear it. I suppose your father has done this for him?"

"He is helping him."

Then Ellie had to say good-bys.
"It is farewell," said Thorburn in a low voice as he held her hand. Then suddenly drawing her towards him he kissed her on the "God bless you — I may ask a blessing for you although I may fear m ask one for myself."

"It is only good-bye," she answered with an attempt to smile; "you will be in your own cottage when I come back and able III play some of the old ballads for me again "

He smiled, pleased by her vain hope; knew that it was vain. His fingers moved nervously as if they were touching the keys of a piano and "I'm wearin' awa, Jean," was the air he heard and was dumbly repeating.

"You will make him happy," he pleaded in a low voice. The gentle pressure on his hand was sufficient assurance on that point. "He is not so deep in the mire just now us people think, and he worth being pulled out of it. I can see a long way ahead, and I see you two together. I am content . . . be sure to tell your father, I am content. All goes as he and I would wish. He will understand."

"I shall rimember everything. Good-bye."

"It is farewell," he repeated and he was still smiling when the door closed upon her. Grannie's last words were hopeful, and almost removed from Ellie the eeric feeling she experienced in taking leave of one she was never to see again on this side of the grave. She, too, could hope; it is so difficult for the young to realise that death is near as long as there is life and speech. But the strange time in which he repeated—"It is farewell," made her feel cold and awed.

She had not looked forward to the call at Cluden Peel with any pleasurable sensations, but after the morning visit to Thorburn she feit much as one might do when compelled to pass suddenly from the chamber of death into a ball-room. All the commonplaces, all the frivolities of life seemed to be brought into unholy proximity with all that is most solemn.

"You were extremely dull, Ellie," said Mrs. Musgrave after the visit and as they were driving home; "you were almost rude to Mrs. Fenwick, who really likes you and wishes to be kind. Luckily she attributed your strange manner to illness."

"I am not well, mamma," was all that Ellie could say. She was thinking that in a few more hours she would have to say good-bye in the degrest friend of all.

CHAPTER KLIIL-LOOKING FORWARD.

Size was gone. As he watched the train diminishing in the distance, and then the last carriage disappear at a bond of the line, Armour felt that the best part of him had gone with her. Long after the train had disappeared he still saw the dear white face which gazed from the carriage window so lungingly with a smile of mingled regret and hope until the curving embankment hid him from her sight.

They had been very quiet and behaved with most respectable coldness in the presence of the others. But for his standing so long looking after the train no onlooker would have suspected that this was a parting of lovers; and even me he stood there, no one would have imagined that he was watching the dearest treasure of his life passing away from him.

He could be calm because he was already looking forward to the day when he would be watching the train coming back and straining his eyes to catch the first glimpse of the face which would then be bright with glad smiles.

Their real parting had taken place on the afternoon of the day before. They had met on one of the terrages of Torthorl overlooking the river. They had walked up and down talking a little about the past and much about the future. Whatever fears they might entertain about the favours of fortune, there was one thing they were quite confident about—that they would be faithful to each other. And that confidence made the parting comparatively easy. There would have been nothing at all to disturb them in this brief separation if they had not been depressed by the conviction of Mrs. Musgrave's obstinate resolve that this should be the end of all between them.

They did not speak about that, however; both respected the mother sufficiently to believe that she would not continue to he obstinate when she found that it would destroy her daughter's happiness. So they spoke cheerfully of the future, taking somable views of the practical difficulties before them, he resolute to overcome them and she be-

lieving that he could not fail.

Then they said "Good-bye—it will not be such a long time till we meet again."

That sweet assurance comforted them and he went lightly down the terrace steps to the gate which opened on the lower road; she returned to the house.

After this meeting they could afford to act calmly in the station. Mrs. Musgrave was excited; she was fussing about everywhere; and she was most gracious to Armour, freating him as an ordinary friend who had been "so good as to come to see them off on their travels." How Armour hated being told that he was "so good!"

Miss Dinwuddie was in acstasies with everything and everybody; she had no time to observe how pale and quiet Ellio was, or to be in the least disconcerted by the unusual reserve of the Fiscal. He scarcely spoke to any one: even to Ellie he said little, but he kept her beside him till the train came up and she was obliged take her seat. Then he mumbled something and stood by as if he had nothing do with the travellers.

As the two men walked away from the station Armour was surprised and pleased to find the Fiscal linking arms with him.

"They will have a cold journey," he said;
"I would have liked to have seen them safe
to the end of it; but it was impossible.
However, Ellie and that Dinwuddie lass have
good Scotch tongues in their heads, as the
saying is, and Mrs. Musgrave fancies she
has a good English tongue, so they'll manage

amongst them.

again and all well."

"It not a very exhausting journey," rejoined Armour whilst he was saying to himself a hearty " Amen " the wish of his companion.

"It is not the journey that fashes me-it's what may come of it. . . . Ellie tells me that-your father was at the Dalwheattie

market the other day."

Although he tried to speak with the air of one who is simply curious to learn particulars of an unexpected event, he seemed to find difficulty in getting the words out clearly.

"Yes, and he was at the kirk yesterday. He insisted upon I in such a way that we were obliged m give in. Grannie says he never showed any engerness be go to the kirk before and she looks upon it as a sign that the end wery near. We got a pew near the door, and when we lifted him out of the gig he walked in holding Grannie's hand and leaning on my arm. He sat out the whole service and was more cheerful than I have ever seen him when we got back to the cottage."

The Fiscal drew a long breath as if relieved

of some troublous thought.

"That is good news. He'll come round

doctors will not give a decided opinion. So was told could not be done in the way he far as I can make out they regard these exer- suggested. He never required to tell that tions as the result of excitement and not of man a second time how the work should be returning strength."

"Doctors have a way of giving no decided opinion until they are certain that nature

will confirm it."

" Johnstone says we will know the best or worst after the visit to Miss Graham. I am sorry I told him about her droll fartly for he has caught it up as duitly as herself."

"May be her fancy is not so daft as it appears to you," said the Fiscal thoughtfully. "She and her brother were close friends and Graham may have told her something he kept from everybody else."

"At any rate, we are going to see her to-

morrow or next day."

"I suppose you are to drive all the way. Take our machine; it will be standing idle now and the outing will do the horses good. I'll tell Bryce to be ready for you whenever you send,"

"Thank you, that will be very convenient -your carriage goes camer than anything I

could hire here about."

"Ay, Mrs. Musgrave was particular about it being made comfortable," said the Fiscal,

I wish they were home pleased that his offer had been so frankly

"We will go to-morrow or next day. Mr. Moffat is to be with us, and he suggests that if the journey does not prove too much for him we should bring him back to his own

cottage here."

They were by this time at the Mill. Work was going on as steadily as I the men and women had heard nothing of the pending bankruptey of "the Master"; the workpeople looked as cheery as ever, thanks chiefly to the assurance Mr. Oswald had given them that the Mill would not be closed no matter what happened to their present employer. They were cheary also because the complacent manner of the old cashier made them believe that nothing particular would happen to the Master in spite of the wild rumours of immediate ruin which were flying about.

They were quite certain that there was little danger to fear when they saw Armour. accompanied by the Fiscal, passing amongst them now, stopping occasionally to give some directions to one of the men in his ordinary good-natured but decisive way. When Armour spoke every one felt that he had practical experience of what he was dictating. More than once he had shamed a clumsy "At times I have thought so too; but the or a lazy workman by doing himself what he done.

When the door of the private office closed on the Master and his friend, Lawson said with a contented grin to a neighbour :

"They may say as they like, an' break wha likes, and Oswald I right - our

maister's no gaun to break."

These comforting words speedily passed through the Mill and helped to make hearts lighter and fingers more nimble than before The first rumours had caused dismay to all the hands, for here was a hard winter upon them and to was suddenly thrown out of employment would have meant starvation to most of them.

In the office the Fiscal was seated at Annour's table going methodically over the statement of affairs which had been prepared for his inspection. He studied every item, questioned everything that did not seem clear with a cold shrewdness which pleased Armour, because it satisfied him that any arrangement entered into between them would be of a purely business character.

They were three hours at their task. In the

outer office Mr. Oswald was waiting to learn the result with as much nervous anxiety as if he had been charged with some crime and was doubtful what the verdict might be. He fidgeted about amongst his papers accomplishing a little work mechanically, and then, conscious of his divided thoughts, doing it all over again lest he should have made

At length Mr. Musgrave closed the last sheet of the statement and leaned back in the chair.

"Everything is perfectly plain, Armour. It is an admirably clear statement of your position and there is only one thing which could make my friend hesitate to join you."

"You mean my possible liabilities in con-

nection with the Bank shares."

"Exactly. You see there is no telling yet what they may involve. But I have no doubt we can come to an understanding. The business itself is in a sound position, most of your debtors are in the South and not likely to be affected by the Bank failure. At any rate with such orders m you have on hand there will be no need to stop the mill."

When Mr. Oswald heard the news he was only restrained by a severe sense of propriety from dancing a reel of joy. As he could not do that he took a large quantity of snuff and spilled a great deal more.

CHAPTER XLIV,-A PILGRIMAGE.

"I HAVE been observing everything that has been going on and making notes for future use," said the minister, when he had seated himself in the carriage beside Armour, and Bryce was driving them at a steady pace over the hard frosted road towards Dalwheattie. "But I did not want to put my finger into your pie until you invited me."

You know how I value everything you my, and you know how I have profited by

some of your advice."

He was remembering that it was Mr. Moffat's counsel which had inspired him to speak out to Ellie when he met her at the The little minister turned sharply sluice.

round upon him.

he said as if speaking to himself " No. after closely studying Armour's face for a moment, "you are not a humbug-you are not saying that only because you think I will please me. You do respect what I say, and I think you ought to do so. Can you guess why?"

and because your perception of the right way of doing things | quicker than mine.

"That might be mistaken for another sop to my vanity; now here's a sop for yours-the man who accepts advice and acts upon it is as wise as the counsellor. However, I have no intention of entering upon a disquisition as to the advantages. I say, advantages advisedly, for they are many and often substantial-of vanity and flattery. What I was in my mind to say was that I am pleased with you-very much pleased.

"I am glad of that," rejoined Armour, smiling at his companion's professional perception of subjects for discourse in the most

ordinary conversation,

"Yes, it has been a great satisfaction to me to watch you keeping your feet steady and your head cool while fortune has been giving you hard dunts."

"But not the hardest she might have given me-she has left me her best gift of

"Oh, ay, she has left health and that ber best gift. Prize it, my man, and take care of it."

There was a merry twinkle in the minister's clear, keen eyes as he said thin; he knew quite well that Armour referred to Ellie.

" I did not mean bealth exactly, although

I am thankful to posters it."

"You would have meant it then if you had ever known the want of it. But of course you mean the bonnie lass who is ower the borders and awa. Well, you are right to he thankful for that, too. I wish men could always be in love; for, though the popular notion is that it makes fools of them, my notion is that | brings out the best stuff that is in a man. I have even known a fool grow wise under its influence.

"Why is it you have never married, Mr.

Moffat?"

The minister looked as persous as if the question had been put to him for the first

"I have whiles thought of that and I positively don't know how it comes about. May be it is because I have been so busy marrying other folk that I had no time to marry myself. However," he added cheerily, "there is no saying what may happen yet. I am just a laddie of threescore and twelve, and I have many a time threatened Matthey that I would find some strapping hizzie to be mistress of the manse and him yet. Meanwhile I want to know how 🖩 🖿 you feel so much at case about Miss Musgrave "Certainly; because you are my friend, when you have yourself broken off the engagement."
"There il really no difference il our posi-

tion. Our engagement was only binding so long as she wished it to be so; and all that I have done has been to tell her and her father that I do not comider her pledged to me in any other way. Her mother turged me to do it, and under the circumstances I could see no reason why she should not have her way. But Ellie will wait."

"I dare say, I dare say," said the minister meditatively, "but I am sure her mother will

not."

Armour was not disturbed by that suggestion; for he knew that Mrs. Musgrave would not wait if she could help it. But what did that matter so long as he was sure of Ellie? Even when they were passing Cluden Peel there was no jealous thought of Fenwick in his mind; but the minister was thinking about the newly elected M.P., and of all that Mrs. Musgrave had said to him.

The horses moved quietly up the slippery brac to Dalwheattie Mill. Wull Greer saw them approaching and informed Thorburn who was impatiently waiting, ready to start

on his strange pilgrimage.

He was dressed in a huge ulster which reached to his heels; and a travelling cap with lappets which covered his checks completely and concealed all signs of his accident. He was unusually calm, but the trembling lips and the restless movement of his eyes betrayed his eagerness. He was standing, leaning beavily on Wull's shoulder when his friends entered.

"Glad to see you on your feet again," said the minister, blithely. "How are you, Grannie? Your sick man is thriving fine, we'll have him running about as lively as

ever in a few weeks."

"Ay, I think he's getting on fine," said Grannie in her quiet way; and then, as if addressing a child who was going out to play, "tak care o' yoursel' noo, lock, and no catch cauld."

He was taken out to the carriage, and surprised Armour by the degree of vigour he displayed. Every precaution was taken to guard him from the effects of the keen frost. The minister chatted pleasantly and told some of his best stories. But during the whole journey Thorburn scarcely spoke. His gaze was fixed steadily on the window, as if : Thorburn remained standing. watching for something which he yet bulf feared to see.

little cottage Armour went forward to prepare | longer. Then she leaned back discontented her for the visit of his father. He had already but still staring at the visitor. explained her idiosyncrasies as he understood "Can ye no tak' aff your bonnet, man?" them from Miss Dinwuddie and her father, she said irritably.

Thorburn had only said:

"I have no doubt of being able - con-

vince her that I am myself."

As Armour passed through the toy garden, with its squares and straight paths, the primness of which was Et present somewhat modified by a thin layer of frosted snow, he heard, as on the former occasion, the discordant chorus of dogs, parrots and canaries. The window was open as usual, a spite of frost and snow, and m heard the same words which greeted him on his first making acquaintance with the cottage.

"Qu'ate, ye brutes-qu'ate i" Then followed a short howl from a dog which had been chastised with its mistress's heavy staff.

"Do you remember me, Miss Graham? I called on you some time ago with Miss Dinwuddie."

The old lady shaded her eyes with one hand and peered under it as if she were looking at some object afar off, whilst she bent forward, leaning on her staff.

"What's your name?" she demanded in

her gruff masculine voice.

"John Armour,"

"Ou, ay, I mind noo. But you're no the John Armour I ken. Nobody kens whar he is, and I canna get thae birds to learn his name and gang awa' and find him."

"I have found him, and although I did tell him your name he is very glad to come

and see you.

" Whar is he?" she said stolidly.

"Wha're ye, wha're ye," cried the one parrot; "kail brose — hoo's a-hoo's a," shrieked the other, and "Qu'ate, ye brutes" was the shrill command of their mistress.

"He is outside," said Armour as soon as he could be heard; "but he has bad a very severe illness, and it has changed him so much that you may not able to recognise

"Fetch him ben," was the decisive re-

sponse.

The minister on one side and Armour on the other, Thorburn was led to the door. There Mr. Moffat halted and father and son entered the strange little room together, There was a three-legged stool a corner which Armour hastily pulled forward; but

Miss Graham peered
him in precisely the same attitude as that she had assumed. When they arrived at Miss Graham's squat on Armour's first entrance; but she looked

"Will you excuse that, Miss Graham?"

interposed Armour. - An accident happened ruddy-faced woman appeared leisurely at the to him a little while ago and would be dangerous for him to uncover his head. He has come as see you at great risk to himself and in spite of all our persuasions to the contrary."

"Ay, did ye want to keep him awa and he wouldna be keepit? That's like him.

. . . Can you no speak?"

Thorburn appeared to find it difficult—the face of the woman brought back to him vividly that horrible incident which had mined his life. At length, huskily:

"It is not easy m speak, Grizel Graham-

. . , . I am thinking of Eddie."

At that her eyes seemed to start forward. She rose slowly to her feet and the tall, gaunt form was trembling. She stretched out her long bony hand with one finger pointing at him.

"Naebody has called me Grizel, since he med awa'. I has heard nasbody speak o' Eddie for many a lang day. . . . You are

the man."

"Yes, I am the Jock Armour you knew and he knew in other times. . . . I am told that he gave you a message for me. I come to hear it."

A sudden stillness fell upon the place. Even the parrots were quiet and the terriers were crouching at the feet of their mistress. She broke the silence in a low voice, and whilst evidently searching her memory for something which was continually eluding it:

"Ay . . . an' you're Jock Armour! Yow me, man, what hae ye been daein' to yoursel'? You look as though you were an anld man an' it's no that lang since you were a spruce young lad skippin' about the kintry garrin' mony a braw lass sab and want her supper. . . . Ay, an' you're Jock Armour! I would never hae ken'd ye if 📺 hadna gi'en me my name."

"It is not always years that make folk look old, Grizel," he said, repeating the name which had helped so much to satisfy

her of his identity.

She did not seem to be heeding his words; she was still busy searching her treacherous memory.

"An' am I like you? Am I as sold

like?"

Without waiting for a reply she snatched up a hand bell and rang it violently shouting all the time "Nell Burd-Nell, in himmer, come here—fetch me a lookin' glass this minute."

door with the inquiry,

"What's wrang non, mistress?"
"Fetch me a looking glass this minute. Can you no hear?"

"Ye'll hac | just directly."

And stout so she was Nell Baird did return quickly with a small handglass. Miss Graham looked at her own face eagerly. She frowned: then thrust the glass away from

"Hoots, that canna be me. Tak' it away: it's just ane o' than mockin' glasses that ye keek in at the fair an' see yoursel' upside down and a' head an' naebody. 'Tak' it awa' an' see I you can find something wise-like,"

But there was a sad note of doubt in her voice, and the frown lingured on her brow as she resumed her seat. She was disturbed: the one idea which had been so constant in her mind during those weary years had deserted her in the moment for which she had been waiting.

"Did you speak about Eddie? What

was't you said?"

"About the message he gave you for me."
"Ay, ay, I mind noo," she said smiling and nodding her head. "He was in the jail, ye ken, an' they hanged him-the scoondreis! Hanged my brither!"

Thorburn shuddered and growing faint was obliged to sit down on the stool, at last, Armour at his back supporting him, Miss Graham continued to smale and nod graciously to her visitors quite insensible to the pain and shame which had wrecked her reason, and unconscious of the agony her

listener was suffering.

"Ay, I mind noo what it was-eh, but he was the kindest hearted lad that ever drew breath. It was in the jail m I was sayin', an' they wouldne let us hae mair than twa or three minutes thegither. 'Grizel,' says he, 'I'm gaun mgic you a man's sowl an' conscience to take care o' for my sake! 'Deed an' its ower muckle for me to dae, Eddie, I says. 'But you maun dae it or I'll never rest in my grave.' That was fearsome to hear an' it was fearsome | take or to refuse the responsibility. What would ye think I said?"

"What was he said to you?" asked

Thornburn feverishly.

" It wasna what 🖿 said 📰 me, 🛮 was what I said to him, an' it was this-'Gin the Lord gies me strength I'll dae onything you want, Eddie. 'Very well,' says he, 'find out Jock The dogs barked, the parrots screeched Armour wherever 🖿 may be and tell him and the din was at its height when a stout, this-that I gave myself up to the police two hours before III arrived at the station. Tell and the horn is spoiled, Grise!" he answered him that I die on my own confession and no man need think that he has betrayed me or hope to get the price set upon me Tell him, moreover, that I am sorry for the trouble I have caused him-sorry for the mistake he has made, and that with all my heart I forgive him the harm he intended to

Thorburn's head was bowed upon his knees and there was a half-stiffed whisper on

"Thank God-thank God, I am for-

given I"

But no one heard II and Miss Graham proceeded as if there had been no interrup-

" 'Bear this in your mind, Grizel,' he says, 'no matter what comes, and I will die with an easy conscience. Seek him out wherever he may be and give him my message. It will lift a curse from his soul that may ruin him.' I was meanin' to go to you at once, Jock Armour, but something happened-I dinna ken what it was-they say I wasna weel, for a while after they hanged him. When I cam' to mysel' you were off to foreign parts and nachody ever ken'd onything about ye till the noo. I'm rael glad to see ye here and rael glad that Eddie's creand is done and he'll be able mest qu'ate noo, puir lad. He maun hae been sair fashed waiting for you a' this while doon, doggie, doon."

One of the dogs had been trying to jump on to her lap as her voice had sounded low and soft. Then she sat modding and smiling at the man who in his present position seemed to be crouching before her. He did

not speak.

"Do you feel any better noo? He said it would tak' the curse all ye as soon as ye heard his message, . . . It mann be an awfu! thing to be gun about the world wi' a curse on your shouthers."

He rose almost without assistance and took

Miss Graham's hand

" I do feel better now, Grizel. Thank you

and good-bye.

"Guid day, guid day, Jock Armour. You mgun come an' see me soon again, an' we'll hae a crack about Eddie-I want to hae a crack about Eddie. There's nachody here about that ken'd him an' I'm wearying to hear a' your news. Folk aye say ye were a cliver chiel, Jock, an' that you would mak' a spoon or spoil a horn. Whilk are you gam to do ? "

"I have done all that I can do already phrase, " the work is done."

bitterly.

" Find anither, then, find anither.

day; come back soon.'

Armour led him to the door, Miss Graham speaking cheerily to them all the time as if some great burden had been lifted from her own shoulders. And for days afterwards II seemed as if the relief she had found promised to restore her mental balance completely. But the relief came too late, and by-and-by she forgot all about the visit of Jock Armour, except when his son called to see her. She went on as before with her menagerie and was in her way happy.

The minister was waiting to add his strength to Armour's a taking Thorburn down the garden to the carriage. He grew rapidly more feeble as they moved away from the cottage. He fell into a kind of stuper and knew nothing of the anxions glances and whispers which his son and the minister exchanged. He recovered a little when they stopped at the door of Armour's house in

Thornichowe.

The intention had been at first to take him to his own cottage as it was thought he might feel more at ease there than in the Mill House. But the apparent collapse which appeared to be the result of the glad tidings had heard from Miss Graham cansed Armour to alter his mind and to have him conveyed to his own room. Grannie was there waiting for them, having been brought home by Wull Greer. When she found that Thorburn did not speak on his arrival at the house she said softly to herself:

"I was feared that it would end this way," When he was laid on the bed and still did not speak she leaned over him, feeling

his brow and his hands.

"Do you ken whar you are, Jock?" He moved a little on his side as if turning away from the light.

" No. and it does not matter, Grannie. . .

The work is done."

When the doctor came and looked in him

he shook his head.

"He has overdone it, as I expected, Mrs. Amour. Still we need not despair; he has wonderful strength in him-splendid constitution he must have had—and ruined,"

"It does not matter, doctor," marmured Thorburn himself; "the work is done. . . . Muserave is safe. . . , and I know that Graham's blood a not on my hands. All is well."

At intervals throughout the night would rouse himself and murmur that consoling

When the doctor saw him in the morning he was lying quite passive, cool and clear, but wearied and unwilling to speak.

"Better to-day, Thorburn?" said John-

stone, Ill his rough hearty way.

"Ay, better to-day, and it will be all right morrow.

To think of it all, lying there on his back, with the white ceiling transformed into the open pages of the record of his life! Droll, how distinct it was, and how invisible hands seemed to turn the pages so that he read the listory of the past over and over again.

He could, in a sense, put his finger on the passages where he had blundered and gone astray, misled by that most vitainous Will-o'-the-Wisp, Jealous Passion; here misinterpreting very simple signs, looks and words; there misunderstanding actions which, read by the light of the later pages, were honest

and natural.

Why had they not trusted him? That was the wail which rose to his lips although it did not pass them. And then the leaves were swiftly changed, and he was aware that they could not trust him because he had no faith in them; because explanation on their part at the time would only have led to new

misunderstanding on his part.

It was pitiful, most pitiful, to learn this now when he was helpless and could do nothing to redeem the past. . . . Redeem the past! Oh! the folly of the wish and the bitterness of it! How easily everything might have been altered; by what imperceptible alips the wrong road had been taken at first and pursued, widening and leading father away from the right at every step until this miserable end was reached.

Then came the cry of the selfish heart. Granting his folly and his madness, why had Fate been so cruel to him as to deny him, until the last moment, the knowledge that the revengeful act he had meditated had been frustrated, and that the friend he would have betrayed had forgiven him? Why had Grizel Graham been rendered speechless to him until now? He could have done so much in the course of these years of torture if—

But there was that terrible "If;" so slight a thing it seemed and yet it had barred him from happiness and hope. It had made his life a wreck, full of remove and vain regret.

The leaves were turned swiftly again and he saw that it was his own blind possion and haste to escape from the shame of his own position which had given the demon "If" power to control his life and turn every endervour away. If he had boldly faced the position which he had himself created; he had remained in Scotland a few weeks—a few days—he might like learned the truth in time to have made his career so different from what it had been. If he had remembered the duty he owed to those who were nearest to him, and stood stoutly by them, that fiery record of heart-burning remorse would never have been written.

He closed his eyes in the vain effort to shut the whole thing out from his mind; but the lines only appeared to become the more distinct, and the phantoms which they con-

jured up the more terrible.

He opened his eyes again and stared at the ceiling, determined that now he should show no cowardice: he would not attempt to run away from his own sin again. He would look it straight in the face and try to master it.

The watchers thought he was resting most satisfactorily, he was so quiet. When his eyes closed, he seemed to alcep; and when they opened again no one observed it.

is John," he said suddenly, reaching out his worn hand to the son who was leaning over the foot of the bed watching him.

Grannie moved in her chair by the side of the invalid and turned her face towards him. It was the first time she had heard him address his son by his Christian name. It was pronounced, too, so distinctly that her heart fluttered with new hope.

Armour hastily advanced and took the extended hand quietly between his own. That seemed to afford the father much

relief.

"You think I am poor, John, You are mistaken. I am rich; I have a legacy to leave you more precious than all the wealth your bank has lost. . . You think I am raving. No, I am speaking calmly and truly: the treasure which I leave you has been purchased by a life of bitter experience, . . . Your mother would have understood me. Will you try to understand me for her sake?"

"I will try."

"Then this is my legacy—have faith in everything and everybody. You will live and die happier if you have faith in men and women, so matter how they may deceive you, than if you have doubted them and wronged them. It is a richer legacy than you can understand if to be at present."

And then he stretched out his disengaged hand, resting I on Grannie's arm, and closed

his eyes.

KEPT IN THE DARK.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER MIX.--DICK TAKES HIS FINAL

think about it. This showed so much anything as to his own letter. expressed himself aloud in the hearing of Dresden, he said. Dick Ross; but without however explaining who the she was, or what the "it" was, or Baronet. indeed in any way asking Dick's opinion on : been wise in the nature of the reply which why." she had given. Had she expressed her warm affection, and at once accepted all that had know so much about it, why has she gone?" been proffered, the gentleman would probably have learnt at once to despise that which had been obtained so easily. As it was he was simply cross, and thought that he had determined to withdraw the proposal. But still the other letter was to come, and Miss Altifiorla's chance was still open to her,

The immediate consequence of these doubts she's gone to do." in the mind of Sir Francis was a postponement of the verdict of banishment which he said Sir Francis, rising in wrath from his chair. had resolved to pronounce against Dick as soon as his marriage with Miss Altifiorla should have been settled. He did not wish to leave himself altogether alone in the world, and if this Dick were dismissed it would be necessary that he should provide himself with another, - unless he were minded to provide himself with a wife instead. He became therefore gradually more gracious after the little speech which has been above given. Dick had understood perfectly who the "she" had been, and what was the "it" intended. As no question had been asked he had made no reply, but he was quite quick enough to perceive the working of the Baronet's mind. He despised the Baronet almost m thoroughly as did Mr. Western. But for certain purposes,-as which he despised himself also, just at present.

own, Dick went into Perth, which was twenty done a more dastardly action." XXIII-48

miles distant from the Baronet's shooting lodge, and returned the same day bringing the postbag with him from a point in the THEN Sir Francis received the reply road at which it was daily left by the postwhich Miss Altifiorla sent to his letter, man. Sir Francis with unusual haste read he was not altogether satisfied with it. He his letters, and among them was one from had expected that the lady would at once Miss Altiforia. But Dick had a budget of have flown into his arms. But the lady news which he was anxious to reveal, and seemed to hesitate, and asked for a week which he did tell before Sir Francis had said There was ingratitude on her part, - was so poor an another friend, one Captain Fawkes, at the acknowledgment of the position which he Lodge with them, and Dick had at first been had offered her, that he was inclined to be restrained by this man's presence. As soon indiguant. "If she don't care about it as he found himself alone with Sir Francis she shan't have it." It was thus that he he began, "Lady Grant has gone off to

"Where did you hear that?" asked the

"They told me so at the club. Everybody the matter. Not the less had Miss Altifiorla in Porth knows that she has gone; -- and

"What business is it of theirs? Since you

"To persuade her brother to come home and take his wife once more. It was a great shame that they should ever have been separated. In fact she has gone to undo what you did. If she can only succeed in making the man know the whole truth about it, free from all lies, she'll do what

"What the devil do you mean by liss?"

"Well; lies mean lies. As I haven't applied the word to any one I suppose I may be allowed to use it and to stand by it. 1 suppose you know what lies mean, and I suppose you are aware that Western has been made to believe lies about his wife."

" Who told them?"

"I say nothing about that," said Dick, "Lies are a sort of thing which are very commonly told, and are ordinarily ascrabed to the world at large. The world never quarrels with the accusation. The world has told most infernal lies = this man about his wife. I don't suppose the world means to call me out for saying as much as that." Then the two remained silent for some moment, and Dick proceeded with his eloquence. "Of course there have been lies, --wretched lies. -the friendship of the Baronet suited him. Had a man, or a woman-it's all one,—gone to that poor creature with a pistol in his hand One morning, for private reasons of his and blown her brains out he wouldn't have "What the mischief do you mean by

that?" said the other.

"I'm not talking about you,—specially. I say lies have been told; but I do not say who has told them. I nather suspect a woman to be at the bottom of it." Sir Francis, who had in his pocket a most tender and loving reply from Miss Altifioria, knew very well who was the lady to whom Dick referred. "That man has been made to believe certain things about his wife which are all lice,-lies from beginning to end."

"He has been made to believe that she was engaged to me first. Is that a lie?"

"That depends on the way in which it was told. He didn't send her home merely for that. I am not saying what the lies were, but there were wicked lies. You sometimes tell me that I ain't any better than another,or, generally, a great deal worse. But I'd rather have blown my brains out than have told such lies about a woman as have been told here by somebody. You ask me what they were saying at the club in Perth. Now you know it pretty well all."

It must be supposed that what had passed at the club had induced Dick to determine that it would no longer become him to remain with Sir Francis as his humble friend. Very evil things had in truth been said of Sir Francis, and they were more than Dick could endure. The natural indignation of the man was aroused, so that by degrees it had come to pass that he hated the Buronet. He had before said very sharp words to him, but had now gone home resolved in his righteous mind to bring things to a conclusion. It matters little in the telling of our story to know what lies Dick did in tinth impute to his friend; but they were of a nature to fill his much with righteons wrath and to produce from him the eloquence above described.

Sir Francis, whose vanity had been charmed by the letter which he kept in his pocket, had already made up his mind to part with Dick. But Dick's words mow spoken left. him no alternative. It was a question with him whether he could not so part with him as to inibet some further punishment. "Why, Dick," he said smiling, "you have broken out quite in a new place."

"I know nothing about that."

taken a lesson in preaching. I never heard you come out so strong before."

"I wish you'd heard what some of those men at Perth said about you.

"And how you answered them, as my friend,"

"As far as I remember I didn't say much myself. What I did say certainly was not in your favour. But I was hardest on that sweet young lady with the Italian name. You won't mind that because you and she are two, now."

"Can you tell me, Ross, how long you

have been eating my bread?"

" I suppose I could."

"Or how much you have drunk of my wine?"

"I haven't made a calculation of that nature. It isn't usual."

"For shooting here, how much have you ever contributed?"

"When I shoot I contribute nothing. All

the world understands that."

"How much money do you owe me?" "I owe you nothing that I've ever pro-

mised to pay."

"And now you think it a sign of a fine gentleman to go and talk openly at a club about matters which you have heard from me a confidence! I don't. I think it a

"A very what, Sir Francis? I have not done as you allege. But you were going to observe a very—; what was it?" It must be here explained that Dick Ross was not a man who feared many things; but that Sir Francis feated much. Dick had little to lose by a row, whereas the Baronet would be injured. The Baronet therefore declined to fill in the epithet which he had omitted. He knew from former experience what Dick would and what he would not bear.

" I don't choose to descend to Dillingsgate," said Sir Francis. "I have my own

ideas as to your conduct."

"Very gentlemanlike, ian't it?" snid Dick, with a smile, meaning thereby to impute it to Sir Francis as cowardice that he was unwilling to say the reverse.

"But, under all the circumstances, it will be quite as well that you should leave the

Lodge. You must feel that yourself."

"Oh; quite so. I am delighted 🔳 think that I shall be able to leave without having had any unpleasant words. Perhaps to-"S ob lliw wortom

" Just as you please,"

"Then I shall be able to add a few glasses "You must have been with the Bishop and to all those buckets of claret which you threw in my teeth just now. I wonder whether any gentleman was ever before asked by another gentleman how much wine he had drunk in his house, or how many dinners he had eaten. When you asked me did you expecture to pay for my dinners and wine?"

Sir Francis refused make any reply to this from the rank. To me these slone are irrequestion. "And when you delicately hinted sistible. Shall I say too that personal appearat my poverty, had you found my finances to be lower than you'd always known them? It disagreeable to be a penniless younger brother. I have found it so all my life. And I admit that I ought to have earned my bread. It would have been much better for me had I done so. People may declare that I am good for nothing, and may hold me up as an example to be shunned. But I flatter myself that nobody has called me a blackguard. I have told no hes to injure men behind their backs ;-much less have I done so to injure a woman. I have sacrificed no girl to my revenge, simply because she has thrown me over. In the little transactions I have had I have always run straight. Now I think that upon the whole, I had better go before dinner and not add anything to the buckets of claret,"

"Just as you please," said Sir Francis. Then Dick Ross left the room and went away to make such arrangements for his departure as were possible to him, and the readers of this story shall see him and hear

him no more.

Sir Francis when he was left alone, took out Miss Altifiorla's letter and read it again. He was a man who could assume grand manners in his personal intercourse with women, but was peculiarly apt to receive impressions from them. He loved to be flattered, and was prone to believe anything good of himself that was said to him by one of them. He therefore took the following letter for more than it was worth.

My DEAR SIR FRANCIS.

"I know that you will have been quite quick enough to have understood when you received my former little scrawl what my answer would be. When a woman attempts to deceive a man in such a matter she knows beforehand that the attempt will be vain: and I certainly did not think that I could succeed with you. But yet a feeling of shainefacedness,—what some ladies consider as modesty, though it might more properly be called mauvaise house,—forced me into tempotary silence. What could I wish better than to be loved by such a one as you? In the first place there is the rank which goes for much with me. Then there the money, which I admit counts for something. I would never have allowed myself to marry even if I had chanced I love a poor man. Then there are the manners, and the peculiar sta- with the letter, and the more delighted as he tion before the world which is quite separate now read it for the third time, "There is

ance does count for much. I can fancy my-self marrying an ugly man, but I can fancy also that I could not do it without something of disgust." Miss Altifiorla when she wrote this had understood well that vanity and love of flattery were conspicuous traits in the character of her admirer. "Having owned so much what there more to say than that I am the happiest woman between the seas?"

The reader must be here told that this letter had been copied out a second time because in the first copy she had allowed the word girl to pass in the above sentence. Something told her that she had better write woman instead, and she had written it,

"What more is there for me to add to the above except to tell you that I love you with all my heart. Months ago,-it seems to be years now,-when Cecilia Holt had caught your fancy, I did regard her as the most fortunate girl. But I did not regard you as the happiest of men, because I felt sure that there was a something between you which would not suit. There is an asperity, rather than strictness, about her which I knew your spirit would not brook. She would have borne the battlings which would have arisen with an equal temper. She can indeed bear all things with equanimity,—as she does her present position. But you, though you would have battled and have conquered, would still have suffered. I do not think that the wife you now desire is one with whom you will have to wage war. Shall I say that if you marry her whom you have now asked to join her lot with yours, there will be no such fighting. I think that I shall know how to hold my own against the world an your wife. But with you I shall only attempt to hold my own by making myself one with you in all your desires and aspirations.

"I am yours with all my heart, and with all my body and soul, "FRANCISCA.

"I say nothing now about the immediate future, but I hope it will please your Highness to visit your most worthy clerical relations in this cathedral city before long. I shall say nothing to any of your clerical relations as to my prospects in life until I shall have received your sanction for doing so. But the sooner I do receive it the better for my peace of mind."

Sir Francis was upon the whole delighted

such an air of truth in every word of it." lt was thus that he spoke to himself about the letter as he sucked in the flattery. It was thus that Miss Altificula had intended that he should receive it. She knew herself too well to suspect that her thatery should fail. Not a word of it failed. In nothing was he more gratified than in her allusions to his matrimonial efforts with Miss Holt. She had assured him that he would have finally conquered that strong-minded young woman, But she had at the same time told him of the extreme tenderness of his heart. He absolutely believed her when she whispered to him her secret,-that she had envied Cecilia her lot when Cecilia was supposed to be the happy bride. He quite understood those allusions in his own pleasures and her assurance that she would never interfere with him. There was just a doubt whether a thing so easily got could be worth the keeping. But then he remembered his cousin and determined to be a man of his word.

CHAPTER XX.-TRE SECRET PSCAPES.

"ALL right. See you soon. Ever yours, F. G." Such was the entire response which Miss Altifiorla received from her now declared lover. Sir Francis had told himself that he hated the bother of writing love-letters. But in truth there was with him also an idea that it might be as well that he should not commit himself to declarations that were in their nature very strong. It was not that he absolutely thought of any possible future event in which his letters might be used against him, but there was present to him a feeling that the least said might he the soonest mended.

Miss Altifiorla when she received the above scrawl was quite satisfied with it. She, too, was cautious in her nature, but not quite so clever as her lover. She did, indeed, feel that she had now caught her fish. She would not let him escape by any such folly as that which Cecilia Holt had committed. The Baronet should be allowed his full swing till she was entitled to call herself Lady Geraldine. Then, penhaps, there might be a tussle between them as to which should have his own way,—or hers. The great thing at present was to obtain the position, and she did feel that she had played her cards uncommonly well as far as the game had gone at present.

But there came upon her an irresist ble temptation to make her triumph known among her friends at Exeter. All her girl friends had got themselves married. There was Mrs. Green, and Mrs. Thome, and Mrs.

Western. Poor Cecilia had not gained much. but still she was Mrs. Western. Miss Altificela did in truth regard herself as Miss Altiforla with but small satisfaction. had her theories about women's rights, and the decided advantages of remaining single, and the sufficiency of a lady to stand alone in the workl. There was probably some vague glimmering of truth in her ideas; some half-formed behef in her own doctrine, But still it had ever been an uncomfortable creed, and one which she was ready to desert at the slightest provocation. Her friends had all described it, and had left her as we say high and dry on the barren bank, while they had been carried away by the fertilising stream, She, too, would now swim down the river of matimony with a beautiful name, and a handle to it, as the owner of a fine family property. Women's rights was an excellent doctrine to preach, but for practice could not stand the strain of such temptation. And, though in boasting of her good fortune, she must no doubt confess that she had been wrong, still there would be much more of glory than of shame in the confession.

It was chance probably that made her tell her secret in the first instance to Mis. Thorne. Mrs. Thome had been Mande Hippesley and was niece to Sir Francis Geraldine. Altificula had pledged hurself to Sir Francis not to make known her engagement at the deancry. But such pledges go for very little. Mrs. Thome was not now an inhabitant of Exeter, and was, so = say, the most bosomfriend left to her,-after her disruption from Mrs. Western. Was it probable that such a secret should be kept from a bosom-friend? Mis. Thome, who had a large circle of friends in the county, would hardly have admitted the claim, but she would be more likely to do so after receiving the intimation. Of course it would be conveyed under the seal of a sacred promise,-which no doubt would be broken as soon as she reached the deanery. On this occasion she called on Miss Altifiorla to ask questions in reference to "poor Cecilia." With herselt, and the Dean and Mrs. Dean there was real sorrow at Cecilia's troubles. And there was also no mode of acquiring true information. "Do tell me something about poor Cecilia," said Mrs. Thorne.

"Poor Cecilia, indeed! She is there all alone and sees almost no one. Of course you've heard that Lady Grant was here."

"We thought it so nice of Lady Grant to come all the way from Scotland to see her aister-in-law."

"Lady Grant of course II anxious III get her

brother to take back his wife. They haven't the grandiloquence which she wished to a great deal of money among them, and when Mis. Holt dies Cecilia's fortune would be a nice addition,"

"I don't think Lady Grant can have

thought of that," said Mis. Thome.

"Lady Grant would be quite prudent in thinking of it and like the rest of the world. Her husband was only a regimental officer in India who got knighted for doing something that came in his way. There isn't any family property among them, and of course she is anxious,"

This solicitude as to "family property" on the part of Miss Altifiorla did strike Mrs. Thorne as droll. But she went on with her

inquatics. "And what is Cerilia doing?" "Not very much," said Miss Alufioria. "What is there for her to do? Poor girl. She has played her cards so uncommonly badly, when she took up with Mr. Western after having been dropped by Sir Francis."

" After dropping Sir Francis!"

Miss Altifiorla smiled. Was it likely that Certin Holt should have dropped Sir Francis? "It doesn't much matter now. If it does her wounded pride good to say so of course she can say it.

"We always believed that it was so at the

deanery."

" At any rate she made a mers of it. And now she has to bear the fortune which her fates have sent her. I own that I am a little auguy with Cecilia, not for having dropped for Francis, as you called it, but for managing her matters so badly with Mr. Western. She seems to me to have no idea of the sort of tiuties which fall to the lot of a wife."

"I should have thought you'd have liked her the better for that," said Mrs. Thorne,

with a smile.

"Why so? I think you must have misunderstood my theory of life. When a woman elects to many, and does so from sheer love and regard for the man, she should certainly make her duty to him the first motive of all her actions."

"What a grand lesson! It is a pity that my husband should not be here to hear it."

"I have no doubt he fittels that you do so." "Or Sir Francis Geraldine. 1 suppose my uncle is still in search of wife, and if he knew where to find such excellent principles he would be able to make his choice. What a joke it would be should he again try his luck at Exeter!

"He has again tried his lack at Exeter," said Miss Altifiorla in a tone in which some slight shade of ridicule was mixed with

assume.

"What on earth do you mean?" said

Mrs. Thorne.

"Simply what I seem to mean. I had not intended to have told you at present, though I would sooner tell you than any person living. You must promise me, however, that it shall go no further. Sir Francis Geraldine has done me the bonous to ask me to be his wife," Thus she communicated her good news; and did so in a tone of voice that was very low, and intended to be humble.

"My uncle going to marry you? Good

gracious!"

"Is it more wonderful than that he should have thought of marrying Cecilia Holt?"

"Well, yes. Not that I know why it should be, except that Cecilia came first, and that you and she were so intimate."

"Was he doomed to remain alone in the workl because of that?" aske! Miss Alti-

"Well, no; I don't exactly mean that.

But it is droll."

"I hope that the Dean and Mrs. Hippesley will be satisfied with his choice. I do particularly hope that all his friends will feel that he is doing well. But," she added, perceiving that her tidings had not been received with any strong expression of family satisfaction-"but I trust that, as Lady Geraldine, I may at any rate be the means of keeping the lanuly together."

There was to Mrs. Thorne almost a joke in this, as she knew that her father did not at all approve of Sir Francis, and was with difficulty induced to have him at the deanery. And she knew also that the Dean did in his heart greatly dishke Miss Altiforla, though for the sake of what was generally called "peace within the cathedral precincts," he had hitherto put up also with her. What might happen in the Dean's mind, or what determination the Dean might take when the two should be married, she could not say. But she felt that it might probably be beyond the power of the future Lady Geraldine " to keep the family together," " Well, I am surprised," said Mrs. Thorne. "And I am to tell nobody."

"I don't see any good in publishing the thing in High Street just at present." Then Mrs. Thorne understood that she need not treat the communication in a strict secret. "In fact, I don't see why it should be kept specially in the dark. Francis has not en-joined anything like secrecy." This was the first time that she had allowed herself the use

of the Baronet's name without the prefix. "When it is to be I have not as yet even begun to think. Of course he is in a hurry. Men, I believe, generally are. But in this case there may be some reasons for delay. Arrangements as to the family property must be made, and Castle Gerald must be prepared for our reception. I don't suppose we can be married just off hand, like some happier folks," Mrs. Thorne did not know whether to take this to herself, as she had been married herself, at last, rather in a scramble, or whether it was intended to apply to poor Cecilia, whose husband, though he was in comfortable circumstances, cannot be said to have possessed family property. "And now. dear," continued Miss Altifiorla, " what ain I to do for bridesmaids? You three have all been married before me. There are his two unmarried sisters of course." Mrs. Thorne was aware that her uncle had absolutely quarrelled with his mother and sisters, and had not spoken to them for years. "I suppose that it will come off in the cathedral, and that your father will perform the coremony. I don't know, indeed, whether Francis might not wish to have the Bishop." Mis. Thorne was aware that the Bishop, who was a strict man, would not touch Sir Francis " But all Geraldine with a pair of tongs. these things will shake themselves down comfortably no doubt. In the meantime I am in a twitter of ecstatic happiness. You who have gone through it all will quite understand what I mean. It seems that as a lover he is the most exigeant of gentlemen. He requires constant writing to, and woe betide me if I do not obey his behests. However, I do not complain, and must confess that I am at the present moment the most happy of young women."

Mrs. Thoms of course expressed her congratulations and took her departure without baving committed herself to a word as to the other inhabitants of the deanery. But when she got to her father's house, where she was for the present staying, she in truth startled them all by the news. The Dean had just come into the drawing-room to have his afternoon tea and a little gossip with his wife and his own sister, Mrs. Forester, from London. "Who do you think is going to be married, and to whom?" said Mrs. Thorne. "I'll give you all three guesses a piece, and bet you a pair of gloves all round that you don't make out."

"Not Miss Altifiorla?" said her mother.

"That's only one. A marriage requires two personages. I still hold good by my bet."

"Miss Altifioda going to be married!" said the Dean. "Who is the unfortunate victim?"

"Papa, do not be ill-natured. Why should not Miss Altifioria be married as well as

another?"

"In the first place, my dear," said Mrs. Forrester, "because I understand that the lady has always expressed herself as being in favour of a single lite."

"I go beyond that," said the Dean, "and maintain that any single life would be preferable to a marriage with Miss Altifiorla,"

"Considering that she is my friend, papa,

I think that you are very unkind."

"But who is to be the gentleman?" asked

her mother.

"Ah, there's the question! Why don't you guess?" Then Mrs. Dean did name three or four of the most unpromising unmanical elderly gentlemen in Exeter, and the Dan, in that spain of satire against his own order which is common among clergymen, suggested an old widowed Minor Canon, who was in the habit of chanting the Litany. "You are none of you near the mark. You ought to come nearer home."

"Nearer home?" and Mrs. Dean with a

look of discomfort in her face.

"Yes, mamma. A great deal nearer

home."

"It can't be your Uncle Septimus," said the Dean. Now Uncle Septimus was the unmarried brother of old Mr. Thorne, and was regarded by all the Thorne family as a perfect model of an unselfish, fine old love-able gentleman.

"Good guatious, no!" said Mrs. Thorne.
"What a horrible idea! Funcy Uncle Septimus doomed to pass his life in company with Mms Altifioria! The happy man in question

----Sir Francis Geraldine."

"No!" said Mrs. Hippestey, jumping from

er scai

"It is impossible," said the Dean, who though he greatly disliked his brother in law still thought something of the family into which he had married and thoroughly despised Miss Altifiorla. "I do not think that Sir Francis could be so silly as that."

"It cannot be," said Mrs. Hippesley.
"What has the young lady done to make

impossible?" asked Mrs. Forrester.

"Nothing on earth," said Mrs. Thome. "She is my special friend and I in my opinion a great deal more than worthy of my uncle Francis. Only papa who dislikes them both would like to make I out that the two of them are going to cut their own throats each by marrying the other. I wish papa

could have heard the way in which she said that he would have to marry them,—unless the Bishop should like to come forward and perform the ceremony."

" I shall do nothing of the kind," said the

Dean angrily.

"If you had heard," continued his daughter,
"all that she had to say about the family name and the family property, and the family grandeur generally, you would have thought her the most becoming young woman in the country to be the future Lady Geraldine."

"I wish you wouldn't talk of it, my dear,"

said Mrs. Hippesley.

"We shall have to talk of it, and had better become used to it among ourselves. I don't suppose that Miss Altifiorla has invented the story out of her own head. She would not say that she was engaged to marry my uncle II it were not true."

"It's my belief," said the Dean getting up and walking out of the room in great anger, that Sir Francis Geraldine will never many

Miss Altifiorla."

"I don't think my brother will ever many Miss Altifiorla," said Mrs. Dean. "He is very silly and very victous, but I don't think he'll ever do anything so bad as that."

"Poor Miss Altifiorla," said Mrs. Thorne

afterwards to her Aunt Foirester.

That same evening Miss Altifiorla feeling that she had broken the ice, and oppressed by the weight of the secret which was a secret still in every house in Exeter except the deanery, wrote to her other friend Mrs. Green and begged her to come down. She had tidings to tell of the greatest importance. So Mrs. Green put on her bonnet and came down. "My dear," said Miss Altifiorla, "I have something to tell you. I am going to be——"

"Not married!" said Mrs. Green.

"Yes, I am. How very odd that you should guess. But yet when I come to think of it I don't know that it is odd. Because after all there does come a time in,—a hady's life when it is probable that she will marry." Miss Altifiorla hesitated, having in the first instance desired to use the word gill.

"That's as may be," said Mrs Green.
"Your principles used to be on the other

side."

"Of course all that changes when the opportunity comes. It wasn't so much that I disliked the idea of marriage for myself, as that I was proud of the freedom which I enjoyed. However that is all over. I am free no longer."

"And who is it | be?"

"Ah, who is it to be? Can you make a guess?"

"Not in the least. I don't know of any-

body who has been spooning you."

"Oh, what a term to use! No one can say that any one ever—spooned me. It is a horrible word. An' I cannot bear hear it fail from my own lips."

"It is what young men do do," said Mrs.

Green.

"That I think depends on the rank in life which the young men occupy;—and also the young women. I can understand that a Bank cierk should do it an attorney's

daughter."

"Well; who is it you are going to marry without spooning, which in my vocabulary is simply another word for two young people being fond of each other." Miss Altifiorla remained silent for a while feeling that she owell it to herself to awe her present companion by her manner before she should crush her altogether by the weight of the name she would have to pronounce. Mrs. Green had received her communication flippantly, and had probably felt that her friend intended to demean herself by some mere common marriage. "Who is to be the happy swain?" asked Mrs. Green.

"Swain!" said Miss Altificala, unable to

repress her feelings,

"Well; lover, young man, snitor, husband as is to be. Some word common on such

occasion will I suppose fit him."

Miss Altifiorla felt that no word common on such occasions would having. But yet it was necessary that she should name him, having gone so far. And, having again been utent for a minute so as to bethink herself in what most dignified language this might be done, she proceeded. "I am to be allied,"—again there was a little pause,——"to Sir Francis Geraldine!"

of the Carlle Takes and the

" Him Cecilia Holt rejected !"

"Him who I think was fortunate enough to escape Cecilia Holt."

"Goodness gracious! It seems but the

other day."

"Cocilia Holt has since recovered from her wounds and married another husband, and is now suffering from fresh wounds. Is it odd that the gentleman should have found some one else to love when the lady has had time not only to love but to marry, and to be separated from another man?"

"Six Francis Geraldine?" ejaculated Mrs. Green. "Well; I'm sure I wish you all the joy in the world. When is it to be?" But

Mrs. Green had so offended Miss Altifiorla by her manner of accepting the news that she could not bring herself to make any further gracious answer. Mrs. Green therefore took her leave and the fact of Miss Altifiorla's engagement was soon known all over Exeter.

CHAPTER XXI.-LADY GRANT AT DRESDEN.

"You have first to believe the story as I tell it you, and get out of your head altogether the story as you have conceived it."
This was said by Lady Grant to her brother when she had travelled all the way to Dresden with the purpose of inducing him to take his wife back. She had come there solely with that object, and it must be said of her that she had well done her duty as a sister. But she found it by no means easy to induce her brother to look at the matter with her eyes. In fact, it was evident to her that he did not believe the story as she had told it-She must go on and din it into his cars till by perseverance she should change his belief. He still thought that credit should be given to that letter from Sir Francis, although he was aware that to Sir Francis himself as a man he would have given no credit whatsoever. It had suited his suspicious to believe that there had been something in common between Sir Francis and his wife up to the moment in which the terrible fact of her ongagement had been made known to him; and from that belief he could not free his mind. He had already been persuaded to any that she should come back to him, -but she should come as a sinner confessing her sin. He would take her back, but as one whom he had been justified in expelling, and to whom he should be held as extending great mercy.

But Lady Grant would not accept of his mercy, nor would she encourage her coming back with such a purpose. It would not be good in the first place for him that he should think that his wifehad been an offender. His future happiness must depend on his fixed belief in her purity and truth. And, as for her,—Lady Grant was sare that no entreaties would induce her would induce her no must that she had been in the wrong. She desired have no pardon asked, but would certainly ask for no pardon

"Why was I that he came, then, to my

house?" asked Mr. Western.

on her own behalf,

Am I, or rather is she, to account for the conduct of such a man as that? Are you to make her responsible for his behaviour?

"She was engaged to him."

"Undoubtedly. It should have been told to you,—though I can understand the reasons which kept her silent from day to day. The time will come when you will understand it also, and know, as I do, how gracious and how feminine has been her silence." Then there came across her brother's face a look of doubt as indicating his feeling that nothing could have justified her silence. "Yes, George; the time will come that you will understand her altogether although you are far from doing so now."

"I believe you think her to be perfect,"

said he.

"Hardly perfect, because she is a human being. But although I know her virtues I have not known her faults. It may be that she is too proud,—a little unwilling, penhaps, to bend. Most women will bend whether they be in fault or not. But would you wish your wife to do so?"

"I, at any rate, have not asked her."

"You, at any rate, have not given her the opportunity. My accusation against you is, that you sent her away from you on an accusation made solely by that man, and without waiting to hear from hersell whether she would plead guilty to it."

"I deny it."

"Yes; I hear your denial. But you will have to acknowledge it, many rate to yourself, before you can ever hope to be a happy man."

"When he wrote to me, I believed the whole story to be a lie from first to last."

"And when you found that it was not all a lie, then it became to you a gospul throughout. You could not understand that the very faults which had induced her to break her engagement were of a nature to make him tell his story untruly."

"When she acknowledged herself to have been engaged to him it nearly broke my

heart."

"Just so. And with your heart broken you would not saft the truth. She had committed no offence against you in engaging herself."

"She should have told me = soon as we

knew each other.

"She should have told you before she accepted your offer. But she had been deterred from doing so by your own revelation to her. You cannot believe that she intended you always to be in the dark. You cannot imagine that she had expected that you should never hear of her adventure with Sir Francis erakling."

"I do not know."

heard it."

"Why did you not tell me, then?"

"Do you suppose that I wished to interfere between you and your wife? Of course I told her that you ought bluew. Of course I told her that you ought to have known it already. But she excused herself, -with great sorrow. Things had presented themselves in such a way that the desired opportunity of telling you had never come."
He shook his head. "I tell you that it was so, and you are bound to believe it of one of whom in all other respects you had thought well; of one who loved you with the fondest devotion. Instead of that there came this man with Ms insidious falsehoods, with his implied lies; this man, of whom you have always thought so badly;—and him you believed instead! I tell you that you can justify yourself before no human being. You were not entitled merendiate your wife for such offence as she had committed, you are not entitled even had there been no mutual affection to bind you together. How much less so in your present condition,—and in hers. People will only excuse you by saying that you were mad. And now in order to put yourself right, you expect that she shall come forward, and own berself to have been the cause of this break. I tell you that she will not do it. I would not even ask her to do it; -not for her sake, nor for your own."

"I am then to go," said he, "and grovel

in the dust before her feet."

"There need be no grovelling. There need be no confessions."

"How then?"

"Go Exeter, and simply take her. Disregard what all the world may say for the sake of her happiness and for your own. She will make no stipulation. She will simply throw herself into your arms with unaffected love. Do not let her have to undergo the suffering of bringing forth your child without the comfort of knowing that you are near to her." Then she left him to think in solitude over the words she had spoken to him.

He did think of them. But he found it to be impossible to put absolute faith in them. It was not that he thought that his sister was deceiving him, that he distrusted her who had taken this long journey great personal trouble altogether on his behalf; but that he could not bring himself to believe that he himself had been so cruel as to reject his

"I had heard it, and she knew that I had gradually come across his mind that I had been most cruel, most unjust,-if he had done so; and to this judgment, passed by himself on himself, he would not submit. In concealing her engagement she had been very wrong, but it must be that she had concealed more than her engagement. And to have been engaged to such a man added much to the fault in his estimation. He would not acknowledge that she had been deceived as to the man's character, and had set herself right before it was too late. Why had the man come to his house and asked for him,—after what had passed between them,—if not in compliance with some understanding between him and her? But yet he would take her back if she would confess her fault and beg his partion,-for then he would be saved the disgrace of having to acknowledge that he had been in fault from the first.

His sister left him alone without saying a word on the subject for twenty-four hours, and then again attacked him. "George," she said, "I must go back to-morrow. I have left my children all alone and cannot

stay longer away from them."

Must you go to-morrow?" he asked.

"Indeed, yes. Had not the matter been one of almost more than life and death I should not have come. Am I to return and feel that my journey has been for nothing?"

"What would you have me do?"

"Return with me, and go at once to Exeter."

He almost tore his hair he is agony as he walked about the room before he replied to her. But she remained silent, watching him. "You must leave me here till I think about

"Then I might as well not have come at

all," she said.

He moved about the room in an agony of spirit. He knew it to be essential to his future happiness in life that he should be the master in his own house. And he felt that he could not be so unless he should be known to have been right in this terrible misfortune with which their married life had been commenced. There was no obliterating it, no forgetting it, no ignoring it. He had in his passion gone away from her, and, passionately, she had withdrawn. Let them not; say a word about it, there would still have been this terrible event in both their memories. And for himself he knew that unless it could be settled from the first that he had acted with justice, his life would be intoleryoung wife without adequate cause. It had able to him. He was a man, and I behoved

and the feeling of having had to be forgiven would not be so severe with her. She, when taken a second time into grace and pardoned, might still rejoice and he happy. But for himself, he reminded himself over and over again that he was a man, and assured himself that he could never lift up his head were he by his silence to admit that he had been

in the wrong.

But still his mind was changed, -- was altoother changed by the coming of his sister. Till she had come all had been a blank with him, in which no light had been possible. He could see no life before him but one in which he should be constantly condemned by his fellow-men because of his cruelty to his young wife. Men would not stop to ask whether he had been right or wrong, but would declare him at any rate to have been stern and cruel. And then he had been torn to the heart by his memory of those passages of love which had been so sweet to him. He had married her to be the joy of his life, and she had become so to his entire satisfaction when in his passion he had sent her away. He already knew that he had made a great mistake. Angry as he had been, he should not have thus sought to He should have known avenge himself. himself better than to think that because she had been in fault he could therefore live without her. He had owned to himself, when his sister had come to him, that he must use her services in getting his wife once again. Was she not the one human being that suited him at all points? But still,—but still his honour must be saved. If she in truth desired come back to him, she would not hesitate to own that she had been in

"What am I to say to her? What message will you send to her? You will hardly let me hack without some word." This was said to him by his sister as he walked about the room in his misery. What message could he send? He desired to return himself, and was willing to do so at a moment's notice if only he could be assured that if he did so she would as a wife do her duty by owning that she had been in the wrong. How should be live with a wife who would always be asserting to herself, and able to assert to him, that this extremity of their trouble he had been the cause of it,-not that she would so assert yet he was resolved to return, and a sale allowed his sister so go back without him But having so

him to have been just. She was a woman, never would there come so fair an opportunity again. "I have done my duty by you," said his nister.

"Yes, yes. I need hardly tell you that I

am grateful to you."

"And now do your duty by her."

"If she will write to me one line to beg me

to come I will do so."

"You have absolutely driven her away from ou, and left her abruptly, so that she should have no opportunity of imploring you to spare her. And now you expect that she should do so?"

"Yes; if she were wrong. own showing she was the first to sin against

"You do not know the nature of a woman, and especially you do not know here. I have nothing further to say. I shall leave this by the early train to-morrow morning, and you can go with me or let me go alone as you please. I have said what I came to say, and if I have said it without effect it will only show me how hard a man's heart may become by living in the world." Then she left him

alone and went her way.

He took his hat and escaped from the Hotel and walked along the Elbe all alone. He went far down the river, and did not return for many hours. At first his thoughts were full of anger against his sister, though he acknowledged that she had taken great trouble in coming there on a mission intended to be beneficent to them both. With the view solely of doing her duty to her brother and to her sister-in-law, she had taken infinite trouble. Yet he was very angry with her. Being a woman she had most unjustly taken the part of another woman against him. Cecilia would have suffered but little in having been forced to acknowledge her great sin. But be would suffer greatly,—he who had sinned not at all,—by the tacit confession which he would be thus compelled to make. It was true that it was necessary that he should return. The happiness of them all, including that unborn child, required it, His sister, knowing this, demanded that he should sacrifice himself in order that his wife might be indulged in her pride. And yet he knew that he must do it. Though he might go to her in silence, and in silence renew his married life, he would by so doing confess that he had been wrong. To such confession he should not be driven. In the very gall of aloud, but that the power of doing so would bitterness, and with the sense of injustice be always present to her and to him? And strong upon him, her did resolve that yet he was resolved to return, and if he would return to Bittend with his sister. with his wrath hot

against Lady Grant, his mind gradually engaged to the man she had never taken which had driven him to fury;-that she should have so looked in those very days in which she had gazed into his own.

Could it be that though she had been with his sister.

turned to Cecilia and her condition. How delight in so gazing at him? That girl whom sweet would it be to have her once again he had thought to make his wife, and who had sitting his table, once again leaning on so openly jilted him, had never understood his arm, once again looking up into his face him as Cecilia had done, -had never looked with almost comical doubt, seeking to find in at him as Cecilia had looked. But he, after his eyes what answer he would best like her he had been so treated, - happily so treated, to make when referring her for some de- had certainly never desired ever to see the cision. "It your opinion that I want," he girl. But this wife of his, who was possessed would say. "Ah! but if I only knew yours of all the charms which a woman could own, I should be so much better able to have one of whom he acknowledged to himself day of my own." Then there would come a look after day that she was, as regarded his taste, over her face which almost maddened him peerless and unequalled, she after breaking when he thought that I should never see it from that man, that man unworthy to be again. It was the idea that she who could called a gentleman, still continued to hold so look | him should have looked with the intercourse with him! Was it not clear that same smile into the face of that other man she had still remained on terms of intimacy with him?

> His walk along the Elbe was very bitter, but yet he determined to return I England

THE GRACE OF CHRIST A LAW OF CONDUCT.

BY R. W. DALE, M.A. (BIRKINGHAM).

THERE is nothing so contagious as a heights to the infirmities and sorrows and every ago men have been caught in the but it also lies at the foundation of Chrisswept away from the narrow interests of their doubted, forgotten, and world loses the personal life into the ocean of a boundless springs of a moral inspiration which rencharity. The words of Tiburzio to Luria ders possible the most generous forms of in Robert Browning's noble poem—words goodness. For what we all need is, not in which the Pisan general describes the merely a clear knowledge of duty, but that worth a nation of a man of heroic good-vigour of moral purpose, that intensity of ness-illustrate the philosophy of Christian moral enthusiasm, which will not merely morals :-

"A people is but the attempt of many Is fise to the completer like of one; And those who live as models for the mass Anvingity of more value that they allowed in man any you, and anch a time is thus, assay you not concern; a metion manter Than its apparent walfare.

For eighteen hundred years the Christian its hope and III its glory, in "the attempt of

an infinite love deal

great example. Christian morals have temptations of the common life of mankind. their root and inspiration in Christ Himself There are great religious reasons which rather than in His isolated precepts. In invest this truth with infinite importance; glorious and mighty currents of His infinite tian morals. Let the descent of Christ from love for the human race, and have been His eternal throne for art takes be denied, enable us to master temptations to indolence and selfishness, but which will raise us to lofty moral levels where these temptations will not be able to assault us.

The story of one man's heroism makes a thousand heroes. The story of the grace of Christ who, though He was rich, yet for our Church has found its unity, its vigour, all sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might become rich, has filled the many to rise to the completer life," of Him heart of Christendom with floods of compaswho revealed once the righteourness and sion for human want and pain and misery. love of God, and the true ideal of human. It has built thousands of hospitals for the sick, thousands of asylums for the aged, for Men need not wonder that we care so orphans, for those who have been suffering much for the great truth that Christ was the from every description of misfortune and eternal Son of God, which the impulse of desolation. It has constrained millions from Divine unknown men and women who were poor

magnitude of the claims of the friendless, the They were to suffer loss that they might serve desolate, the oppressed, on the help and others. service of those who are happier than themsions by which we are environed, it is exertthe race in the present moment than it has will of God which received so noble an expression in the incarnation, the miracles, last be done on earth even as it is done in heaven.

The grace of Christ is to be a law of to enrich other men. Christian conduct. Grace transcends love. For in loving others we may be only meeting care for most? their claims upon us; and grace passes beyond all claims. It does more than fulfit the law. It accepts sacrifices which the law could not impose; it confers benefits which the law could not award.

Paul, after his manner, made the grace of Christ a reason for Christian generosity. The Christians in Jerusalem and its neighbourhood were suffering from great poverty; and he asked the Churches in remote heathen cities to contribute towards their rollef. Although the Jewish Christians had not shown a brotherly spirit to himself or to those whom he had converted from heathenism, he might have obtained help for them by appealing in the common human sympathies of his Gentile converts. The sense of Christian brotherhood, affectionate veneration for the Church of Jerusalem, many of the members of which had been the personal friends of the Lord Jesus Christ, tion of the Divine love for the human race. Christ a law of conduct? Christ was rich and for our sakes became

themselves become still poorer, in order be in us; and therefore the Christians to relieve the greater wretchedness of others. Corinth were to send money melieve their If ever I lose heart when I think of the Christian brethren in Jerusalem and Judæa.

We have better wealth-all of us-than selves-if I begin to fear that men will be money; and the voluntary poverty of Christ too selfish to discharge obligations so im- for our sakes to have far more important mense, and demanding such enormous self- effects on character and conduct than the sacrifice-my courage returns when I think creation of a disposition to give money for the of Christ. I know that the story of His relief of poverty and suffering. There is a grace will continue to inspire the hearts of selfishness of a more subtle kind than that men through future conturies, it has in- which makes us keep a tight hand on our spired them in centuries gone by. I see silver and gold. The giving of money may that, notwithstanding the intellectual confe- be the discipline of a loftier kind of generosity; but in some cases it seems to be ing a greater power on the moral life of made a substitute for the nobler service. was not mere money that Christ gave when ever exerted before. I believe that the He became poor to enrich the human race; and if the power of His example and Ilis spirit rests upon us we shall give, and give the sufferings, and the death of Christ will at freely, what we value infinitely more than money. It is a law of the Christian life that we should impoverish ourselves in many ways

What, then, is our wealth—the wealth we

There are some to whom the refined and gracious habits of a cultivated life are far more precious than gold. They were fortunate in being born of intelligent and gentle parents. They received an education which not only informed and disciplined their mind, but which preserved and confirmed the traditions of their home. They are offended and pained by coarseness of nature and roughness of speech, as the ear of a musician is offended and pained by a voice out of tune, or the eye of a painter by bad drawing and harsh contrasts of colour. The delicacy, purity, and refinement of nature which came to them by the felicity of their birth and early training are not to be bought with money, and are not always transmitted with inherited wealth. Rich men may purchase luxury and splendour, and may fill their houses with the beautiful creations of art; but that nameless, indefinable grace of which I am speaking is might have strengthened natural pity for not sold in any market, and those who possess human suffering, and led the converts to the it are conscious of its absence in the vulgar Christian faith at Corinth and elsewhere to rich as well as in the vulgar poor. respond in his appeal. But to give fire and distinction which, if they could, they would energy to their generosity, he reminded them not sell for all " the wealth of Ormuzd or of of the most glorious and sublime manifesta- Ind." How are they to make the grace of

I have known educated and refined Chris-The infinite grace revealed in the tian women who have made friends, not incarnation to revealed in Christian merely of the gentle poor, but of those who conduct. The mind that was in Christ is to had been born in rough homes, who had women to spend all their leisure with people refined nature, living in refined homes, the wealth of life consists largely in the advantage and happiness of congenial society. There a loss of enjoyment, and of something more than enjoyment, in intimate association with persons whose minds have never been cultivated, whose moral tastes are coarse, whose manners are ungentle. And is one of the most beautiful and effective ways of imitating Christ to accept this voluntary poverty for His sake, to part with the wealth which we most value for the sake of enriching those who are wholly destitute of it.

It seems to be thought that rough uncultivated men and women, if only they want to do good, are likely to be of more service than the refined and educated to people who are coarse and ignorant. Thank God, it is possible for everybody that really cares for others to do them good; and it is wonderful how much good may be done by those whose knowledge is very small, whose powers are very limited, and whose education has been altogether neglected. But those who have been more fortunate have within their reach an exceptional kind of service. Let me illustrate what I mean.

Societies have been sormed in several parts of England for diffusing a delight in beauty among those whose lives are enparts of great towns; they cover with pleasant decoration the bare and hideons walls of school-rooms, and mission-rooms, and private houses; they send bright flowers for people living in close and gloomy courts put on their window-sills. The Kyrle Societies seem in me to be doing a very kindly service. But the noblest works of art are not in marble or on canvas; the loveliest music is not heard **concerts** or the Opera; and there is something fairer than any flower that ever blossomed under southern skies. In a cultivated, refined, and gracious man or woman there is a charm, a spell, a beauty of a diviner order. Take the brightness, the music, the perfume of your gentle brother or a sister; talk to them, remember- sun is rising and filling the east with the fresh

been always surrounded by rough people, ing that they, too, are God's children, that and who, not by their fault but by their perhaps they are trying to do His will as misfortune, were rough themselves. It would far as they know it, and that at last He may have been much pleasanter to these Christian receive them home with words of welcome and joy. To them your life a song, let of another kind. To men and women of them listen to it; a poem, let them read it; a picture, let them see its form and colour : a flower, for a little time let the brightness and the sweetness of it be theirs. Make your vinit to them as charming as possible. Let me ask the ladies who may read these pages not to put on their plainest and shabbiest dresses when they go into their "districts." If the weather is fine wear a pretty dress, a dainty bonnet, and gloves of which you would not be ashamed when you visit your friends. If you must wear out dresses which are a little dingy let them be worn when the houses of rich people, who see bright pretty things every day. Be courteous to the poor, and make your visit delightful to them.

It is not always pleasant work. You will have to breathe an ungenial atmosphere; and as the plants when transferred from your gardens and green-houses to the narrow street and the close court, where the air I foul with smoke, are conscious that their very life touched, so you with your delicate ways will be conscious of a certain pain and loss. But how are these brothers and sisters of ours to be led to higher levels of life except by service of this kind? And the service will lead you into a deeper knowledge of the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ. A morning spent among the poor and the miserable will sometimes teach you more about Christ than man' mornings spent in vironed by unlovely conditions. They church—will give you clearer, closer give concerts of good music in the poorer vision of His love for us, and will enable you to trust in His love with a firmer and happier confidence.

There is another way in which many of us may fulfil the law of Christ. Whether we are rich or poor, cultivated or uncultivated, our pleasant friends are among our most precious wealth. I mean the friends who exhibirate us, increase our courage, reinforce our strength when we are tired of life, and soothe and quiet us when we are restless and agitated. Most of us know people of a different sort; people who, not intentionally, but under the influence of some evil fate, always remember the things which it would be pleasant I forget, and always speak of the things about which we wish they would and delicate life into the homes of people be silent; people who have a talent for who are coarse in their habits, and whose misery—who are miserable themselves and words are rude; sit down with them as a make other people miserable; who when the

pure light of the dawn look westwards, where necklace gives some women less happiness departed day, arctic winter without even an arctic summer. for when they have had six months of darksix months of pale sunlight which follow, they escape in the south pole to get another six months of darkness there.

We must carry our own light and fire into their darkness and cold. People of this kind are to be found among those who have wealth as well as among those who have none; whereever they are found they are really the most destitute and miserable of mankind. perhaps the destitute and miserable rich are the more pitiable. They have luxurious dinners, but their intellect and heart are starved; they have company at their table, but they are without friends; they have music about them, but no music in their hearts; pictures on their walls, but they have no forms of beauty in their fancy, no golden splendour, no romance, no mystery, no grace.

They are in want of something that it is harder to give them than money, of something that is more rare even in the worst times, of something that we are more reluctant to part with. There must be a real impoverishment of ourselves if we are to enrich them. We must lose part of our own vital force if we are to endure, even for a little while, the chill and the gloom in which they are always living; we must burn up some of the fuel which might keep ourselves warm m give them warmth; we must be de te fabula narratur. fretted by their fretfulness, and depressed by their depression. There is a conscious loss of life when we are in contact with them. Virtue goes out of us at their touch. To be with them for an hour involves a lowering of our intellectual and moral temperature. But submit to this loss in order to cheer and to animate them, is to accept the grace of Christ **a** law of conduct.

We must impoverish ourselves in other ways if we are to imitate our Lord. To some people—and the number increases every year -delight in intellectual pursuits, in science, art, in literature, is one of the most precious of all kinds of wealth. An additional five per cent. on their investments gives some men less happiness than the effort to master

the heavy clouds of night are still hanging in than a new and noble poem. I sometimes funereal gloom, and who when the west wonder whether intellectual covetousness burning with the gorgeous splendours of will be as unfriendly to real in the public sunset look eastwards where the grey twilight service and in the work which, by way of ascending like the shadowy ghost of the distinction, we call religious, as covetousness They always walk on the of a baser sort. "How hardly shall they shady side of the street. Their life an that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!" Covetousness of all kinds ■ idolatry. Some men who have to pay a very light ness at the north pole, instead of taking the income-tax are in just as much danger from their "riches" as men who have to return their income in five figures. Even those of us who are far enough from having anything that can be described as intellectual wealth are not safe.

> I should like to illustrate this danger; but in a kindly notice of a volume which I published a year or two ago, the writer complained that my illustrations were "pro-vincial." The complaint was a just one. Human life, as I know it, is the life of Birmingham manufacturers, merchants, and tradesmen, and of Birmingham workingpeople who work in iron, and brass, and tin, who make pens, and guns, and jewellery, hardware of all sorts, and beautiful things in silver and gold. When I think of human life I think of it in the forms which it assumes among the people with whom I have lived for more than thirty years. I think of the troubles and temptations which come to them in their trade, and of their keen interest in public affairs. And if I am to illustrate the dangers of intellectual covetousness I cannot illustrate them from the life of literary or fashionable people in London, or from the life of ladies and gentlemen living in pleasant country houses. I must take the material which lies under my hand. Mutato nomine,

For a man who has a keen delight in literature, and who can snatch only an hour or two now and then for reading, it is not a pleasant thing on a winter's evening, when he happens to be at leisure, and when he might have two or three hours of perfect happiness with a poet, with an historian, with some master of philosophy, or with some charming essayist—it is not, I say, a pleasant thing for him to leave his warm room and his books, and to walk a mile or two through the damp and cold, be present u a meeting of the "eight hundred," or to speak for a municipal candidate in a noisy Ward meeting, or to attend a Ward committee. Il is not a pleasant thing for such a man to give a couple of hours to a hospital meeting some new department of science; a diamond in the morning, or two or three hours to a delightful book on the history of Art. For the sake of increasing the wealth of other men. a Sunday-school teacher to give up an evening every week for the preparation of his lessons instead of attending a class in some science which he interested, for the conductor of a Band of Hope to make a similar sacrifice, requires a real and vigorous moral effort.

In the case of hundreds and thousands of us, in every part of the country, one public claim after another interferes with intellectual We miss the opportunity of cultivation. adding to our knowledge; we lose what we once knew. We are humbled when we are with men and women who have not been called to the service which we have endeavoured to render to others, or who have declined it, and who have been able to accumulate an intellectual wealth, which is in vivid contrast to our own poverty. Perhaps we think that our native powers were not inferior to theirs, that we had an equal passion for intellectual achievement, and are capable of an equal industry. If it happens that they assume airs of superiority, it is hardly possible for us not resent the assumption, although in our better moments we are conscious that their superiority is indisputable, and that their intellectual resources are really larger and more varied than our own. But that is a noble poverty which comes upon men as the result of the free and voluntary service which they have rendered to the ignorant, the suffering, and the wretched—to their town, to their country, and to the Christian Church. It involves no disgrace. The poverty is real; there is folly in the refusal to recognise it; but it is a poverty which brings us into closer fellowship with Christ, who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we, through His poverty, might become rich.

I do not mean that young men and women should let the golden years of youth slip by without a serious attempt to carry on the studies which were only begun school, and

meeting of the School Board in the after. himself-at which the claims of our own moon, knowing that after dinner he will be intellect must give place to the claims of obliged to work off the business letters of human want and misery. We must consent the day, instead of being free to read some to be intellectually impoverished ourselves for

> The law extends to a still higher province of human life. It requires us to sacrifice religious advantages for the sake of others. There may be a certain selfishness in the hunger for religious knowledge and religious enjoyment, as well as in the cultivation of the intellect, in the pursuit of social pleasures, and in dealing with money. Whatever may be said about the worthlessness of sermons, and the dulness of public worship, there are large numbers of people who listen to preaching with keen interest, and to whom the sermons and worship of Sunday are the strength and joy of life. But their true place on Sunday may not always be at church, but me the bedside of a parent, a child, a friend, a man that works with them in the same warehouse, or a neighbour living in the same street. If they make the grace of Christ the law of conduct they may have to watch by the sick when they would like to be worshipping God. Or, perhaps, their true place is with some aged person, weary of the monotony of living week after week in the same room, and weary of almost unbroken solitude; or, perhaps, with husbands, brothers, wives, of whom they can see little during the week, who will not come with them to worship, whose affection they are losing and whose happiness they are marring, while enriching their own religious life. Every one must judge for . uself.

Or perhaps they could give more to others by mission work, or school work, on Sunday evenings than they could gain for themselves by listening to sermons and joining in prayer and song. The work involves a real loss to those who engage in it—a loss of religious knowledge and of the religious refreshment which would make life easier and brighter. But if the sacrifice is made under the inspiration of a desire to serve others, it is a part of that imitation of Christ which is the law of the Christian life.

Of the more heroic forms which the law is to acquire some knowledge of the glorious illustrated—of the courage and self-devotion literature which is the noble inheritance of those who, at the impulse of love for of all Englishmen. For the sake of doing Christ and mankind, leave home and counmore effective work in future years, as well try and friends, the refinements and the inas for the sake of their own intellectual culti-tellectual excitements of civilised life, the vation, they ought to avail themselves of noble virtues and the sacred purity of Christhose means of intellectual improvement tian society, in order to live among heathen which are within their reach. But there is and barbarous people, I will say nothing. a point—every one must determine it for They have heard a diviner voice than mine; point of my paper-that Christ is our example. that we should walk in His steps.

and they know the secret the voluntary According to the measures of our strength we poverty of Christ as I cannot know it. But are to imitate the infinite grace which, for to the imitation of Christ all Christian people our take, brought Him from heights of are called; and in all human conditions it is divine majesty in the weakness, the poverty, possible translate into conduct the law and the suffering which had become the of Christian perfection. It mot merely in inheritance of the human race. In His the virtues of His human life this is the incornation He has given us an example

A SONG OF OLD AGE.

By PROVESSOR JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

SING me a song of old age, When the blood no longer is boiling. When beaviness drags the limbs, And the arm is wearled with tolling.

Not with blare of the trump, Lond wers, and masterful slaughters; But sing me a song of sweet peace, To the hum of low-marmuring waters.

Sing me a song where I sit, Where the breath of summer is blowing. And, dappled with vegetive gold, The soft, grean grass is growing

Bing me a song on the skirt Of the brown fer-stretching mountain, Where the birch-tree droops O'er the trickling grace of the focatain-

Where roses, the white and the rad, Like happy sisters together, Ramble up hill and down dale, And spread their semies to the weather.

Sing me a song of old age, Not wildly and wantonly sweeping Over the limits of sense, With proud self-confident leaping;

Not in a thunder-car With Jove's red lightning flaring, Measuring measureless space With thoughts that revel in during.

But sing me a song like the brook That through the grees les wanders From grassy bend w bend, With lightly twined meandess-

A song of homellest things, Familiar, fond, and commonWild flowers, eyes of children. And smiles of gracious woman !-

Things that gently slide, In hows of happy musing. Into the home of thought Without the pain of choosing.

Sing of the time when men Looked forth on the young creation, Young and fresh with wonder, and love, And strong veneration;

Feeling the might of the gods That with glory and terror confound us, Weaving a mystical chain Of elecpless miracles round us;

Stirring our hearts with (houghts That kinship claim with the Highest, Laying as low with a word When the votce goes furth-Thou dust ?

Sing me a song of the time When hymns and songs were the teachers, And sun, and moon, and stars Were God's own bright-eyed preachers.

Better to worship the spheres As they wheel their courses benignly, Then nothing in nature to own That works with window divinely.

Better to worship the streams With bounty emberant flowing, Then told in a blind mechine Nor love nor hierty knowing.

Sing we a song of repose That delights worship and wonder, Feeling a God in the bloom . Of the flower, and the voll of the thunder.



bing me a song of the sabbath
When the cases of the hour are sheeping
And torkome mortals bright feast
Of hope for the future are keeping....

A song of the general Church,
Where tich and poor togethe.
They 'neath a gilded dome,
Or on slope of the purple heather.

There in memory mild

Let the patriarch families gather,
Cucling with me the thione

Of the great all-bountaful Father.

Names of hoary renown

That blazon the roll of the agen—
Warnors, kings, and statesmen,
Poets, and prophets, and sages,

XXII—49

Men, the leaders of men,
The wise, the vibint-heuted,
Who muched in glory through life,
And in trails of glory departed.

These I would have while I live

I or guidance and fellowship near me;
Thise when I die with words

Of proved old wisdom to choose me!

(rice me—oh, give me, dear God ¹
Nor power, nor honour, nor riche-,
Nor power and splendour of life,
Lint discles the crowd and bewatches;

But give me the words of the wise,

And the words of earth's beautiful daughters,

To weare me a song of old age

By the ham of low-mamming waters.

JOHN HUNTER OF CRAIGCROOK.

Milit further Extracts from his Piery.

By WALTER C. SMITH, D.D.

UR former extracts from Mr. Hunter's diary told comparatively little about the man himself, having chiefly to do with his friends Carlyle and Leigh Hunt, in whose presence of course the quiet Edinburgh writer in the Signet was a good deal overshadowed. Yet it would be hardly fair to show him only in this light, or rather in this shadow, as if were only notable in virtue of the sort of company he kept. Therefore it seems right to dip again into those slim little volumes, and see if we cannot get a somewhat clearer idea of one who was certainly worth knowing for his own sake. It I true that he never "came is the footlights" on any kind ill public stage; the more is the pity, for we have met with almost no one, in our day, who had more largely the gift of real wisdom. Wit, humour, poetic sensibility, and fine culture were his; but above all he was wise with a serene and lofty wisdom; not the mere worldly kind, though he could handle the world's affairs too shrewdly enough, but that higher wisdom whose judgment in all matters, whether practical or spiritual, was felt by some of us to be like an unerring divine instinct. Therefore men of all kinds, in all sorts of troubles, took counsel with him, and when they differed from him, had commonly a presentiment that they would turn out to be wrong.

Perhaps it was owing to this wisdom, but I used rather m think that it was owing to the extreme culture which had made him over-nice and fastidious, and so balanced all his powers as to result in pure vis inertie; but Whatever the reason was, he never could be persuaded to set down in writing what flowed so richly from his lips, Except a slim little volume of sonnets, and these mostly belonging his earlier years, printed nothing, and even that he never published. A few chosen friends got copies of it, with strict injunction to let it go no farther, and commonly a joke that sonnets were the product might hear his kindly dogmatism and brilliant of mental congestion, profitable only for the relief they gave the sufferer. We give a sample of these, though certainly it does not the heart of them. Long may be continue at indicate what manner of man he was, nor once to irritate and instruct the nation which perhaps was verse his natural utterance, he loves so well, and which is so proud of much as he loved poetry, and fine as were him. There also one got to know Alexander his perceptions alike of its music and Smith and Sydney Dobell and Gerald Mas-

beauty.

WORDSWORTH.

MURDSWORTH.

Breeding with fondars love of rheman life,
And nurang—mid the tomult and the string.
The pain, prof. sin, and multiplied distress,
and all the million agenies that press
Upon the soal—those loops and joys and truths
Whose influence strengthens, elevates, and acothers,
And has thus a compacing calm of streaty black
the beart of man, and wreathen it round
With these immortal flowers, whose gentle breath
Whiteper's of finer worlds that are their beaut.
Whiteper's of finer worlds that are their beaut,
And whose manufacture, too bright for death,
Wetness from the all of tight they come;
Sand whose manufacture and the property of the strength of the stren

It was in the higher philosophy and criticism, however, that his friends looked for him to do anything considerable, for he had read largely and thought deeply on these subjects, and was an acknowledged power in the literary circles of Edinburgh. When the history of the literary activity of the Scottlish capital during his time shall come to be written-end though its products are in quantity small, it well deserves to be written-John Hunter's name will have an interesting place in it. Jeffrey and Cockburn and Wilson belong to the greater age of Scott; but if that which followed presents only the gleanings of a field whose rich harvest had already been reaped, yet those gleanings are worth gathering; for they have some pickles of the finest wheat, and the green-ivied tower of Craigcrook under the hill still, as in Jeffrey's days, drew to it the wit and wisdom of the time. There one met Dr. John Brown -dear old "Rab," heir of a race who are all dear to Scotland, and one whose delicate and dainty humour was but as the ripple on the surface of a great deep wherein lay many treasures of precious thought. He has passed away, the one "bright particular star" of Scottish literature to-day-a star which of late years was often clouded over, but now for us at least it is darker than ever-dark alas, for ever. There, too, one might often see the grey-haired juvenility of Professor Blackie, beautiful to look on as a Greek statue, and entravagance, and manifold audacities, which always, however, had a kernel of good sense in sey-the young school of poets whom Aytoun

thought he had snuffed out with his ciever " Firmillian." But Smith and Dobell, though they were still only in the simile-and-metaphor stage of poetry, ransacking the universe for the prettiest flowers with which to adom their calico thinking, had that in them which would not have been easily snuffed out had time only been given them | let their roots get a firm grip of mother carth. Aytoun himself was rarely, if ever, a visitor at Craigerook, where the most effective rhetoric was not esteemed so highly as the most defective genius; and yet the author of "Ta Fairshon" had genius too of a kind. I do not know why, but it was not a great haunt of the artists who were then forming the Scottish school, though their work met with due appreciation there, and though they are as a class the most agreeable companions. But all the men of promise in philosophy and acience—like Samuel Brown, and Edward Forbes, and Patrick Macdongal -and unhappily they none of them lived exactly to fulfil the splendid promise of their youth-found their way to Craigerook, and had their genius duly recognised. And men of true genius they were, every one of them, though it was not given them to work out in detail the work so nobly planned, envious death cutting them down ere the bloom had come to fruit, taking the best and leaving only the poorest to tell what was in those days.

But enough of these memories, of which I was not a great part, for I only came in at the end when the play was about played out, Hunter's diary mentions only one other visit London, and then he did not meet with Carlyle, but only with Hunt. I have searched through a carefully for any account of his various interviews with Charles Lamb, whose quaint oddities used brighten many an after-dinner half-hour. But he had apparently kept no record of them, for they belonged, of course, an earlier period than this diary touches on; and I unfortunately took no notes at the time, and cannot now trust the blurred pages of memory. The last meeting with Leigh Hunt of which any account given was in February, 1842, and we may complete the series by giving it here.

"Weir and I set off to call for Heat, who is now living at 32 or 33, Edwarde's Place, Kensington, in a small, but very nice, house having a pleasant prospect of green fields and trees from the front windows. I was agreeably disappointed to find his minege so much improved in every way, and particularly in the air of cleanness and comfort which perveded the dwelling." (Poor Hunt! it was a general flowery and Exu-de-Cologne unitidiness he lived smong). "We were shown into his study, which is now competed and tolerably furnished. There are four small snager."

of hoolehelves sently arranged, each crowned with a good best or cast, and all filled with the most choice and readable books. Among others I noticed the Parmano Ibiliano, Tasso, Ariseto, the 'Arabian Nights,' 'Horace Walpole's Correspondence' (got for reviewing, however, as appears), Wordsworth, Shelley, Thomson, Shakespeare, Webster, Peele, several volumes of old Franch Fableaux, Marot, Spenser, Peops, &c. His wile's bust of Shelley is set on a pedestal at one side of the centre range of shelves, and there is a female bust to answer on the where, and never is a resulte best to invery on the other, though I know not of whom, and forgot to sak. There are also some goodish prints " (Hunter was a great print-collector, and rather a judge), "one of Correggio's Magdalen, and a wonderfully good lithograph of Raphael. After we had sat a few minutes, and so had an opportunity of congratulating ourselves on the improved aspect of his domesticities, he came in in a morning dress, looking somewhat pale from his recent indisposition, but, on the whole, much better and fresher that I had been prepared to expect, Indeed, his health is now almost quite restored, and he told me that he had fairly begun to write again, and that he could get on as well as ever. He received we with even more than his wonted cordiality, saying he had begun to fear (from my not having called when last in town) that I had altogether deserted when hast in town; then now told him that could never be the case. We sat down by the fire together and had a long said delightful clust of more than two hours, in which he displayed his wonted vivacity and graceful case, rambling from theme to theme; as casual associations led us forward, and adorning every casual associations led us forward, and addrawing every thing he touched with some gleam of fancy, or subtle play of thought, and ever and anon bringing out with his peculiar power the hidden channs which lurk even in the most supromising topics. I was very glad to hear from him that Macaulay, who lately reviewed his Lives of Wycherley, Vanburgh, Congreve, and Farquhar, had sought but acquaintance, and shown him the greatest kindness. He had, as Hunt candidly confessed, "opened both his heart and his pure to him." Among other filendly acts, he had introduced and recommended him to h nice (the editor of the and recommended him to h nice (the editor of the Edinburgh Review), for whom cordingly Hunt has lately written several articles which have been well received, and the profits of which have relieved him fectived, and the promes of which have removed more from some very pre-sting difficulties. He mentioned two of the papers he has contributed to the review, neither of which, however, I have thoroughly read; via. a review of 'Peppy,'s Diany,' and one of 'The Lives of the Colmans.' I had glassed over the former of them some time ago in the Signet Library, and told him that shis me the first inclunes in which I had read that this was the first instance in which I had read over two sentences of his without detecting him. He accounted for this by saying he had been obliged, deference to Napier, 🖪 throw off all his individualities, and assume the proper dignity and high judicial tone of an Ediabargh Reviewer. This he found at first excessively cumbrum and constraining, and more than once 'he leapt like a hand-wolf into his natural wildness,' and gave occasion for certain remonstrances widness, and gave occasion for certain remonstrances from Rapier, of which he gave me some amusing specimens. The latter, on one occasion, went so far as to write, saying it would be a great advantage if he would try to get a decent style, which Hunt at first misisteepreted into an objection on the score of sawafs, which was altogether incomprehensible to him, successful has been get to Meerst alip of that meets well has been given by the state to Meerst alip of that out; until he showed the letter to Macaulay, who burst nto a long fit of laughter, and applicated. I was deinto a long fit of laughter, and explained. I was de-lighted to find, in the course of our gossiping talk, that he concurred with me in thinking that Horace Walpole had been greatly underrated, both as to heart

and head, and that great injustice had been done to him by all his recent critics. In proof of his entire concurrence with my views on this subject, he presented me with a prior which he had written some time ago in a periodical work, since extinct (poor blunt's periodical had a trick of becoming extinct) retiring first for a few minutes to put a very kind mescription on the paper, thus—'A bit of Leigh Hunt for one who is kind enough to like any effusion of his oden John Hunter.' I forgot to say that he is still the tenter-hooks about his play, which was long since senter-notes about his play, which was song since accepted at Covent Garden, but the performance of which has been repeatedly postpound. He says he has written the latter part of it four timer over, to meet their views; and the vazation and agony which he suspense he was kept in occasioned, and the difficulty of altering and tinkering were the true causes of his illness. It is quite certain that it must be acted now, as they have given him \$100 to account."

Alas! the play which Carlyle praised, and Covent Garden accepted did not "astonish him by a prodigious success;" and friends like Macaulay had still to "open their hearts and their purses" | the unfortunate author.

As I have said, Hunter did not call on Carlyle ■ this time, nor does he personally appear any more in this diary. But there are repeated references to his works, some of which may be worth quoting by the way. During this very visit to London he writes :--

"Carlyle, they tall me, is now heartily at work on the English Revolution (Rebellion), and as was to he espected, making a god, or at least a Messiah, of Cromwell. It is cartainly a pity he is so food of the strong and the hot in the mouth, in comparison with the screen and the contemplative in human thought and character. But 1 have long thought and said that they is a great defect in his print or research the that there is a grand defect in his wind as regards the imaginative power, and he is totally destitute of the sense of beauty, outward or inward. Hence his tendency to strong excitoments, his love of cayeane, his admiration and sympathy for the Mirabeaus, Mahomets, Dantes, in preference to the Wordsworths, Miltons, Shakespesses, not to mention a name which he is but too upt to profuse by in everent juxtaposi-tions. The only thorough exception to this usual tendency of his is his worship of Goethe, who is containly a plastic artist (and nothing else) and the auti-podes of mare strength and power" (Hunter came to think somewhat differently of Goethe when he know him better). "And I campt help agreeing with Craik that Carlyle's early familiarity with the apostle (not to call him, as Carlyle does, the Meniah) of Germany has had a beneficial influence on his mind in some respects, by checking and keeping down his natural coarseness, and giving him glimpses at least of the higher realms of contemplative art than he might otherwise have attained. . . . Catyle is blind and deaf on one side of his head, the side that should be turned upwards for 'the music of the spheres.' His will is at once too powerful, and always in excited otlon, wholly unchecked by those influences from o bigh which reach and rule the soul through 'the shaping spirit of imagination.' Eleace I have little or no confidence in his judgments—certainly some at all in his creed or system of opinion, if he can be said to have no I the said to have he had been allowed. to have one. It is a pity, too, for he has a large mind, wide sympathies, strong and powerfed armse, and a degree of charity and to make the altogether to the strong and the strong armse to the strong armse and fiery passion had to be overcome before he at-tained it. But his heart was always in the right place. and its gueling tides of warm and generous feed dasker territories into which his impetuosity and tyrannical strength of intellect had forced their way with the view of shaping out a home for the soul."

After the "Reminiscences" people may have their doubts about this charity, but at any rate there was charity in Hunter's view of him. On returning home, led by I know not what, he takes to reading the "Heroworship," and notes of as follows :-

confidence in the soundness of his conclusions, either as regards the characters of his idols, or the historic truth of the events he endeavours to picture out."

Yame 9th.—"His talk of Dante is superb, though I think cangemated, and full of what he himself terms Byronism. But he has no trate for a colon great soul at peace with God and himself; and (though he dogs not venture to say h) it is pretty clear to me that he rates Militon very low, and cannot palate his organic

music and sevene grandeur."

Years 14th.—"I would like to know what Carlyla means by truth in reference to religion. His definition of it would seem to be 'whatever is truly believed by a gesuine and sincere man.' Hence he constantly speaks of certain doctrines, and in fact I may say of the Christian religion, according to the cradenda or formulas both of Catholics and Protestants, as Assung Seew true, though they have (he is pleased to say) now ceased to be so, because not now believed; or at least they have ceased to be true for those gannine on (bimeelf among the number) who do not now believe them. Agreeably to the same convenient principle, makes Paganium, Odiniam, Mahomodanken, all to here been time once."

yone 17th.—"Finished ' recrewell for the says of Cromwell and Napoleon is extremely fine."

What would Hunter have thought had he lived to find that the great idol-worshipper was also the great idol-breaker of his age, and had he looked on the loved forms of Wordsworth, Lamb, and almost every one 🔣 chiefly honoured, thrown down from their pedestals, and shattered in the dust? I fancy him reverently gathering up the fragments and cleaning away the dust, and assuredly not putting Carlyle in their vacant niches.

A very considerable part of this diary is taken up with brief notes on the books that he was reading, and is therefore all the better fitted to give us a good idea of the man himself, his views and his power of mind. There almost none of that self-scarching, that daily feeling of the spiritual pulse, and registration of wariations, which is so common inveligious diaries, and so generally wearisome. Hunter tells us what he is doing day by day, and especially what he is reading, and what he thinks of it, but only now and then, at

distant intervals, how he is feeling. At this time also he is chiefly busy about pure literature, though afterwards, when I came to know him, one heard as much about Kant and Hamilton and Mansel as about Wordsworth or Shelley or Scott. He brightened up a life of solid business habits by a border of chiefly poetic literature, to begin and to close each day with. It was not merely for pastime. His was no indolent reading just to fill up an idle hour and look like occupation, though it leave no result. I was critical, thoughtful, and no book was ever laid down without a clear judgment of its contents and uses. Even when he took his holiday, it generally had its task of study, which made it all the happier to him at the time. "Olim meminesse juvabis," too; it was pleasant afterwards to recall the scenery and circumstances in which such a book was read. One summer I find he took Virgil with him # Hamilton and the falls of the Clyde and Bothwell Brig, and Bothwell Castle, reading punctually his three or four hundred lines a day, passing over no difficulties, but patiently mastering a work which he had not glanced at since his college days. And it is thus that he notes the pleasant task day by day :-

August 9th, 1840.—" Spent the whole forenoous under the peat-ties teating the Eneid, of which I got through these handred and fifty lines. I get on slowly, but I cannot be satisfied unless I know the precise force and import of every word and phease; and this makes me often linger a long time over one or two lines, when I find a difficulty that would not attice others if all. It used to be said of Kichpatrich Burnett, Lond Monboddo's son-in-law (to whom my grandfather dedicated his edition of Vivgil) that he would have liked the Æneid better had it been more full of difficulties—intimating that his only pleasure in the classics was granuscical, and commissed in looking out the meaning of anomalous expressions, or devising new panetuations or readings. I cannot say that I have any pleasure of this kind. If fortures has be balked, I experience no triumph whom I do satisfy myself, but on the contrary feel heading the want of time." August 25th.—"A decaded, rainy day; stayed in the house and read 400 lines of the sixth book of the Æneid, which is splended and interesting. I find that all the great Inhian poets—Ariosto, Petraret, Tasso, even Borardo, and not excepting Danie humself—have borrowed such more from Virgil than I had been at all aware of when I read them. It is rather a curious inversion of the usual order of things that I should be beginning (II may certainly call it so) my classical residing only now after I have gone through most of the moderne, including, bested our of the Spanish poets, ware and proce. If this plan (though no plan at all, but an accident) I do not regret. I think it has made the enjoy both in a greater degree than I should otherwise have done."

At this time Hunter did not know German.

He was past forty before began the study of that language, and I rather think was led to hy an assertion of his friend Professor Blackie, that no man could ever learn a new tongue after that age. Learn it, however, he did, and that so as to thoroughly understand, and enjoy its noble literature. But in 1842 he resolved to get some acquaintance with Goethe by reading Miss Austin's translation of Falk's "Characteristics." It is interesting to see how gradually his idea of the great "Æsthetic Atheist," 28 🖿 began by calling him, grew and deepened, as he read even this book with an upen docile mind. Subsequently, when he had studied Faust and Egmont for himself, he came to have a profound sense of his great genius and universal insight. Not that his view of Goethe's wurale or of his religious opinions ever materially changed. I remember him saying, after reading Lewes's Life of the poet, that it was the "biography of a great Heathen by another." and he thought that Goethe looked even harder in Lewes's pages than in Wilhelm Meister. But the more he knew of the man, the more amazed he was me the grasp of his thought, the wisdom of many of his sayings, and the exquisite music of his rhythm. Wordsworth might be oftener in his mouth, for, he said, he always left a pleasant taste there, with his sweet reflectiveness and touches of exquisite spiritual beauty. But he ever spoke of Goethe with a kind of awe, as a tremendons power whether for good or evil.

Moreh 5th, 1842.—"Read Falk's 'Characteristics of Goethe,' which go great, to confirm the views I had recently formed regarding 'm. His atheism, as not uncommonly happens, has been pampered into a hot-bed of the wildest and most buseless hypotheses, or rather functor, as to the progression of the universe and the future destinite of man, which may well raise a smile of pity from believers in the reasonable faith of Revelation." March 7th.—"The grains of Goethe becomes certainly more and more conspicueus: but I cannot sympathise with his worshippers, for I cannot acip thinking their idol had little or no heart. Indeed, his great effort was to deaden it, and becomes a mere sushetic machine to whom 'fiction and fact were alize." March 10th.—"Went on with Miss Amstin's Goethe, which improves upon me, as he also does in some respects. He was certainly what the Germans call 'many-ided,' but I cannot think he had many sympathies. He seems, on the contrary, to have looked on human nature and human feerings purely with a view to their being turned to 'arthetic' account, much as an anatomist might look on a Hving subject, when cutting it up, III watch the action of the nervous system."

There are no further notes on this work, and he seems, at this time, even in have turned with some feeling of relief to the "Lord of the Isles" and the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." Afterwards, when in came

siderably modified even this last judgment-Yet the last it would have come upon him as a surprise to stad of such gentle and loving ways as he shewed to young Felix Mening of strength and tenderness in his charac-I am half afraid that my love for Hunter's memory lends an interest to these brief notes of his daily reading which those who did not know the man can hardly be expected to feel. Yet they are all that now remain to indicate what he was, and slight as each touch may be, they seem in their combination to shadow forth some features of a

large and noble nature. Oddly enough, considering his passionate devotion to Wordsworth, this diary contains only the most passing references to his name, and none whatever to any of his works. I would have given something for a careful estimate of his genius, and its peculiar powers and tendencies from one who had studied his works till he could, I believe, have quoted almost every line he ever wrote. When these volumes came first into my hands I felt sure they would disclose his innermost thoughts on the writer who most entirely answered to those thoughts. But though Coloridge and Shelley and Hunt and Tennyson are more or less expressly noticed, neither, Keats nor Wordsworth, prime favourites both, have any distinct place in this diary. I cannot explain how it is, and I cannot but regret that so it is. Even Principal Shairp could not give a more loving study of Wordsworth then Hunter could have given in perfect sympathy with his spirit, and critical insight into its finer powers.

There is only one other point about him on which I would fain shed what light these Those who knew John records convey. Hunter only superficially in the common intercourse of life would never have suspected the depth of religious feeling that lay beneath the surface. Always ready equally for a discussion or a jest, and "full of dealings with the world," he "did not wear his heart upon his aleeve for daws to peck at." Men of the world found him sharp and clearheaded in business, and scholars felt his interest in their peculiar studies; but behind all was a soul that communed with higher things, and had its life with God. In those years, the slightest departure from the received faith of the Scottish Church, which was the Calvinior Calvino ipso, carried social and

to know the poet better, he would have con- Hunter's Coleridgian and other humane studies had drifted him, in some matters, a good bit away from that creed. Not that opposed it, simply he ignored a deal of it, and found his life getting on better without it. delsohn. The Germans who know Goethe But of course this compelled him to exercise best are his devoutest worshippers, and that a measure of reticence on those points, except not for intellect only, but for the fine blend- with the few in whom he could wholly trust. To mere passing acquaintances, therefore, he did not speak much about religion, though all his thoughts rested on, and drew their life from it. A man more profoundly pious it has never been my lot to fall in with, though he said many a thing that would have sadly shocked the goody conventional piety. Yet his soul was ensphered in divine reverence, and radiant with the love of Christ; and when in the still evening hour conversation naturally travelled away heavenward, there was something more than speech in the spirit that breathed in his thoughts. But his diary does not say much of these deeper moods. Every morning, indeed, it records his private devotional reading. Every Sunday, it notes the sermon, and says something of its quality and whether it was helpful or not. At some "communion seasons" it tells us of failure in elevation of tone and fulness of sympathy, not always due to himself, but sometimes to the sermon, though he does not exactly say so. It is plain that he seeks for God in the services of the Church, and seeks Him with all his heart there, though he sometimes finds Him in places and in books where his minister would perhaps have advised him not to go. Now and then, he writes plainly what he thinks about the kind of teaching he gets, mostly in a kindly spirit, but sometimes rather rebellious. One day it is, "very good sermon, but dreadfully long," and | "through the intolerable drawling slowness of the delivery." At another time, " My heart was not so deeply touched as I could have wished, but I hope I was enabled to feel some signs of gratitude and love to the Saviour who has given us a good hope through grace." But one does not wonder that his heart was not much touched, when he goes on to say that the minister told them "they should strive always to look on the guieties and pleasures of the world in the frame of mind which would naturally be in them just after they had passed from the death-bed of a friend, and witnessed the last struggle of expiring nature." Very properly he adds, "I do not think that this is the desirable frame of mind for a Christian to be always in. God loves a cheerful giver; and the true Christian frame of mind rises above other penalties of a rather grave kind, and death-beds and their agonies into a trust in God for all things here and beteafter. The him, and "plodded westward," and saw the true motive should be love love of the Saviour on account of the graces of His character and the greatness of His love." Shortly after comes a criticism of a yet bokler kind :-

"To church, where we heard a splendid oration from Chairners on Romans z. 6—10. He deals too much, like all our Scotch divines, in the metaphysics of the atonement, bringing, or attempting to lame the whole transaction into the forms of the human understanding, and reducing it to a sort of bargain setween the first and second Persons of the Transp, whereby the former agreed to pardon man if the latter would take on humself the whole buiden of his guilt. This will never satisfy either the intellect or the moral feelings of men, and the attempt to reduce this mys-terious transaction to a plan intelligible contract, like those between man and man, is at once hopeless and impions. Coloridge was the first that deaft with this question in a way that saturified me. Pide his 'Aids to Reflection.' We had, however, some aplendid busts of cloquence from Chalmers, which redessued the dry boxes of metaphysics, and there is a ferrous and camentaries and obvious sincerity in his appeals which curry them directly from heart to heart?"

Thoughts like these are familiar enough now, but they were not common in Scotland in 1840. The diary also contains some interesting notes on events immediately preceding the disruption of the Scottish Church. at which Hunter joined the Free Church, but they are mostly of local and temporary interest, or are already sufficiently known.

What was it now in this man that had so great a charm, and drew around him so many of the choicest spirits of the day? He had done nothing to win their special notice, However kindly disposed, he was not in a position to play Macanas to any of them. And for a good part of his life he lived three miles out of town, which is a heavy tax on friendship, especially during winter, when friends most like to meet. Once in a way, any one might wish to see the nest which Jeffrey made for himself in the elbow of the wooded hill; but what was it that led one to go again and again, and even to forget all about its association with the clever Edinburgh reviewer, and to feel that there was now a spirit in the place finer, in some respects, than had been even then? I have said that he was a man of rare wisdom, one who had the nicest perception of what is right and true; but after all that was not the chief attraction. Often enough "wisdom cries at the street corner, and no man regards her," still less will people go three miles out of their way, in an east wind, to find her. At Craigcrook, too, there was aiways a very bountiful hospitality, and wit ample measure, could be had nearer house, are softly playing, only the dial is broken yet somehow one gladly left the city behind now, and time stands still for ever.

sun go down behind Ben Ledi. And the reason was, I think, not any one faculty of his, but rather this, that one was always at one's best in his company, and always found him answering mone's best. You to a wise man when you are in need of good counsel. I is pleasant enough to hear brilliant talk now and then, even though you yourself are dumb, as one likes to see a comet or other wonder of nature. But after all good companionship implies two people, at least, and that each shall hold his own. Hunter was as good a listener as a talker. and he had the art of drawing out whatever was in you, if there was anything m draw, If you had a good story, he would cap it with another which yet did not extinguish yours, but rather brightened it. If you had a fine thought, he kept up the hall, and it multiplied as you went on, till the night appeared to be lit up as with many stars. It must also be admitted that he could put a sharp extinguisher on any unworthy thought, which also was good, especially for young men. So it was, at any rate, that his friends were always at their best in his company, and I doubt if there was a house in Scotland where the contact of mind with mind showed a richer play of thought, or brought forth sparks of finer wit and humour than Craigcrook, or left, in the end, a happier feeling like a good taste in the mouth of There was no mere "crack-ling of thorns under the pot," ending only in dull ashes; but with much "hat was solid and even serious in the conversat. n, there was no lack of sprightliness and true garcty of heart. Apt quotation and telling story mingled with lively discussion of men and books and affairs. I have seen more brilliant displays in Norman MacLeod's little study, when the Editor of Good Words was in full force, and Daniel Macnee told those wonderful stories which are quite untellable now, for there is no one with that husky fat voice, and long upper lip. But they were rather overwhelming than quickening, and besides they had not either the learning or the repose of Craigcrook. In the gatherings there, each was a master in some province, entitled mepeak with authority, and the fringe of flashing humour only set off by contrast the general serenity of thought. "O noctes censeque Deum." The place is silent enough now, at least to those who knew it long ago. But the memory of and humour and pleasant talk to be sauce it is as the smell of an old garden, full of the for the wholesome viands. But all these, in old-fashioned flowers, where fountains also



RAMBLES WITH THE ROMAN.

BY IRVING MONTAGU AUTHOR OF "Men We Meet," ATC BTC

for the day, when a trifling circumstan z took place which originated the products. of these "Rambles with the Romany" happened thus amongst the many mode a who haunt the artist's studio may be quoted t'e Gipsy, and it was a visit from one of thes \ one Aaron Lee, and our subsequent conve sation, which determined my finding n ; way to their haunts and making a fe r pen-and-pencil notes of the manners ar i customs of these unique people for Goc. WORDS

It was just in the gloaming when Aaro called to know II I could give him t his father, who was with him, "a sitti sometomes " I was at first inclined t answer with the ordinary "No, thank you and send them on their way desponding, bu an idea struck me, so I asked them to comin and sit down, for which, I assured them I would pay as liberally as if I had require them as models Asron's father, who was a: least an octogenarian, seemed to entertain. the same respect for his stalwart son that a broken winded old charger nught be supposed to do for a young hunter, so that while he, nothing loath to accept my invitahis position in a dark gamer, evidently look-

WAS putting my palette on one said ing upon his Romany kineman as an oracle before whom it was only a fitting compliment to take a back seat

"Do you get many sittings?" I said, by

way of opening the conversation

'Yes, sir, we gets a many in the winter,' responded Aaron, " when the gentlemen's awhen the gentlemen's away, we travels too, with wans and tents and things, and pitches where they'll let us. They re getting wery particular about a Gipsy's pitch nowadays found about London , Notting Dale, Willes den, Wormwood Scrubs, and Kensal Green, all nice open places, is closed in us now"

"Then where could I find you should I

want you for a sitting?"

"Ah, sir, that's the orkard part of it," said Aaron, and his old father chimed in, "Orkard, very orkard, sar " "You see we 'am't got no fixed 'ome, but Mrs Rumsey as keeps the general shop at Walham Green takes in all letters, and I goes there every day from the camp mace if she has any "

"Oh, you m from the camp, do you, and

where's that?

"On Chelsen Marshes, down by the river, at the back o' the gas works Our people 'll tion, drew up to the fire, his father took up always be glad to see you any time as you



the Rejal Tamby

bacca and a kind word goes a long way with the likes o' us "

I at once made up my mind I would smoke the calumet in Asron's Kraal, and so after a very enjoyable half hour with my dusky companions, during which, like a decrepid mocking bird, old I ee echoed everycome down the following day to the encamp ment.

So much by way of introduction, and now to plunge in medias res, and give you my experiences amongst these wandowing Arians, for such on the best authority they seem to be-having spring from the lowest rive their name), and spread as they have, globe

Armed with a note book, a pencil, and a plentiful supply of ammunition in the shape of screws of tobacco, not forgetting a pocketful of coppers for the little ones, I found myself the following morning circumventing Chelsen gas works in quest of the marshes Nor shall I easily forget the picture-sque thing his son said, I gave them a few shillings aspect of the camp which some hittle dis and sent them on their way, arranging to tance lay spread out before me. The news of the approach of a Gorgio (an outsuler) seemed to like wildfire through the lines, for some two hundred and fitty men, women, and children came from their several hovels and eyed me with the same wonder ment and currosity with which I have before now been examined by those semi-savage Indian caste, the Parias or Sudras, migrated tribes of Asia Minor, whose villages I have to Egypt (from which they erroneously de- happened in some cases to have been the first European to enter. I think that if I since those early times, all over the civilmed except those occupying the first tent, who went on with their work as if nothing re-

GOOD WORDS.

markable had happened, the entire population had usen receive and welcome me lo enter the camp I had to pass this first youngsters, and three strapping daughters were hard at work skewer ninking Pater familias fashioned the skewers with an odd crescent-sluped knife, while his children were busily engaged in tring up bundles of

"That's the Royal family, that m," said a rough, raw boned Romany who, with several

all that's left of em"

Although the dignity of his Majesty prevented his rising, he at once asked me to come inside and warm myself by his bovel, where an old man, with two sons, quite fire, and told his children to squeeze up and make room for the Romany Rye Liking my prompt acceptance of his hospitality, he dubbed me at once a Romany Rye (Gipsy-gentleman), and it was not long before we were quite old friends Majesty had not much of the outward seem ing of a monarch of higher degree, and did not appear to mapire his people with any others, had now joined me-"at least that's very great amount of awe, he was, however, a man of splendid Romany pedigree, and



Entrong the Royal Test

told me that although he had really dropped with old Lee I had shown that I was suffi the title of king, that his mother, who died long years ago, was positively the last bond nowadays the Gipsies were degenerating unit rapid," and nobody called them so vave humself, except in jest. Her

ciently annable to be at least no longer looked upon as a Gorgio, but, as I have fide Gipsy Queen, and that he was very said, a "Romany Rye," in short one of themproud of his royal descent, that his children selves, and when I added to the royal treatoo were princes and princesses, though sury the sum of 31d, an exchequer of which the Princess Ada was the self-constituted Chancellor, I was hailed with river by the population outside, who disputed amongst Royal Highness (for I like to recognise her themselves to which should see the most dignity) Princers Ada, a very charming garl of me. When, however, I said that I purposed of about eighteen summers, was binding doing many sketches and spending several bundles by my side, while Prince Philip, her hours with them they were subdued to reason, little brother, a youth of about sax, was and when I promised me pay domiciliary husily engaged trying to undo my boot laces. (may I call it dominatary) visits to all their I was now free of the camp, by hob nobbing canvas cabins before I finally bade them

The first tent I entered after wandering about for some time with a string of boys and girls at my heels, was that of the Smiths (the Smiths are a tribe in Gipsyland), where a father, mother, and six or seven children were sitting round a rude perforated bucket on the top of which the morning meal (a sort of thin soup) was boiling. I did not, he it understood, intrude on their privacy unasked, one of the chikiren having been sent out offer me the hospitalities of the Kranl, As I had already breakfasted, I did not include in another repast, though piessed portant part in the Gipsy breaklast service, offering hospitality to the passing stranger they brought with them long years since from the East and still retain, just as the custom of cuting bread and salt with the those remote regions. The tent I was in was about fourteen feet long by six feet wide, and five and a half feet high, and consisted of old bits of maiting, canvas, curpet and similar light building material blackened through but small exit, through this find covering, for its fumes. Good as the appetites of these ness had fallen over their home, as was further experiences.

adieu, they let me go my way and do as I soon explained to me by their miserable mother. Old Prudence Stanley had been there that morning and pronounced their youngest child (two years of age) in extremis -poor little thing, there it lay in a corner napped up in such scanty covering as they could afford, its dark curly hair already damp with the dews of death and its large lustrous eyes rolling vacantly. I felt that at such ... moment my visit should not be prolonged, and so having left some small come behind me, that they might purchase some necessames for the poor little invalid, I went my way. Old Prudence was right, the child's hours were indeed numbered, for before I to do so; apoons were conspicuous by their left the camp that evening its tiny soul (as absence and wash-hand basins played an im- the river mists rose and Chelsea marshes and its tents were lost to view) had escaped from that wretched hovel to brighter accoral children gathering round each and caped from that wretched hovel to brighter devouring its contents. The custom of spheres above, departed from all the squalor and misery which necessarily surround the lives of tramps, be they Gipsies or Gorgios.

In the course of a few days I again called headman of an Eastern village still obtains in on the Smiths, where I found a group of swarthy neighbours, chiefly women and children, gathered round the rude bier of the little Romany. It was covered with linen of a whiteness which by contrast with the smoky tent looked absolutely luminous. and through by the constant smoking of a small sod of grass in a saucer placed on a brazies which, the weather being cold, had the breast of the deceased proclaiming in Gipsy fashion the presence of death.

I began now quite to like there wild youngsters were, breakfast seemed merely a wanderers with whom I had taken up, but physical effort with them, for a sudden sad- must defer till next month in account of my

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BIBLE TRUTHS AND EASTERN WAYS.

By W. FLEMING STEVENSON, D.D.

til.---Wells of Water, the sheep and the goats, the threshing-floor, grinding at the mill-.

WHEN our Lord must needs pass through Samaria and came to the city called Sycher, M halted at the well.* was " Jacob's Well;" for in the East a well is of sufficient importance to have a special name. There was the Well of the Oath, and the Well of Hagar; there was the Well by the Gate of Bethlehem, and the Fuller's Fountain at Enrogel; there were Eack and Sitnah and Rchoboth-Contention, Hatred, and Room. Where rivers are few, and where in the long summer they shrink and almost disappear; where there are no pulling brooks making music down the hills; where there are no constant pools of water, no meres and ponds and tiny lakes; where there are no streams trickling through the apongy grass, and by the roadside; and where the crops depend not so much on showers (for showers seldom fall, out of the one short rainy season) as upon irrigation, and the cattle must be watered through the thirsty heat, the well rises to an importance we cannot understand at home. The wells become sources of income, valuable properties that remain for generations in the family; they determine the position of towns, the prosperity of districts, and the position of armice; they may lead to bitter feuds between rivals or neighbours; they may hand down the fame of a king's reign as much as successful wars or stately architecture. The great owners of herds like Abraham and Isaac are represented in the Bible as great well-diggers. It was a strife about wells that had almost estranged Abraham and Abimelech. ! When the Philistines sought keep out the Chaldean settlers it was by filling up their wells with earth; just as when Moab was to be laid waste long after, it was by stopping all the wells of water.§ At the battle of Aphek the Israelites pitched by a fountain in Jezreckil The opening of wells is one of many public works recorded of King Uzziah. T And when Isaac reopened the wells which the Philistines had filled up, he called their names after his father's names.** " Jacob's Well " had been preserved through the long vicissitudes of Palestine, and Jacob's Well is even pointed out to-day.

* John iv. 4, 5.
2 Generic xxi. 25.
2 Sam. xxiv.

* Generic xxiv.

* Generic xxiv.

* A Kingt Hi. xp.

* Chouse xxiv.

Jesus, the story tells us, being wearied sat by the well. A low rim of masonry often runs round the eastern well; for in in of large size, perhaps from fifteen to twenty feet in diameter if sunk in the clay, though not so large if hollowed out of the rock. Sometimes there is no rim at all, but the well lica dangerously open, the mouth of it on a level with the ground; and probably it was in a well of this kind that Jonathan and Ahimaaz were hid, and which, when covered with a winnowing cloth, and that again with grain, would excite no suspicion of its real purpose.*

These wells were not, like our fountains, in the towns, but outside the wall, so that while the disciples had gone into the city to buy bread, the people of the city came out to it to get water. And thus it happened that a woman of Samarla came to draw water; for it was not the business of the men, who left the water-carrying, as part of the house work, to the women. It was when Rebekah came out to draw water for the evening meal that she was noticed by Eliezer, t

When we were in Galarat the site of one of the little Christian settlements was hanging in the balance, for it depended on the success of the wells which were being then dug. They were as large as I have described, and the excavation through At some other vine and 'nď. also been suni allfeet; and there and there and there and there and there and there and which become its and which become its and the stirled an song : Spring up, O well ; sing m unto it." 1 It suggested the striking language of Isainh, "With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." And when at Khasambs, another of these settlements, as the men were throwing up the sand, and they felt themselves sinking through a mingled

^{*} n Stant. 2013. 23. † Genetic zziv. 22. 25. † Genetic zziv. 22. 25. † isalah zii. 3.

possible not I think of the words of our Lord, "A well of water springing up into

everlasting life." *

Wallace's Well is the simple way in which the villagers at Wallacepur commemorate both the name of a missionary whom they loved and the well which he nunk. Shahawadi we found a well in the possession of one of the Christian farmers, who had thus realised the position of independence with which Rabshakeh tempted away the allegiance of the Jews from Hezekiah, saying them, "Agree with the King of Assyria. and ye shall eat every one of his own vine and drink every one the water of his own cistern." +

The very word for some of the wells in Gujarat recalls the word for cistern, for there is one group of them called Berah. They are very curious for their magnitude and elaborate construction. A broad flight of perhaps a hundred steps leads gently down to the water, which lies in a long, deep pool or tank, hewn out of the rock, and at one or two intervals lines of arches run off into the vague distance. The effect of these long, dark, cool galleries, of the black, deep waters below, of the freedom from the glare of the sunlight, and of the constant passage of women up and down the wet steps, each with a water jar of graceful shape, empty on the descent and on the ascent full, is very striking. There are wells, or pools, of somewhat this character at Hebron; and these were the only wells I saw in India to which one could apply the words "going down." When Eliezer, the steward of Abraham, reached the village of Bethuel, I it is said that he watched Rebekah as she went down to the well, filled her pitcher and came up; and her cager kindliness represented by her running again to draw water for the camels after he had drunk; a description which, whatever the kind of well at the city of Nahor, would apply equally to these Bornha in Gujarat. They are near the city, the in Syria; but in India it is almost universally without water." carried on the head, and with a motion so

rush of sand and gushing water, it was im- firm and gliding that the jar is motionless. Still, however, it is to the well that the daughters of the men of the city go out, especially at morning and evening, making bright groups at they cluster around and lean their jars upon the well's mouth—the rim of masonry the encircles it. And still the well is a place of rendezvous and village gosaip.

> As the water is often far below the surface. the Hindoo carries a small brass vessel wound about with a long rope, so that he can always drink when he comes to a well; for the heat and dust create an intense thirst, and give a curious force to the proverb about good news from a fer country being like cold water to a thirsty soul.* At many of the wells, especially those for irrigation, there is a Persian whell on which a number of buckets are fixed, and as they come up full they discharge the water into a stone trough, from which it is drawn off by bamboo pipes to little trenches through the fields. The wheel moved by oxen: but where women draw for household use, the water vessel is suspended to a rone, let down, and drawn up filled, the constant rubbing of the timber or brick sides wearing deep grooves. And when the wheel is broken at the cistern, the pitcher broken at the fountain, there can be no more fitting image of the cessation of all the flow of life at death, †

The Samaritan woman misunderstood our He would have given her living water; but she had no ears to hear the flow of the fountain that runs below all the words of God. It is the musical run of a holy stream, The rock wa struck in the wilderness, and it flowed there. It runs through the Psalms: the twenty-third, where the sheep lie beside the still waters; the forty-sixth, where we have the streams of the river that make glad the house of God; the eighty-fourth, where the barren and forbidding valley of Baca becomes one deep well to which the thirsty pilgrims hasten. "An Arab rude up to us on his came!," MacCheyne says; "his face was bornt with the sun, his tongue weary animals rest beside them when parched. He could say nothing but moie, strangers arrive after a journey, and it swee, water, water." Perhaps he had found was not difficult to imagine so the sun was a dried well at the last station. It requires sinking, but the atmosphere still brilliant with the East to give that intensity of emptiness, his light, the figure of the damsel tripping up and broken hopes, and disappointment, that and down the long steps and in and out are all concentrated in the expression by among the shadows. She bore the water jar which Peter designates professing Christians; upon her shoulder, as is still often the case who have forsaken the right way, "wells

It was a cry of the old prophet, "Ye

[•] Presente nav. 25. 2 = Peter fi. 27. + Et ricolaries ail. 6.

'forsaken the Lord;" your life is shrivelled; it has no spiritual freshness; your heart withered with care; your strength and ability parched lips, "water, water," then "Come to the fountain, and drink and live." From Christ the music of the living water flows through the New Testament. It is in the Gospels like the four rivers that watered Eden. The apostles, and the confessors, like Stephen, and the saints in every place, drink of the well of Bethlehem and become mighty men. When John saw the holy city descend out of beaven from God, he was shown "in it a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb." †

One, though not common, feature of these wells was the clustering of animals about them; sometimes a group of camels kneeling down to rest, and sometimes a flock of sheep under charge of some shepherd in shaggy skin and with long staff. First in China, and afterwards in India, it was curious to see in some of the large flocks we passed, the goats and the sheep mingled together. In the North of China one day a huge flock was crossing our road, and as they leaped down a steep bank on one side we saw that the goats did not keep together as they do in Switzerland, but were mixed with the larger body of sheep. Another day the shepherd was busy sifting out the goats, probably for some separate pasture. It was impossible not to recall the parable in which this division is represented as one of the acts of the Judgment Day, when all men are gathered before the Son of Man, and He shall separate them one from another as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats. † We are mixed enough here. It is often impossible to tell the real from the assumed Christian. We are unable to penetrate below each other's disguises; and, it may be, bad men and untrue men leave the world in the odour of sanctity. It is not here that the Great Shepherd divides us; but it is yonder, when that Divine hand shall move among the assembled multitude, and when that Divine eye shall piesce through the ranks.

It was also in the North or China that we

• Jeremiah il. 23. 2 Matihan 2011. 32.

have forsaken the Lord, the fountain of first saw the threshing-floor of the East and living waters." that a cry that can of the Bible. When we were travelling to be raised against any of us? "Ye have some out-stations in Mantchuria, the road bounded on both sides by endless fields of gigantic millet, there would come a farmer's house and fami-yard, or a small hamlet, and are spent on this world. But if, like the on the skirt of it, the trodden spot of ground Arab in the desert, you can only say with hard and smooth as stone. But I was not till some weeks later, as we were journeying slowly up to Peking, and the harvest was now gathered, that we saw it in use. The grain was laid on the floor, and a pair of oxen were driven leisurely over the ears, treading out the com. Another form of threshing was the stone roller, which was drawn over the ears by oxen or mules; and there was another still, where a flat board, furnished with some projections, was drawn in the same way, thu driver or children perhaps sitting on the board to lend it additional weight. Sometimes the grain was piled up in a large heap in the centre of this floor, unsifted; and then men with a winnowing shovel (the Bible fan) would toss the grain into the air, or else into a flat basket from which the man who held it flung up the corn, and the wind carrying the chaff away filled the air with dust.

One Bible phrase after another was recalled to us. It was easy to see how the Philistines could rob the threshing-floors at Keilah, those open spaces in the field on which the absence of any dread of rain induced the farmers to pile up their wealth of grain, or how the open floor, open to the sky and smooth, be came the natural place to test the dew upon Gideon's fleece while all the restof the ground wasdry; tor how, when the two kings, Ahab of Israel and Jeheshaphat of Judah, summoned the prophet, the place to set the royal thronewas on the smooth and empty threshing-floor just before the gate of Samaria; or how no better place than this could be found on which to build the altar that David raised when he had purchased the site of the temple from Araunali the Jebusite, and found in the threshing instruments—the wooden fans and boards, and oxen poles—the wood for the sacrifice. It would measy for the oven to stop in the midst of the abundance they were treading out, and eat; and the merciful Icwish law provided that they should eat if they would; there should be no muzzling of them; " thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn." Paul seizes this and applies it to work for Christ, while there is another illustration, also borrowed here,

[•] z Samael zalil. z. 2 a Chronicles zem. g. + Judges vi. 37.

that had a solemn meaning for him." The mottled with tiny streams of blood from the saw women sitting, two together, although conscience that thou canst not suppress.

away, dispersed, valueless, and forgotten.

+ Acta in. s. | Hosea zila, a. * 2 Counthi ma in. to.

In the grinding the mill there is another ox goad in India a plain staff of idea scarcely less solemn. The mill consists of wood with a sharp iron point project- two circular stones (the upper and the nether ing from one end. With this the driver millstones), the grain is placed between them. urges the animal forward; I have seen and the upper is turned round by a handle. It was the snow-white flanks of a draught bullock is very laborious work, at which we frequently use of this severe urgency, and as the plough- sometimes oven drew the roller. "It is a man keeps the point to his yoke of animals, clear ringing sound conveying a notion of they kick back, they only prick themselves peace and cheerfulness." It is one of the signs against the goad. With such a common of the desolation of Babylon that "the sound sight in his mind, a sight that must have been of a millstone shall be heard no more at all."* often repeated as rode to Damasons, it Every morning and evening the women of would be with a keen and overwhelming the house are busy with these stones; so force that he would hear the voice from that the approach of death | indicated in heaven, "It I hard for thee to kick against Ecclesiastes by "the sound of the grinding the pricks," to resist these sharp prickings of is low." | But our Lord employs a more expressive figure. Of the two women who And then there are those two dread illustra- grind together one shall be taken and the tions of the power, and judgment, and dis- other left. God's ways are sudden, and carnment of God that are connected with the the unexpected always comes to pass. Of chaff. A violent gusty wind whirls it far those two women one will turn the stone from the floor when the winnowing fan tosses one day alone. Which will it be? Of those up the wheat; and the rebellious Israelites two who have walked together these many would be, Hosca says, "as the chaff that is years to church, one will walk alone. Of driven with the whirlwind out of the floor;" I those inseparable friends, one will be taken just as the wicked, it is written in the first and the other left. Which will it be? I raim, are as the chaff which the wind driveth And unto which will it be well when it comes?

* Remintson avec, er.

d l'Achallatha en q

A QUAINT OLD TOWN IN THE TYROL.

Dictured with Ben and Beneil.

BY CHARLOTTE J. WEEKS.

OF the numerous quaint out-of-the-world "not even a Tyrolese lastic," places in the Tyrol, though many may I thought of doing so, and I went. be more important and more widely known. The morning was bright and warm this there are few more full of interest than the side of the Alps, but, after passing Kufstein, little town of Sterzing. I might have been the sky assumed a leaden hue, and as the whirled past it in the train, as so many licenser was slowly ascended, with snorting travellers are, or, if I had taken any notice locomotive, a steady downpour of min comall, have seen nothing but a few roofs and menced, and ceased not the whole day. The towers, clumped together in a broad green fair prospect was blotted out, and one could valley, with two ruined castles at a short only now and then get a peep of the winding distance: but some artist friends in Munich carriage road in the valley hundreds of feet knew it, and gave me a rather tempting below, or of distant snow-crowned mountain description of primitive appearance and peaks. I don't think rain has such a depresspicturesque capabilities; so one May morning effect on one anywhere so much as in ing, alone (for want of better company) I set the mountains; the rushing and gurgling out to see for myself what it was like. The of dozens of mountain streams, the pourgruff Bavarian official at the station, of whom ing waterspouts from the roof of every I made inquiries as to what time the trains house, and, above all, the water standing all started, seemed almost injured to have to over the pathways: these things certainly answer such a question. "Nobody thinks combine to exaggerate the usual discomforts

of going to Sterzing nowadays," quoth he, attendant upon this most beneficial and

health giving element. Under such circum- a how window, whence I could see a perspec--indeed, as I was the only arrival it was no church, hospital, and school house

stances did I find myself landed-I might tive of street to the left, to the right a very almost say floated-at the Sterzing station inviting looking old tower with gateway under-There seemed to be but one official on duty neath, and in front an open square, with a doubt sufficient-but my bag stood a good reader will have an advantage over me if I chance of being saturated before he could be make him acquainted with a few historiinduced to bring it under cover, and still cal facts about the place, before taking a longer was it before he could leave his mani look at it as it is now. These facts I hunted fold duties and conduct me to the mn u out in the British Museum, on my return to which I had been recommended in the town London, finding it impossible to gain any He no doubt considered me quite a safe enlightenment on the subject from the in

habitants, vague hints I did indeed gather about the "Romans," but that matter seemed of little importance to the good people so long as their Kuser Franz Josef was gracious **m** them, and hall he not visited their town a year or two ago? and had they not exceted an obclish to commeino rute the event?

The Sterzing of to day is the Stortzingen of the Middle Ages, the Sterrathe ancient Romans Its strategical nituation, just where the narrow Bicnner Pass opens out into the smiling valley of the Essack, which stretches away to the south com mended itself to the sighted rulers of the world many centuries ago, while the fertile soul and rich ore in the mountains seemed to them a most desirable possession Accordingly in the year of Rome 739. Ot 13 years BC, an ex-

customer, and not likely to slip, out of his pechtion was sent by the Emperor Augustus hands, seeing that, after the train had gone to penetiate the Alpine chain dividing on, we appeared be "monarchs of all we North and South Lurope, and open up surveyed I he town is three-quarters of a to the Roman engles the Brenner Pass. trule from the station, and it was with a feel- A heathen monument found near the ing of relief that I resigned myself to the parish church, stating that here ossa decime hospitality of the "Schwatzer Adler" I agress, or the bones of the 10th Legion, were appeared to be the only stranger staying in bouned, is probably a relic of the hattles then the house-I certainly was the only lady there fought. The Romans having defeated the -so that I had to resort to newspapers and united Rhietians in the neighbouring moun short chats with the landlord and landlady tams, moved forward to the vicinity of the and the "Kellneun' for my first evening's present Sterzing, here they conquered the entertainment, added to this, my room had Celtic inhabitants, and opened their way over



Street and Louste in St. 22 og

Brenner into the valley of the Inn. After the entire subjugation of South Tyrol, Sterzing was made a principium under the name of Vipetenum, and gradually grew and spread, as its importance for a halting-place n the high-road from Verona and Aquileja ... Veldidena and Augsburg became evident. The great number of antiquities found form sufficient evidence of its flourishing condition;
which, no doubt, the
mineral wealth of the neighbouring mountains contributed. And so the good Sterzingers have every right | their theory about the Romans, although they know so little about the facts. This sketch of the Roman occupation is as it were a first phase of its history. Like the brilliant colours of the dissolving view gradually fading and developing another picture. so the activity and power of these mighty colonizers waned, and a transition period followed of which no facts remain on record. At last, in the thirteenth century, the new picture begins to assume distinct form; we see another race, and the time no foreigner to the soil, reviving and

working up the paths and sources of industry like?" I have known many roads made smooth in which the Roman stranger had previously flourished; the mines begin be once more actively worked; the busy burgher and merchant bring their wares together for sale, and Erzherzog Rudolf promotes their enterprise by causing the high-road to be laid through the commerce between North and South Europe to individual imagination. into the hands of the busy citizens. The German authority that gives this piece of informa-tion, words it thus: "Ersherzog Rudolf and another gracious and beneficent prince, führte die Strasse glatt durch die Stadt," i.e. Frederic, surnamed "with the empty pocket, "Erzherzog Rudolf led the road smooth through granted them permission hold weekly fairs the town." To any one who knows the road marketa, and hither the country folk through the town as it now, the question repaired from far and wide, bringing the suggests itself with frightful vividness," If this country produce to barter for that of the soud be smooth what must a rough one be town. We can picture to ourselves many -XX111--50



Town Hall, Standar.

with large round ostrich-egg stones, but the Sterzinger street beats them all for ups and downs, angles and corners. I am thankful to say I never had occasion to stripe down it: if I had I should certainly have had to sacrifice balf a dozen teeth ! What then must it town, thus guiding as it were the streams of have been like before? I leave the answer

However, the inhabitants were no doubt and another gracious and beneficent prince,

tant buildings standing even now in tolerably good condition, such as the Rathhaus, Thor, and parish church, were built during these flourishing days. It would seem indeed that, up to the introduction of railways, Steraing was still a place of bustle and importance on the high-road; the post-chaises and diligences changed borses here frequently, and so a continual stir was kept up. Goethe, ii his Italian Journal, passes it over with the simple remark, "changed horses at Sterzing;" but had he not been burning with the fever for Italian travel, he might have taken time to note and space to write something about its quaintness and interest.

And now, looking at it to-day, it would seem to have changed its appearance but little during the last two of three hundred years; the activity of the old coaching and posting days has given way to an almost primeval and certainly soothing repose; the traffic which once rolled unceasingly through its single street now glides past on the iron road, the only sign of modern commercial enterprise being a Marmor Industrie, which is in course of erection just outside the town. Echoes of times gone by do indeed roll through the stilly night, as the ear of the wakeful stranger is astonished every quarter of an hour by hearing a bell rung from a neighbouring tower, and a muffled sing-song of-

"Grbot Arht mit onrem Licht Data kum Ungilink gnochercht." ‡ auf zi

And also from the street below resounds every hour the monotonous chant of-

The liebon Lewis least Each sages Die Uhr im Therm hat is Uhr g'ischlages." in Uhr.

Lobet dan Herra und die heilige Junghan, Die uniodeckie Junghan!

Varied only by the different hour of the night, which forms the refrain to each couplet. In some other Tyrolese towns the watchman's cry may still be heard. Sometimes a long exhortation is chanted out, a different one for every hour of the night; the peculiarly monotonous declamation of these chants is beyond description.

beyond the walls, it seems to occupy a centhat he was not without artistic aspirations tral position. It was built in 1468 by Siegfried, himself, and would show me some of his surnamed the Minreiche ("rich | coin"), efforts. He really seemed to have a great deal

animated scenes on these occasions. Impor- and still remains in a perfect state of preservation. Underneath is a gateway wide enough to admit of one vehicle passing through at a time, and a smaller gate at the side for footpassengers. Passing through this gate from north to south, the first object attract the stranger's attention in the Rathbaug. Among the old-fashioned, bow-windowed (Erker), gabled houses, with a peep of the towering' mountains in the background, it stands out conspicuously, thanks to the massive and handsomely ornamented corner windows; the lower part is built on arches, forming an arcade, with covered walk and shops, resembling in this the rows at Chester. One can form an opinion of the quictness of the place, when I say that, without the slightest inconvenience. I was able to place myself close to the side path opposite to make my sketch; and it would seem that this was a quite usual proceeding, for, as a troop of boys coming out of school became aware that I was sitting there, they made a simultaneous rush at the corner stone of the corner column, and quite a fight took place for the privilege of sitting on this stone, and so be introduced into my sketch. I was astonished at the patience and pertinacity of some of these aspirants for the honour of being immortalised in this manner. But they were disappointed.

A handsomely ornamented door leads into a broad vaulted stone archway. After groping about in the gloomy light a little time one finds the staircase; on the first floor is the large council chamber, a fine room panelled from top to bottom; round the walls are hung some oil-paintings, removed from the parish church at its last restoration; the door of this room is, on the inside, most richly ornamented with iron work, taking the form of fantastic flowers and leaves. Above this is another apartment, in all respects very similar, except that it devoted to lumber, and is certainly the most picturesque lumberroom one can imagine. I have been unable to find any information about the builder or architect of this Rathhaus, the date 1594 carved on the outer door is all that can be ascertained. While sketching inside this building, an old man often came and chatted with me, and I found out that he lived there, and was, I suppose, Haus-meister, or care-The tower from which the indefatigable taker. His sisters kept a cheese, butter, eggs, watchman's cry heard stands where for- and samsage shop on the ground floor. He merly was the entrance in the town, but now, took me into their dwelling-rooms at the owing to the lengthening out of the street back of the first floor, confided to me

of ability, but it was, of course, quite uncul- the most peaceful and beautiful of their tured. He let me wander all over the place many valleys. as I liked, and, having discovered in the lumhis sister, I went into the shop and negotimed the "Teutscher-orden." A capuchin monasfor the purchase thereof; they of me have it for try supplies the place with additional spi-23.; they were also good enough to find me ninistrations, and picturesque cowls, algourd which I wanted, and in recognition The hospital was Bunded by Graf Hugo v.

from their stores!

on, with gold cord and tassels, and I in-mediately thought I should like to possible mediately thought I should like to pos it; before deciding to give chase I heatated—alas he who hesitates it lost in the person and hat disappeared suddenly, and they said they did not know where he had gone. he thought he knew where he had gone, and the sum of s fl. (4s,) the covered hat was my is represented; and sometimes on a moun-own—it happened to be quite an old shape, tain-side are a whole series of such chapels; such as is not made now, so I was very for-called walktions; to which the people make tuncte. The peasant gational across series worn here than in other parts of the Tyrol; perhaps the close preximity of the railway is the reason for this; it is a pity, however, for the scarlet vest, broad green braces, leather embroidered belt, and short leather breeches, are most picturesque.

Another interesting building, and one well worth a visit, is the parish church. It is about ten minutes' walk from the town, and was built in the second half of the fifteenth century; the whole neighbourhood, particularly the wealthy miners, combining to share the expense of the erection. The colossal columns which support the vault correspond in number with the communities who contributed to the building; each of these placed its column, and on is the proud inscription for their descendants: "Siehe, dies hat die fromme Altwelt mit dem Schatze der Gebirge deiner Andacht gebaut" ("See, thy pions forefathers built this with the treasure of the mountains for thy devotions"). The original architectural form has suffered a good deal from later restorations and renovations. In the churchyard my attention was arrested by a tablet with an English inscription; was, I believe, that of youth who died there on his way to the south. I remember one line very clearly: "He reached the Alps on his way to heaven"-and there he lies, surrounded by those glorious Alps, in one of

Near the church is an interesting old house, ber a nice old spinning-wheal belonging to formerly inhabited by the brotherhood called their various little services I invested in Tanfars in 1841. Before taking leave of the three-quarters of a pound of Salami sausage town and making acquaintance with the valley and Schloss, I may say that the The people indeed everywhere are very entrances, staircases, and courtyards of many friendly to strangers. On one occasion I of the houses are very picturesque and saw an old peasant with a wonderful that quaint; there is generally a gallery running round one or more sides of the courtyard, and dark, vaulted passages under other houses lead one almost outside the town. In one in particular there was what is called, a "chapel," i.e. in a large niche were on inquiring for him among the bystanders wooden painted figures representing Christ and His disciples. These chapels are very A man stepped out from a doorway, and said common all, over the country; there is. generally a rails in front to kneel on; they offered to fetch him, which he did, and the are called "Calvaries" when the "Passion"



On the way to Schlote Reiffe



The origin of the name and arms of the hut on the present site of the town, while yet an unpleasant experience of marsh land another says that the inhabitants, not know beggar on crutches, the term expressing lame g rosary in his hand

this marsh with the spirits of faded spiristers, mile and a half out of my way. When it who must here do penance for their supposed was reached, I was fortunate in finding the

pilgrimages, and my a certain number of ignominy, thus a saying has arisen in the prayers when each. "She belongs to the Sterzinger Moos" Two town has given ruse to many conjectures. One impetuous mountain streams rush down the theory traces it to the number of Sesterces valley with immense rapidity, and have, more comed there by the Romans , according to then once, committed and havor by overflow another, a poor man named Stersing built his ing. My first walk - Schloss Reiffenstein was took a wrong path across the valley, and ing what name to choose, decided that it became gradually narrower, and the ground should be called after the first stranger who mouster, until I came to some planks, and on came in the gate, this happening to be a these I walked on, the water splashing up round me at each step I don't know why I ness, or Sterzing, was chosen, certainly it is kept on, but I believe I considered the fact difficult to account for the arms of the place, of planks being laid down sufficient gueran which represent a beggar on crutches, holding tee for the safety of the path. At last I reached firm and runng ground at the Leaving now the town behind us, let us base of a mountain, and looked round for explore the valley in which it is situated. It the castle, for which I had been aiming, to was in primeval times a vast lake, and all my surprise E looked as far off as before, only though it has been drained for centuries, the with this difference, that I had got round to land to still marshy, and affords excellent the other side of it I went on again till I pasture for horses, pigs, and geese. The came to some cottages, where I inquired for phantasy of the Tyrolese has also peopled the road, and found I had come about a

peasant who lived there at home, working in the last representative, Oswald, died in 1465. his garden. The ascent to the summit of the Through many changes I now belongs to the rock on which I stands a sunny and steep. Graf v. Taxus; this gentleman is a descend-One reaches first an outer wall, with strong ant of the Rogiere de Tassis who, visiting Gergate and portcullis; many loophples inter- many the year 1450, "introduced the neversect it; then come a bridge (formerly a enough-to-be-praised invention of posts;" for

building, up rough rock-hewn, steps, past a picturesque well with most grown wooden roof. This entrance is so rough in its appearance, that one I not prepared for the wealth of Gothic carving which some of the rooms display; one in particular is quite a chef-deserve in this way, the borders round the panelling and ceiling being carved in many different patterns. This room contains a genuine curved Gothic table, unique in form and workmanship; the door is also richly ornamented with iron work. The peasant who showed me over said they had to keep a sharp lookout after some of the visitors, who tried to carry off pieces of the carving or iron work. He told me of one instance: when his wife had shown this room to a gentleman (?) and they had got down-stairs, he said, "Oh, I have dropped my knife out of my pocket, and must go back and look for it." She let him do so, but as he did not return for some time, went back and found him in the act of loosening the ornamented from lock on the door. "21y wife did scold, I can tell you," said he, "but if it had been me I should have kicked him down-stake," In another room is a small chapel also richly carved, and dating from about the same period; there are many

varieties of doors about the place, all exceedingly picturesque. A portion of the tower, that Sterzing is on the Brenner line, which the oldest paries still accessible; from the runs direct from Munich over the Alps to Romanesque arched windows a beautiful Verona end Inspruck and Bozen. It is view obtained of the snow-capped moun-about eight or nine hours' journey from about eight or nine hours' journey from the same of this strong-munich, through the heart of the Alps, with hold do not seem to be heart of this stronghold do not seem to be known, although, as many beautiful views of the scenery; but early as x180, I was said to be the seaf of an doubly beautiful, even if more tedious, must ancient and noble family. At a later period it the journey have been 🗎 the old posting belonged to the Von Seben family, of whom days. I travelled home with a lady, a North

drawbridge) over a deep chasm, another gate, this public benefiction the Emperor Charles and wall, and another courtyard, likewise V. caused the office of Head Postmaster to be provided with innumerable sits and loop-hereditary in the Taxis family, and raised its holes; here is the entrance to the main members to the rank of barons and counts,



Ja gin Gother Room.

For the benefit of future visitors I may say

actions with strangers. This is very likely lost their former characteristics,

German, who said she remembers her first time, though I, of course, only know them as journey over the Brenner with her husband, they are now; and I should consider them, before the railway was made; she considered judging from experience, honest, hospitable, that since then the character of the people and simple still; but, no doubt, in places had a good deal deteriorated: they were much frequented by foreigners, such as Bozen less simple, and more grasping in their trans- and Mexic, they have, to a certain extent.

KITTY'S PRAYER.

By the Author of "John Jerningman's Journal,"

" THE mithres. I them, the docthors have said The paor little servant—her team flowing ever-

Och, who'd be a dorther, to bring us our dooths? To sit by our bods, with a hand on the head so. A feelin' the pulses, an' countin' the breaths !

To drive mour doors in a vehicle stately, Outstrotchin' a hand for a fee on the sly, To settle our deaths for us very completely, An' very contintedly lave us to die!

"The misthress is diein'-it is such a pity-The master just worships the ground 'neath her. He know in his heart there could be no reaction. tiend.

ble's such a swate qualifier, so smalls and pretty-Is there no cross ould women could go in her stead? the trates us so kindly, we think it on bosour To larn from herself her own flegant ways. I lov'd her the minute I set my eyes on her, An' what will I do whin she's deed, if you place?

"I hate our fine docthor | he ought to be cryin', But smil'd as he ran to his esmage and book, Just afther he tould us the darlist was dista'-Share, if she recover'd, how quare he would look! I know he's a faning—the best in the city—? But God's above all-even docthors-who linear ? I am but a poor little survint," says Kitty, "But even a servint can pray. I suppose !"

So, down on her knees in a which of emotion, With anger and grief in a terrible appling, Her Insh tongse praying with utter delibtion, In faith that but few to their praying can bring.

Implet'd with a force that my verse cannot give, With the seal of a saint, and the glow of a lover, That, in spite of the doctor, the mistress might live.

The master ast close by his darling, dospeir in His suspecied sorrow-just holding her hand-He prayed, to be sure, but no hope has his prayer in. In fact, he was desed, and could scarce understand, Her delicate lips had a painful contraction, Her sensitive eyes seeming sunken and glassed ;-

He first out and sew her-in fact he wastened.

A pallor less ghastly—the cyclashes quiver-Life springs to the face in a sudden surpriss-Grim Death retrogrades with a sad little shiver-She stalles at the master, her soul in her eyes ! A wonderful hope—is it hope? It it terror? Loaps up in his heart while he watches his wife-Is it light before death? in it fancy's sweet error ! Or is it—or can it be—verily LIFE!

Oh, send for the doctor-death hangs on each minute-They wait for his fint, as that of a god-Who sagely remarks that there is something in it, Gentling leases of life with an autocrat's nod, Joy sings through the house that was silent in sadmess ;

The santer believes that he na'er felt despuir. And Kitty, the servant, laughs out, 'mid her gladness, think that they notes of them know of her panyer,

TRICYCLING IN RELATION TO HEALTH.

By BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON, M.D., F.R.S.

PART III.

RULES CONTINUED .-- FOOD AND DRINK. during the practice of tricycling, and especially during a tour on the machine, is of use a plain simile, the tide of digestion ought great importance, and a rule in respect to totage towards the blood before the exercise this subject, when it is not made too arbitrary, begins, then all is on the right side. In the

is certainly desirable. In the first place it a always bad to commence on a very hearty HE question of eating and drinking meal, that is say before the digestion of the food has been fairly accomplished. To



"EREC'S PRAYER"

exercise is made to commence while the vital forces required for the digestive process ought still to concentrate on the stomach and other digestive organs, the digestive process is not completed; a portion of food remains III the stomach undigested; there is some uneasiness attended with flatulency, and the pleasure of the ride is confounded with depression of spirits, with failure of activity and vigour in work. Some riders finding out this fact choose to take no regular meals at all during their journey, preferring to carry with them some plain and simple food and drink, like a meat biscuit and a bottle of cold tea or milk, and to partake of a little very frequently as they go along, not even caring to dismount for the partaking of the refreshment. I understand that this plan answers very well indeed when a long distance has to be made and there is little or no time for rest. It is better, nevertheless, to dismount, take a light meal of mixed food, rost for a good long time to let digestion have full swing, and then on again, gently at first, briskly afterwards. Such a plan gives good digestion of the food, quick and excellent distribution of it over the body for nutritive purposes, and a healthy and sharp appetite for the meal that | next to come. The diet itself can scarcely be too simple. Animal food should be fresh, not salted, and well cooked; light animal foods like fish and fowl and mutton are very good to work on; eggs and milk are very good. A couple of eggs beaten well up in a cup, mixed with hot water, sweetened moderately with sugar, and treated with a small quantity of milk so as to make up from balf a pint to threequarters of a pint, is, with a little biscuit, an excellent sustaining meal for those to whom eggs are easily digestible. To those who can digest it outmeal porridge is very good to breakfast on; and to all who can digest milk, milk lightly thickened with wheat meal is most sustaining. Bread should be taken in moderate quantity, and fresh vegetables and fresh fruit are always in character when not taken in excess. Some fruits which for a moment seem extremely refreshing while on the travel become a cause of thirst if the day is very warm. I notice this particularly in regard to oranges, the most tempting perhaps and the most easily obtainable of all fruits.

Of drinking during tricycle exercise I must speak with some care. It I not very difficult to learn to tricycle without a desire for too much drink of any kind. But if the be-

through the mouth, lik is sure to acquire also the desire to take liquids far too freely. He will become so dry in the mouth he will feel he cannot get on unless has something to quench thirst, and that is an evil habit even though the drink be as innocent as the purest water itself. The first point, therefore, to drink as little as possible; to drink as much as will fill up the loss that I made by evaporation of water from the body, and not any

What the character of the drink shall be is not very difficult to answer, and what it should not be is answered with less difficulty, for certainly of all things again a should not be an alcoholic stimulant. On this last. named point we who are advocates for total abstinence from all alcoholic beverages have secured, beyond any mistake, a fine score from tricycling experiences. Those who are to some degree in opposition to us on the general question, those I mean who still hold that alcoholic drinks are in their right place as luxuries and should not be denied as luxuries, are with us if they are practised tricyclists, in expressing that alcoholic stimulation is fatel to good, sure, and sustained work. This year, Mr. Marriott, of Beeston, Nottingham, one of the partners in the firm of Humber, Cooper, and Marriott-manufacturers of the famous bicycles and tricycles bearing their name-performed with a friend, who rode a bicycle, the extraordinary feat of riding on a tricycle from Derby to Holyhead, over one hundred and eighty miles, within twenty-four hours, and they could have gone on twenty miles further, I they had not been "choked by the sea." They did this touching no trop of alcoholic drink by the way, "and it is certain," Mr. Marriott says, in his description of the journey, "that they could not possibly have done it if they had dared to include in any alcoholic beverage." Their experience only tallies with that of others, and with the experience of men who perform other physical feats of skill and endurance : such men as Hanlan. the oarsman; Weston, the pedestrian; and Carver, the marksman. It tallies with the experimental experiences of the late Dr. Parkes, and with the practical experience of many military men who have had occasion to march their soldiery in large bodies over long distances under and during great privations and difficulties. I tallies with the experiences of those who have watched the heavy labours of labouring men engaged in such ginner does not learn to breathe through the works as brick-making, iron-forging, wood-nose, if he acquire the habit of breathing cutting, and the like. But it becomes of

unusual value when it is witnessed from the fraternity of tricyclists, because so many of them are working for the pleasure of the exercise and the healthiness of it, and would be the last men to forego, voluntarily, anything that would facilitate the art, increase its delight and add to be health-giving advan-

tages.

When alcoholic drinks are taken by those who are engaged in tricycling, the effects are most characteristic. If a very light drink, one which carries an almost inappreciable dose of the chemical, he taken, a little weak claret for instance, or thin beer, or thin cider, the effect may be sail, or at most embarrassing only for a few minutes. If so much, however seemingly little, be taken, to produce what | felt to be an effect, then the mischief is done, and the bad results last for a longer or shorter time according to he dose of the chemical, the alcohol, which has been swallowed and carried over the /body. The skin is more or less flushed with blood, there is a brief interval of hectic fever, there is a relaxation of vessels, a sense of fulness in the head, a feeling of irritability and quickness of circulation, and a succeeding sudden deficiency of bodily power, depression, languer, and inability to austain or maintain effort, ending in chilliness and desire for repetition of the deceptive friend, the stimulant, or the desire for rest from the labour.

The drink which on the whole serves the tricyclist most efficiently is cold weak tea, made a little sweet with sugar if that is liked, but never over-sweetened, for if it be over-sweetened it causes thirst. To some the tea is rendered more palatable by being treated with a little lemon-juice, made in fact into what is called techni, or Russian tea, but I am not sure that the lemon does not increase thirst, and I know that in some persons II causes acidity and heartburn, and on the whole tschai is not so refreshing as tea simple. Another very nice and more sustaining drink may be made by pouring boiling milk instead of boiling water upon tea, milk tea; this slighty sweetened can be carried in the bottle or flask during the journey, and, diluted with water or soda water at the wayside inn, is at once refresh-

ing and sustaining.

Coffee is not so good, generally, as ten for gerons. The jacket should fit nicely to the the tricycle rider, at all events it is not so body, and the trousers, sufficiently free and often called into requisition. It may be that loose, should not be pursy about the legs it is not so easily prepared as ten and does and feet. Trousers answer very well, but not, in consequence, find so much favour. It knickesbockers and well-fitting stockings are is good as a variety and it may be carried an improvement on them. Shoes are better

in the form of fluid extract; in such form it may possibly come into greater use.

The various effervescing drinks sold under so many names and offered under such a number of inviting representations, as tonics, exhilerators, nerve sustainers, and what not, are all objectionable to the health of the tricyclist. They create thirst, they create dyspepsia, and they have no real sustaining power. I do not recommend lemonade unless it be unexceptionably good, nor Seltzer water, if it be possible to obtain pure * well or spring water. It is unfortunate that in passing through our prettiest villages and towns I is more difficult to get perfectly pure and safe water than any other commodity of food or drink, and one often obliged to purchase the waters supplied by respectable firms for the sale of aerated drinks for no other reason than that there is none other that can be trusted. The water supplies of English towns and villages are a disgrace, in fact, to our civilisation, and I hope that bicyclists and tricyclists, by preaching a cru-sade against the unclean fluid which is so often brought as water, may call the attention of local authorities to a reform so urgently needed as the pure supply of the natural drink for man and beast. Until that is done our inn-keepers would do well to boil a large quantity of water every day and pour it through a charcoal filter, from which it can be drawn for drink and sold per glass at a moderate price, say a penny the half-pint or pint.

Some riders select as a drink equal parts of milk and soda-water. Once in a day this may be taken to the extent of half-pint of soda-water to a quarter-pint if milk, if good milk can be obtained; but it is not an easily digestible beverage; it is ant to create derangement of the stomach, and it often causes thirst. It is nothing like if good as milk and tea, or milk and water lightly thickened with a little catmeal, a combination which, if those who

like outmeal, is very sustaining.

DRESS.

In practising on the tricycle and in making journeys upon attention should be paid to the dress. The dress should meatly to the body without being in any point cumbrous. Loose flaps of dress and tails of coats are very troublesome, and even dangerons. The jacket should fit nicely to the body, and the trousers, sufficiently free and loose, should not be pursy about the legs and feet. Trousers answer very well, but mickerbockers and well-fitting stockings are an improvement on theze. Shoes are better

well and lace far down towards the toe. Spring-side boots are bad; they prevent the easy movement of the ankle, which is so very essential for free pedal-play. The shoes should have good firm soles, but they need not be unusually heavy. The soles should be free of nails and of steel plates, and it worth the trouble to have them sharply roughened, so as to grasp the pedals firmly. The neck should be left as free as possible; a loose, light silk handkerchief is far better than a collar and stiff tie. Every convenience should be given for easy and rapid motion of the head in looking round. and the circulation through the vessels of the neck should in quite unimpeded. The headdress should iii light and yet firmly fitting on the head. A straw-hat, in my opinion, answers, on the whole, the best. The dress of the tricyclist should on no account be heavy. Thick flannel underclothing is an entire mistake; it prevents free transpiration from the skin, and causes the body to become wetted through from perspiration, which during the process of tricycling is always thrown off very freely. The substance of the clothing should be porous as well as light, and the colour grey. I is well to carry an extra suit of clothing in a waterproof case attached to the tricycle, and it is always imperative to change the dress after every journey if the garments are made damp, either from rain or from perspiration.

I do not strongly recommend waterproof coats for wear during tricycling. These coats keep out rain, truly, but then they keep in the water which is transpiring from the skin, an evil quite as serious as that which occurs from rain. It is all very well to have a loose ventilated waterproof cape to wear during a shower with the body m rest, but it is not wise to work hard under the water-tight covering; it is better to push on unencumbered by anything of the sort, and having arrived the place of shelter, to change the clothes instantly and get into a dry suit.

PRECAUTIONS AFTER RIDING.

On returning from a ride, even in fine weather, I is wise to make it a rule to change a good ablution of the body. I know of no more delightful sensation than that which is experienced when, after a fine ride, the bath

than boots, unless the boots fit uncounteraly mactive secreting organs have been discharged of overloaded secretions, the mind is light and clear, and the muscular organs are ready for work, relieved from fatigue, rather than alcepy and tired. The water used in the both for the ablution should not at first be cold, a should be just agreeably warm, but it may often, with advantage, be reduced to a lower temperature for a final douche. The skin should be dried with brisk friction.

LADY TRICYCLISTS.

Hitherto I have written m I the advantage of tricycle riding were confined to the male sex. I would not like this to be the impression gleaned from my papers. On the contrary, I am of opinion that no exercise for women has ever been discovered that 🖩 to them so really useful. Young and middleaged ladies can learn to ride the tricycle with the greatest facility, and they become excellently skilful. One young lady, who is very dear to me, can best me both in pace and in distance, and in a tour we have made to-day of several miles on a beautiful country road we have enjoyed ourselves as much as when we ride out together on horseback, while we have had a better exercise. I shall rejoice to see the time when this exercise shall be as popular amongst girls and women as tennis and the dance, for the more fully the physical life of our womankind is developed the better for men as well as women.

In my first paper on the tricycle, published in GOOD WORDS several months ago, I referred to certain invalids who were benefited by the tricyc's exercise. I have every reason to be extrem, ' satisfied with the results of that expression of opinion. The tricycle is, in fact, now with me a not uncommon prescription, and is far more useful than many a dry and formal medicinal one which I had to write on paper. This matter is so important and so interesting I shall have to discuss it in some purely professionl work in order to bring out the facts I have observed and collected. I only add in this place that my own personal experience of the exercise is in the highest degree favourable. I have become quite a practised rider, and difficult as I is for me to go out of London, the dress, and at the same time to carry out. I lose no occasion that offers to take one or two hours' run, and am always more benefited by the exercise than by any other of the many I have tried for health's sake. I often has been indulged in, and a light, dry change find it also very healthful and delightful to of clothing has been put on. The whole make a short tour when I have a few days at body seems to be renovated. The dull and command.

TRAINING.

3. Bermen prenched at St. Baul's Cathebral, March Sti., 1882.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

"And He blowed him there." -- Greene work, sp.

MANY of us feel able acast stones at did a wicked perfidy; and if his mother cause Bod, who blessed him, knew him. pushed him into a meanness, which crafty and reserved, was sinewy and firm.

be just to him, common as it is to be unjust, and while we decline to measure a patriarch's

and breathes out his soul in peace. Then, facters in the Bible, and God, who Himself they say, "We are envious at the foolish, is Love, valued love in him. when we see the prosperity of the wicked. lusty and strong."

or being so serenely indifferent it, and, in-pleted it by the discipline of sorrow. deed, to anything about God at all, that About which discipline, and all the we hardly care to ask if He judgeth the proposes and implies, I will speal now. earth-give me, if you please, the earnest, may, the fierce cry of the blistered spirit that may, to one who believes in God, and hopes must see God's righteousness, or it perishes; for Him, the greatest of blessings—God makes rather than the sleek composure of a vapid it yet a bigger blessing, by ordaining for it soul, whose God, such as it is, never troubles a plan. He did this for Christ, "I must

his thoughts.

Now, the answer to such a complaint, so Jacob. They are plentiful to find, far as it deserves and demands one, is vireasy to aim, and they hit. His conduct to tunlly contained in the words of my text. his brother, though to be sure, one who so Whatever Jacob was, or was not, whatever despised his birthright deserved to lose it, God is, or is not, God blessed Jacob; and was beneath contempt. Towards his blind wisdom being justified of her children, we father, never lacking in kindness to him, he feel that Jacob deserved me be blessed, be-

God blessed Jacob, and you ask, why did neither his conscience nor his will revolted. He bless him? I answer, for the best of all so much as the fear of being found out, a reasons; because He loved him, "Jacob man of middle age can hardly be allowed to have I loved," said the prophet; being the plead a child's suppleness, his nature, if spokesman of God. And why should He not love him? Do we love none but fault-Let us frankly admit, that while we must less persons? Let us be fair to what was good in him, as well as stern on what was bad. No doubt he was ambitious. Do you frailties by an apostle's standard, all the despise ambition? When of a right kind it pathos of his after history and the woeful is the leverage of human progress. His had abundance of his afflictions must not for an vast tenacity of purpose. Has that no charm instant blind us to the badness of his sin. for the strong? Has whole nature was satu-But some go farther, and find fault with rated with tenderness. The years seemed God. They observe, that the night on which but as a few days for the love he bore he fled from his incensed brother, a ladder Rachel. As he lay dying, he remembered of glittering light arched over his pillow, and how he had buried the slighted Leah, and Jehovah spake to his heart. They remark, thought of the place where she slept. Before that wherever he went he found kinsmen, Esan came he protected himself against him contracted alliances, and amassed wealth, with ingenious precautions and judicious When Ests met him, God shielded him, diplomacies. When he came near to him, If trials came, they were the parents of Nature was too much for him, and he forgot blessing. He goes down into Egypt to the separation of years in a passionate burst recover and embrace his lost Joseph; by the of love. With all his faults, Jacob I indisflood of the tawny Nile he blesses Pharnob, putably one of the most affectionate cha-

But, again, do you ask, why did He bless They have no bands in their death, they are him by Peniel? My answer is, because he asked to be blessed; and his desire for Well, that difficulty is, I suppose, the constituted at once his worthings and his difficulty of all men and all times; and, if capacity. If, further, you inquire how God we had to choose between being so jealous blessed him, all Jacob's history afterwards about God's righteousness, that when we is the key to the answer. He began the fail to perceive it we are vehemently troubled, blessing with the gift of prayer, and He com-

About which discipline, and all that it

1. And, first, life being itself a blessingwork the works of Him that sent me." He of life made for him, and God, who is just as well as wise, endows him with suitable gifts for fulfilling it, remembers the conditions under which it is to be fulfilled. II may be a patriarch's or a peasant's. Il may be the life of a quiet student in a cloister, or the campaign of a great soldier on the fields of war. It may cast its shadows long before, agitating the boy's heart with dreams of coming greatness; or it may slowly and imperceptibly unfold itself as the leaves in the greening spring. But, I say, every man has a plan in life marked for him by God, and it is his duty to discover it, and his safety to fulfil it; and if you talk to me about the tyranny of circumstances, and ask how you can escape them. I answer, if circumstances crush feeble men, strong men use circumstances, and fortune is at the feet

of the strong.

s. But, if God is Sovereign, man is free. "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings; and ye would not." It does not follow, that because God has for every man a plan in life, and the best possible one for him, and gives him all the chances and helps he needs for executing it-therefore, as a matter of course, it is executed, whether all of it, or much of it, or quite in the way that God prefers, or by the instruments that He can sanction. We here, who, on the ridge of our middle life, look back on the road we have travelled since we were young, can see advantages that we have neglected, opportunities that we have missed, friends whom we have forgotten, warnings that we have despised. I doubt, if there is a man on the face of the earth at this moment, whose life might not have been whiter, or thorough, or his character more mellow, had he taken all that was offered him, followed where he was invited to go. We are, at the best, creatures full of imperfection, and to be hard upon each other. Yet, if we come back into the road after having left it, to ourselves, that a just God does not expect "Be sure thy sin will find thee out," ay,

does it also for us. Every man has a plan perfect characters for fulfilling His purposesill that case He would have to go out of the world to find them-neither does He make perfect characters on this side of Heaven, for then the present order of the world must be utterly changed. What He does I this. He chooses the fittest instruments He can find for His various purposes, and when He has found them. He calls them, trains them. makes the best of them, and bears with them till they are done with.

> We quite see that Jacob had that taint of dissimulation in him which has since, through generations of bitter persecutions, slowly, perhaps inevitably, matured into the consummate astuteness of his race. We of the West have no pity for it, no truce with it, and no doubt there are other qualities in Jacob, germane to this instinct of cunning which we regret to see. But, as I have hinted already, Jacob was not all faults. As he grows old a dignity comes out of his nature, like beauty on the face of the dying. If we abbor trickery, we can admire patience,

and a purpose as hard as steel.

3. But if it happens, as certainly it did happen with Jacob, that success, if not exactly owing to our sins, is so much connected with them that to common observers it looks to be, # God the minister of sin? God forbid! What then does He do to prevent our saying so? Does He change the purpose, or does He punish the sin? He punishes; He does not change. He will not take back the birthright from Jacob. It had been sold to him, it was his, and II was meant to be. He does not bid David send Bathsheba back to widowed home. She had been made his wife, apparently more by his fault than her own, and that she should remain, that she might be the progenitor of the Christ. Jacob was to be Israel, and Solomon was to be Bathsheba's child. But, his success larger, or his condition more mark this, both David and Jacob take their terrible scourging to the grave. From David's house the sword never departed till died. As for Jacob, again and again did the sins by which he had thought to bless himself, have too many failings of our own to afford meet him and lacerate him in the sins of his children. He, who had deceived others, was himself deceived. He, who had defrauded there is waste of time, not loss of way. The others, was himself defrauded. What he did good man is not he who has no smalts, but to Issac, in like fashion Judah did to him, he who hatestly striving to conquer them. and the comment on his chequered history is The wise man a not one who never erm, but best found in his own account of it who, having erred, finds it out, acknowledges Pharach. "Few and evil have the days of it, and tries not to err again. For let us ob- the years of my life been; and have not serve further, not only in fairness to Jacob, but attained to the years of the life 🗷 my fathers."

and will go on finding thee out while thou suffering him to have his say, and to receive God to keep in His own hand the radder of learn. our life, and to order for us the circumstances pels, or excuses, or convives at our sins. While He is infinitely patient with us about them, and on our true repentance so freely forgives us, that, in the bold figure of the prophet, He casts them behind His back, He never intends us to forget them until death dips us into the Lethe of the grave, Again and again, more in a goodness which desires our holiness than a vengeance which contrives our suffering, do they come back to wound and shame us, like setons in the quick of the conscience suddenly and sharply pulled, that we may watch and pray.

My younger brethren, I implore you not suppose from Jacob's apparent success that God was indifferent to his sin, or ever permitted him w think so. I implore you not to suppose that if God makes the best of you, as assuredly He will, and if you fall, takes you back on your honest repentance, as assuredly He will, and freely forgives you, as assuredly He will, for He says so, that it can ever be the same for you to have sinned as not to have sinned, or that ripe as hereafter may be your sanctity, diligent your life, even grand your usefulness, your sine will not sometimes come back to humble and sadden you in the wise purpose of God. Nothing ripens our perfection like the voice of a stirred memory. Nothing deepens our tenderness in dealing with others, like the consciousness of infilmity of our own.

4. I have already spoken of circumstances. and what we have to do with them in meeting, enduring, and using them. Well, God too uses them as His angels and voices to us; and He has special epochs and crises in which He visits the soul He loves. There are three chief landmarks of spiritual life in Jacob's history, perhaps in most histories; though we may not all of us have learnt about them yet.

The first was at Bethel, where Jacob became really conscious of God, and that in his present distress he could not without Him. Characteristically enough he made a bargain with God, in which he took good care to have the best of it. God in His infinite goodness, ready to have our love almost at any price, does not stop to reason with Jacob, nor to dissect his curious motives. Be He treats him exactly as a wise and

livest, is the sombre but wholesome lemon his promise, and telling himself that he can we learn from Jacob. However it may please wait; time is on his side, and his son will

Then there is the second epoch, when the our pilgrimage, He never directs, or com-need of provision from God becomes transfigured into a craving after intercourse with Him; when the soul does not so much seek God's gifts, as the vision of His glory, asks not to eat His bread, but to see Him and live. It is the haptismal fellowship quickened into conscious life. "Tell me, I beseech thee, thy name. I will not let thee mexcept thou bless me. And he blessed him there."

Then comes the final change. "Fear not to go down into Egypt. I will go down with thee, and will also bring thee up again; and Joseph shall put his hand on thine eyes."

Yes, there Egypt too for us—the vast spirit-land on the bank of the river, where we shall meet our Josephs and Benjamins, and the goodly company gone on before; and then the voice of the archangel will bid us "rise and be going," and we shall enter into our land of promise.*

In conclusion, let us borrow from Jacob's history a significant lesson for youth, and middle life, and old age, and see how for us too, as well as for Jacob, it may be true that He blesses us there.

The secret of a noble youth is exgerness without impetuosity. Jacob was eager, but in his eagerness he thought to make a short cut to his journey's end, and it turned out, as short cuts often do, a very long one. Could be have waited for his birthright, instead of clutching at it, I might soon have come to him through his brother's levity and idolatrousness, and then all that ain and sorrow would have been spared.

My friends, by all means desire good things-nay, if you will, great things. Only be content to wait for them, and be sure that if you will not wait, you will compelled practise waiting in a very painful way. It is a good thing to wish to have a filled home, moral problems neatly settled, m have an impatience at evil and evil people; to have a great hope of progress, and to put your own shoulder to the wheel of the world to help it to move faster—nay, to have, if you will, a sort of hot despair, when it seems I be going on so slowly that it is almost standing still. The world usually the better for a little wholesome anger. "The fatal malady of the soul is cold." But also learn to trust

kind father treats a somewhat selfish child, I am induled to the lier. Supplied Recoin.

God in the management of His own world, and surely came to save and ennoble and sanctify especially of His redeemed creatures. Have our entire nature, that we might diligently enthusiasm; we cannot have too much of it. cultivate it now, and so presently stand com-But let it be a regulated enthusiasm, and not plete before the throne of God. There may merely the feverish passion of egotism. Ask as many questions as you please, but remember that it is only in action and obedience that full answers come to us. Most of all, remember Him who has said, "Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world." Like Jacob by the brook, seek Him, speak to Him, wrestle with Him, till He becomes your friend. Jesus of Nazzreth is the true and blessed meeting-place for childhood with its innocence, youth with its aspirations. manhood with activities, and age with its retrospect. Your wish for Him is the proof the well is deep, and it is hard to plumb it, that He Himself is seeking you. Say to Him, " Be my friend," and He will answer. "That I have ever been," and He will bless you there.

Then in middle life we will try to learn the hard lesson of concentration without abhere also, and for us likewise. He sends for lonely well at Beersheba, the middle-aged, prosperous man would give half he possesses for one short hour of sweet Rachel's company, or for one glimpse of the ruddy brown cheek of his lost boy. But Rachel neither comes nor sends. Joseph sends, but so late that the sands of his father's life are fast

aunning out.

Yet middle age is not all discipline. Even for the lone fireside there is a sort of compensation in the infinite variety of duties, which, for a filled life, keeps the heart from monotony and the mind from stagnation. The interest is so great, as the experience widens, and the tasks develop. Fresh ideas, both from books and talk, crowd in upon us, and lift us up on very wings above the trifles and petty vexations that absorb us, if we do not basten to crush them in the palm of a strong hand. New occupations and tastes stimulate our energies, and reward us in stimulating them. Duties, honestly done, and with more cheerfulness, gladden our own life and enrich the generation in front. In has been well said that if our danger is to be one-sided through the steadiness of our concentrated effort, our safety must be found in being manifold and many-sided, while clinging fast our own particular work. For Christ Yes, He will bless us, even there.

not be much of what is understood by poetry in middle life. It may have less charm than youth, and less diguity than age; perhami this does not so particularly matter. But middle sen is the August of life, when the harvest ripens, and the purple grapes ask us to pluck them. I we drop something, we have plenty wherewith to restore it. Our questions are wiser than they once were, and they have less sharpness about them. If our difficulties are still serious, like Jacob, we have seen God, and we know that, though the Rock of Ages is below. So He blesses us there.

Then, after the heat and the burden of the day, the wilderness is passed and the purple shadows fall. The perfection of old age is "wisdom without cynicism," and a faith in sorption. God has His discipline for Jacob the purpose of God, which deepens and widens with the years. To look round on Rachel, and she dies by the well at Bethle- the scene, which we are so soon to leave, hem. Joseph is sold into Egypt. By the and still to admire and enjoy, and try, if possible, to improve it; to be interested in the young, who will soon fill our place, dissect our motives, and inherit our labours -not, perhaps, with too much respect and sympathy; to hope about a future which we shall have no opportunity of helping; to grow in spiritual vision, even if our intellectual force decays; to spread charity, 🔣 accept consolation, avoid a morose solitariness, to welcome all o nortunities of making others happy—here is the glory of old age when the grand hope of immortality sweetens and dignifies it, when, as with Jacob, we say cheerfully, "I am to be gathered to my fathers," or with Simeon, in the dawning light of the gospel, joyfully, " Now let me depart in peace, for I have seen thy salvation."

In this spirit it is that the patriarch's last word is benediction; "God Almighty bless the lads." Then I calmly gathers his feet into the bed, turns his face to the wall, and thinks of Ruchel.

> "Who but a Christian through all His That bisseing may prolong; Who through the world's and day of skills, Stall chart his nooring song? Ever the richest, tenderest glow Sets round th' antuenal out; But there ought fulls-one heart may harw ut there sight fulls-ne heart is The blue, when his is done,"

BEE LIFE.

By the Ray. J. G. WOOD, M.A.

HAVING in a previous paper given a rapid sketch of Solitary Bees, we shall now glance at those that are social in their habits. These insects fall naturally into two divisions, namely the Humble Bees and the Hive Bees, of which latter insects there are more species than is generally imagined.

In all these insects we find a new element introduced into their economy. The Solithry Bees consist of males and females, as is the case with most insects. But, in the Social Bees, we find three distinct ranks, if we may use the word. There are the males, which we popularly call Drones, the females, which we term Queens, and the undeveloped females, which we know by the name of Workers; the last-mentioned insects being the rank and file of the bee army, the males and females being the officers.

Males, however, are comparatively unimportant in bee life, bees, like ants, being essentially a nation of Amazons, and the interest of the community centring in the workers, imperfect though they be.

Putting the males on one side, we have now to consider one part of the structure which is common to both the queen and the workers. This is the sting, and a very beau-

tiful apparatus it is.

If we press the abdomen of a bee or wasp, so as E cause the sting to protrude, we should naturally think that the sharp, dark-coloured instrument was the sting itself. This, howvery slender instrument, nearly transparent, keenly pointed, and armed on one edge with a row of barbs. So exactly does the sting sessed microscopes, we should certainly have

the terrible wourali, or curare, as it is some- seeming we reach the very bone. times called, can retain strength after long exposure to air. The upas poison of keeping in much the same way. A female, Borneo, for example, loses its potency in or "queen," has been hidden throughout the two or three hours. But the venom of the winter in some sheltered spot, and when the

sting is never exposed to the air at all. It is secreted by two long, thread-like glands, not nearly so thick as a human hair, and is then received into a little bag at the base of the sting. When the insect uses its weapon, it contracts the abdomen, thereby forcing the sting out and compressing the venombag. By the force of the stroke which drives the sting into the foe, its base is pressed against the venom-bag, and a small amount of the poison driven into the wound. As a rule, if the bee or wasp be allowed to remain quiet, it will withdraw its sting, but as the pain generally causes a sudden jerk, the barbed weapon cannot be withdrawn, and the whole apparatus of sting, poison-bag, and glands is torn out of the insect, thereby causing its death.

Three distinct groups of Humble Bee exist in this country, namely, the Meadow Bees, which make their nests underground; the Carder Bees, which build on the surface of



Carder Boes at work

the earth; and the Stone Bees, which choose their habitations in the clefts of rocks, stone

heaps, and similar situations.

The two former of these bees may be ever, is not the case. The real sting is a watched with perfect safety, as they seldom use their stings, even when their homes are invaded. But it will be as well | let the Stone Bee alone. The homet itself a not resemble the many-barbed arrow of certain more savage than the Stone Bee. This insect savage tribes, that if the savages had pos- will dash at any one who ventures near its stronghold, and if he runs away, will chase thought that they borrowed the idea of the him for a considerable distance. Its sting bail from the insect. What we see with the is thought to be as severe as that of the unaided eye is simply the sheath of the sting. hornet. Never having been stung by a Many savages poison their spears and hornet, I cannot speak from experience, but I arrows, and here also they have been anti- have been stung by a Stone Bee, and can cipated by the insect. But the sting is in- state that the anguish I very much greater finitely superior to the arrow poison. No than that inflicted by the sting of the wasp poison that has yet been made, not even or hive bee, the dull heavy throbbing pain

These wild Social Bees all set about house-

har concealment, and flies about in search of undergoes a change in consistence, flavour, a home.

The Wood Humble Bee almost invariably chooses the deserted burrow of a mouse, enlarges and smoothes the extremity of it, and makes and workers all die, and only one or then begins her nest. She provides a store two of the females appear to survive the of food, deposits her eggs, makes some rude winter. cells and feeds the young until they are roady to change into pupe. Each laws then spins for itself an oval cocoon, from which it is relieved at the proper time by the parent, who bites a circular piece from one end, as if it were a previously made lid.

At first, only worker bees are degeloped, the males and females appearing later in the year. The workers come to the amistance of the queen, who has thenceforth little to do but deposit eggs. They watch over the young larvæ, feed them, fetch honey and store it in the vacant cells, and in fact do all the work of the community. The honey cells are not placed together as in the case with the Hive Bee, but are mixed with the breeding cells,



Humble Boot and cells.

and heaped together without the least attempt at regularity.

The honey is, as a rule, very sweet and fragrant, but it is sometimes injurious to human beings.

Here I may mention that no bee can suck honey out of flowers, as E popularly supposed. She licks out with her tongue, the end of which is covered with hairs, so as to convert into a brush, scrapes it between the jaws, and so passes it into the crop, where it is changed into honey.

What property there may be in the crop which converts flower juice into honey, we do not at present know. To all appearance, Social Bees, we find a contrast quite as well the crop is nothing but a bag of exceedingly marked as between a semi-savage and a

warm spring days come, she emerges from a little time in the crop, the flower juice and scent, and, whether the insect be a wild or domestic bee, the change is identical throughout. At the end of autumn the



Carder Bees. Outside of mat.

For its nest the Carder Bee is content with a slight hollow on the surface of the ground, covering it with a low dome of moss, grass, or similar materials. The bee wery careful that all the fibres should be separated so that they may be properly hid, and subjects them to a kind of combing, or "carding" process, drawing them under her body, and passing them through the three pairs of legs. Sometimes, several bees will unite in the labour, standing in a row and passing the moss or gmss from one to the other.

The dome is rendered waterproof by an inner coating of a 'k, coatee wax, and in most cases it is made with such care that it looks just like a tuft of ordinary most upon the ground. More than once the bees have been known to carry off a quantity of horseheir, and to weave it into their nests.



Carrier Boot. Interior of acrt.

On passing from the wild to the domestic fine membrane, and yet, after remaining for civilised country. In the one, a sort happy-go-lucky system prevails, the cells point. I will, therefore, merely my that the they were of no consequence, and each bee the angles of the bee-cell. seeming to act without reference to any other.

not gathered from flowers or trees, as many by the insects themselves.

On the under surface of the worker bee may be seen six little flaps, and on lifting them up with the point of a needle the flaps disclose six tiny pockets. Within these pockets the wax is secreted, forming small flakes nearly semicircular in shape. Some time required for the development of the wax scales, and during that time the bee requires to be at rest. By degrees the pockets are filled, and when the wax flakes show themselves outside the flaps the bee removes them with its jaws, musticating them together, and then places the mass where it will be wanted.

The cells of the Hive Bee are placed nearly horizontally, and in a double row, end to end. They are hexagonal in shape, so as to avoid wasted space, and the bottom of each cell is composed of three diamond-shaped plates, all exactly alike, and fixed to the cell so that they exactly correspond with the bottoms of three cells in the opposite layer. Mutual support is thus given, and the cells are strengthened just where strength is most needed.



Begistaing of Comb.

readers might not precisely understand the of a passing bee might break their edges if

being of no very particular shape, jumbled celebrated forty-seventh proposition of the together without the least attempt at arrange- first book of Euclid, on which the science of ment, space and material being treated as if navigation depends, also affords the key to

If we ask how the bee make cells so In the nest of the Hive Bee, no matter mathematically perfect we have no answer. what the species, we find discipline, harmony, Theories without number have been per for-subordination of each insect to the wants ward, but there in not one that is satisfactory. of the general community, and economy of I will only mention two. The first and most space and material carried to the last possible obvious was that of "Equal pressure." Every extreme. Division of labour is also prac- one knows that cylinders of any soft subtised, though not to so great an extent as stances if pressed together will be formed into among the ants, and even the workers are hexagons. But, in the first place, the wax separated into two classes, namely the archi- III so brittle that it would snap if subjected tects and the nurses. No longer do we find to such pressure. In the next place, the wasted space or material, the latter being wonderful diamond-shaped plates with their far too valuable to the insect. The cells are equal opposite angles would not to formed. wholly made of wax, a substance which is And lastly, there are insects, such as the Mischocyttarus of South Africa, which make persons still believe, but is in reality accreted cells of much softer material than wax, and perfectly beragonal, even though no other cells surround them.

Then there was the "Opposite sculpture" theory, which was mightly popular for a time. According to this the bees began by making a thick, flat, waxen plate, and setting to work at the opposite sides of it. Nothing could be simpler. All that the bees had to do was to scoop out perfectly circular pieces of wax, taking care to place the centres of their circles at regular distances upon the circumference of the circle traced by the bee on the opposite side. Then, by cutting away the superfluous wax, they got hexagonal foundations, and had only to keep to them in order to complete the cell. But how did they make their circles so absolutely exact? How did they obtain their centres? With what point did they trace their circumference? How did six bees on one side of the waxen wall know exactly what six bees were doing on the other side? The original proposer of this absurd theory begins by assuming that the bees act according to this theory, and so, as logicians say, he "begs the question."

The real fact is, that we do not know how the bee builds its hexagonal cell, any more than we know how the termite is taught to zear its gigantic palaces, the caddis-worm to make its subsquatic tubes, the swallow to build its nest of mud, and the sand-martin

to burrow holes in soft rocks.

Another remarkable point in bee architec-I very much fear that if I mentioned that ture is the mode in which the edges of the the angles of the bee-cell were governed by cells are strengthened. The sides of the cells the square of the hypothenuse, some of my are so exceedingly fragile that even the touch harder than wax. Such a material is the propolis," an adhesive vegetable secretion obtained from various sources, the bud of the chestnut being the chief favourite. By masticating this propolis with wax, the bee forms a tolerably hard cement, with which guards the edges of the cells, fills up all needless crevices, fastens the edges of the various similar purposes.

bees bestow on the ordinary cells, we might the size of their habitations. A curious il-



Here Bee. Bige of sout with Reyal cell.

more than double care. But, when we look into the hive, we see that the cells of the hive queen are even more rude and shapeless than those of the Humble Bees.

Drone cells, which are easily distinguished by their superior size, are as scrupulously hexagonal in shape as the ordinary cells. But any lump of wax seems good enough for a queen's cell, provided that it be large e tough. These cells are stuck anywhere on the edges of the combs, and in making them the bees seem absolutely regardless of space and material. Several of these rude cells the bees have taken away wax for some other purpose.

Every one who has the slightest practical knowledge of the Hive Bee knows that at certain times of the year the bees increase so rapidly that the hive can no longer contain them. Several queens are within the hive, mistress, successive swarms leave the hive momentary pang, I can do no more.

they were not protected with some material in search of another home, each swarm being accompanied by a queen.

In civilised countries the bees inhabit ertificial dwellings, made either of straw or reed. These "hives" being tolerably uniform in their dimensions, we can form a fairly correct calculation as the number of swarms which a healthy hive will produce in a season.

In uncivilised countries, where the bees hive to the footboard, and employs for make their habitations in hollow trees, the clefts of rocks, or similar localities, the Considering the wonderful care which the swarming is very uncertain, depending on naturally imagine that the cells in which the Justration of this fact occurred in a Wiltshire queen been are bred would be formed with village where I lived for some years. A swarm of bees had managed to evade their rightful owner, and had made their way into the church roof, between the tiles and the lath-and-plaster ceiling with which most village churches were afficted m that period. Being undisturbed, the bees increased mightily, but they never sent out a swarm, As long as they restricted themselves to the roof, they were allowed remain untouched, But after some years, they found their way through the flimsy ceiling, and came into the church in such numbers that the congregation hardly dared to enter the building.

At the beginning of winter, when all the bees were torpid, an entrance was made into their domains, and a wonderful sight it was. The beams and rafters were hidden under the masses of comb. The workmen thought that they had a valuable prize of wax and honey, but they were quite mistaken. our artificial bee houses we can induce the insects to store the honey in separate portions of the hive. But in this instance the bees had so much space at command that they mixed up the honey cells with the bread cells and breeding cells, so that the labour of separating them would not have been repaid by the results.

I have already mentioned that there are several species of Have Bee, but can only give a very brief notice of two. One of these the Banded Bee of the Nile district (Apir c in generally be found in a hive, their usual fasciatus). This bee is remarkable for the shape being pear-like, and their exterior fact that the hives are placed in boats and covered with little circular hollows where taken along the course of the river so as to secure a constant supply of food, the owner of the bees paying the owner of the boat by a percentage of wax and honey. The next is the bee, or rather group of South American bees, called "Angelitos," or little angels, because they never sting. Some of them can and do hite fiercely. Jaws, however, possess and as a hive, like a house, can have but one no poison; and although the bite inflicts a

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CHRISTIAN SOCIALISTS.

By the Rev. M. KAUFMANN, M.A.

III .- BAATER AND EXTITION.

turn to Germany, where similar ancial causes produced a similar movement in the two leading religious bodies of that country.

In the Roman Catholic Church, where the movement took its rise first, two men stand out prominently from among the rest, the one a philosophic layman, the other an ecclesiastic politician. The former has much in common with Lamennais, whose writings he knew and criticized freely, and for whose leading ideas he expressed both sympathy and respect. The latter is not unlike Kingsley in his manly attitude, though his superior in administrative gifts, as he falls below him in the final humanities of his disposition and the broad comprehensiveness of his religious conceptions. In Baader and Kettefer and their teachings, we see represented the two successive stages of the new Catholic movement in Germany, so far as it is connected with social reform. Religious philosophers and literary men among the laity are identified with the first, the clergy and what may be called the clerical centres with the second. The former vented itself in a sort of romantic mysticism. with reactionary tendencies in religion and politics; the latter in Ultramontaniam, and a general desire to widen the basis of ecclesiastical operations among the working classes. Baader, the defender of religious liberty, occupies in this respect an entirely different standpoint from Ketteler, the champion of socialistic clericalism, which has earned for its representatives the name, " Black Internationale."

In other respects both men are inspired by common ideas. Their motives and methods are not always the same, but they are perfectly at one as regards the main theories of Chrisrespectively; the one antecedent to, the other consequent upon, the revolution of 1848.

I. Franz Xavier von Baader was born in München on the 27th March, 1765. His University of his native town. father was a medical practitioner, well aceighteenth century. an effect on the first impressions of young quence deposed from his professorial chair. Baader, who was intended to follow his

I N the two previous papers we endeavoured father's profession. But he turned mining give typical representatives of Christian from personal pradilection. As a devoted Socialism in France and England. We now student of science he became the friend of Alexander von Humboldt at the University of Freiburg. During his stay in England for the purpose of scientific inquiry, im made the acquaintance of Dugald Stewart and Erasunus Darwin, and was offered the directorship of lead and silver mines in Devoushire, which, however, he refused. On his return to Germany he was made "Councillor of Mines," and became the author of original treatises on metallurgy and chemistry. His original contributions to mental science were by no means insignificant, and at one time he was regarded as a man likely to give a fresh start to speculative philosophy in his country. In religious matters his aspirations were for the reunion of Protestantism with Catholicism, and he joined the mystic circle of religious devotees which at the time had Madame Krüdener for its centre of attrac-It included Speranski and Prince Galizio, but its first and foremost member was no less a person than the youthful Emperor of Russia, Alexander I. Baader had a project which he submitted to the Csar for uniting the members of the Holy Alliance in one common policy for the spiritual and social regeneration of Europe. He also pressed upon the imperial enthusiast a scheme for the establishment of a new Academy at St. Petersburg, which was to be a temple of religion and science, where faith and fact, dogma and discovery, were to be reconciled, an institution in its leading principles equally distant from the Jesuits and the Encyclopedists. In this effort he was unsuccessful. Foiled by court intrigues, he was compelled | leave the northern capital and return to Germany. On his way home is stayed at Berlin, where he was brought into contact with Hegel, Hertian Socialism in its past and present aspects der, Schleiermacher, and other men of the period. Their influence on his own liberally inclined mind was felt later, when in 1816 he was appointed professor at the newly-founded public lectures produced a profound sensation quainted with, and influenced by, some of because of their freedom. Though a good the leading liberal Bishops in Germany, many Catholic, he gave utterance to some strong of whom shared the enlightened views of the remonstrances against the absolutism of the This may have had Roman Curia in 1838-40, and was in conse-

Nevertheless, among the worthies whose

by Louis I, near his capital, Baader's, too, is seen me the representative of Philosophical Philanthropy. As such we may now proceed to consider him, and examine his theories under the light which the social history of his

time throws upon them.

What was said of the class-antagonisms in France and England, and the conflicts between the revolutionary and reactionary parties in those countries, is equally true of Germany, with this difference, however, that here special causes aggravated the virulency of class antagonisms. The absolutism of Metternich, with its bureaucratic excesses and galling police regulations, had produced a general spirit of discontent against paternal modes of government. The survival of class privileges and the exemption of the nobles from national burdens had produced a school of " Teutonic Jacobins," whilst the reactionary "Conspiracy of Princes," as it was called, was confronted by the underground machinations of secret societies. Social distress added to the bitterness of the popular disappointment at the barren results of the war of liberation, and the Government was regarded as the chief cause of social evils for which they were only in part and indirectly responsible. The real causes of agricultural distress and industrial depression have to be traced farther back in the historical development of Germany, and mainly in the slow progress of peasant enjancipation from feudalism in that country. But in 1750 the agricultural element formed 60 or 70 per cent. of the entire population. There had been peasant risings in Bohemia and Saxony towards the close of the eighteenth century, and excessive subdivision of the soil elsewhere had brought about evils which threatened to culminate in a general outbreak. The partial withdrawal of the more industrious portion of the needy population to the towns interfered with the progress of agriculture, and the return of "factory hands" to their native villages had the effect of spreading the vices of towns in rural districts and demoralising the people.

Again, in the centres of industry the extension of trade liberties with the relaxation of the guild system proved by no means an stimulated production, unmixed good. indeed, but also increased luxury and waste; it also lowered the standard of commercial honesty and thoroughness of workmanship; it encouraged selfish exclusiveness as the result of unlimited competition, and was instru-

busts adorn the Bavarian Walhalla, founded wholesale enterprise. Thus were produced poverty and wretchedness, with a decreasing sense of self-respect among the wages-earning classes. From the sixteenth century to the present day the condition of the trades had been deteriorated, until (to take Prussia as type) at the present moment, according to reliable statistics, the well-to-do classes form only 1'31 of the population, whilst 80'06 per cent. are composed of persons depending, either partly or entirely, on wages, whilst 95 per cent, of the whole population are restricted to an income not exceeding 2,000 marks (£100), though mostly falling below it. This growth ammense wealth in the hands of a few, side by side with the impoverishment of the vastly preponderating many, is, as Dr. Engel of the Statistical Department has put it, the great social danger of the hour. It proved so, at the time now under consideration, though perhaps in less formidable proportions, simply because the dishitegrating process had not advanced the same alarming extent then. But it roused the spirit of insubordination, which was stimulated into revolt by the coercive measures against the "Demagogues" adopted by the governments of the German States. Bavaria at this time was noted more especially for its stagnant immobility in Social Politics,

> It was in such surroundings that the pious and noble-minded Baader recommended a "Theocracy," a Monarchy guided by Divine politics, as opposed to a "Democracy" of Revolution, a State held together by Christian love, equally free from alavish despotism and lawless indiv. alism. In a country where the lawyers, physicians, and magistrates were all treated as minor State-officials. and where both he and his colleagues found themselves constantly hampered by the interference of State authority in the discharge of their professional duties, Baader, in the simplicity of his strong beliefs, conceived the Utopun idea of a society founded on the pure principle of Christian love. optimism was partly inspired by a study of Godwin's works, with which he became acquainted in this country, a fact which he has fully acknowledged in his writings.

He accepts Godwin's pessimistic view of the evils attending the modern modes of industry: "Wealth is acquired by over-reaching our neighbours, and is spent in insulting them." At the same time there is no lack of discriminating criticism when Baader comes to speak of Godwin's excessive individualism, when, in mental in destroying small trade by means of his love for freedom, as Baader thinks, III

would make man almost uneocial out of pure fear of sanitary subordination.

We now turn to Baader's own theories on the improvement of society. After dwelling on the irrational and immoral tendencies of some of the "Demagogues," he proceeds :

"Whoever, as an eye-witness, has looked into the abyse of the physical and moral misery and neglect of the greater portion of the proletariat in Regiand and France (mainly owing to the development of our own industrial system), must confess, in spite of any amurances to the contrary made in the interests of carital and landed represents that the deam dank of capital and landed property, that the dependent condition of the same class in mediaval times, even when feudalism was most crushing and inhussan, was less intolerable than it is now. . . . Such an observer must acknowledge that, in so-called Christian and enlightened Europe, the civiliaation of the few exists. only at the expense of the uncivilisation, or rather the bruislity, of the many, and that we have approached the ancient system of slavery and helotry, which is much worse than the barbarism of the Dark Ages.

He refers to his personal experience during his visit to this country, and mentions the fact that, when present at the meetings of some of the manufacturers in the North, he generally found that they ended in fixing the rate of wages and the price of goods in such a manner that it might be truly called a conspiracy against the working-man, who always receives less than the natural value of his produce (work). Bander goes on to say that of Parliamentary legislation in their favour there can be no question, because only the moneyed classes are represented there.

This of course, was said in 1835, in an essay on the unhealthy relationship between the working classes and their employers. Legislation for the benefit of the working classes since then, and the creation of conciliation and arbitration boards, leave little or

no room now for such complaints.

Still, in Baader's day, things unfortunately were what he describes them to be; and what is more remarkable in his case is the penetration of mind which saw at the time that the true cause of political agitation was social discontent.

The remedies he suggests to remove these causes of social dissatisfaction may be summarised as follows:-

Without previous and perfect union between God and man, social union can neither be effected nor maintained. Social co-ordination and subordination must rest on divine authority. All members of the social organism are what they are by the grace of God. Physical force without spiritual power, compulsion without conviction, fear without respect, interest without love, cannot permanently seeme social order. This, it has to be remembered, was said in what has been called the season of agony of Metter-nich's system. Corporate action and emociation are essential to the common weal, became they imply organized social life. On the other hand, all attacks on property by way of advocating a communistic re-distribution is a crime against the common interests of all. The Christian law of mutual affection is the only sniegued against the disintegrating power of in-dividualism. With the development of the moral and religious life of the nation, social evolution will become possible also, and thus the unhealthy elements of social progress will be eliminated without the admition of revolutionary measures. At present, he the susjority of men are the slaves of capital, the production of wealth of carried on on a gigantic scale, whilst its distribution is alarmingly uneven and unjust. The Church must provide a new discounts for a more equitable redistribution. The most perfect corporation is the Catholic Church, it is therefore the best type of social organization. The Church altobest type of social organization. The Uniform warspecture opposed to the heathenish wlew of ownership of property, which is purely selfish and therefore anti-social, separating private from common interests. The Church regards all men as agents and stewards of their possessions for the common good. Therefore when it was said in the French Tribune, "L'état est which is the Planc" (the State E without fool, and athée, et doit l'être" (the State III without God, and ought to be so), it was proclaiming a godiess consti-tation of society which munduced the implous spirit of egotism that fears neither God nor man and niterly destroys the roots of personal responsibility: hence the bitter disappointments following the Revolution.

In this respect Baader widely differs from Lamennais in his later views. He compares him with Peter the Hermit in preaching a crusade, but a crusade as in = Les Paroles d'un Croyant," against legitimate authority, thus, as it were, consecrating the Jacobin flag and the barricades.* Reminding him of S. Bernard's exhortation, "Conformor 🔳 unior dum destituor"-(I yield for the sake of union, though it be to my own hurt)-he falls back on the Pauline theory of social duty, that selfimmolation and self-conquest lead 🖿 man's salvation and that of the race.

Lamennais had said, "De l'esclave l'homme de crime peut devenir tyran, mais jamais il ae devient libre "---(A bad man who has been a slave may become a tyrant, but never a free man.) Yes, replies Baader; "Voulez vous travailler à détruire la misère de l'esclavage de la pauvreté, travaillez à détruire le péché as sous premièrement, puis dans les autres " -(If you want to work for the destruction of slavish misery among the poor, first try to destroy sin in self and then in others).

This is the essence of Christian Socialism, as distinguished from every other form of socialism having no religious foundation.

 From München we proceed
 Mainz, to make ourselves acquainted with another and better known Christian Socialist-Wil-

o "Wester," vi. p. rev. But in a latter to Montalembert in sign, suffering to L'Atwarf, he points out the value of this publication, and shows how in it the principle is laid down that religion is the true liberator, fracing more from soff and others, resenting true soff-love and love of neighbours, and human beausing a deading degree to service.

[&]quot; "Works," vol. vi. 39. 232, 232.

Ketteler was bishop of that ancient Sec. born in Münster on Christmas Day, 1811. He belonged to an old Westphalian family, and was the third son out of ten. His carly education he received in the Capitular school of his native city, and afterwards in the Jesuit establishment at Brug. His mother described as a "strong woman," and from her he seems to have inherited the vigour of character for which he became afterwards so distinguished. From the very first there was a peculiar religious tone in his manner and bearing which made game-keepers of his father call him, when still a boy, "Bis-chöffliche Gnaden" (your Episcopal Grace), an epithet which clung # him during the whole course of early home-life. Charles Kingsley he delighted in out-door exercise, and in his younger days excelled as a persevering sportsman and mountaineer. This cheerful robustness developed into a healthy manliness and dignified elasticity of bearing in later life. The present writer has distinct recollections of the impression produced on his boyish mind by the stately presence and courtly grace of the Bishop of Mains as he passed through the streets of a South German town after a confirmation. There was character in every step and every keen glance of his penetrating eye, and the crowd, by no means universally sympathetic, could not help being awed by the commanding presence of one whom they instinctively recognised as a man of power. Ketteler recoived his University training first at Gottingen, where he also fought a duel, which left its mark on his face for life. Thence he migrated to Heidelberg and München, and after passing a good examination for his lawdegree, he was promoted "Reverendur," a position he occupied from 1834 to 1838. When, however, in one of those feuds between Church and State in which Ketteler himself afterwards took a prominent part, the Archbishop of Köln was imprisoned 🔣 1838, Ketteler, disapproving of the step the Government had taken, felt himself conscientiously bound to leave the public service. He now began his studies for the Church under Döllinger I the age of thirty-three. Afterwards he removed to the Seminary at Munster, where his conduct was characterized Lichnowski had helped materially in passing by a punctual attention to his duties, and a a measure specially obnoxious to the demosimplicity of life almost amounting to esceti-This, however, did not prevent his becoming very popular among his fellow- to foment a rising, and a skirmish took place students. In 1844 he received priest's orders, between the military and the crowd. Lichand in his first cure was much beloved by all nowski and Auerswald had left the city on

helm Emmanuel Freiherr von Ketteler, late his parishioners, especially the children, and soon became a general favourite among the clergy of the district and all those engaged in philanthropic efforts. This enabled him to may at a later period of his life-

"I have lived with and among the people, and know them in their sorrows and complaints; there are few of the tears and none of the sufferings among the people committed to my charge which have excaped my notice. They come to me with their grievances, and I sympathies with them and seek to alleviate their sorrows."

Like Kingaley, during the cholera season in England, Ketteler, during an epidemic of typhus fever in his parish, most devotedly visited and relieved the people in 1847. It was in recognition of this and similar unremitting efforts, especially in the erection of hospitals and suchlike institutions, that was elected to represent the district in the Parliament of the Germanic Confederation, then held in Frankfort. This election of Ketteler is noteworthy, as many members of the constituency were Protestants, This led the way to future preferment, when the following event brought Ketteler for the first time prominently before a larger public.

A tragedy, similar in its enormity and effect to that of the late murder of Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke in the Phosnix Park, furnished the occasion, namely the assassination of two distinguished noblemen-Prince Lichnowski and Count Augrawald, in the riot at Frankfort of September, 1848. Though in the nature of a political murder, it was closely connected with the social discontents of the times, and was the work of the social democracy. It was part of the insurrectionary movement, which had assumed such formidable proportions in Berlin and Vienna during the previous March. The Emperor of Austria was compelled to take flight from his capital, the King of Prussia was subjected to the humiliation of showing his respect with uncovered head to those rebels who had fallen on the barricades during the fourteen days' street fight in his own capital. Germany was a ferment, and Frankfort. where the Diet was holding its sittings, reflected the agitated condition of the Empire. The two noblemen mentioned above were prominent members of the Conservative section in the Diet, and the eloquence of cratic party. The red-republicans were determined to make capital of this, with a view

horseback together, and were recognised by the populace and pursued. They sought a hiding-place in a cottage on the Bornheim Heath, but were discovered, dragged out, and murdered with every mark of savage cruelty. was at their grave that Ketteler delivered his celebrated oration, which immediately produced a profound sensation thoughout Germany.

Referring the popular aspirations of the times, though of course expressing horror at

the dastardly deed, he says:

"I believe in the truth of those noble ideas which are moving the world now; none of them is, in my estimation, too high for the attainment of mankind. I love the present age for this reason more especially, because it strives mightly for the fulfilment of those ideal aspirations, though I see that we are yet a long while off from this happy communication . . but there is but one means to realise these grand ideas, and that is by turning to Him who has imought them institutions without Him we shall go to destruction with shame, confusion, and minery, a by-word and derision to posterity."

In the same year Ketteler preached his sermon on Social Subjects in the Mains Cathedral to a mixed audience of from five to six thousand persons on four successive days, which only more fully expanded the leading idea here expressed with so much dignity and during, considering both the place and the occasion.

His merits were recognised by those in authority. In the next year | was promoted to the Provostship at the Church of St. Hedwegs in Berlin, and in 1850 he was enthroned as Bishop of Mains. As a notable trait of his character we may mention the fact that on the third day after his consecration he had visited all the hospitals in the town, praying with the sick, and thus signalizing his first assumption of episcopal dignity by those practical acts of Christian charity for which he had been so distinguished as a parish priest. In his private life Ketteler was a bright example of simplicity and frugality. He rose at four o'clock in the morni and gave himself little rest all day. an-frequently he heard confessions from two o'clock in the afternoon to twelve o'clock at on demand and supply. In the competition

questions of Church polity which then were the order of the day; he attended to the organization of social and educational institutions by means of which the Roman Catholic Church then hoped to extend her influence among the masses, and some of them were first called into existence by the bishop himself. Associations of journeymen and apprentices, asylums for servants out of employment, mutual improvement and benefit societies rose rapidly into existence during his episcopate, and received his attention in the midst of multifarious engagements of every kind in the administration of the diocese. As the recognised leader of the Rhenish bishops he was waging war at the same time with the Government. With this we are unconcerned now, but whatever our estimate of him as an Ultramontane controversialist may be, and however much we may differ from him in the interpretation of the following sentence, we cannot help admiring the strength of his faith when he says :

"All decrees of the secular power in themselves fail to cure the cancer in the human body politic. Only Christian charity can come in here as an effectual remedy."

Also, we could wish that the rulers in Church bodies generally, in view of the many dangers which assail social order the present day, could say of themselves what the Bishop of Mains says in his published letter to Professor Nippold of Heidelberg:

"Besides my actual spiritual duties and the government of my diocess, I follow attentively the movements of my time which afford me an opportunity of observing many acts of muinal discension between man and man, not always as the result of ill-will, but simply arising from misapprehension and prejudice. To correct these unfortunate preconceptions and misconceptions I devote all the spare moments of my life after discharging an ordinary duties."

And what are the principles arrived at in the course of these observations on current events in the social world? What is Ketteler's solution of the Social Question?

There is no particular work giving a systematic account of his scheme of social improvement. Occasional sermons, speeches, pamphlets (about forty in number) are all that is left from which to gather his opinions.

The Social Question, he maintains, is simply a question of bodily comfort or physical support (eine Magenfrage a question of the stomach.) The workman has become a mere commodity, like every other in the market, and the price paid for labour depends entirely night. With an enormous capacity for work, struggle where each tries to secure a bare he addressed his mind to the most absorbing maintenance, the "hande" are helpless, de-

pending on the fluctuations of trade. Adopt- a curse; in short, the evils of unlimited coming Lassalle's theory of the brazen law, petition can at least be mitigated, if they which condemns the large body of wageslabourers 🖿 eke out a bare existence accord- cise of Christian charity. ing to the lowest standard of living, Ketteler too invokes State protection for the labourers against encroachments of irresponsible capitalists who use manual labour as they use up machinery. For the same purpose, to secure a more healthy development physically and morally, he would encourage co-operation among the men. But here the representative of Christian Socialism joined issue with the leader of the Social Democracy. According to the latter the working classes are "the rock on which the Church of the present must be built." According Ketteler, to secure the safety and welfare of society, it must be founded on the rock of St. Peter. Christ is the true Saviour of society, and the full recognition of Christian duty on the part of the privileged classes towards the poor, after the manner of St. Elizabeth and St. Francis, would heal many of the scres in the social body politic. So, on the other hand, the recognition of Christian principle on the part of the workers, would enable them to bear the ills of life with dignified patience and enduring heroism, remembering that the disposition of the heart rather than social position determines man's true place in the community. The bishop points out the impotence of legislative measures for the purpose of equalising property. Inequality of fortune, as he reasonably enough maintains, is the result of inequality of skill and character. The recognition of higher ideals as an antidote to the materialistic tendencies in every section of society can really save our work-civilisation from ruin. Hope of a future life alone can render the present state of existence tolerable to vast multitudes who have no prospect whatever of a better lot in life here. Christian fortitude, and not the mechanical force of social laws, will enable them cheerfully to perform life's task. Christian love, as a binding force, can effect what the mere external combination of "pulverized" social atoms fails to bring about, vis., Cooperative Association on a sound basis. The divine laws of liberty, order, justice and mercy can adjust the limits of private property and the claims of the community on the individual, or protect the interests of the proprietors and the patrimony of the poor.

Under the discipline of religion self-help and self-culture will become a power for good, and a blessing; whereas without it, degenerating into self-seeking and self-adula-

cannot be removed altogether, by the exer-

The socialist St. Simon had said on his death-bed: "Remember, to do great deeds you must have enthusiasm;" Bishop Ketteler points to the power of Christian liberality as the lever for raising and regenerating society. He makes mention of the spirit of self-sacrifice in the Catholic Church, and the enormous sums annually collected for religious purposes, and looks | similar acts of voluntary efforts of self-devotion for social purposes.

Such are the general principles of Ketteler's Christian Socialism. They have since been further developed by Canon Moufang, and stated with greater boldness and clearness. especially in a memorable speech delivered by him before the Mains electors in 1871, It contains the programme of Roman Catholic Socialism 🖩 what may be called 📭 more advanced stage. Moulang sums up his demands as follows: - 1. Legislative protection of "the rights of labour;" a, Pecuniary State subvention to aid co-operative associations; 3, Reduction of the burdens of taxation and military service; 4, Restriction of the power of capital and the removal of evils arising from usury and over-speculation.

On the part of the Church, Mouting demands-1, The diffusion of the spirit of fair justice and Christian love; s, The inculcation of benevolence and beneficence; 3, The administration of comfort and consolation in seasons of sorrow and suffering and the trials of this life, together with the inspiration of a bester hope of that which is to come.

It is easier to comply with the latter than with some of the former demands—namely, the requirement of State regulation of the price of labour, since the natural aptitudes and inclinations for work differ so widely in individual cases. III would amount to simple injustice to treat all alike; it would be impossible to find employers investing their capital under such conditions, and thus the source of demand for labour would in many instances be dried up altogether. be equally impracticable to reform some of the abuses of the money market, and to remove the evils of over-speculation by legislative enactments. Desirable as these reforms are, imperative even to save large bodies of men from destitution and ruin, such reform cannot be carried with a high hand; they must be preceded by a moral reformation which would raise the standard tion, they often become a power for evil and of commercial honesty and purify public

opinion as the arbiter of mercantile morality, of the working classes, by the maintenance dom of contract. State intervention between masters, journeymen, and apprentices, as employers and employed, though it might well as agricultural and industrial labourers, here and there prevent acts of fingrant injus- under the auspices of the Roman Catholic tice on the part of the large capitalists in clergy, and subject to ecclesiastical disciusing their power by over-reaching those whose only capital is their manual skill, would prove detrimental to the interests of sans, and as such has rendered distinguished the labouters = a body, in their present condition, unable to carry on production on their own account and at their own risk without the necessary capital and credit.

Tirades against the tyranty of capital are of little use, as M. de Laveleye points out, in his late work on Contemporary Socialism, and vague appeals to Government are equally nacless, unless a modus operandi la suggested at the same time which would obviate the difficult question: Who will bear the risk of productive enterprise when the laws of the State, formed for the protection of labour, endanger the safety of the enterprise altogether, and make it the interest of the manufacturer withdraw his capital?

siderable influence on public opinion among of deep interest to the Christian Philanthro-Roman Catholics; and among the large body pist and the Social Reformer.

Again, industrial enterprise depends on free- and extension of a number of associations of pline. Father Kolbing, once a journeyman himself, is me the head of this class of artiservices, which were fully acknowledged at the time by Bishop Ketteler.

The prediction of Cavour has thus been partially fulfilled, that a time would come when a union would be brought about between Romanism and Socialism. Hitherto the result of it has been an organized crusade against Capitalism under the banner of the Church and by means of ecclesiastical centralisation, Ketteler's Kosacken regiment as it has been contemptuously called by opponents. It has enabled the Roman Hierarchy to bring into the field at any given moment an army of artisans and labourers - defend the rights and liberties of the Church.

What the results of the movement may be The work of Ketteler and Moufang is in the future it would be premature now to still being carried on, in the press mainly by predict; as a phase in the development of the Christich Sociale Blätter, and a number Church polity and a chapter in the history of minor publications, all exercising a con- of Social politics in Germany, it is a subject

WALWORTH FAIR ON SUNDAY MORNING.

By E. H. BRAMLEY,

of village tranquillity on the Day of Rest-"Mute is the voice of rural labour, hushed the ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song "---scarcely expresses a greater contrast. Tabernacle at Newington Butts forming one with the general tone of London life than can be found in districts within the metropolis itself, and even within a few hundred yards of each other. While London is a busy circle within the greater circle of the country, there are inner social rings within the circle ties of life, that God and Mammon are wor- anathemas against the prevailing sins of the shipped devoutly side by side without even a age, reading the handwriting on the wall to thin veil to shroud the one cluster of devotees not uncommon-it is rather the normal con- and swinging vessels of incense to and frodition—for people to be ignorant of even the We have thus two large and earnest congrename, as well as the occupation, character, gations, of widely different types, worshipping

GAP wide as the sea is that which lies bour, against whom they have lived perhaps A between the habits of country and for years; and the same law obtains with town on a Sunday morning. Yet, the picture the frequenters of public thoroughfares, in which is borne out the axiom that one half the world knows not how the other half lives.

Let us strike a triangle with the Metropolitan point, the ritualistic church of St. John, Lorrimore Square, a second point, and the humble district of Locks Fields a third. None of the lines of this triangle will measure many hundreds of yards; yet, in what strangely diverse scenes do they terminate on a Sunday of the metropolis itself. Such are the varie- morning | Mr. Spurgeon is thundering forth proclaim the doom of those who profane the from the other; on the other hand personal Lord's Day; and gaudily-vested priests at isolation could not be more complete. It is Lottimore Square are performing high ritual or personal appearance of the next-door neigh- and striving for the same end, both seriously

Fields live, and move, and have their being.

Turning out of Walworth Road (the leading thoroughfare south of the Thames) into East Street (formerly called East Lane, being a lane leading eastward to Walworth Common and the neighbourhood), I had not marched fifty steps before I had plunged into a veritable market-place. The buildings on either side consist almost entirely of shops, and these marts of commerce are supplemented by a row of stalls right and left, divided from the shops only by the footpath. A march down East Street on a Sunday morning is by no means a straightforward piece of business; I is necessary to elbow your way through a crowd, and not particularly desirable to court close familiarity with the apparel of those who most do congregate there. Among the rough-and-tumble popu-lation of this Kerbstone Market, it is impolitic to be too fastidious about wearing kid gloves, or about having gilt edges to one's note-book. A very brief exercise of one's discerning faculties prompts the belief that I am a "foreigner" amongst those who are to the manor born. I am quickly "spotted" as one who has no regular business there, While I watch the crowd of women in a butcher's shop, haggling over the price of meat, and listen to the persussive oratory of the dealer in fibrine food, the salesman eyes me with marked suspicion. Did he conceive that I was a sanitary inspector? Perhaps so. Had I been selling such meat as hung on the tenter-hooks in his establishment, I too should have had an eye on any man whose apparel proclaimed him to be a stranger and sojourner in that land of plenty. Legs of lamb at 51d, per pound, joints of beef, deeply crimson and innocent of that clean-looking fat which denotes prime quality, 41d. per pound, are luxuries that naturally arrest one's attention. "I want three-penn'orth o' scraps," ejaculated a poor, halffamished old woman; and, in a few seconds, the salesman had snatched up two or three bunches of cuttings (technically termed "block ornaments" in neighbourhoods of this kind), and dabbed them into a newspaper which the woman carried with her as her basket-dobbed, I say, in the same slap-dash manner as he would have served a solution of peas-pudding into the hands of a sweep—and the pour aickly matron went on her way rejoicing in for, although there is a large element of food

impressed with the importance of keeping the possession of a Sunday's dinner, probably holy the Lord's day. But what shall we find for a family. Another woman, dirty and at the other point of the triangle? I will ragged, took up a piece of scraggy beef, lifted describe a visit made to the spot on Sunday up the flap with her murky finger as though morning, to learn how the people of Locks she wondered whether some magnets might not burk under the skin, evidently wishing to hold it in the most disadvantageous light under the meat-man's eyes while bantering him about the price per pound. Mr. Butcher was a match for her in shrewdness; he snatched it from her bony grasp, turned the plump side upwards while he announced the maximum price of 5\frac{1}{2}d. and assured her that it was "sweet as a rose." What's in a name? I thought. The woman started leave the shop, and was recalled to consider the reduced price: "5d.," the man exclaimed, and at less, after the dowdy woman had tested the rosy sweetness by plunging her nose under the flange, the bargain was struck at 4]d. My presence had become tiresome; the rough-headed barterer | the blue slop solicited my custom, affectionately inquired what I would buy, and subsequently inquired -Did my mother know of my being out?and I departed, leaving him free to study whether or not there was any truth in the commonly accepted and familiar words, " Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

> It would be an act of injustice to the said butcher to declare that even the poorest quality of his mest would not pass the view of the sanitary inspector, and equally a reflection on the district inspector who might be supposed to have neglected his duty. must be admitted, as a counterpoise to the seeming strictures made above, that there were some really prime pieces for betterpaying customers in the particular shop in question, and in the numerous butchers' shops in East Street; but cheapness, or rather lowness of price, is a necessity in the district where the habits of the people are of a spendthrift character on Saturdays, many of them largely exhausting their funds in conviviality and suburban jaunts, in the full swing of enjoyment till "the witching hour" on Saturday, and having to fight a sharp and decisive battle with the tradespeople on Sunday. I has often been argued in favour of Sunday markets in London, that they are a necessity for thousands of poor people who have to carn their dinner III the morning before being able to provide it. This is undoubtedly true with many classes, but, to be strictly unanswerable, the argument should apply only to the sale of food. This reasoning, however, I not exactly applicable here,

and geose-there are numerous other items of trade which can scarcely be reckoned as necessary to supply the immediate needs of the hour.

Earthenware shops were, as our Yankee friends term it, "in full blast;" drapery, haberdathery, joiners' tools, and toys were various types, and crowds of wandering quite as plentiful as articles of food. There sightseem and purchasers. Floral beauties, quite as plentiful as articles of food. There were several "curiosity shops" at which rusty iron, nails and screws; and men of the bull-necked persuasion were busy in groups these shops, some buying long and strong chains for their "dawga." Stalks were thronged with sweetments and lollypops, and second-hand clothes; men were squatted on the pevement with huge and capacious carpet-bags full of braces, which latter were being sold at from fourpence 📟 sixpence a pair, and liberal offers were made to return the purchase-money on the following Sunday if the workmanship should prove to have been defective. One woman guarded a hand-barrow covered with men's reed hats, one of which—a broad-brimmed sloucher—graced her own head by way of advertisement, the stock being tendered at threepence for each specimen of head gear. There were numerous vehicles, with horses in the shafts, in King and Queen Street (leading out of East Street), which was far more crowded and lively than even East Street itself. One of these was a large gaudily-painted van, similar a small street watering cart, and this van was charged with precious liquor, almost black as ink, dubbed Sarsaparilla Elixir. The fore-part of the van had a carriage front, on which stood a smart-looking man who, with a jaunty air of assurance, exhibited a large tablet displaying the interior of the human frame, headed "Anatomy," by some learned The loquacious quack-doctor, impudent in his drollery, and of wild, original, and unfettered genius of the Baron Munchausen type, in tampering with the constitution of the British working men, whom he flatteringly styled the muscle of the nation, dilated on the humbug of a portion of the medical profession, and, of course, made it Lock Square, and then to turn to the right, clear as crystal that there was only one way to health, and that particular one was washed tion naturally arose, "What influences are at bottled up for sale. There were many things?" I wondered how many places of symptoms, however, which medicine usually worship could be found in the immediate aggravated; some refreshing drink would neighbourhood. In East Street itself I had meet those cases, and such patients, up- seen St. Mark's church (close to the end

supply-greengrocery, bread, mest, and the parently with tavern-haunting propensities, multifarious items which grace the "pro- and the "hot-copper" throats sacred to their vision" stores (bacon, eggs, lard, &c.), ducks tribe on the morrow of Saturday night, were being rapidly and largely supplied with the Sarsaparilla Elixir at a penny a tumbler, the tail of the van, by two of the lecturer's trusted agents. Life's fitful fever raged, and the "medical lay" was a commercial success.

All around there were tradespeople of were in great request. I had been surprised, might be purchased door-knobs, scraps of when wandering down Walworth Road, at seeing so many men and women carrying pots of fuschias and geraniums; the sequel was found in King and Queen Street. Numerous carts were laden with blooms that are not surpassed at Covent Garden, the flowers being sold by mock-auction, amid a very Babel of noise. One of these Dutch-auction men relieved the monotony of his trade by occasionally singing snatches of a humorous ditty; another attracted a crowd by hiring as his Man Friday, to hand the flower-pots down, a real African-a tall, stalwart negro, dressed in a scarlet coat, his neck adorned by several rows of coloured wooden beads, and his woolly head decorated with a quaint hat trimmed with gold streamers—a veritable imitation of the red-Indian chief. I have since learned from conversation with one of the dealers that most of these plants are grown at Mitcham by a florist who makes a speciality of the business; certainly not one of the Covent Garden florists attempts to compete with him in respect of cheapness, and few rival him for grandeur of bloom. list does not half exhaust the varieties of trade, and if more be required to show that the market is not conducted exclusively to meet the pressing needs of the poor who have not the means of purchasing food on Sunday until they have earned I during the morning, nothing would more clearly illustrate the fact than telling of the existence of a shooting-gallery at which a brisk trade was being run at four shots a penny, and of a large perforated board at which balls were thrown with a view to winning cocoa-nuts.

It was refreshing to emerge from the northern end of King and Queen Street into where quietude reigned supreme. The queswith the vital ellair which 🔤 had carefully work to counteract this curious state of service was being conducted while the full tide of street traffic was flowing at the very gates. At the other end of the street was the East Street Baptist Chapel. Then, turning out of King and Queen Street, I found the Newington Hall, on the door of which a bill announced a lecture to be delivered in the evening by a well-known secularist lecturer, the subject being "Reasons for Rejecting Christianity." Close to this building was a Congregational church. I entered one of these churches and listened for a few moments to a very stirring and eloquent sermon.

The preacher held his congregation apparently spell-bound by a somewhat poetic address eminently suitable for the people who were there—well-dressed and intelligent men and women below, and the more intellectual class of working-men in the gallery. But such an address would have been wasted on the kind of people who made up the market traders -buyers and sellers-in King and Queen Street. The preacher was evidently a master of language, and could adapt his ideas to the brain-level of his hearers: it would have been more pleasant have found some of the lower orders from Kerbstone Market at the service; why do they not attend? for the want of an effort being made by the friends of the church; for on entering the Sunday-school, contiguous and connected with the church, where 300 children were being taught, I learned, in conversation with their missionaries had visited every house in the district. III was a remarkable fact, elicited cluring this inquisitorial visitation, that not attended any place of worship,

neighbourhood, seems to flourish almost uncustomers should have any plausible oppost who were striving to move the people tunity "one and all to make excuse," a nobler thoughts and feelings. troop of amateur missionaries have ventured women were engaged in setting up the night.

leading from Walworth Road), in which standard of their faith. On a stall nearly opposite, a salesman had raised the Union Jack as a means attracting a crowd to see him and his wares; but these young people, full of native fire, raised the ideal standard of the Christian religion by singing and preaching. It is creditable to them that they conducted their service in a becoming manner, free from that conceit and dogmatism which, in the outdoor services on the London commons, too frequently suggests the idea of personal importance on the part of the leaders, and which has proved a great drawback to success. This group of men and women were engaged in singing a really lively and soulstirring Moody and Sankey tune which draw a crowd of listeners—not a drawling, dismal selection, calculated w drive away an impressionable mind, but one that cheered all around. An earnest address followed-not smart in its composition, not brilliant in conception; had these virtues to intellectual people been paraded, they would have utterly failed; but commonplace, drawn from and applicable to the humble notions of the men who listened. there was none, except the eloquence of carnestness: and it was listened to with respect.

Curiously, as the refrain of the hymn (the singing of which by those thirty stentorian voices had drowned the confusion of tongues made by the babbling salesmen) died away, a dealer in canaries was heard a group of intelligent teachers, that one of setting forth the terms of a raffle for birds. A dozen printed tickets were sold at a penny each, and the holder of the lucky ticket chose which bird he thought fit from a truck-load more than one person in every hundred of cages. There were linnets and larks, in full song, excited by the hum and buzz of The Sunday fair, hemmed in by the the people; and cocks were crowing and churches and chapels already described, and ducks were quacking, for poultry formed no by one or two mission-halfs of a character inconsiderable share of the stock of the fair, specially intended for the people of the Men blew whistles, and imitated the cries of Mr. Punch, selling their tin toys I the very interruptedly. But lest these traders and their feet of the group of religious men and women

At about half-past twelve the market had into the very midst of the heathen. In a almost melted away; and mearly one short off-street, a call de eac called Angle o'clock bands of men and women might be Street, the mouth of which opens into the seen waiting to rush into the public-houses thickest part of the crowd, some twenty to moisten their parched throats, seared with young men and about half as many young the alcoholic consumption of the previous

THE GOLDEN SHAFT.

By CHARLES GIBBON, AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," MIC.

CHAPTER ELV.- "AFTER LIPE'S FITFUL

III E'S aleepin' noo, Johnnie. Gang awa' and tak' a rest to yoursel'-puir lad,

ye're sair needin' a rest."

Grannie said this after they had remained a long time in the same position, Armour holding one hand whilst the other rested on herarm. They had observed no change, except that had gone quietly aleep—the sleep for which is had so often craved, and which had been so often denied him. The intellectual cast of features, which had been so many times distorted by passion, became prominent now. The white calm face was that of a man whom one must have regarded with respect.

Armour did not think of death; he was so quiet, so like one who having accomplished a hard round of work has closed his eyes

wearily and thankfully.

But the son seemed bear at intervals the weird sound of a distant funeral bell, and the one long note, distinctly and sadly, pronounced the word "GONE!

What possibilities that life had possessed; what it might have achieved if it had only

fallen into the right channel.

"GONE!" boomed that melancholy bell. He had blundered on the threshold of his career, and the impulsive, passionate nature which might have been the spring of worthy deeds had hurried him to min, as an engine once off the rails tears over embankments and bridges, and down precipices, dragging the train after it. He might have recovered his place, but he had fied from all those sacred influences of home which help so much to steady a man. He had sought distraction from his own remorse and, without finding it, had gambled his life away.

"Gone !"

How curiously distinct that low distant boom was in Armour's ears, with its pitiful

comment on his reflections.

But the wanderer had come back, yielding to be served at the usual hour. at length to the truer instincts of his nature, and although at first it had seemed that his return was only to bring misery upon these who had already suffered too much on his account, the seeming evil had proved a blessing to them and in him. He had found door. peace at last, and after life's fitful fever he slept well.

The bell sounded once more in Armour's brain; and then he gently laid the passive hand he had been holding so long on the sleeper's side.

"You need rest too, Grannie," he said

softly, wondering if she understood,

"On sy, we're a' needin' rest, but you 'specially," said Grannie in her ordinary tone: no sorrow, no pain in the quiet voice, but the blind face was pale and the lips twitched a little as she spoke. "We'll put your father's arms aneath the class, Johnnie --- let me do it mysel'."

Very tenderly she lifted the arm which rested upon hers and after placing | drew the sheet up over the face. Armour knew

now that she understood.

"You had better come with me, Grannie," "Ay, sy, in a minute. Bid Howison come here an' I'll tell her what she has to dae. There are things in the drawers that I was meanin' for mysel', but he can hae them."

This in the simplest and most commonplace way—as she might have directed him where to find his clean underclothing.

When he had left the room she uncovered the face and smoothed the brow with her hand. By-and-by, she took the scissors which hung from her girdle and gently passing her fingers through the curly locks, she cut two. When she had put them away, her bead was bowed for a little, whilst her hand rested on his brow. Then, raising herself, she said as if speaking | | | m :

" Puir lad-ye hae had a sair fecht; but it's a' by noo; and the Lord will forgie ye,

since we hae forgi'en."

Howison came in and Grannie gave the necessary directions. There was no flury: no emotion visible to any one. The thoughts and feelings of the woman were too sacred to herself to be exhibited to bystanders. She attended to everything that should be done with as much self-possession as if she had no personal interest the proceedings. Then she went downstairs and ordered dinner

"Thee kind o' things mann be looked after, ye ken," she said to the minister, "nae matter wha comes or wha gaes. An'

it's a kind o' relief, forbye,"

She went in her own room and shut the

On his side Armour discharged the routine of his duty as calmly as Grannie.

"those things which come the ordinary course of nature should find us prepared for them and should be accepted with resignation as the Lord's will."

Snow had again fallen and it lay nearly a foot deep on the ground, whilst by the hedgerows and dykes the wind had tossed it into considerable mounds. There was a red sun and a keen frost: the snow was crisp and dry, making a pleasant crunching sound. under the feet.

Those who came to pay the last murk of respect to Daft Jock Thorburn were for the most pall workers in the Mill. They were dressed in black surtout coats which appeared to have been made by one tailor whose ingenuity in mishting had been infinite. Every coat was and, in many cases, hung with melancholy limpness upon the wearer whether he happened to be thin or stout. The coats had served for bridal days—the blue swallowtail with brase buttons has long ago disappeared-for kirk on Sabbath and for every tuneral the owners had attended.

The faces were pinched with a formal solemnity; the ordinary "Guid day" was pronounced in the same tone as "Amen" after a prayer. Each took "the dram" and the piece of cake which were offered him as he entered the room, with the air of a man who makes a sacrifice and fulfils a moral obligation. Tawtie Pate was the only one who held out his glass to be helped a second time, and in doing so he whispered apologetically as he stifled a cough:

"It's a real cauld day."

They assembled in Armour's room and the red sun was shining in through the garden window. Mr. Musgrave and Dr. Sam. Johnstone were the last to arrive. All were standing, the chairs and tables having been removed to afford more space.

Mr. Moffat stood with his back to the window, his white hair looking like part of are snow which was gleatning outside.

Armour entered with Grannie. They exchanged no greetings with any one, but silently took their places in front of the

group facing the minister.

Then he began his simple service, and the burden of all said was, "For we live by Hope." That was his whole teaching: be did not attempt to point a moral from the life of the man who had passed away; he only spoke of him as one who like his neighbours had sinned, and suffered and repented. All that was good they should remember, all

"It I the right way," said Mr. Moffat; that was bad, forget. Then the tender burden of his prayer was repeated and the service was over.

> The folk formed two abreast and marched behind the hearse, like a black line on the white snow, to the kirkyard, the whole inhabitants of the village watching the pro-

> There were five pall-bearers, but their duties were only symbolical of the times when living friends laid the dead one with their own hands in his last resting-place. All they had to do now was each to hold an ornamental black cord, whilst the workmen lowered the coffin into the grave. Armour was at the head, the Fiscal on his right, the minister on his left, Tawtie Pate and Lawson coming next. The cords were placed in their hands; and their task was completed whilst all round stood uncovered. without a word the mourners moved away by twos and threes, several of them with an unsatisfied feeling, as if something had been left undone. It was all so cold, so quiet, dropping him down there in the snow, in silence almost as profound m his own. But the silence and simplicity of this parting with one who had been lately moving amongst them had its impressiveness and its meaning for different minds.

> Another old custom had been abolished. The funeral guests did not return to feast 📗 the house of mourning. They went to their own houses to change their clothes and resume the work of life. Grannie and Armour were left undisturbed to their own meditations.

> "You'll hae to see about the stane, Johnnie," said Grannie, turning simply to the practical details which still required attention; "and you might as weel hae my name put on at the same time and syne there'll be the less fash when ye tak' me hame."

> "We need not talk about that just now,

Grannie."

"Ou, we needng talk about it, but there's nae harm in gettin' ready for it. In the course o' auture we canna expect | hae muckle time to spare. I would just like to see you out o' your difficulties, and settled down wi Ellie, and syne I could be content to gang awa'; I'm in nae haste to leave you -dinna think that-but we ought 🔳 light the can'les when it's growin' dark."

CHAPTER ELVI.—BY POST.

ARMOUR had received three brief notes from Ellie; the first dated London, the second Paris, and the third Cannes. They were very brief, he thought, but they gave him much comfort. He wrote telling her of all that had happened, and how, thanks to her father, he was likely to be able to tide over the present crisis in a much more astisfactory manner than had
first appeared probable.

After that more than a fortnight elapsed and there was no response. He heard from the Fiscal that all was going well; but even the Fiscal had not received any letter from his daughter. All his information was obtained from his wife's letters, which, although saying much about Ellie, made no reference

to her neglect of correspondence.

Armour watched the post morning and evening with eager longing; but no letter came. Then he reasoned with himself: he had told her that she was to regard herself me quite free to act as she pleased; she was be silent or to speak just as it seemed most satisfactory to her; and it was possible that she considered silence to be best at present. It was probable that her mother had persuaded her somehow to adopt this course—indeed he had no doubt of the influence which had been brought to bear upon her.

What did it matter to him? He could trust her. He knew that she would not falter and that she would be patient, and if there could be the remotest hesitation it would disappear when she learned that her father was helping him. Still there was that yearning upon him for any sign of her hand, any token—even a newspaper would have pleased him—that she was thinking about him; and he found it difficult sometimes to be quite content when he found nothing from her amongst his letters and papers.

All sorts of suggestions of possible dangers—accidents or illness—would thrust themselves upon him and distract his thoughts when they should have been, even for her sake, concentrated on business affairs. Of course ill was aware that it was ridiculous to allow such fancies to disturb him; for if anything of that kind should happen the Fiscal would certainly hear of it and report to him. But the consciousness that it was ridiculous to allow these suggestions to find their way into his brain only irritated him the more by revealing his weakness in not being able to keep them out altogether.

If he had spoken to the minister he would have been told that the strongest minds are the most anxious about their loved ones. But that would have been little consolation to him; I certainly would not have satisfied

him that **m** had a strong mind.

At last there surived a letter with the Cannes postmark, and although there was a momentary feeling of alarmed disappointment when he discovered that the writer was not Ellie, but her mother, he was still delighted to have news direct from the headquarters of his affection.

"DEAR MR. ARMOUR,-

*As your conduct in the little difficulty we had to surmount has been so uniformly courteous and good, I think it incumbent on me to send you a few lines to tell you that we are all well and enjoying ourselves extremely in this most charming and exquisitely

lovely place.

"I am amazed at myself that I have so long delayed bringing my daughter here. The change it has already effected her is truly wonderful. I ought to mention that is has long been my intention to bring her, but she is so fond of home and has bad so little desire to travel that year after year passed without the intention being carried out. The change I refer to is not merely in my daughter's health, but in her ideas of things. They are already most markedly enlarged and more becoming a lady who is destined to hold a high position in society. She has already quite caught the spirit of travel and is now desirous of making an extensive tour on the Continent, a desire with which I, for various reasons, entirely sympathise, and of which I approve,"

There he stopped. His pleasure in having news of Ellie was much marred by the manner in which it was conveyed. He felt that the enlargement of her ideas was meant to impress him with the fact that if she had travelled before she would never have been attracted by him. The extended tour on the Continent, too, was intended to help her to

forget him.

He drew breath at that. Who could tell what might happen? New scenes, new faces are recommended as panaceas for most mental troubles; and love is one of those afflictions which travel is supposed to cure.

He tossed the sigh away and laughed at his own folly: the love which could be cured by travel was not the love he had sought and believed in had found. They might surround her with as many wooers as they pleased, she would act and speak just as she would if he were standing by her side. She had nothing in common with those morally deformed creatures who find beaux at every

letter in a complacent mood.

"My present plans are that we should travel leisurely along the Riviera; perhaps we shall visit Rome if the season permits; and return through Germany and France. My daughter has had no experience of the Continent and every place we visit will have interest for her. We are most fortunate in having such a pleasant companion as Miss Dinwuddie. She always in good spirits, and from the first hour of starting has never failed in her perfect good humour. She has been all that the kindest of daughters could be to me, and all that the kindest of sisters could be to Ellie. What a treasure of a wife she will be to some man who requires a cheerful, active woman to help him forward in the world! There a gentleman I know who would be lucky indeed if he could persuade her w share his fortunes.

"I need not say, dear Mr. Armour, how pleased I am to hear that you are likely to overcome all your difficulties sooner than could have been expected under the circumstances. I am so delighted! I hope you will be quite yourself by the time we return. Accept my most cordial congratulations.

There is one thing I particularly wish to mention, and you will of course readily appreciate my desire to explain it wou. Ellie has agreed that she is not to write to you during our travels, and I of course expect you not to write to her. I am sure you can understand my motives. Under the circumstances silence can do no harm, and epistolary communications might involve so many misapprehensions on all sides. I should be pleased to hear from you myself and to learn how your affairs progress. I will, if you should wish it, tell you from time to time of our movements, but I do trust in your honour not to impair my daughter's present happiness by reminding her of unpleasant and unfortunate events which I am anxious-for her own sake-that she should forget as speedily as possible.

"With most warm regards and respects,

I am your sincere well-wisher,

EUPHEMIA MUSGRAVE."

" P.S.-Mr. Hugh Fenwick, M.P., is in Cannes present, and he purposes to remain on the Continent until his important parliamentary duties compel him to return to England.

He smiled when he first read that postscript, pitying Mrs. Musgrave's futile endeavours to command the course of Fate.

He resumed the perusal of Mrs. Mangrave's But when he took it into consideration with the references to the enlargement of Ellie's ideas and to her future high position in society, he wondered whether or not this might be a kindly way of preparing him for an approaching change. I might be that Kilie did not like to write about it herself, and so had left it to her mother mexplain.

What nonsense! this made the meaning of Ellie's silence clear: she wanted to gratify her mother as far as lay in her power, and she trusted him munderstand it all. He did understand, and would obey the sign; he also would is silent until she bade him speak. He would of course always have news of her from the Fiscal, and from Mrs. Musgrave herself when he chose to write.

At the same time the most trusting of natures cannot belp feeling that the correspondence of father and mother are poor substitutes for that of the loved one herself. He would have been so happy if his Princess had only sent him some little token from her own hand. But was not her confidence in his faith a token? It was, and the highest. So he turned to work harder than ever and to wait patiently, thinking cheerily the while of the absent yet ever present one.

He possessed two photographs which he carried always with him in a small morocco case. When disturbed by those intrusive suggestions of the anxious or uneasy mind that something might be wrong, he took out his book, and studying the tender features -to him so beautiful beyond all else that nature or art had done !-he heard the sweet voice repeating those happy words-"We can wait." Then he was comforted, and went on again, cager to be ready for her when the tune came that he must speak.

There were other important letters brought by that same post. If Armour could have read them he would have discovered much to interest him and something pain him.

One was from Mrs. Musgrave to her hus-

"MY DEAR RICHARD,

" I am surprised—I am unable to express myself adequately under the circumstances -but I am very greatly surprised that you are helping the man Armour in his wretched business. I do trust that you will remember before it is too late the duty you owe to me and the duty you owe to your offspring.

"I am sorry for the poor man in his minfortunes, but I cannot see my child robbed of her just inheritance in order to experience in financial matters (I mean Mr. England were thrown in. The distress which this information caused me (it was conveyed a letter Ellie received from the man himself) has induced me - request that there shall be no further correspondence between them. Ellie at once consented. She is a good child, and has never shown any sign of disobedience, except when encouraged to by one who should be the last to provoke such a spirit in her—that person, I regret to say, w yourself.

"If you are resolved to ruin us, I can only say that I am thankful to the foresight of my dear father, the late Lord of Session, who secured me my small income. That may now save us from siarvation, But what will be said of you who bring us to this condition? You, who had it in your power to provide us with comfort, and by your indifference to all the duties imposed on you by law and affection, have ruined us? But I cannot believe that you are so cruelso mad, as to perpetrate this crime (for it is nothing less than a crime) against your own

"I am too much excited to write calmly; but I must beg of you-demand of you that, under the circumstances, you will remember your promise to me that you would try to advice our daughter to follow the course which is most conducive to her future happi-You promised madvise her to be cheerful and contented, but your repeated expressions of your wish that she should be with you at home make her discontented and unhappy, and quite unfit to relish the pleasures which are on every hand offered to her.

flesh and blood.

"There is a great future before her (even if you do disregard all sense of duty to us, and waste your fortune), and she is ready to accept it. I implore you not to destroy our dear child's prospects out of mere opposition to me.

" I de trust you will not again make her miserable by the expression of your regret that she is not m home. I do trust that you will not bring us to beggary by involving yourself with the man Armour. But, if you persist, I must remind you that I am her mother, and that I is my duty to save my child from the consequences | ber father's infatuation I can.

"I may tell you that Mr. Fenwick, M.P., has been most attentive to us since his arrival

support him a few days longer in a business here, and has enlivened us exceedingly. He which I am told by a gentleman of great has seen after everything we want-has arranged for our excursions, seen after our Fenwick, M.P.), would swamp the Bank of letters and papers, and indeed done everything that the most kindly and best of friends could do to make us comfortable. I think that you who know something of the cares of public duty will appreciate the sacrifice he makes for our sakes. I am glad m say Ellie does; and I am quite sure that if the poor child could be released from the constraint she is under in her fear of annoying you she would at once accept his offer. I think | would be a proper thing for her to do. Mr. Armour himself has released her from the foolish engagement with him, and I am sure that she should and she would take advantage of her liberty if she had only a little encouragement from you.

"Now, my dear Richard, I do trust that you will consider the position of our child and help her to attain the position which we know awaits her if she chooses, and 🏲 which

I am sure she would be happy.

"I am most anxious m hear from you on this subject, and would be much obliged if you would answer by return of post. Meanwhile I am, your affectionate wife,

EUPHEMIA MUSGRAVE,"

Another letter was from Fenwick, M.P., to Ensign George Dinwaddie.

"MY DEAR GENERAL.

"I am only anticipating your dignity, I am not chaffing. You can call me Secretary of State, or Chancellor of the Exchequer if

you like. I won't be displeased.

"I am no hand at letter-writing, as you know; but a you made me promise to send you a letter, here it is. I am jolly, the girls are jolly, and the old lady is jolly. Now what more has a fellow may? Except that we are all jolly. We drive, we bask the sunshine, we dine, we—I was going to may we smoke; but what I ought m say m that I smoke; and I is altogether a good time for me; and an excellent preparatory course for my first campaign in the House,

* 📑 the way I have taught your sister 🖿 play billiards and she is a first-rate pupil. She doesn't object to tobacco, and I believe that with a little persuasion she'd take a cigarette henelt. She II a stunning girl and you ought me be proud of her.

"Write as soon as you can and give me all your news. I'll do the same.

Ever yours, "HUGH FEMWICK." CHAPTER XLVIL-MORE NEWS MY POST.

Another letter was from Miss Dinwaddie to her sister at Maclellan House, Kirkendbright.

"MY DEAR SISSY,--

"You must not scold me for the brevity and rarity of my letters. You folk who bide at home and live at case have no idea of the thousand and one occupations which demand the immediate attention of a traveller and leave her too wearied to do anything but go to bed. I am going to try to write you a long letter to-day as we are kept in-doors by a thunderstorm, and Mr. Fenwick is playing the 'dutiful attendant' on Mrs. Musgrave in the drawing-room, whilst they are waiting for Ellie to recover from a headache and come out of her room.

"If I can only recollect all that I should like to tell you, there will is no more com-

plaints about scant news.

"I mentioned that we stayed for a few days in a hotal; then Mrs. Musgrave decided upon this villa. It won the slope of a hill, with a beautiful garden in front, and some pretty paths behind. But it has many inconveniences, especially in the kitchen department, and when I pointed them out to her ladyship (you know how she likes the title), she gave me this extraordinary reply:

"But, my dear, there is a ballard-room!" "Why she should place the advantages of a billiard-room above the chance of having our victuals properly cooked I could not understand at first. But I understand it now. Mr. Fenwick was coming, and this was for his convenience. She forgot, however, that he would want somebody to play with him. Well, since his arrival, he has been almost constantly in the house (his botel bill can't be large, for he has all his meals here), and as he has occasionally half an hour or so which he does not know what to do with, he plays billiards. You know that I have played now and then with Geordie, and I offered to do what I could relieve his tedium by knocking the balls about for him. Of course I explained that I was quite ignorant of the French game.

"' Never you mind, says he; 'I will teach! you. Does the smoke apply you?"

"'Not at all,' says I, taking up a cue.

"" Thanks—that's the way to cannon, says he, as he played what he called a good stroke. "Since then we have been playing every

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"But now comes the Important part of the business. What do you think he has done? He has made me his confidente, and has told me what I have known quite well all alongthat he wants to make our friend Ellie, Mrs. Hugh Fenwick, and that although her mother most eager for the match, the lady herself would like to be 'ower the borders and awa' wi' Jock o'--- Thornichowe! Can you guess who I mean? I was more amazed than I can tell you; and so will you be; and so will mamma; for you remember when they were with us we all thought that Mr. Fenwick was the man of Ellie's choice.

" Nothing of the kind! | is the papermaker, Mr. Armour, who II the man-though I can't for the life of me make out how she could select him when such a smart fellow as

the other one was in sight,

"There I stop, and lest you should minunderstand me, I want to tell you at once that I do not like Mr. Fenwick. He is altogether too dressy, and too much in the fashion for my taste. All the same he is a very nice fellow. But you know a man may be as nice as possible to one person and very disagreeable to another. Ellie has never said a word about him or about anybody else to me, but I can see as plain as A B C that she is worried by him, and that if she was not so anxious to keep her mother in good humour she would refuse to speak to him at all.

"That is, I think she would refuse to speak to him; but there is no saying what hidden meanings there may be in her quiet and sometimes, as it seems to me, sly conduct. She deceived us entirely when she was at Maclellan House, and maybe she a doing the same now; for you know that Armour is a bankrupt, and hasn't a penny to bless himself with, It alone a wife. Besides there is some awful disgrace about him. know what it is, but Mrs. Musgrave hints at it so darkly that I think he must have murdered somebody, somewhere, somehow, and

has escaped hanging for it.

"I thought he was rather a nice man (didn't you?). He and I got on fine together, and I think . bad only stayed a few days longer he might have had me for the asking-

bankrupt or not.

"Now, my dear Aggie, I suppose you are very much shocked at me for saying that; but you oughtn't to in shocked at the truth, you know-not to mention that I think you were yourself rather taken with him. you remember what you said when we were day, and have become regular 'chums,' as he going to bed on the evening after he had says.

"You were just in a fearful temlike him.' And I said, 'Oh! Aggie, have

wicked creature your sister is.

"Will you believe it? I've been playing such a game with Mr. Penwick | You know that I am fond of Ellie; and fancying that she was peatered by her mother forcing him upon her, and pestered by his attentions to her, it occurred to me that I might ber a good turn by flirting a little with him just a sery little-on my own account. So while he is making cannons I am making eyes at him; admiring everything M does; langhing at all his stale jokes, and in every way making myself agreeable to him. The result is that last night in his enthusiasm 📑 so far forgot himself as to whisper, 'You are a stunning girl i'

Just fancy i—a real M.P. saying such a thing. I suppose the Speaker would call him to order if he dared to say such a thing in the House. He is an awful simpleton, and hasn't the least suspicion of what a fool I am

making of him,

"But the best of the joke is that Ellie seems to understand how I am relieving her, and to be grateful for it; whilst Mrs. Musgrave is under the impression that I am doing everything in my power to help her in bringing about the match. And he has the same notion,

"I can't tell you what fun it is; but I will try to repeat the conversation we had only

last night in the billiard-room.

"Ellie had excused herself from coming down to dinner—not because she had a headache, or because she was ill otherwise; but because she had a letter to write to her father, and she had caten enough at lunch to serve her for the day. Isn't she an extraordinary creature?—she always tells the truth! Well, there was a great suppressed carthquake of irritation on the part of Mrs. Musgrave, and some sulks on the part of Mr. Fenwick; but his ill-humour speedily passed away, and we both endeavoured to soothe our hostess. He is a real good fellow in that way; I have noticed a several times, when Ellie has done something to put her mother in a temper he has done everything he could to put her in good-humour again. That an excellent trait in a man's character -or a woman's either, for that matter-but pay any particular attention to the conse- once."

per, and you said, 'It was so nasty of him somer of life. In pleased me very much on to run away just when we were gelting to this occasion, particularly as I saw that the ciforts of both of us failed to mollify Mrs. Musgrave. I was quite glad when she herself suggested that Mr. Fenwick should disof old sores. I want to tell you what a pense with the usual hour in the drawingroom, and _ a once to his smoke.

"Certainly. I shall a into the billiard-

"He looked at me, and I jumped up at

"'I will 📰 with you,' says I, and after we had bowed our hostess out of the drawingroom I took his arm, and he led me into the hilliard-room.

" Now comes the conversation that I wish to repeat to you; but as I don't want 🐱 be bothered with 'says he's ' and 'says I's' you will allow me to imitate one of those ballads we sing, and mark the different speakers by

'He' and 'Me.'

" He was very particular in outting the end of his cigar and puncturing it with one of those pretty little knives which seem to have instruments for everything, from taking a stone out of a borse's hoof to cutting a piece of bread-and-butter. He lit his cigar and chalked his cue with the most melancholy air. I could see that he was thinking about Ellie, and I must say there was a kind of pity for him in me somewhere. But why should be bother her when she has said and shown that she does not want him?

" If she would only speak to me I believe I could put matters straight; but you know she was always prim, and I think she is more prim than ever now. She has never said a single word to me about her love affairs, and that is irritating when you see them going on under your very nose. I once tried bring her to it, but she only said in her quiet, resolute way, 'I would rather we did not talk of these matters, Charlotte.' She meant to say, 'I some's talk of these matters to you or to any body else.' Aggravating, wasn't it?

"But I am forgetting the conversation which I wanted specially to repeat to you, Well, after he had chalked his one in that melantholy way, and I had chalked mine in quite a business-like way (I am becoming a real don at billiards under his direction and can make splendid cannons when the balls fall into the right position), we began.

"HE. 'I shall not play well to-night, Miss

Dinwnddie. Will you excuse me?

"Ms. 'You will play well enough to beat especially in a man who is not supposed to me, and I suppose that will satisfy you for

"HE (taking a random stroke). 'No, that will not please me—I would rather be beaten by you. I feel myself such a fool that I would like to be licked by somebody."

"Mr. 'And I suppose the poorer the player the more satisfaction you would have in being licked, according to your present

"Hr. 'Exactly-hullo, that was well done.

You touched almost.

"ME. 'Yes, but I didn't quite, and a miss

is good as a mile."

"Hr. 'That is not a true, although it is an old-established aphorism. There always a certain amount of consolation in having gone near the mark you were aiming at; there is none at all ill having gone wide of it. That is what I have done, and I am feeling it deeply just now."

"Mr. 'Why, you have made six cannons!' "HE. 'I was not thinking of the balls exactly; I was thinking of what happened

to-night,

"Mz. 'The dinner-something disagreed with you. Was it the pudding? I thought

it was rather heavy."

"(You can't imagine what fin it was to and I mean to win her." chaff him in this way, and if you had only seen his face you would have run away at once and got him a couple of papa's antibilious pills,)

"HE. 'I didn't try the pudding, and the dinner was excellent. My digestion, I may say, is the same, although you might not think it after ill the nonsense I have been

talking wyou.'

"Mr. 'Nonsense and indigestion don't go together -- at any rate papa is very practical in his commands when his digestion is

disturbed.

"Hr. 'Then I suppose it is because my digestion is good that I talk nonsense—there, do you see that? Missed the easiest cannon that was ever offered to a player! Don't you think now that I am in bad form?"

"He clasped his hands on the cue and rested on it, looking at me as if he had been drowning and was imploring me to save him.

"ME, 'You seem I be very much out of

sorts. What is the matter?"

"Hr. 'Oh, you know well enough-it is the way she is treating me. How is a fellow to get on with a girl who is oternally saub-

bing him?

"Mr. 'There seems to me a very simple answer to that question; it is the same which we give to a riddle when we can't find it out or don't want to be bothered trying-give it up!'

"He played several strokes after that with as much coolness and precision as if he had been engaged in a match with a skilled opponent. And yet he did not seem to be thinking of the game. He stopped when he had made six cannons and chalked his one carefully.

"Hz. 'Do you think I can make that

"Mr. 'I have seen you make more difficult ones.

"He played and the stroke was a success.

Then he put down his cue.
"Hs. "If you will excuse me, I won't play any more to night. That stroke decided me -I seen's give her up. I was never beaten in anything I took in hand, and I shall not be beaten by her. When I was playing just now I said to myself, if I make seven cannone I shall go on; if I don't I shall start for home to-morrow. You see, I have made the seven cannons and I am to go on.'

"Mr. But surely this is not the right sort of thing to do-to decide whether or not you will seek a wife by your success at billiarda.'

"HE. 'It's only a fancy, but I have won

"I was indignant at this and told him so. He did not seem to take my scolding amiss, for he said :

"'Let us take a turn in the garden and I

will try to explain.'

"It was a most lovely night. The moon was shining and the stars were twinkling and. in spite of the misanthropic humour of my companion, I could not help remembering our old verses, 'Twinkle, twinkle, little star, how I wonder what '----well, there I turned the thing to the occasion and said to myself I do wonder what you are thinking about?

"He smoked (it was his second cigar), and did not show any signs of relieving my mind. But at length it came out with this very plain question: 'Do you think she cares for me at all?" (Whife went a great cloud of

amoke.)

"That rather perplexed me. If he had said it in his ordinary way I should have had no difficulty in glossing wor with some commonplace bit of flattery. But he spoke so earnestly that I was obliged to tell the troth.

"'Upon my word, Mr. Fenwick, that is a very startling question to ask, and a very

troublesome one for me to answer.'

" I only want to know what you think,' he

"Then if you will have it—and, mind, you force it from me. I do not think she does, and do not believe she ever will care for you

in the way you want her to do."

"Then we walked up the garden path, which is on the slope of a hill, and down again, he puffing away at his cigar, and I pretending to pursue my astronomical studies but watching him all the while. There was not much to be learned from studying his face. I could only see that he was vexed and that he was trying to settle some question with himself. But, you know, if people will insist upon having the truth from one, they mustn't expect to hear exactly what they would like to hear. How was I help it if Ellie showed she didn't care for him, and if he insisted upon me telling him so?

"I was really sorry for him and would have been glad if I could have given him any word of comfort. But I couldn't. He wanted the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and I got it. I wasn't Ellie, and I couldn't help it. After he had been meditating a

while he spoke again.

" Her mother leads me to believe that she is only playing the usual game of a shy maiden with me and that by-and-by she will yield with a good grace. Do you think so?"

"As an honest woman I was obliged to

confess that I did not think so.

"' That's rum,' says he. (You see I have dropped out of my grand mian of giving you the conversation on the model of a playbook, and am just telling it anyhow. hsuppose you will understand and perhaps you will like it all the better.)

"" What's rum?" I asked.

"Hz. 'That the mother should give me so much hope and that the should give me

none at all. If it wasn't that-

"There he stopped and smoked so furiously that I thought he was trying to make clouds enough to hide the moon. I could feel that he was very angry, and I could guess that what he was going to say was that he would give her up altogether if | hadn't been that he didn't like me feel himself beaten by a girl. Now as I knew that nothing would please Ellie better than that he should give up all thoughts of her, I urged him on.

""Why don't you finish what you were going to say? If I were you I would stuff my things into my portmenteau and take the

first train to anywhere to-night."

"'Would you?' (drawing it out after a

long puff of smoke).

" Most decidedly. I have often wona girl who has said plainly, I don't care for you, I don't want you, and won't have my-

thing to do with you. A man may happen to get a girl who has said all that, but he must be a poor spirited fellow to take her. and you may be sure she makes his life hot for him. I believe the secret of all the matrimonial miseries we hear about I that women often accept men just to stop their worrying."

" I won't be accepted on that ground at

any rate." "I think 🖿 bit the end of his cigar off as

he said that; and I was a delicious but of fun for me to hit him again.

" My father has a saying which he tells me is an old and wise one. Would you like to know what it is?"

" By all means."

" 'This is it-" better a finger aff than ayewaggin'." You can translate it for your-

"'Yes, I can translate it, but will you give me the application, as the ministers

"" Oh, certainly. If you won't pack and be off to-night tell our friend Ellie in the morning exactly what you want and what you mean, and believe what the says answer.

"'Ah, you don't know what women are. I beg your pardon, Miss Dinwud-You have become so much a churn tome h this place that I forgot for the minute

you belonged to the major sex.

"'I rather enjoy the mistake, so don't apologize. But I think you have also forgotten how much you showed to me when you told me that you decided whether or not you should proceed in your suit by the result of your play at billiards. After that you won't make me believe that you really care for her.

"He didn't answer and once more we went up the path and down again. I was glancing sideways at him all the time, but as usual I couldn't make anything of his face. (Do you think he's handsome? I don't.)

By-and-by"Hz. 'I don't know exactly how to answer Taking a common-sense view of the position, I am at this moment too angry with her to give an unbiassed opinion as to whether my liking for her is due to the mere desire of conquest, or to the mysterious something which chaps who write verses rave about. Anyhow, I am not going to be made a fool of any longer; and either she or her dered at men keeping on hankering after mother must settle the thing straight off to-DACHTOW."

" Well done,' said I, laughing and clap-

knew who could take good advice."

"" I thoroughly appreciate yours at any rate and I am going to act upon it. Whatever may come of it, my dear Miss Dinwuddie, to us." you may be assured that I shall always be

grateful to you.'

"We said good-night and parted-hegoing accurated it out and went on: to hotel and I coming up-stairs to my bedroom write this nice long letter to you. Excuse mistakes; I can't be bothered reading it over; but I shall expect from you full particulars of how Mammie and Pappie are getting on, and what you are doing, and how Miss Graham is and all the animals. I am awfully sleepy. Your affectionate sister, "CHARLOTTE DISWUDDER."

"P.S.—We may expect great things to happen to-morrow. I am very sorry for that poor chap, Fenwick; and I have come to the conclusion that he is not such a bad sort of fellow after all. But I cannot make out how a man of so much shrewdness as he undoubtedly possesses should be such a fool as to follow a girl who doesn't want to have anything to do with him. Don't you think he is a fool? I do.

Another letter was from Ellie to her father. In writing she always used the word "father" instead of " pape."

"I am was to think of you being so lonely, my dear father; and if you only knew how glad I should be if I might only be with you to try to cheer you up, you would send a telegram off this instant ordering us home. But you won't hat because you think this outing is doing me good. You would funcy was only my affectation if I told you that I take no pleasure at all in the grand scenery around me. I am longing for the Nith, and for Criffel and for the mists of Torthorl. I am quite sure that I should grow well and strong if I could only have a trot down the terraces, or a walk by the planting with you.

"I don't want to complain and yet I am doing it. Mamma is very fond of this place and she is looking very well. She says I am looking well, too. So you can take her report as compensation for my grambling. She says I am to be cheerful and to take pleasure in all the grand things which are shown to me; but I am always thinking how much more I would have enjoyed them if you had been with me. I suppose that is over it.

"You know that Mr. Fenwick arrived here

ping my hands, 'you are the first man I ever quite unexpectedly and found us out. He is seeking fresh air to brace himself up, as he says, for his first appearance in the House of Commons. He is very kind and very useful

She had begun another sentence there with " But; " and having altered her mind she

"He does everything for us, and mamma is as much pleased with him as ever. When are we to get home? Mamma is talking of a long tour, and I thought when we came away that we would not be absent more than two months. That time has almost passed, and if we are to visit all the places mamma talks about it will be six months before we get home.

"You don't know how dreadful the thought of such a long absence in to me; but I suppose you would wish me to do everything mamma wants at present. I will do so-only there are some things I want to talk to you about very seriously, and I cannot write of

"I am afraid this is a very dull epistle, but I shall write a cheerier one ... the end of the week. How I wish that I could speak to you. There, now, you will think me an ungracious and selfish body not to be pleased with all the pleasures that are offered to me. Please don't be angry with me. I would be content if I could only be with you.

"Your loving daughter, " FLLTS."

When the Fiscal had read his daughter's letter 🏬 rested his head back on the chair and looked up to one of those white busts of eminent lawyers which stood on the top of his bookcases. It was the head iff a famous judge—famous for social qualities as well as legal acumen.

He had often consulted those allent monitors, and helped himself out of difficulties by trying to imagine what they would have done under given circumstances. But in the present case he found little assistance. The question was not one of law but of sentiment, which is often more intricate than an Act of Parliament, and capable of as many interpretations.

CHAPTER KLVIII.-THE RECALL.

He would have known how to act had the question been nothing more than this-"Are you two young folk quite sure that you are not making the mistake which means absolute ruin to the man, the same for the ungrateful to mamma and I sense try to get woman, perhaps, and certainly much misery for her?

But there were other considerations. There

was the mother, who undoubtedly meant well, those of Ellie and himself; and he was aware potent still was the remembrance of his own relationship to Thorburn. (Strange how that man even in his grave was to influence their lives!) The secret of that night is the shed of Campbell's farm was by Thorburn's own wish to be buried with him. He had striven the accident, and he had charged Musgrave fatted hen killed and all sorts of news ready to guard the happiness of his son. Then if for you. Armour's happiness depended on his marriage with Ellie, the Fiscal's course was to respect the wishes of the dead, and to bear in silence what remorse or haunting doubts might visit him.

In this complication in could only my to

himself;

Let them prove to me without prompting on my part that they can be faithful to each other under these petty trials. If they cannot do that, it is best that they should part. But there must be no unfair pressure upon either of them." So he wrote first to Ellie.

"I think you are the most wicked girl that ever was born, my bonnie bairn. The idea of a daughter insisting upon giving up all the glories of the Continent because her stupid old daddie, biding at home in solitude, sappens to say that he feels a bit lonely! Son ask Miss Dinwaddie what she would say to it?

" I'll be bound she would take a commonsense view of the case, and would tell you that your father could get on very well without you, and would have to do it some day, so that you had better let him down easy by

preparing him for the change.

"How am I to tell you in my aelfishness to go to the gorgeous palaces of Italy, see pictures, eat bad dinners, live in uncomfortable lodgings, submit to be cheated at old rag and bone shops, bask in the sunshine whilst we are in the midst of snow, and come home with grand stories of wonderful adventure at carnival, opera and ball?

"I cannot do it. I am just a scifish, unfeeling old body and must have my own way. You must return at the expiration of the time allowed to you. You must come or I will stop all supplies and leave you to beg your way home when you discover that without me you can get credit neither for

board or lodging !

"What do you say to that, my dawtie? however much her views might differ from Do you not tremble at the voice of the tyrant? I expect you here within a week of that the plan she proposed would place their the day on which you receive this syundate. daughter in a satisfactory position. More I mean to play the part in the cruel parent and rob you of all those pleasures if foreign parts you have been dreaming about. Come home at once, or-well, I am not going to tell you what the consequences will be; but

they will be terrible.
"Now you know my will, obedience must to prove that his death was not the result of follow; and on your return there will be a

"These are the last words which the post will being you from your stern and unrelenting but still loving father,

"RICHARD MUSGRAYF."

He next proceeded 🗰 write to Mrs. Mus-

"My DEAR SPOUSE.-

"Your long letter has interested me very much, and as it shows me the necessity for our meeting at the earliest possible date, I think it unnecessary to follow your example in writing at length concerning matters which

re must discuss together.

" I will only my that there is no danger of ruin for me and starvation for you, unless you bring it about yourself; and I am quite ready to give Ellie whatever advice may most conduce to her happiness. I do not think I have ever said anything to her yet which was not prompted by that motive. am sorry to curtail your pleasure in any way, but I am compelled to ask you to return with Ellie at the date originally agreed upon. trust you will oblige me in this, even if you should please to make another excursion.

"I am glad to have such good accounts from you of the excellent condition of your health. I shall be able to judge of it myself in a few days, and to congratulate you per-

sonally."

He considered for a few moments whether or not be should mention Fenwick, and decided not to do so. He signed the letter with the customary marital formalities, and dispatched it with Ellie's at once.

The recall was obeyed with an alacrity which surprised the Fiscal as much as pleaned him. Mrs. Musgrave with Ellie and Miss Dinwaddie arrived a day earlier than

they were expected.
"We came away as soon as we received your letter," said Mrs. Musgrave with the air of a dutiful wife, who has made a morifice gested to him that she had been, for some reason, glad to find an excuse for the immediate return.

"Oh, yes!" said Miss Dinwaddie with an undercurrent of disappointment in her tone. "I couldn't persuade Mrs. Musgrave or Ellie to stay a moment after your letters arrived. Besides, Mr. Fentvick left us two days before that."

"Oh," said the Fiscal dryly, comprehending why his commands had obtained instant obedience. "I thought the great statesman intended to stay away until his important duties absolutely compelled him to return !"

"Such was his intention," said Mrs. Musgrave III her most stately manner, and with a somewhat curious glance at Miss Dinwuddie, "but urgent affairs called him home almost at a moment's notice-he had not even time to explain to us what they were. I hope there is no scrious illness in his family."

"I have not heard of any unusual occurrence Cluden Peel. Possibly his merits as a politician have been already recognised, and he has been offered some high post in

the Government."

"You know it could not be that, Richard," said Mrs. Musgrave, frowning severely at this satire, "for he has not yet taken his seat in the House."

"Ah, yes, af course—but you have spoken so much about his statesmanship that I began to think of him as an old hand in politics. However I dare say we shall hear great things of him m soon as Parliament opens."

That ended the conversation until Mrs. Musgrave should change her travelling dress and obtain a little rest. But Ellie did not think of changing dress: her one thought was to be alone with her father, and presently they were walking in the bright spring supshine by the planting, where the tender bloom of coming bods made a faint blue haze over the trees.

"Now, my fine lass, what is this very serious matter that you wanted to talk about and couldn't write about? Your face hasn't got the colour on it that weed to have."

She smiled faintly, clinging to his arm with both hands, and looking at him with eyes in which joy at being with him again and sorrow at her own thoughts mingled.

"When I was away, pape, I thought that I could not write about it, and now that I am with you I feel as if I could not speak about it."

"Hoot, toot, toot, you gomeril; that's a very of her own pleasure in order to please her had account of yourself. Have I not brought husband. But somehow the manner sugabout everything that is worrying you? . . . Come, I'll help you; it is Armour you want to speak about. Well, he is getting on first-rate, and in a few years I expect him he in a better position than ever. What of him?"

> "I am glad to have this good news; but was not about his prosperity I wanted to speak, it was to ask you-did he come to you himself aski say that he wished our engagement to be broken off? I know you like him, papa, but I would rather you did not try to soften II on my account or on his-Only say, it true?"

The Fiscal looked grave and turned

towards the house.

"Who told you this?" I asked.

"Mamma told me, but I thought she might have made some mistake. Did III say it himself without you making any complaints about his misfortunes?"

" It is true and I made no complaint about

his misfortunes."

At that the girl's head bent slowly forward till it almost touched his arm and she walked on in silence.

"It was the right thing for him to do and

I told him so."

"Then, do you, too, wish to take me away from him?" she said timidly. "Do you wish me to take Mr. Fenwick?"

The father pressed her arm tightly his own. He saw now the influence. had been brought to bear upon her, and he

was angry, but he only showed it by looking graver than before and speaking more gently.

"I have told you that I do not wish you to take any one but the man you feel in yourself that you can trust your future to. Now you are not to say another word about it. I am going to have a little conversation with your mother, and when that is over I shall tell you the result."

He led her into the house, but all his tenderness could not soothe the pain she felt in knowing that Armour had been the first to propose that they should part. It seemed indeed folly that she should cling to one who had been so ready to leave her and turn away from one who followed her so faithfully

as Fenwick

When Mrs. Musgrave entered the library she recognised the fact that her husband was more deeply moved by anger than she had ever seen him before. He maintained his

calmness of voice, however, although the notes were harsher than usual. After she had seated herself, he took up his favourite position on the hearthrug, hands clasped behind him, and the fingers moving as if mochanically swinging his umbrella.

"There is a danger of a very serious misunderstanding between us, Euphemia, and I am anxious to find some means of avoiding it."

"I suppose you refer to the affair with Ellie and the man Armour," she said, much disturbed by his manner, but striving still to hold her own.

"That is precisely the case, Mrs. Mus-

grave."

He had spoken sternly, and she was silent. There was something in his voice which suggested all sorts of dreadful possibilities. His look, his manner and voice were all accusing her of some great wrong-doing; and presently in world doubtless accuse her in words.

Yet she could not feel that she had done anything wrong. She had been doing and was doing only a mother's duty in striving to induce her daughter to accept a good settlement in life instead of a bad one. It was right and natural that she should do so. Her husband ought to have found it to be his duty to aid her, and she simply anid not understand why there should be any difference of opinion between them on the subject. But there being a difference, she could only attribute it to some error on his part, and, being unable as well as unwilling to argue with him, she believed that she was performing the duty of a wife in overlooking his error and proceeding in her own way to

calmness of voice, however, although the do what she knew to be right for their child's notes were harsher than usual. After she sake.

Whatever might have been the motives for their own union, they had lived comfortably enough together for many years. They had led an oxiderly and even life, respected by their friends and neighbours and without any serious difference between them until now. In her way she was proud of him for his steady earnest work and the esteem which it had carned from others. She had her faults of course; but she had been a faithful and in some respects a useful wife to him. And now whence came this danger which menaced their peace?

As they remained alleutly regarding each other, and these reflections passed through her mind, the first feelings of bewilderment and alarm at his manner gave place to those of rebellion and of indignation against Armour for being the cause of this strife.

The Fiscal had his retrospections too, running much in the same strain, but starting from a different point of view and arriving at a different conclusion. He allowed har credit for her good intentions; but he, on his side, was unable to comprehend how she could wish to force Ellie against her inclination to marry a man like Fenwick—who was a poor creature notwithstanding his ancient family—when the girl had made a much wiser choice. He could not understand why she was unable to give him credit for the judgment which every one else admitted.

He recognised that they stood at a critical juncture of their lives. They were about to decide the course of their own future as well

as Ellie's.

"THE GREAT LONE LAND."

I WANDER'D alone and afar
On the plains of the north, and my eye
Was caught by the blaze II a star
That shot through the pitiless sky.

The coldness of death was below,

The stillness of death in the air,

Save that over the wild waste of snow

The wolf pour'd his howl of despair;

And stricken and westry I trod, Scarce during to gaze into space, Till the pitiful mercy of God* Came falling in tears on my face.

But the meteor had pass'd and was gone!

Ah, whither? in vain shall I seek?

I stand in the dread night alone,

And the voice of see soul strives to speak;

But it falters, and falls back unspoken, And dies like the wolf howl afar; The God-lights of life are all broken, And I am a wreck like the star!

F. JOHNSON.

MORTERAL



That a proceedy the case Max Massacra

KEPT IN THE DARK.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPK

CHAPTER ETH.-MR. WESTERN TIELDS.

"HE fact that Lady Grant had gone to Dresden was not long in reaching the ears of Mrs. Western. Dick Ross had heard at the club of Perth that she had gone and had told Sir Francis. Sir Francis passed smooth again. on the news to Miss Altifiorla, and from her it had reached the deserted wife. Miss Alti- at the house and sent in a note while she fiorla had not told | direct because at that stood waiting in the hall. In the note she time she and Cecilia were not improved to be on friendly terms. But the tidings had got would be willing to receive her after what had about and Mrs. Western had heard them.

"She's a good woman," said Cecilia to her mother. "I knew her to be that the first moment that she came to me. She is rough as he is, and stern, and has a will of her own. But her heart is tender and true :-- as is his

also at the core."

"I don't know about that," said Mrs. Holt, with the angry tone which she allowed beneff to use only when speaking of Mr. Western.

"Yes; he is, mamma. In your affection; for me you will not allow yourself to be just to him. In truth you hardly know him."

"I know that he has destroyed your happiness for ever, and made me very wretched."

"No, mamma; not for ever. It may be that he will come for me, and that then we shall be as happy as the day is long." As she said this a vision came before her eyes of the birth of her child and of her surroundings would happy because she was happy, the can be of any importance. congratulations of friends, and the smiles of the world. But above all she pictured to herself her husband standing by her bedside with the child in his arms. The dream had been dreamed before, and was re-dreamed during every hour of the day. "Lady Grant me better than I could plead myself."

"Plead for you! Why should there be any in ignorance." one wanted to plead for you? Will Lady Grant plead with you for her brother?"

the wrong that an intercessor is necessary for own misfortunes?" me. It is they who commit the injury that have a difficulty in forgiving. to me do you not know that I should throw be awaked to the affairs of the world, --espemyself into his arms and be the happiest cially such an affair as this. You must woman in the world without a word spoken?" shaken up. This I suppose will shake you ." The conversation was not then carried further, up. If not, you must be past all hope."

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but Mrs. Holt continued to shake her head as she sate I her knitting. In her estimation no husband could have behaved worse than had her son-in-law. And she was of opinion that he should be punished for his misconduct before things could be made

Some days afterwards Miss Altifiorla called merely asked whether her dear "Cecilia" passed. She had news to tell of much importance, and she hoped that her "dear Cecilia" would receive her. There had been no absolute quarrel, no quarrel known to the servants, and Cecilia did receive her, "Oh, my dear," she said, bursting into the room with an air of affected importance, "you will be surprised,-I think that you must be surprised at what I have to tell you,"

"I will be surprised if you wish it," said

"Let me first begin by assuring you, that you must not make light of my news. It is of the greatest importance, not only me. but of some importance also to you.

"It shall be of importance."

"Because you begin with that little meer which has become so common with you. You must be aware of it. Amidst the troubles of your own life, which we all admit at the time;—the anxions solicitude of a to be very grievous, there has come upon you loving husband, the care of attendants who a way of thinking that no one class affairs

"I am not aware of it."

"It as a little. And pray believe me. that I am not in the least angry about it. I knew that it would be so when I came to you this morning; and yet I could not help coming. Indeed as the thing has now been is strong," she continued, " and can plead for made known to the Dean's family I could not bear that you should III left any longer

"What is the thing?"

"There it is again ;—that sneer. I cannot "It is not necessary. My own heart tell you unless you will interest yourself. pleads for him. It is because he has been in Does nothing interest you now beyond your

"Alaz, no. I fear not."

"But this shall interest you. You must

"What on earth it?"

"Sir Francis Geraldine-—! You have heard any rate of Sir Francis Geraldine."

"Well, yes; I have not as yet forgotten

the name.

"I should think not. Sir Francis Geraldine has-" And then she paused again.

"Cut his little finger," said Cecilia. Had she dreamed of what was to come she would not have turned Sir Francis into ridicule, But she had been aware of Miss Altifiorla's friendship with Sir Francis,—or rather what she had regarded as an affectation of friendship, and did not for a moment anticipate such a communication as was to be made to her.

Cecilia Holt---"

"That at any rate is not my name."

"I dare say you wish it were."

"I would not change my real name for

that of any woman under the sun."

Perhaps not;-but there are other women in a position of less grandeur. I am going to change mine."

"No!"

"I thought you would be surprised because it would look as though I were about to abandon my great doctrine. It is not so. My opinions on that great subject are not in the least changed. But of course there must be some women whom the exigencies of the world will require to marry."

"A good many, first and last."

"About the good many I am not at this moment concerning myself. My duty is clearly before me and I mean to perform it. I have been asked to ally myselfthen there was a pause, and the speaker discovered when it was too late that she was verging on the ridiculous in declaring her purpose of forming an alliance;-"that is to say, I am going marry Sir Francis Geraldine."

Sir Francis Geraldine!

"Do you see any just cause or impedi-

" None in the least. And yet how am I to answer such a question? I saw cause or impediment why I should not marry him."

"You both saw it, I suppose?" said Miss Altifiorla, with an air of grandeur. "You both supposed that you were not made for should ever willingly be found under the the idea. You did not remain single, and I well, as impossible to Miss Altifiorla as to suppose we need not either."

Certainly not for my sake."

discovered that we can both of us best suit each learned to despise the other, and not to our own interests by an---

"An alliance," suggested Mrs. Western.

"If you please, -- though I am quite aware that you use the term as a sneer." As to this Mrs. Western was too honest to deny the

truth, and remained silent.

"I thought it proper," continued Miss Altifioria, "as we had been so long friends, to inform you that it will be so. You had your chance, and as you let slip I trust that you will not cuvy me mine."

"Not in the least."

"At any rate you do not congratulate me." "I have been very remiss. I acknowledge it. But upon my word the news has so startled me that I have been unable to remember the common courtesies of the world.

I thought when I heard of your travelling up to London together that you were becoming

very intimate.

"Oh, it had been ever so much before that,—the intimacy at least. Of course I did not know him before he came to this house. But a great many things have happened since that;—have there not? Well, good-bye, dear. I have no doubt we shall continue as friends, especially as we shall be living almost in the neighbourhood. Castle Gerald is to be at once fitted up for me, and I hope you will forget all our little tiffs, and often como and stay with me," So saying, Miss Altifiorla, having told her grand news, made her adieus and went away.

"A great many tilings have happened since that," said Cecilia, repeating to herself her friend's words. It seemed to her III be so many that a lifetime had been wasted since Sir Francis had first come to that house. She had won the love of the best man she had ever known, and married him, and had then lost his love! And now she had been left as a widowed wife, with all the coming troubles of maternity on her head. She had understood well the ill-natured sarcum of Miss Altifioria. "We shall be living almost in the same neighbourhood!" Yes; | her separation from her husband was to be continued, then undoubtedly she would live Exeter, and, as far as the limits of the county were concerned, she would in the neighbour of the future Lady Gendline. each other, and wisely determined to give up same roof with Sir Francis was, as she knew herself. The invitation contained the sneer, and was intended to contain it. "Our intimacy since that time has been created no anger. She, too, had sneered at increased by chromstances, and we have now Miss Altifioria quite as bitterly. They had meer was impossible. Miss Altifiorla had

come to tell of her triumph, and - sneer in against him, even by intentional silence. return. But it mattered nothing. What did There had been no thought of hers since she matter was whether that threat should come had been his wife which he had not been true. Should she always be left living at welcome to share. It had in truth been for her dream again,—that he had come back to been silent. She was aware that from her, and was sitting by her bedside with his cowardice her silence had been prolonged. hand in hers and whispering sweet words . But surely now last he would forgive her her, while a baby was lying in her arms-his that offence. Then she thought of the words child. As she thought of the blist of the she would use as she owned her fault. He fancied moment, the still possible bliss, her anger seemed to fade away. What would she not do to bring him back, what would come to her, and stand once again with his she not say? She had done amiss in keep- arm round her waist, she would confess it. as a terrible blow, and he had been unable which but a few weeks since seemed to her to be impossible. And she understood,—she told herself that she understood,—the difference between herself as a woman and him as a man. He had a right to command, a right a right to know all the secrets of her heart, and to be offended when one so important had been kept from him. He had lifted his struck had been awful. But she would bear its contents, so apprehensive was she and yet it without a word of complaint if only he it, she declared to herself that she must die if he did not come back. To live as she was living now would be impossible to her. But if he would come back, how absolutely would she disregard all that the world might say as to their short quarrel. I would indeed bs known to all the world, but what could the world do to her a she once again had her her joy was so great that she could hardly see husband by her side? When the blow first what followed. "He will hope to reach that fell on her she had thought much of the place on the fifteenth by the train which ignominy which had befallen ber, and which must ever rest with her. Even though she should be taken back again, people would was sure that he would not come with the know that she had been discarded. But now she told herself that for that she cared not at all. Then she again dreamed her dream. standing by her with that sweet manly unile that he would never leave her again. upon his face. She put out her hand as though he would touch it, and was conscious would come. Why should he not come?" of an involuntary movement as though she This she exclaimed in her mother, and then were bending her face towards him for a kiss. went on m speak of him with a wild rhapsody

the absolute truth. She had never sinned to sing the praises of her husband till Mrs.

Exeter with her mother? Then she dreamed his sake rather than for her own that she had was a man, and as a man had a right to expect that she would confess it. If he would

ing that secret so long, and though the "My dear, here a letter. The post-punishment had been severe, it was not man has just brought it." She took the letter altogether undeserved. It had come to him from her mother's hand and hardly knew whether to be pleased or disappointed when to suppress his agony. He should not have she found that the address was III the handtreated her so; no, we should not have sent writing of Lady Grant. Lady Grant would her away. But she could make excuses now of course write whether with good news or with bad. The address told her nothing, but yet she could not tear the envelope. "Well, my dear; what is it?" said her mother.

"Why don't you open it?"

She turned a soft supplicating painful look ■ be obeyed, a right to be master. He had up to her mother's face as she begged for grace. "I will go up-stairs, mamma, and will tell you by and by." Then she left the room with the letter unopened in her hand. hand in great wrath, and the blow he had It was with difficulty that she could examine so hopeful, so confident at one moment of would come back to her. As she thought of her coming happiness, and yet so fearful at another that she should be again enveloped in the darkness of her misery. But she did at last persuade herself to read the words which Lady Grant had written. They were very short, and ran as follows; "My dear Cecilia, my brother returns with me, and will at once go down to Exeter." The shock of leaves London at nine III the morning.

That was all, but that was enough. She purpose of telling her that he must again leave her. And she was sure also that if he would once put himself within the sphere of Her child was born, and her husband was her personal influence it should be so used

"Of course I coming. I knew he Surely he would come to her! His sister of joy, as though there had hardly been any had gone to him, and would have told him breach in her happiness. And she continued

Holt hardly knew how to bear her enthusiasm in a fitting mood. For she, who was not in love, still thought that this man's conduct had been scandalous, wicked and cruel; and, forgiven, only be forgiven because of the general wickedness and cruelty of man. But she was not allowed to say a word not in praise; and, because she could not in truth praise him, was scolded as though she was anxious to rob her daughter of her

joys.

had not been without great difficulty that Lady Grant induced her brother to assent to her writing the letter which has been given above. When M had agreed to return with her England he had no doubt assented to her assertion that he was bound to take his wife back again, even without any confession. And this had been so much to gain, had been so felt to be the one only material point necessary, that he was not pressed as to his manner of doing it. But before they reached London was essential that some arrangement should made for bringing them together. " Could not I go down to Durton," he had said, "and could not she come to me there?" No doubt he might have gone to Durton, and no doubt she would have gone to him if asked. She would have flown to him at Dresden, or to Jerusalem, at a word spoken by him. Absence had made him so precious her, that she would have obeyed the slightest behest with joy as long as the order given were bring them once more together. But of this Lady Grant was not aware, and, had she been so, the sense of what was becoming would have restrained

"I think, George, that you had better go Exeter." she said.

"Should we not be more comfortable at Durton?"

"I think that when at Durton you will be more happy if you shall yourself have fetched her from her mother's home. I think you owe it to your wife me go to her, and make the journey with her. What is your objection?"

"I do not wish to be seen in Exeter," he

replied.

"Nor did she you may be sure when she returned there alone. But what does it matter? If you can be happy in once more possessing her, a cannot signify who shall be done, let i be done in a noble spirit."

CHAPTER EXHL-SIR FRANCIS' ESCAPE.

When she had told the Dean's family, and Mrs. Green, and Cecilia, Miss Altifioria began to feel that there was no longer a secret worth the keeping. And indeed it became necessary to her happiness to divulge this great step in life which she was about to take. She had written very freely, and very fre-quently to Sir Francis, and Sir Francis, to tell the truth, had not responded in the same spirit. She had received but two answers to six letters, and each answer had been conveyed in about three lines. There had been no expressions from him of confiding love nor any pressing demands for an immediate marriage. They had all been commenced without even naming her, and had been finished by the simple signature of his initials. But to Miss Altifiorla they had been satisfactory. She knew how silly she would be to expect from such an one as her intended husband long epistles such as a school girl would require, and, in order m keep him true to her, had determined to let him know how little exacting she was inclined to be. She would willingly do all the preliminary writing if only the could secure her position as Lady Geraldine. She wrote such letters, letters so full of mingled wit and love and fun, that she was sure that he must take delight in reading them. "Easy reading requires hard writing," she said to herself as she copied for the third time one of her epistles, and copied it studiously in such handwriting that it should look to have been the very work of negligence. In all this she had been successful as she thought, and told herself over and over again how easy it was for a elever woman to make captive a man of mark, provided that she set herself assiduously to the task.

She soon descended from her friends to the shopkeepers, and found that her news was received very graciously by the mercantile interests of the city. The milliners, the haberdashers, the furriers and the bootmakers of Exeter received her communication and her orders with pleased alacrity. With each of them she held a little secret conference, telling each with a smiling whisper what fate was about do for her. To even the upholsterers, the bankers, the hotel-keepers and the owners of post-horses she was communisee you. There can be nothing to be extive, making every one the gratified reci-ashamed of in going for your wife; nor can pient of her tidings. Thus in a short time any evil happen to you. As this thing is to all Exeter knew that Sir Francis Geraldine was about to lead III the hymeneal altar Miss Then the letter as above given was written. Altificial, and I must be acknowledged that

subject. They who understood that Miss the paper made allusion to the very same Altifiorla was to pay for the supplies ordered relatives whom she had named in her unforout of her own pocket declared for the most tunate letter I Dr. Pigrum, "The vulgarity part how happy a man was Sir Francis. But of the people of this town is quite unbearthose who could only look to Sir Francis for possible future custom were surprised that the Baronet should have allowed himself to be so easily caught. And then the aristocracy expressed opinion, which it must be acknowledged was for the most part hostile to Miss Altifiorla. It was well known through the city that the Dean had declared that he would never again see his brother-in-law at the deanery. And it was whispered that the Reverend Dr. Pigrum, one of the canons, had stated "that no one in the least knew where Miss Altifiorla had come from." This hit Miss Altifiorla very hard, -- so much so that she felt herself obliged to write an indignant letter to Dr. Pigrum, giving at length her entire pedigree. To this Dr. Pigrum made a reply as follows. "Dr. Pigrum's compliments to Miss Altifiorla and is happy to learn the name of her great grandmother." Dr. Pigrum was supposed to be a wag and the letter soon became the joint property of all the ladies in the Close.

This interfered much with Miss Altifiorla's happiness. She even went across to Cecilia complaining of the great injustice done to her by the Cathedral clergymen generally. " Men from whom one should expect charity instead of scandal, but that their provincial Ignorance as narrow!" Then she went on to remind Cecilia how much older was the Roman branch of her family than even the blood of the Geraldines. "You oughtn't to have talked about it," said Cecilia, who in her present state of joy did not much mind Miss Altifiorla and her husband. "Do you suppose that I intend to be married under a bushel?" said Miss Altifiorla grandly.

But there appeared a paragraph in the Western Telegraph which drove Miss Altifiorla nearly mad. "It understood that one of the aristocracy in this county is soon about to be married to a lady who has long lived among us in Exeter. Sir Francis Geraldine is the happy man, and Miss Altifiorla is the lady about to become Lady Geraldine. Miss Altifiorla is descended from an Italian family of considerable note in its own country. Her great grandmother was a Fisseo, and her great great grandmother a Disgrazia. We are delighted to find that Sir Francis is to ally himself
a lady of such high birth." Now Miss Altifiorla was well aware that there was an old feud between Sir Francis and the

all Exeter expressed various opinions on the Western Telegraph, and the observed also that able," ahe exclaimed to Mrs. Green. But when left alone she monce wrote a funnier letter than ever to Sir Francis. I might be that Sir Francis should not see the paragraph. At any rate she did not mention it.

But unfortunately Sir Francis did see the paragraph; and, unfortunately also, 🖿 had not appreciated the wit of Miss Altifiorla's letters. "Oh, laws !" I had been heard to ejaculate on receipt of a former letter.

"It's the kind of thing a man has B put up with when he gets married," said Captain McCollop, a gentleman who had aiready in some sort succeeded Dick Ross.

"I don't suppose you think a man ever ought to be married."

Quite the contrary. When a man has a property he must be married. I suppose I shall have the McCollop acres some of these days myself." The McCollop acres were said to lie somewhere in Caithness, but no one knew their exact locality. But a man will naturally put off the evil day as long as be can. I should have thought that you might have allowed yourself to run another five years yet." The flattery did touch Sir Francis, and he began to ask himself whether he had gone too far with Miss Altifiorla. Then came the Western Telegroph and he told himself that he had not gone too far.

"Good Heavens! she has told sverybody in that beastly hole," said he. The "beastly hole" was intended to represent Exeter.

You didn't sup-"Of course she has." pose but that she would begin m wear her honour and glory as soon as they were mearable."

"She pledged herself not to mention I to a single soul," said Sir Francis. Upon this Captain McCollop merely shrugged his shoulders. "I'll be whipped if I put up with it. Look here! All her filthy progenitors put into the newspaper to show how grand she is."

"I shouldn't care so very much about that," said the cautious Captain, who began to perceive that he need not be specially hitter against the lady.

"You're not going to marry her."

"Well; no; that's true."
"Nor am I," said Sir Francis with an air of great decision. "She hasn't got a word of mine in writing to show, -not a word that would go for anything with a Jury."

" Hasn't she indeed?"

"Not a word. I have taken precious good why should she write to me when the affair in care in that. Between you and me I don't over? You've heard of Mrs. Western I supmind acknowledging it. But it had never come to more than that."

"Then in fact you are not bound to her."

"No; I am not;-not what I call bound. She's a handsome woman you know,—very handsome."

" I виррове во."

"And she'd do the drawing-room well, and the sitting at the top of the table, and all that kind of thing."

"But it's such a heavy price to pay," said

Captain McCollop.

"I should not have minded the price." said Sir Francis, not quite understanding his friend's remark, "if she hadn't made me ridiculous in this way. The Fiascos and the Disgrazias! What are they to our old English families? If she had let it remain as it was I might have gone through with it. But as she has told all Excter and got that stuff put into the newspapers, she must take the consequences. One is worse than another, as far as I can see." By this Sir Francia intended to express his opinion that Miss Altifiorla was at any rate quite as bad as Cacilia Holt,

But the next thing to be decided was the mode of escape. Though Sir Francis had declared that he was not what he called bound. yet he knew that he must take some steps in the matter to show that he considered himself to be free, and as the Captain was a clever man, and well conversant with such things, he was consulted. "I should say, take a run abroad for a short time," said the Captain.

"Is that necessary?"

"You'd avoid some of the disagreeables, People will talk, and your relatives at Exeter might kick up z row."

"Never mind my relatives."

"With all my heart. But people have such a way of making themselves disgusting. What do you say to taking a run through the States ?"

"Would you go with me?" asked the

Baronet.

"If you wish it I shouldn't mind," said the Captain considerately. " Only to do any good we should be off quickly. But you must write to some one first.

"Before I start, you think?"

"Oh, yes ;--certainly.
she didn't hear from you before you went you'd persecuted. by her letters."

"There is no end to her letters. I've quite made up my mind what I'll do about

pose?"

"Yes; I've heard of her."

"I didn't write to her when that affair was over. I didn't pester her with long-winded scrawls. She changed her mind, and I've changed mine; and so we're equal. I've paid her and she can pay me if she knows how."

"I hope Miss Altifiorla will look at I in

the same light," said the Captain.

"Why shouldn't she? She knew all about it when that other affair came to an end I wasn't treated with any particular ceremony. The truth is people don't look at these things now as they used to do. Men and women mostly do as they like till they've absolutely fixed themselves. There used to be duels and all that kind of nonsense. There is none of that now."

"No; you won't get shot,"

"I don't mind being shot any more than another man; but you must take the world as you find it. One young woman treated me awfully rough, to tell the truth. And why am I not to treat another just as roughly? If you look at it all round you'll see that I have used them just **as** they have used me."

"At any rate," said Captain McCollop after a pause, "if you have made up your mind,

you'd better write the letter."

Sir Francis did not see the expediency of writing the letter immediately, but at last he gave way to his friend's arguments. And he did so the more readily as his friend was there to write the letter for him. After some attempts on his own part, he put the writing of the letter into the hands of the Captain, and left him alone for an entire morning to perform the task. The letter when it was sent, after many corrections and revises, ran as follows,

"My DEAR MISS ALTIFICALA,

"I think that I am bound in honour without a moment's delay to make you aware of the condition of my mind in regard to marriage. I ain't quite sure but what I shall be better without it altogether."-" I'd rather marry her twice over than let my cousin have the title and the property," said the Baronet with energy. "You needn't tell her that," said McCollop. "Of course when you've cleared the ground h this quarter you can begin again with another lady."—" I think that perhaps I may have expressed myself hadly so as to warrant you in understanding more than I have meant. If so I am sure the fault has been mine, and I am very sorry for it. Things have turned up with which I need them. I won't open one of them. After all not perhaps trouble you, and compel me to

shall be off almost before I can receive a reply to this letter. Indeed I may we gone before an answer can reach me. But I have thought it right not | let a post by without inform-

ing you of my decision.

"I have seen that article in the Exeter newspaper respecting your family in Italy, and think that it must wery gratifying to you. I did understand, however, that not a word was to have been spoken as to the matter. Nothing had escaped from me at any rate. I fear that some of your intimate friends Exeter must have been indiscreet.

Believe me yours,

" With the most sincere admiration. "FRANCIS GERALDINE."

He was not able to start for America immediately after writing this, but he quitted his Lodge in Scotland, leaving no immediate address, and hid himself for a while among his London clubs, where he trusted that the lady might not find him. In a week's time he would be off to the United States.

Who shall picture the rage of Miss Altifiorla when she received this letter? This was the very danger which she had feared, but had hardly thought it worth her while to fear. It was the one possible break-down in her triumph; but had been, she thought, so unlikely as to be hardly possible. But now on reading the letter she felt that no redress was within her reach. To whom should she go for succour? Though her ancestors had been so noble, she had no one near her to take up the cudgels on her behalf. With her friends in Exeter she had become a little proud of late, so that she had turned from ber coward!" she said to herself, "the base coward! He dares to treat me in this way because he knows that I am alone." Then she became angry in her heart against Cecilia, who she felt had set a dangerous example in this practice of jilting. Had Cecilia not treated Sir Francis so unceremoniously he certainly would not have dared so to treat her. There was truth in this, as in that case Sir Francis would at this moment have been the husband of Mrs. Western.

But what should she do? She took out every scrap of letter that she had received from the man, and read each scrap with the greatest care. In the one letter there certainly was an offer very plainly made, as he had intended it; but she doubted whether she could depend upon it in a court of law. "Don't you think that you and I know each other well enough broken engagement did reach Mrs. Western

go for a while to a very distant country. I written as an offer, and her two answers tohim would make it plain that it was so. But she had an idea that she would not be allowed to use her own letters against him. And thento have her gushing words read as a reply toso cold a proposition would be death to her. There was not another syllable in the whole correspondence written by him to signify that he had in truth intended become her husband. She felt sure that he had been wickedly crafty in the whole matter, and had lured her on to expose herself in her innocence.

But what should she do? Should she write to him an epistle full of tenderness? She felt sure that it would be altogether ineffectual. Should she fill sheets with indignation? It would be of no use unless the could follow up her indignation by strong measures, Should she let the thing pass by in silence, as though she and Sir Francis had never known each other? She could certainly do so, but that she had allowed her matrimonial prospects m become common through all Exeter. She must also let Exeter know how badly Sir Francis intended to treat her. To her too the idea of a prolonged sojourn in the United States presented itself. In former days there had come upon her a great longing to lecture at Chicago, III Saint Paul's, and at Omaha, on the distinctive duties of the female sex. Now again the idea returned to her. She thought that in one of those large Western Halls, full of gas and intelligence, she could rise me the height of her subject with a tremendous eloquence. But then would not the name of Sir Francis travel with her and crush her?

She did resolve upon informing Mrs. Green, those who might have assisted her. "The She took three days to think of it and then she sent for Mrs. Green. "Of all human beings," she said, "you I think are the truest to me." Mrs. Green of course expressed herself as much flattered. "And therefore I will tell you. No false pride shall operate with me to make me hold my tongue. Of all the false deceivers that have ever broken a woman's heart that man is the basest and the fulsest."

> In this way she let all Exeter know that she was not to be married to Sir Francis Geraldine; and another paragraph appeared in the Western Telegraph, declaring that after all Sir Francis Geraldine was not to be allied to the Figures and Disgrazion of Rome.

CHAPTER KEIV .- CONCLUSION.

THOUGH the news of Miss Altifiorla's to make a match of it?" I was certainly at St. David's, she was in a state of mind which prevented her almost from recognising | go down to the station to meet him, but that husband was to come to her. And her joy was so extreme as almost to have become painful. "Mamma," she said, "I shall not know what to say to him."

"Just let him come, and receive him

quietly."

"Receive him quietly! How can I be quiet when 🔣 will have come back to me? I think you do not realise the condition I have been in during the last three months."

"Yes, my dear, I do. You have been

described, and I has been very bad."

But Mrs. Western did not approve of the word used, as | carried a strong reproach against her husband. She was anxious now take upon herself the whole weight of the fault which had produced their separation and to hold him to have been altogether sinless. And as yet, she was not quite sure that he would again take her to his home. All she knew was that he would be that day in Exeter and that then much might depend on her own conduct! Of this she was quite sure,—that were he to reject her she must die. In her present condition, and with the memory present in her of the dreams she had dreamed, she could not live alone at Exeter, divided from him, and there give birth to her child. But he must surely intend to take her into his arms when he should arrive. It could not be possible that he should again reject her when he had once seen ber.

Then she became fidgety about her personal appearance,—a female frailty which had never much prevailed with her,-and was anxious even about her ribbons and her dress. "He does think so much about a woman being nest," she said to her mother,

"I never perceived it in him, my dear," "Because you have not known him as I have done. He does not say much, but no one's eye is so accurate, and so severe." All this arose from a certain passage which dwelt in her remembrance, when he had praised the fit of her gown and had told her with a kiss that no woman ever dressed so well as she did.

" I think, my dear," continued Mrs. Holt, "that if you wear your black silk just simply,

it will do very well."

Simply! Yes; she must certainly be simple. But it is a hard to be simple in such a way as to please a man's eye. And yet, even

the fact. It was the very day on which her idea had been soon abandoned. The first kiss she would give him should not be seen

by strangers.

But if she were perplexed as to how she would bear herself on the coming occasion be was much more so. It may be said of him that through his whole journey home from Dresden he was disturbed, unhappy and silent; and that when his sister left him in London, and he had nothing immediately before him but the journey down to Exeter, he was almost overwhelmed by the difficulties of the situation. His case as a man was so much worse than hers as a woman. The speaking must all be done by him, and what was there that he could say? There was still present to him a keen sense of the wrong that he had endured; though he owned to himself that the punishment which at the spur of the moment he had resolved upon inflicting was too severe,---both upon her and upon himself. And though me felt that he had been injured he did gradually acknowledge that he had believed something worse than the truth. How to read the riddle he had not known, but there was a riddle which he had not read aright. If Cecilia should still be silent he must still be left in the dark. But he did understand that was to expect no confession of a fault, and that he was to exact no show of repentance.

When the train arrived at Exeter he determined to be driven at once to the Hotel. made him unhappy to think that every one around him should be aware that was occupying rooms at an inn while his wife was living in the town; but he did not dare to take his portmenteau to Mrs. Holt's house and hang up his hat in her hall as though nothing had been the matter. "Put it into a cab," he said to a porter as the door was opened, "and bid him drive me to the Clarence." But a man whose face he remembered had laid his hand upon his valise before it was well out III the railway carriage. "Please, Sir," said the man, "you are to up to the house and I'm m carry your things. I am Sam Barnet, the gardener.

"Very well, Sam," asid Mr. Western.
"Go on and I'll follow you." Now, as well knew, the house at St. David's was less than half a mile from the railway station.

He felt that his misery would be over in ten minutes, and yet for ten minutes how when the time came near, she did not dare minerable a man he was ! While she was ! to remain long her bedroom lest her own trembling with joy, a joy that was only maid should know the source of her anxiety. dashed by a vague fear of his possible aternAt one time she had declared that she would ness, he was blaming his fate as it shortened

by every step the distance between him and mone? "Do not speak of it ;-at any rate his wife. At last he had entered the path of now. Let me I happy as I have got you." the little garden and the door of the house was open before him. He ventured to look, but did not see her. He was in the hall, but breakfast parlour," said the voice of Mrs. Holt, whom in his confusion he did not notice. The breakfast parlour was in the back part of the house, looking out into the garden and thither went. The door was just ajar and he passed in. In a second the whole trouble was over. She was in his arms at once, kissing his face, stroking his hair, leaning on his bosom, holding his arm round her own waist as though to make sure that he should not leave her; crying and laughing at the same moment. "Oh, George, my own George! It has all been my doing; but you will forgive me! Say that one word that I am 'forgiven.' Then there came another storm of kisses which frustrated the possibility of his speaking to her.

What a wife she was to possess! How graceful, how gracious, how precious were her charms,-charms in which no other woman surely ever approached her! How warm and yet how cool was the touch of her lips; how absolutely symmetrical was the sweet curve of her bust; what a fragrance came from her breath! And the light of her eyes, made more bright by her tears, shone into his with a heavenly brightness. Her soft hair as he touched it filled him with joy. And once more she was all his own. Let the secret be what it might he was quite sure that she was his own. As he bent down over her she pressed her cheek against his and again drew his arm tighter round her waist. "George, if you wished to know how I love you, you have taken the right step. I have been sick for you, but now I shall be sick no longer. Oh, George, it was my fault; but say that you have forgiven me.

He could not bring himself to speak so much of an accusation as would be contained in that word "forgive." How was be to parso perfect, so loving, and so lovely? "Sit down, course I was wrong, but I did not mean to be body in the world except yourself." wrong."

"No, no," he said. "There shall be no said. "It I their nature to be so." wrong." And yet why had not his sister

Then there was another storm of kisses, but she was not to be put off from her purpose. "You must know I all. I down ;-there, yet he did not see her. "Cecilia is in the like that." And she scated herself, leaning back upon him on the sofa. "Before we had been abroad I had been engaged to that man."

"Yes :- I understand that."

"I had been engaged to him,-without knowing him. Then when I found that was not what I thought him I made up my mind that would better throw him over than make us both miserable for life."

" Certainly."

"And I did so. I made a struggle and did it. From that time I this I have had nothing asy to him,—nor he to me. You may say that I treated him badly."

"I don't say so. I at any rate do not say

"My own, own man, Then we went abroad and as good fortune would have it you came in our way. It was not long before you made me love you. That was not my fault, George. I loved you so dearly when you were telling me that story about the other girl;-but, somehow, I could not tell you then a similar story about myself. It seemed at first so odd that my story should be the same, and then it looked almost as though I were mocking you. Had you had no story to tell you would have known all my own before I had allowed myself to be made happy by your love. Do you not perceive that I was so?"

"Yes," he said, slowly, "I can understand

what you mean."

"But it was a mistake; for from day to day the difficulty grew upon me, and when once there was a difficulty I was not strong enough to overcome it. There never came the moment in which I was willing mar my own happiness by telling you that which I thought would wound yours. I had not dreamed beforehand how much more difficult don one whose present treatment to him was it would become when I should once absolutely your wife. Then your sister came George, and let me tell you how it was. Of and she told me. She better than any-

"All women are better than I am."

Some half-ludicrous idea of Miss Altificria told him that it would be like this? Why and her present difficulties came across her had she so stoutly maintained that Cecilia mind, as she contradicted his assertion with would design nothing. Here she was another shower of kisses. "She told me," acknowledging every thing with most profuse continued Cecilia, "that I was bound to let confession. What could any man desire you know all the truth. " course I knew that; of course I intended it. But that odious woman was in the house and I could not tell you till she was gone. Then he came."

"Why did he come?"

"He had no right | come. No man with the smallest spirit would have shown himself at your door. I have thought about it again. and again, and I can only imagine that it had been his intention to revenge himself. But what matter his intentions so long as they do not come between you and me? I want you to know all the truth, but not imagine more than the truth. Since the day on which I had told him that he and I must part there has been no communication between us but what you know. He came to Durton and made his way into the house, and Miss Altifiorla was there and saw it all; and then you ware told."

"He 🗎 a mean brute."

"But I am not a brute. Am I a brute? Say that I am nice once more. You know everything now,-everything, everything. I do own that I have been wrong to conceal it. My very soul should be laid bare to you."

"Cecilia, I will never be hard to you again." "I do not say that you have been hard. I do not accuse you. I know that I have been wrong and I am quite content that we should again be irlends. Oh, George, just at this moment I think it is sweeter than if

you had never sent me away."

And so the reconciliation was made and Mr. Western and Cecilia were once more together. But no doubt, to her mind as she thought of it all, there was present the happy conviction that she had been more sinned against than sinning. She had forgiven, whereas she might have exacted forgiveness. She had been gracious, whereas she might have followed her mother's advice and have been repellent till she had brought him to her feet. As it was, her strong desire to have the had the double reward. She had what she wanted, and was able to congratulate herself at the same time on her virtue. But he though he had too what wanted, becains gradually aware that he had been cruel, stiff-necked and obdurate. She was everything that he desired, but he was hardly happy because he was conscious that he had been unjust. And he was a man that loved justice even against himself, and could not be quite happy till he had made restitution.

He stayed a week with her at Exeter, during which time he so far recovered himself as to be able to dine at the deanery, and return Dr. Pigram's call. Then he was

to start for his own house M Berkshire, having asked Mrs. Holt to come to them a fortnight before Christmas, He would have called on Miss Altifiorla had he not understood that Miss Altinorla in her present state of mind received no visitors. She gave it out that since men had been men and women had been women, no woman had been so basely injured as herself. But the intended to redress the wrongs of her sex by a great movement, and was devoting herself at present to hard study with that object. She used to be seen daily walking two miles and back on the Crediton Road, it being necessary to preserve her health for the sake of the great work she had in hand. But it was understood that no one was to accost her, or speak to her on these occasions, and in other tuncs it was well known that she was engaged upon the labours of her task.

"And to-morrow we will go back to Dur-

ton," said Mr. Western 💷 his wife.

"Dear Durton, how happy I shall be to see it once again!"

"And how happy I shall be to take you again to see it ! But before we go it is necessary that I should say one thing.

This he spoke in so stem a voice that 📗 almost frightened her. Was it possible that

after all he should find it necessary to refer again to the little fault which she had so cor-

dially avowed?

"What is it, George?" "I have made a mistake."

"No, George, no, don't say so. There has been no mistake. A man should own nothing. I have thought about it and am

sure of it."

"Let a man commit no fault, and then what you say will be true. I made a mistake, and allowed myself to be so governed by it as to commit a great injustice. I am aware of it, and I trust I may never repeat it. Such him once again had softened her, and now a mistake as that I think that I shall never commit again. But I did it, and I ask you to forgive me." In answer to this she could only embrace him and hang upon him, and implore him in allence to spare her. "So it has been, and I ask your pardon."

" No, George, no; no.'

"Will you not pardon me when I ask

you?"

"I cannot bring myself to say such a word. You know that it is all right between us. cannot speak the word which you shall never be made to hear. I am the happiest woman now in all England, and you must not force me to say that which shall in any way lessan my glory."

YOUNG ARTIST:

The late James C. Markerson.

BY ROBERT WALKER.

James Henderson might have become, as his increased experience, we can now only dimly conjecture. But from the good use he had made of his opportunities, from the refined character of his intellectual sympathics, and from the high ideal by which he unostentationsly strove to regulate his daily life, we are fully justified in believing that he would have done honest and memorable work.

James C. Henderson, the eldest son of Mr. Joseph Henderson, artist, Glasgow, was born in that city on 4th July, 1858, and died there, after a short illness, on 12th July, 1881, having just completed his twenty-third year. He was an artist by instinct, and in his early predilections for a painter's life he was encouraged by his father's advice and guidance. is justly proud. From the Haldane Art Academy, Glasgow, the school of the Royal Scottish Academy, burgh the second prize for drawing from the life, and in 1881 the first prize for painting tions, he wrote a good deal, and in nearly all from the life. The award of this prize was him in terms of the greatest respect and December, 1881.

suddenly brought to an end as he stood on and patiently giving fair and free scope to his

I N the Exhibition in the Glasgow Institute the very verge of life's battle-field, there is not of this year (1882) there was one picture, much to record. He passed through no wild, "The Broken Jug," that attracted more atten-stormy youth. Without a tinge of either tion than is generally bestowed on the canvas cant or asceticism, for his nature was bright of an artist whose name is comparatively un- and his sense of humour keen, he took, from known. Its own merits would have insured it the first, an earnest view of the responsinotice, but the public interest in it was deepened bilities attaching to the profession which he by the knowledge that it was the last work of had chosen and which he loved with his a young painter, who had given every pro- whole heart. He knew that to paint well is mise of attaining a high position in his profession, had time letter granted to him, and steadily set about preparing himself for the whose gentle, kindly disposition, filled with a doing of the best that was in him. He postrue appreciation of all that is beautiful in sessed the true artistic spirit that leads a man, art and nature, had endeared him to every for art's sake, "to scom delights, and live one with whom he came in contact. What laborious days." Of the proficiency attained at his death, we may judge by "The powers matured with advancing years and Broken Jug," of which we this month give a reproduction. Although it lacks "the finishing touches," competent critics have declared that no better work by a student has been of late years produced in Scotland. His drawing is correct, and yet remarkably free; his colour, showing the influence upon him Orchardson and his school, is coal and delicate. In his composition there are both ease and grace, and a most commendable absence of affectation. Founding our opinion on his last picture, we have every reason to believe that in young Henderson there was have taken his place with the Landers, the Orchardsons, the Petties, of whom Scotland

He was naturally studious, and his wellwhere he gained several honours, he passed cultured mind and artistic instincts found expression in poetry as well as in painting. Edinburgh. In 1880 he received in Edin- Although painting was the serious business of his life and verse only one of its relaxathat he wrote there are genuine poetic feeling made after young Henderson's death, and an admirable mastery over rhyme and the 1881 Report of the Academy spoke of rhythm. His verses are the direct outcome of his simple, unaffected nature. "He took regret, as one "whose high character and the gift of life with trusting hands," and his attainments gave promise of a career of more young eager heart was in sympathy with than ordinary distinction." Or this testimony whatever is lovely and of good report. In to his ability and worth, the late Sir Daniel bim there was no weak sentimentality, no Macnee Bave his hearty approval, on the murhid whining over the evils, real or fancied, occasion of the distribution of the prizes to of the world. He saw the bright side of the successful Academy students on 7th things, and the happiness that each man can work out for himself, through all troubles and In such a career as James Henderson's, disappointments, by simply doing his duty,

powers. This is the lesson—if we wish one—that his life, short as it was, teaches us, and it is a lesson not unneeded nowadays, when could reserve which earth thousand idea.

Could never give, though we for aye should reason. pessimism of a sickly, foolish sort abounds, Ton and singers and thinkers would fain persuade us that life is not worth living.

His peems have been lately printed for private circulation. Subjoined are two sonnets, which show his command over this rather difficult form of poetical expression.

TREASURE SERVICES.

We have been far away—ah, far away Beyond mow-shrouded bills, and we have some Strange people and strange things. Our steps have bee Through lands unknown and trachlast, with no stay, Me respite sweet; e'er moorlands dum and groy, And lonely warter, led by no kindly stor, Athirst and weary we have wandered for, Tot have we found no treasures till to-day;

remoures of true hearts and loving emiles, Of hind hand-pressings, and warm welcomes-home,

HIGHTFALL.

Below the black lies of the furthest hill The one moves slowly to the under world And Hight, with starry banner half unfuled, Waits in the nest till all the world in still, And growing twilight's purple shadows fill. The earth with gloom and with a sense of rest, And drawn after in the formites west The splandour of voined rose and defied! The splandour at valued rose and cannot?
Still linguisting there. And to I over as I speak,
And so the lengthesing shadows extend even,
The lest glow fadeth—growing falet and dim.
Life the fair drawns of youth when into, grown modi,
Looks hearesmard only, theory Time's darkness bleak,
To God's White Threne between the Straphin.

CHRISTMAS DAY AND FAMILY LIFE.

By R. W. DALE, M.A.

A BOUT the infancy and childhood of the her dignity is permanent, and that the Lord Jesus Christ the writers of the surest method of securing the grace of

four Gospels are almost silent.

For a long time this reticence of the four evangelists controlled the thought and spirit of the Christian Church. Our Lord's sacrifice for the sin of the world, His victory over death, were the central and most absorbing objects of early Christian devotion. Of this festival of Christmas we find no trace till about three hundred years after the crucifixion. The festivals of the early Church were the Lord's Supper, which commemorated His death as a sacrifice for sin, and the His resurrection.

How soon painters began to delight in those representations of the Virgin and Child and of the Holy Family, which are now to be found in such endless numbers on the walls of all the picture galleries of Europe, I do not know. Perhaps they were suggested by the tendency which ultimately led to the enthronement of the mother of our Lord in a dignity which she would have repelled with dismay and abhorrence; they have certainly encouraged and strengthened the walk for some years in the quiet paths or idolatrous homage with which she has been life. The moral perfections of God were regarded for many centuries. In the child-translated into those unostentatious virtues hood of our Lord, Mary was His protector, which constitute the dignity and the happidefender, and ruler. To her belonged nem of a human home. Within the narrow authority, and E Him submission. I sus- limits of the Family the Lord Jesus Christ pect that artists have done as much as revealed the glory of the divine righteoustheologians to teach millions of men that ness and the divine love.

Christ is to appeal to the tenderness of His mother.

In another way Art has misled the imagination of the Church, and by misleading its imagination has inflicted the gravest injury on its spiritual life. The kind of affection with which we regard a child is not the kind of affection which we should cherish for Him who is the Prince of the human race, the Judge of men, and who, even during the years of His humiliation, gave laws which have authority for all mankind and promises first day of the week, which commemorated which are the solace and the support both of penitents and saints. The four evangelists —even those of them who tell the story of His birth—are careful not to place Him vividly before us until He has reached the maturity of His strength and is armed with the power which stilled the storm and raised the dead.

And yet it is true that He was once a child, and was subject to the authority of Joseph and Mary. It also true that even after He reached manhood He continued to

and poor conditions under which they have to do the will of God, and who dream of what they might achieve if they had ampler space for their activities. They have not room enough-so they think-to be very good. They have it in their hearts to show a regal compassion to the miserable, and heroic chivalry and courage in the vindication of the oppressed. But for regal virtues they think that regal resources are necessary; and they suppose that heroic circumstances are necessary for the manifestation of the heroic spirit. I may be well for them to remember on Christmas Day, that for thirty years Christ lived a divinely perfect life within the walls of a pessant's home, and that in the trade of a carpenter and in His relation to His friends and neighbours in an obscure town among the hills of Galilee, He was able to show a glorious adelity to the eternal laws of righteousness.

For all of us our life at home must constitute a great part of that life in which, by patient continuance in well-doing, we have to seek for glory, honour, and immortality; for many of us it practically constitutes the whole. There are millions of women, millions of girls, to say nothing of little children, who have no life worth speaking of beyond the boundaries of the family. Whatever fidelity to God, whatever love for Christ, whatever justice, whatever kindness, generosity, and gentleness they are to illustrate in their spirit and conduct must be illustrated there. And even men who have their business and their profession to follow during the greater part of the day find occasion in their homelife for forms of well-doing and ill-doing that are not possible elsewhere. I like a broad and rich life for myself-full of varied interests; and I should like to see the lives of most men, and of most women too, animated by the inspiration, and refreshed by the free air, of activities and interests outside their own home. But no shining achievements elsewhere can palliate the guilt of coldness, knowledge.

well to ask ourselves whether the obscure which sometimes disturb the smooth current duties which lie nearest to me—duties with of the best organized families. But they

What was large enough for Christ during which for thirty years Christ was perfectly thirty years of His earthly history must content—are being faithfully discharged. Are surely be large enough for most of us. There there none at home to whom we could be are men and women who resent the mean more just—in whom we could repose a more generous confidence -- whom we could cherish with a warmer affection—who claim from us a more patient forbearance? If we are parents, is our authority exercised at once with firmness and consideration? If children, do we yield a frank and cheerful obedience? Whatever we are, do we find at home occasions for showing that sympathy with socrow and with joy, which heightens the happiness of the liappy and almost charms away the grief of the sad? What are the burdens which our strength might enable those meanest in us to bear more easily? What are the anxieties which our thoughtfulness and care might diminish?

It is almost inevitable that I should quote

the well-known verses of Keble :-

"We need not bid for cloistered reli Our neighbour and our work farewell Her strive to wand correless too high For mortal man beneath the sky,

The trivial round, the common task, Will furnish all we ought to ask; Room to dony extrative, a read To bring us daily nearer God,"

The verses are excellent in their way, and, as I have said, it was almost linevitable that I should quote them. But in their soft music there is, perhaps, a false note; perhaps, indeed, there are two false notes.

For Keble suggests that we need not go to the cloister, because home affords all that the cloister can give. But home affords more-immeasurably more-than the clouter can give: the opportunities for a more varied virtue, for a richer and fuller perfection. And the second false note is the natural sequence of the first. Home is sufficient for us, Keble says, because it will furnish "room to day ourselves." No doubt. But I should be very sorry for the people that I live with to discharge their home duties in the spirit of martyrs. God preserve us all from wives, husbands, children, brothers, and sisters, who go about the house with an air of celestial resignation! There are homes which injustice, ill-temper in the family; and the I think I have caught a glimpse of people of noblest public virtues have their roots that kind. They perform every duty with a in the gentlestus, the industry, the self-faultless exactness, an exactness precise sacrifice, and the truthfulness, of which enough to irritate a saint. They submit only those who are nearest to us have any with exemplary patience to every inconvenience, and are rather grateful than other-And so on Christmas morning it will be wise for the disappointments and verations regard the claims of others as affording opportunities for acts of self-denial which take the place of the hair-shirt and the fasting and the accurge of the monastic life, a penance to be endured for the discipline

of their perfection.

The lines rest on a poor, mean, unchristian conception of self-denial, which I cannot stay to discuss. They also set the home-life in a false key. Self-denial! This is not what we ought to think of in connection with wife or husband, parent or child, brother or sister; but the joy of affectionate and hearty service for others. I is no self-denial for a man to wear an old coat a little longer that his wife may have a new dress, or for a mother me go on wearing an old bonnet that one of her children may have a new pair of Where there is the kind of love which ought to bind all hearts together in a home, the happiness of life comes from giving our own pleasant things to those who are dear to us.

I like Miss Waring's tone better than

Keble's:--

"I ack Thee for a thoughtful love.
Through continue watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful emiles,
And wise the weeping even;
A beat a leasure from steady.
To soothe and sympathuse.

Whenever in the world I am, In whatsofer estate, I have a followibly with hearts To have and cultivate; A work of lowly love to do For Man on whom I wast.

"I ask Thee for the daily strongth, To zone has the last denied; A mind to break with overand His, While happing at Thy ade; Content to fill a little space, If then be glarifed.

But even in these beautiful lines there is the absence of that healthy unconsciousness which is the strength and charm of goodness. The absence is natural; for I believe that the writer spent many years in a sick-room, and it was in broken health and while enduring suffering that she wrote the hymns which have contributed some of the sweetest and gentlest clements to the religious life of our times. On the whole I think that I like beat the manly simplicity of Wordsworth's lines:—

"God for His service needsth not proud work of human shill: They please Him bust who labour ment to do in peace His will; So let us strive to live, and to our spirits will be given Such wings as when our Sevieur calls shall beer us up to Heaven."

And is in the discharge of the quiet After marriage comes the home. To deduties of the family, in the unostentations acribe the reasons which to some young

charities and the unromantic heroisms the home, in the trifling services, rendered almost without thought, and received almost without recognition, that most of us have to do the will of God. In the course of twelve months it wery possible that even in homes where every heart is loyal to righteousness and to God, the relations of one or another member of the family to the rest may have become so uneasy, that the ideal life has been almost lost. Negligences too . slight to be named, too slight to be distinctly remembered, may have gradually created a sense of discomfort. In some cases there have been grave faults which have created great unhappiness. On Christmes Day, which is as much a festival of the family as a festival of the Church, estrangements which have separated hearts that cling together notwithstanding estrangement should cease, and the ties which unite them should be drawn closer and firmer. In the day of all the year for children to forget-if their parents have worried and vexed them; for parents to forget-if their children have been undutiful and ungrateful; for brothers and sisters to brush away the jealousies and resentments which have troubled their mutual confidence, and lessened, or rather repressed their mutual affection; for husbands and wives to renew the romance of their courtship. There may be faults to forgive; of course there are; but you will never come to an agreement if you try to estimate how much wrong there has been on one side and how much on the other. The heart is a bad accountant; it was never yet able to draw up a balance-sheet that any impartial auditor would sign. Let by-gones be by-gones; kiss, and have done with them.

I wonder whether it would be of the alightest use to say anything to those of my readers who are not yet detached from the homes into which they were born, but who are beginning to think that would be pleasant to have homes of their own. I do not know whether more young people fall in love with each other—or think they do—at parties and balls in winter, or on the lawn-tennis ground and at picuies in summer; both seasons are severely fatal. The fate of not a few of wyounger readers will probably decided within the next few wheeks.

With an honourable girl—with an honourable man—an engagement carries with it something more than a few sunny months courtship. After courtship comes marriage. After maxinge comes the home. To dearibe the reasons which to some young

especially when the folly is likely to lead to

years of misery and shame.

speak frankly to you as a friend to a friend. Let me ask you to consider what you must necessary with the romantic perfection of married life; for most of us are commonplace people and a life of remance is beyond our reach. There are some very commonplace things you ought make sure of.

Good sound health III one thing; there are twenty grave reasons for insisting on it. Next to this I should put perfect truthfulness; the man who will lie to other people will lie to his wife; the girl who will lie to other people will lie her husband. Next to truthfulness-temperance, industry and to bear pain and trouble without whining. back into it again when the wear and worry of life come on; some one has said, I is not so hard to get out of one's self; the diffifor sufficient good sense to save you from the misery of having to live with a fool. If are out, it will go badly with you. you are loyal to Christ you will know without my telling you, that your life can never be blended into perfect unity with another, unless there is loyalty to Christ in the other life as well as in your own.

But loyalty Christ does not imply the possession of all that is necessary for a happy and honourable marriage. A man may have little sense, and so may a woman. There may or a woman has religious faith these grave world from this. tendencies to moral evil will be resisted,

miserable.

people seem quite sufficient to justiff them, is out of our reach; but I believe in "falling first in flirting, and then in getting "en- in love." The imagination should kindled gaged," would answer no good purpose, and the heart fouched; there should be en-The reasons are too trivial, too flagrantly thusiasm and even romance in the happy absurd, to bear putting into words, and I months that precede marriage, and somehave no pleasure in mocking at human folly, thing of the enthusiasm and romance should remain to the very end of life, or else the home is wanting in its perfect happiness and But-putting saide the indirect manner in grace. The wonderful charm which makes which writers address their readers—let me the wife more to the husband than all other women, and the husband more to the wife than all other men; this I necessary to a have in your future husband, in your future happy marriage. But take my word for it, wife, to make it even tolerable to spend those plain, solid virtues of which I have twenty or thirty or forty years together. I spoken are indispensable to the security and will not insist on the elements which are happiness of a home; and it is a home that you are drifting to when you are drifting into love.

You would not like to live with a liar, with a thief, with a drunkard, for twenty years; or with an indolent person, or a coward, or a fool; with such a comrade you could not build up a noble and beautiful, or even a tolerable, home. And remember that a man, a woman may have the roots of some of these vices in them and yet be extremely agreeable and good-looking, dress well and say very pretty and charming things. With courage. Then, fortitude; that is the power some of these miserable vices there may be a warm heart, generous impulses, real kind-Then, unselfishness; for the selfish man, the liness. But where these vices exist-where selfish girl, though drawn out of selfishness the elements of them exist—you cannot make in the early weeks of courtship, will settle sure of honour, of happiness, of peace, of the continuance of mutual affection, or of mutual trust. In the absence of plain, solid virtues in the man or the woman you matry, you are culty is to keep out. Then you should look building your home on the sand, not on the rock, and when the winds rise and the waters

If you ask me what is to become of the men and the women who do not possess these very plain excellences, I can only say that it would be a very happy thing if no one contented to marry them. Their vices will spoil and ruin, not their own lives merely, not merely the lives of those they marry, but the lives of their children too. The misera genuine faith in Christ and yet have very able inheritance of their imperfections will be transmitted to coming generations. If be genuine faith and yet a constitutional it were only possible in keep all these people indolence or cowardice, or irritability, or single, those who will be living thirty years sullenness, or waywardness. When a man hence would be living in a very different

Anyhow it is the duty as is the interest but they are not always perfectly mas- of all young people is take care that their tered, and they may make married life very home, if they have one, shall be m nearly like what God meant a human home to be as it I said just now that most of us are com- can be made. The making of a home is the monplace people, and that a life of romance greatest work that most of them will ever

besides.

whether they will be true to it or not. The symbol and a prophecy.

be able to do. In preparing to make it home, for most men, is more than the school they have the supreme opportunity for show- and the university. Our vices will poison ing that they care more for the righteonsness the air which the young child has to breathe; and will of God than for all the world our virtues will make it wholesome and sweet. It is by what we are-not by what Let us look back sgain at the home into we try to appear to be-that the destiny of which Christ was born. Joseph and Mary our children will De determined, Genuine had charge of the infancy and childhood of affection, firm trust, mutual respect, honour, Him who was to be the Saviour of the world, and forbestance between the father and the The sublimity of the trust fills us with awe. mother; their equity, kindliness, and sym-But those of us who have children to care pathy in the treatment of their children; for have also received a trust which should their personal virtues and their religious sometimes make us tremble. Their future faith—these will create a Christian home, character, their spirit, their faith, their sims in In a Christian home Christ dwells; and life, the laws which they will regard as highest children that live with Him are not likely to and most august, depend largely upon us. revolt against Him when the years of child-With us they begin that history which, if they hood are over. The life which begins with are true to the Divine idea of life, will be con-summated in the power and blessedness of to end in the glory of those unseen man-immortality. It depends largely upon us sions, of which every Christian home is a

CHILDHOOD'S VALLEY.

BY JAMES HENDRY.

T was a quiet valley, Set far from human illa. A sunny, aloping valley, Regirt with green, green hills.

The white clouds softly knitted Grey shadows in the grass : The sea-birds poised and flitted. As they were loath to pass.

A clear stream thrid the bridges. Blue, lazy smoke upcuried; Beyond its purple ridges Lay the unquiet world.

Under the ivied rafters Low crooned the sun-drowsed dove; While youthful, breezy laughters Moved on the slopes above,

Where mid the flower-pied spaces We children made bright quest; Sure as we ran quick races The far-seen flower was best.

Thus while the sun uplifted, And flashed adown the stream, The white clouds drifted, drifted, In deep untroubled dream.

Fair shines that sunny valley, Set far from human illa : Our childhood's simple valley Begirt with green, green hills.

Nor all the world's mad riot Which we have known since then, Hath touched this valley's quiet Deep in our heart's own ken.



CHRISTIAN SOCIALISTS.

By the Rev. M. KAUFMANN, M.A.

IV .- VICTOR AIMS HUBBS.

A MONG those who watched with interest greats dead its final estimination in utter the efforts of the "Christian Socialists" special disruption, unless sindeed a serious F. D. Maurice and his friends, whom he visited on two occasions, first in 1844, and then again ten years later. To this last visit refers in his published letters on the cooperative movement in Belgium, France, and England, a work which at the time enjoyed general and well-deserved popularity.

This gentleman, also the author of some notes on the English Universities which in their translated form attracted sufficient attention in this country to be quoted in Parliamentary debates, was Victor Aimé Huber, the subject of the present sketch. He forms, so to speak, the connecting link between the Christian Socialists of Germany and England, and also between the Christian Socialism of the past and present generation. He is regarded as the pioneer of the cooperative movement in Germany, and has been called in the recently published memoir modern school of Christian Socialists in that short sketch of his life. country.

The author of this memoir, Dr. Eugen Jäger, a well-known contributor to socialistic literature, here gives us a very appreciative account of Huber's earnest endeavours to the moral and mental condition of the work-ing classes. It is to this well-timed publics- "enlightenment" in Germany, hailed with

paper.

when but few of his contemporaries and second marriage had exercised a salutary insympathisers were able to see the signs of fluence over Huber's father. She was a the times, and blindly trusted in traditional woman remarkable for her mental endowforms and repressive measures in their ments, energetic character, and sympathetic clumsy endeavours to cope with the rising many-sidedness. She had ideal views of spirit a social discontent, Huber was among life which she did not fail to impart to her the very first discover in this uneasy state; son, and her literary taste and tact had of the public mind a symptom of the rising procured her a position that enabled her storm which broke out, but did not spend to introduce him into the field of literature itself entirely, in the Revolution of 1848. at an early age. To her fostering care For late socialistic manifestations in Germany Huber owed a great deal III childhood and

in England, there was an "intelligent social revolt I not arrested by timely social foreigner" who, during a professional visit reform. To this task Huber addressed himto this country, became acquainted with self, and never grew weary preaching, in season and out of season, the duty of the higher classes to raise the lower, materially, morally, and mentally, not so much by means of legislative and state help as by voluntary effort for the encouragement of association and co-operation to counteract the evils of competition.

> Belonging by hereditary and early training to that party of liberal thinkers in Germany which got its philosophical and political opinions from France, Huber changed his social theories with his religious views at an important crisis of his life, to be mentioned farther on, after which he began to look to constructive and conservative social reforms as the best means of preserving society from decay, and as the best antidote against the threatening advances of social

democracy.

The best introduction to Huber's theories of his life and work the forerunner of the and methods of social improvement will be a

He was born in Stuttgart on the 18th of March, 1800, of gifted parents on both sides. His father, a friend of Schiller and Alexander von Humboldt, and an inmate in the house of George Forster, the celebrated naturalist remove the social disabilities and improve and circumnavigator, belonged in the band tion that the present writer owes much of acclamations the outbreak of the French Rethe information contained in the present volution. Huber's mother was the accomplished daughter of the scholar Heyne, and Huber was an original character. In days the widow of Forster, and long before her form only another stage of its development, youth. She superintended his education which makes thoughtful observers of current (his father having died), and watched with

maternal solicitude over the mental developthe most impressionable period of his life. When he was seven years old he was placed under Philip Emanuel von Fellenberg, Hofwyl, near Bern, a celebrity at the time as a philanthropist, agriculturist, and more especially as the inventor of a new method of education, and as such the friend of Pestalozzi.

The letters from his mother at this time were full of maternal exhortations which were intended soften Huber's apparently somewhat intractable character, and to inculcate the principles of self-denial and self-mastery by means of plain living and high thinking, as well as the duty of cultivating a fellowfeeling for the sorrows and sufferings of the poor, a duty which 🖿 fulfilled so faithfully when he had arrived at years of discre-

At sixteen years of age the young Aimé went to the University of Gottingen, where his grandmother was still living, and gave him material help in the pursuit of his studies. He took his degree in Medicine 1820, and having obtained, through the influence of his mother in high quarters, a state stipendium corresponding to a travelling fellowship at the Universities, he set out for foreign travel to satisfy his spirit of

adventure in distant lands.

His professional studies had at no time had much interest for him, and now that he was free to follow his natural bent he threw himself into the social and political movement which was then agitating the western continent of Europe. His letters from Paris show how rapidly he had made himself acquainted with the social condition of the poor labourers in the French capital, and how entirely he had entered with a deep and personal interest into their complaints. Here, too, he cultivated an acquaintance with the chosen spirits of the day, Lafayette, Lafitte, Perier, and others. Through them his liberal sympathies were attracted toward Spain, and the struggle for liberty which was then agitating the national mind of that country. But dissatisfied with the poor results of the peninsular rising, he left and took ship at Lisbon for Hamburg in 1883. Thence he proceeded to Edinburgh, and to London the following year. Shortly after this he published his well-known sketches from Spain, passed a short time in Italy as travelling tutor, and at last settled down in Bremen as one of the masters at the Merchants' School of that town.

Here it was that he married (after his ment and external career of her son during mother's death) the daughter of one of the senators, and here, too, at the age of thirty, an important change took place in his religious feelings and convictions which altered the whole current of his life. He had been brought up as a heathen, with classical models only for his examples | life and conduct. HI early associations and contact with the leaders in philosophy and social politics had confirmed him in those humaniturian views of the eighteenth century in which he had been cradled as a child. He had been baptized, indeed, into the Catholic Church, but this more as a matter of form. For a long time every kind of religious confession was equally distasteful in him. Now, however, when for the first time brought into contact with "religious circles" in Protestant countries, a marked change came over him in favour of religious beliefs, and he was favourably impressed, at Edinburgh in particular, by the practical beneficence and missionary efforts displayed by members of the Presbyterian Kirk. This change gave a new bent to his philanthropic efforts, and he thenceforward became a Christian Socialist.

> Though deeply impressed with religious convictions, he nevertheless attached but little significance to external Church govern-Thus he joined the Established Reformed Church of Bremen = a matter of course. Afterwards, when appointed to a professorial chair in Mecklenburg, he was as willing to join the Lutheran State Church in that country, and in the same way became a member of the United Church of Prussia on his removal to Berlin. His attitude towards the Roman Catholic Church was that of toleration and respect; he even suggested a dignified attitude of armed neutrality between the two confessions as a modus sevende, and was strongly in favour of a re-union between Catholicism and Protes-

tantism in Germany.

In his letters from London he often inveighs against the worldliness and stagnation of spiritual life in the Church of England; he complains of its barren orthodoxy, intolerable injustice in the distribution of preferment, and the utter incapacity of the clergy as a body to grapple with the social problems of the day. With profound veneration he dwells on the character and work of F. D. Maurice as a grand exception to the "predominant dead Pharisaism" in Church life. He allades with evident interest to the popular expositor of the Christian Socialists, the "too genial" Kingsley, and gives a fairly appreciative account of his and their efforts in the

direction of social reform.

view of present literary controvenies connected with Carlyle it may be interesting to note what a foreign observer felt and said thirty years ago on this subject. Comparing Maurice with Thomas Carlyle, both of whom M knew personally when they resided as close neighbours in Chelsea, he refers to what he calls Carlyle's " purely negative, and therefore unfruitful criticism of things as they are, were, and ever can be." He dwells on his bitterness of irony and fondness of exaggeration, and the evident determination only to see the dark side of things, and to expose the weaknesses and shortcomings of society. He points out the injustice of Carlyle in attacking so unmercifully all curative aims improve society and their authors, instead of laying bare merely the sores of the social disorder they intend to

"Whilst | himself" (Carlyle) "does nothing great or small to alleviate or remove the evils he complains of, he ignores, discards, and rithcules every-thing others may either know or do, condensing it in ming others may state know of do, concenning it in wholesale as sham, humbug, flunkeyism, semblences, families, vulturism," &c., &c. Such terms, he goes on may have been at one time appropriate enough and full of meaning in describing a peculiar evil full of danger and requiring exposure in all directions, but they have now lost the force of their original significance, and have simply become fixed ideas of Carlyle's mind, of which he cannot divest himsalf.

"How different is Maurice," he continues, " in his untiling love and self-excriticing activity, as directed, not only against the unhealthy symptoms in those social forces and organs whose office it is to remove the disease of the body-politic, but towards the creation of new forces and organs, so as to effect a healthy reaction among the poor properly so called, where this social distemper makes itself peculiarly felt. The rouson why these two men, but a few years ago cannimous in their convictions, have got on tracks an entirely at variance with each other . . . is samely not only to be sought in the disabilisativ of natural gits and dispositions. It rather lies in this, that the one has never left the foundations of faith, nor withdrawn himself from the discipline of the Holy Ghost, whereas the other has followed with passionate will-fulness the utterly unrestrained impulse of his subjective feelings and self-conscious vanity."

We quote this sentence from one of the letters, not because we are prepared to endorse the judgment thus pronounced on Carlyle, but chiefly because in an interesting manner it marks the standpoint of Huber as a Christian Socialist. For here he expresses his firm belief in the regenerative force of Christian principle surpassing in its spiritual efficacy other forms of humanitarian socialisms which were not founded on behef.

Huber's linguistic proficiency procured for him a post in the University of Rostock 1839, and after that a call to Hamburg six years later. In 1839 he was elected as the representative of this collegiste body in the Hessian House of Representatives. Henceforth we see him engaged in controversies connected with the social politics of that eventful period, maintaining an independent standpoint equally distasteful both to the strictly progressive and obstructive, parties, because in his enderyours to remove social abuses he neither trusted himself, nor allowed others to trust, to the mere shipboleths

of this party or that.

With his efforts as an ultra-Conservative statesman and journalist we have nothing to do here. Suffice it say that Friedrich Wilhelm IV., of Prussia, to whom Huber had been introduced when he was but Crown Prince in 1838, induced him to come | Berlin and to found a Conservative periodical under royal patronage. As editor of this periodical, the Janus, Huber made it the vehicle for pressing his pet scheme of cooperation on the attention of his readers. But owing to the general apathy of the in-telligent public and the ruling classes in Germany, the Janus had but a very limited circulation, perhaps because it was known to be subsidised by those in authority.

After the March revolution in 1848 this publication, which in many respects resembled the Christian Socialist in this country and L'Avenir in France, was discontinued, and another method for rallying the friends of Social Reform on Conservative principles was made by Huber I forming his Association of Christian Order and Liberty." But this, too, proved unsuccessful. Huber found more favour, in truth, among the Social Radicals than in his own reactionary circles. His assistance was sought by some Liberals and Democrats who had lately established a "Building Society for the common good," which had for its object the improvement of the dwellings of the poor. Huber readily subscribed 7,000 dollars to its funds, and was invited **a** draw up its constitution. agreed, and in this document, placed within the corner-stone of the first house built by the Association, on March, 1849, Huber expresses his sanguine hope that this might be "the first step in the career of a movement which has for its object the solution of one of the most trying questions of these oninously stormy times, and the pledge of security in the happy future of the German Fatherland, vis.: the transformation of

portionless workers into working propris- ledge on the subject of co-operation and tors."

Now he also began ■ publish at the expense of this society a new organ, called the Concordia, but ■ had to be discontinued, too, for want of supporters. A later attempt to revive it in 1861 proved equally unsuccessful.

A central society for the welfare of the working classes had been founded in 1830 by the liberalising party, and was still under their , direction. Huber was asked b join it, and readily accepted the flattering invitation, coming as it did from his political opponents. He also at this time put himself into communication with the Gesellenvater Kolbing, socalled because, as we pointed out in the last paper, he was at the head of all the associations of young journeymen formed under the auspices of Bishop Ketteler. At the same time Huber was engaged in multifarious acts of practical beneficence, attending all cases of distress in the town, "the father of vagabonds," as often called himself, adopting the Portuguese ascription of magistrates in the dark ages: Pae dos velhacos.

But neither his practical efforts nor his theories of social reform found much favour in high quarters or among his Tory friends. His lectures at the University were thinly attended, and at last, unable to make headway against prejudice and opposition, Huber left the public service in 1851, determined henceforth to live entirely for his ideas of social amelioration and those practical efforts for the elevation of the masses he had so truly at heart. When he left Berlin, where he had never felt quite at home, says his biographer, no noisy farewell speeches were made in his honour, nor was his dismissal accompanied by the bestowal of orders and decorations with which royalty rewards civic merit. But Huber received what he valued far more highly than honours and public distinctions. His departure was followed by the tears, the prayers, and the blessings of the poor.

He now found a new home the pleasant little town of Wenigerode, among the Hartz Mountains, and thence he paid periodical visits to France, Belgium, and England, and thus became a living organ, so to speak, for international communication on the subject of co-operative association. One of the results of these travels was the publication of the letters already quoted, whilst the numerous pamphlets, speeches, and leading articles on the same subject. To collected, would fill volumes. Huber's travels have been called, indeed, "missionary journeys," having for their object the propagation of merial know-

association, but in his evangelistic efforts of this kind he never forgot that charity begins He was indefatigable in his at home. efforts to remove in home on a small scale all those social evils to the study and care of which he devoted the ample learning and matured energies of a master mind. There, in the little town, the highly gifted man of letters condescended to live daily companionship with labourers and artisans in order to raise them by personal contact to a higher level. In this he spared no sacrifice of time or money. He founded a loan society for the benefit of smaller tradespeople, and a technical school for the instruction of young apprentices after leaving the ordinary schools, and here he taught himself. He also called into existence a Christian Association of Journeymen, and often was found in the Assembly Rooms either teaching or conversing, while part of his time was devoted to another society not of his own creation, nor calling itself Christian, but in other respects having in view the same objects of self-improvement. Here, too, among his "heathen." as he called them, he was always welcome.

There is an institution peculiar to German religious life called the "Inner Mission," an outcome of Christian philanthropy, founded soon after the troubles of 1848, and having for its object the pacification of social discontent by the apread of Christian ideas and the exercise of Christian charity among the poor and the labouring classes. Huber was a friend of this practical form of Home-missions, and devoted a considerable portion of his own private fortune and that of his wife to the foundation of a benevolent institution, called the Home of St. Theobald, for the purpose, as he put it, of "aiding the endeavours of faith working through love."

The Home afforded room for instruction, lectures, meetings, mopular library, and temporary hospitality. Huber handed it over to a society, which still exists, to work it according to his own ideas. But in this, as well as in most of his efforts, the result did not by any means correspond to his expectations. He often complained, we are told: "I only see leaves, but no fruit." This a complaint falling not unfrequently from the lips of social reformers. But here, as in nature, the putting forth of leaves precedes the production of fruit. We are primitted to see the formers, though we do not always live long enough means the latter. From this, it does not follow that we have laboured in vain.

The views of such a man on social subjects

respect, if they do not altogether meet with our approbation. We, therefore, now purpose giving our readers a very short résumé of Huber's social theories, and some of the principal suggestions of social improvement as far as they may be gathered from his numerous writings. As in the case of those social reformers whom we have previously noticed, Huber, too, dwells with acrimonious insistance on the growth of excessive wealth in the hands of a few, and the corresponding increase of distress among the many; in other words, the unhappy co-existence side by side of progress and poverty. The consequence of this abnormal state of social inequality, he says, is the degradation of the pauperised proletarians, and the moral degeneracy of the rich. Huber, too, places little confidence in the theory of the liberal school of economists, that things will right themselves if let alone, and looks to co-operation and a better organization of labour as the only means of saving society from the disintegrating influences of "Mammonism." In raising the proletarians to a position of small proprietors, he thus hopes to restore self-respect among them, whilst a more equalised distribution of labour and enjoyment would preserve the wealthy from the dangers of luxurious self-indulgence. the same time. Huber is far from acquiescing in a wholesale condemnation of tree competition, the successful rival of co-operation. On the contrary, speaking in his letters from England on the tendency to disparage the principle of competition among the adherents of Maurice and his school, he maintains "that competition is one of the Divine laws of social life and development, which, like every other law, requires the discipline of the Holy Ghost in the individual and in society, in Church and State, so as not to be abased by selfishness, or poisoned by ignorance and folly."

This fairness of judgment is Huber's characteristic, and he showed it in a variety of ways. Thus, e.g., he has as little faith in bureaucratic imperialism as in pullamentary majorities when the people's welfare is at stake. He readily acknowledges the importance of self-help without ignoring the relative usefulness of State-help under given circumstances. Indeed, at times Huber seems to take for his motto "Everything for, but nothing by, the people," and speaks with supreme contempt "Mr. Public," representing at the same time kings and nobles as the only true saviours of society. But

are worth while considering, and deserve our respect, if they do not altogether meet with our approbation. We, therefore, now purpose giving our readers a very short resume of the principal suggestions of social improvement as labourers under the patronage of the Church

and the aristocracy.

The proletarian masses must be organized, he says, not on the pattern of Communistic Utopias, but by means of voluntary effort to re-collect the isolated atoms in co-operation, and by the re-union of employers and employed in the processes of production as well as distribution. But this depends on the re-awakening of the fraternal spirit, and therefore must have religion for its basis, Self-seeking isolates, Christian love unites man with man, removes the barriers of classinterests and antagonisms, and produces a spirit of self-sacrifice and self-devotion | the common good. One of the remedies proposed by Huber is what he terms "Inner Colonisation," i.e., the formation of colonies consisting of about one hundred and fifty households, each house to contain four families under its roof, with a garden attached it. A common steam engine would perform the necessary work of each colony. The wholesale purchase of provisions and the preparation of food as far as possible on the associative principle, so as to serve the whole colony. or several members of it, would save much waste in money, work, and fuel, and add to the general comfort of all without interfering with the seclusion of domestic life. The acquisition of machinery by means of a collective fund and the erection of these improved dwellings on a general plan, as well as the wholesale purchase of the materials and articles of consumption, would, no doubt, require capital and credit, but the accumulated sum of only one shilling daily contributed by every member of the colony and interest upon would supply the capital. Voluntary contributions from benevolent manufacturers, the aristocracy, and government subsidies might supply any deficiency in case the stream of contributions from the labourers should at times flow less rapidly from an unforeseen reason. But after a time the labourers might take care of themselves,

[&]quot;In gasseer to some unisons advocates of State-halls the design and the state of th

and the colonies become entirely self-sup-

porting and self-governing.

What may be done by way of raising the working classes with the aid of their employers he showed from a number of instances which came under his notice during several of his visits | this country. He dwells with grateful pleasure on what he saw in the philanthropic efforts of the managing directors—the Brothers Wilson-at Price's Patent Candle Manufactory at Belmont, and the consequent kindly relationship subsisting between the masters and the men. He contrasts this with the unfeeling and purely selfish method of treating the workmen simply as part of the machinery, whose services are paid for according to the rate of labour in the market without any regard to their claims on human sympathy and regard. In one of his letters from Leeds he relates that he had just been breakfasting with some co-operative friends at the same hotel, and at the same table, which was occupied a short time before by six "Cotton or Woollen Lords," who between them employed no less than thirty thousand labourers, but took not the slightest interest in the personal welfare of any one of them.

On the other hand, he was delighted with Mr. Marshall's linen factory, and the manifest effort of the employer to watch over the health and happiness of his workmen, endcavouring to promote not only their material, but also their moral and spiritual welfare. Alluding to this remarkable instance of dutiful regard to the rightful claims of labour he adds: "No one can be more willing than I am 🖿 point out the merits of such representatives of the industrial aristocracy." he I true in his word. With glowing enthusiasm he describes the works of Mr. Salt at Saltaire, near Bradford, and speaks of the commodious dwelling-houses, the church and the schools with other institutions, provided by the owner to secure for his employes those benefits which the co-operative societies offer their clients; and in this, again, he sees an example of "latent association under absolute monarchical rule on a large scale."

This patriarchal form of co-operation, under the direction of the Plutocracy, the aristocracy, or the monarchy, had a special attraction for Huber, and in bitterly complains of the supine indifference and want of appreciation of his scheme among the rulers in Church and State in Germany. It is their life of ease, he complains, which incapacitates them for thoroughly understanding the real condition of the poor.

in making the people's cause her chief object of solicitude a Church performs her true functions and promotes best the real interests of religion. The labouring classes are the battle-field on which the contest must be decided between Christian civilisation and a new and more than heathen barbarism." Hence the importance of winning the affections and esteem of the multitude, and so becoming established in the hearts of the

pcople.

This religious tendency prevents Huber from giving more than a scanty measure of praise to Mr. Owen, otherwise a man and a co-operator after his own heart, because of the anti-religious sentiments so loudly and injudiciously avowed by this enthusiast and philanthropist. At the same time, Huber hails with delight every movement in the Christian Church at home or abroad in the direction of social reform. He speaks with as much satisfaction of the now forgotten "Universal Purveyor," a co-operative institution promoted by what was then called the "Puscyite" party, as he does of a similar effort on the part of C. Kingsley, at that time the most pronounced opponent of the "Tractarians." Whilst thus spending an equal meed of praise on the representatives of the two extreme wings of the Church of England, he dwells with pardonable severity on the narrow-minded frivolity and ambitious self-seeking of the great body of the clergy, who had no understanding for the great social questions of the day, and clung tenaciously to the old order of things which was fast passing away, and so lost the chance of aspessere republicam, to use Huber's expression, at a critical moment of transition to the

To illustrate this Huber mentions a conversation with some artisans in the library of the Coventry Co-operative Society. He had inquired as to the attitude of the Church towards the co-operative movement. The answer he received was this, "Well, sir, I suppose the Church does not care anything about us poor people, and so we come not to care much for her either—the more's the pity !"

If Huber found little to encourage him in his efforts at reforming society from above by a coalition of gentry and clergy, and can only point to a lew isolated instances of patronising endeavour on the part of employers to improve the condition of the working people, he sees much to inspire him with hope in the conscientious efforts = self-As a religious man he felt convinced that improvement from below among the people movement among them in this country.

one of their inherent deficiencies is the re- success. tention of the purely egotistic ways of doing business in the management of "stores," common cause.

dates the foundations of social order and lives to benefit mankind.

themselves, and is never tired of pointing to peace, it becomes the vis naturae malicaria, the marvellous advances of the co-operative the self-healing power of society. In one of his letters from London he confesses that He is not blind, indeed, to the weaknesses even in its ultimate development co-operaand imperfections of co-operation, as he saw tion may be only one stage in the process it then, in the earlier stages of its develop- of social self-rectification and self-purification. Thus, in a lecture on the subject but even as such from it he expects great delivered before the Central Society for the social changes, and regards its repid pro-Welfare of the Working Classes in Germany, gress in accumulating capital and guining ■ 1852, he cannot help pointing out that credit as a mere indication of its future

Here we pause, having thus given an imperfect and far from exhaustive sketch which is inconsistent with the true principles of the life and labours of a very remarkable of co-operation. He shows that in thus man. We have not dwelt for want of space continuing the system of "the trades," co- on Huber's schemes of co-operative agrioperation has no right to assume the title of culture, nor his reasons for some of the Christian Socialism. At the same time he failures of the movement. We have not fully recognises the superior qualities of thought it necessary to allude | his vindicamind and heart required in co-operators of tion of the principle which allows labour to even an imperfect type, and speaks of the participate in the profits of capital. But evident power of co-operation in its lower enough has been said to give a fair view of stages form character and serve as a the social theories of a man who from first to training institution to inculcate the lessons last devoted his time and his talents in the of thrift and foresight, and as a disciplinary cause of improving the condition of the least power to organize vast bodies of men in a prosperous classes on Christian principle. The work of pioneers is never fully appre-But its chief value, he thinks, lies in the ciated at the time; it must be so in the nature tendency of co-operation to remove class of things. Huber was one of the pioneers of differences, in bringing rich and poor nearer social progress, and died m disappointed to each other, and transforming a number man. But he has secured for himself an of impoverished labourers into comfortable honoured place in the history of Christian proprietors. In thus diminishing the causes Socialism, and will ever rank high among of discontent and envious strife a consoli-

MY LITTLE SAILOR BOY.

A Reberie for the Diane.

CHAPTER L.

NEVER sit before my dear old piano, aid, I never quald recall. as I am sitting now, but I think how

into my heart, I live over again the life that is gone, and which, but for my old friend's

In those discertain sounds that betoken true a friend it has been to me, and how an awkward and ill-accustomed touch, my little it has changed since first my childish fancy images a fair-haired child seafed high hands in vain attempted to make it speak on the top of a pile of books, used to prothe language I understand well. They duce an elevating tendency in an otherwise tell me it is ugly, and short, and old-fashioued. maccommodating stool. The impount Perhaps it is: I cannot see it. It may be discomfort I suffered from their slippery and that I am ugly and old-fashioned too; still uncompromising hardness was tenderly in-I love it, my dearest of filends! I under- pressed on my body then at it is now on my stand it, and I think it understands and remembrance. But that was nothing to the loves me. I can never see things in half agonies of soul which I underwest with the so plain a light as I do when I am sitting great fat notes which it little fingers could here with my hands wandering without a but imperfectly apan. I flid not love my old purpose over the keys. Every tone recalls friend then. I used even to hate my mother's to me a memory, and m minusic enters gentle voice, as she stood over me repeating

that dreadful One, Two, Three, Four; One, Two, Three, Four, with such quiet regularity that, in spite of myself, I was obliged to follow. Then there was the minery that followed when, the five fingers having been exhausted on five successive notes, I came a stop with them all twisted into a knot. in frantic efforts to do impossible things in order reach the note beyond. No, I did not love my friend then, and it seemed to be conscious of the fact, for it shricked and wailed as I in torture when I touched it, and refused me the music which it now pours forth in such abundance.

What bitter tears I used woisten the arid descrit of exercises? how anxionally I listened until the melancholy old clock, otherwise one of my most implacable foes from its mocking way of counting time, come to my aid and announced that my hour was up, and I was free! I always rushed straight away across the meadows below the Vicarage the brook that turned the old mill-wheel, and there, flinging myself on the grass, forgot my troubles in the enjoyment of my favourite haunt. With my face on one side resting on the grass, from which it generally rose with a transfer of curiously dispered patterns, I was as much shut out from the rest of the world as if the whole of creation had been comprised in the few square feet I could see beyond the end of my nose. The stems of green that formed my horizon became dense masses of tropical jungle, whilst the tiny ants and grasshoppers were turned into mammoths more gigantic than any which peopled the pre-historic ages. It was not often I was disturbed in my day-dreams; for although there was a path through the meadows which crossed the stream by a small wooden bridge. it was saldors used except by country people who were not curlous on the subject of children's funcion. was consequently an extracedinary surprise for me to be found in the midst of an exciting adventure in the wilds of my imagination, and to be brought block to commonplace by the prossic means of a poke in the back. I looked up and sum, standing over my, an object so delightful, that I somehow connected it with the treations of my fame, from which it had so sudely severed me. It was a little boy, no bigger than I was shyself, in the most real and complete of sailer coerames. I knew it was real and complete because I had once seen a grown-up sallor is a pantsmine. He had real trousers, made very tight and very losse upon a principle selection of the selection. logse upon a principle adverse to the re- a little on one side, as though giving the quirements of convenience, a real rough pea-

jacket, and a real shiny hat ornamented with bright gold letters. He stood with his hands plunged into be pockets up to the elbows, his hat pushed to the back of his dark citistering curls, and as his bright little eyes looked boldly into mine I thought he was the most channing picture I had ever seen,

I expressed my admiration by rising up on to my knees, opening my mouth wide,

and saying, "Oh !"

He seemed to be puzzled at something, for he moved round me gradually with a swaggering kind of gait, jerking his shoulders with every step, and surveying me as if I had been some curiosity which needed we be

viewed from every side.

"Hullo 1" he said, we length, when he got round to we back and saw my legs stretching out behind. They were guiltless of covering, for my short socks, as usual, had disappeared into my too-easy boots. "Hullo, you've not got trousers yet!" He spoke with evident satisfaction, and glanced down at his own extremities with immense triumph.

"Of course not," I replied, much aggrieved. "Girls never wear anything but frocks."

He observed me a little critically, and then said: "But you're not a girl. Girls don't wear bare legs. Besides," he added, as a kind of clincher to his argument, "girls always have long white stockings and shoes."

His utterances were so oracular, and seemed based on such conclusive reasoning, I had that I felt completely staggered. taken my sex on trust, and, never having heard it questioned, I was quite incapable of advancing anything in proof of my faith. I felt so ashamed of my unhappy lega that I sat down on them as the readlest way of hiding their deficiencies.

This operation restored my courage, and with my curiosity revived. He had walked again in front of where I was kneeling, so I pointed to the bright letters on his hat and

anked what they meant.
"That's my ship," I said. Every sailor has a ship. I shall have a large fighting ship when I grow up."

"And does I say 'fighting ship' on your

"No! you silly. It says Polly. That's to be my ship. Every sailor calls his ship after the girl he regoing to marry. I'm going to marry Polly."

" Polly !" said I. " Why, that's me. Polly's

And."

He looked at me a moment with his head

be Polly, because Polly's a girl's name, and that did not admit of discussion, he rolled you're not a girl. Besides, and again he up that part of the silver-foil which in had clinched his argument with unanswerable not eaten into a hall, and, with the aid of logic, "I'm not going m marry you."

"No, indeed I" I replied indignantly, horrified at the suggestion. " I'm going to

marry mamma,"

For many years of my tender youth it was a cardinal principle in my faith that, when I grew sufficiently old, I was to many my mother. was further a part of my creed that she was to stop growing old until I had caught her up. On espousal she was to start afresh, and we were segrow old together. My mother never attempted to controvert my plans, so I looked on the matter = settled for ever. I was glad, however, that my little sailor boy did not try argue this point. His method was much too convincing

"You're as silly as a girl," he said. not got a mamma; boys don't want them. liut I've a papa, and an uncle, and that's

much better.

In a leisuraly way he disembowelled from chocolate, whereof the silvery covering, by the aid of moisture and heat, had become amalgamated with the substance, and this he

proceeded meditatively to untoll.

I was very fond of chocolate, but it never occurred me that he might have offered ahare his dainty with me. I was too much absorbed in admiration to think of anything else. It was quite evident that he did not mind whether I thought or not. He chewed up his chocolate, and a portion of the covering, with much satisfaction, and slowly, as though it were the last of a lot.

Presently a voice called across the meadow and, turning my head, I saw at a distance a nurse and a little gui about my own age. At least she seemed to be my age, judging from her size; judging from her dress she was as old as any grown-up lady I had ever seen. Far off as she was, I could tell instinctively that she had nice white stocking and dainty little sandalled shoes, and I felt bitterly envious of her.

My little sailor boy did not seem to be much disturbed by the call. He finished his chocolate, and answered the inquiring look I cast methis real gul, as I mentally called

"That's Frozzie. She's a girl." He laid such an emphasis on the "she," that I was more than ever in doubt at to my identity. "She's silly." All sinks are hate girls,"

Having thus delivered hispack, in a manner

his thumb, shot it at me. His hands and no inconsiderable portion of his arms again became engulphed in his pockets, and he turned away to the real girl and the nurse. who were evidently somewhat impatient at This, however, did not achis turdiness, celerate his movements. I noticed that he walked as though practising something of which he was not very sure. He kept his feet wide apart, and jerked his shoulders at every step.

I watched them through the gate into the high-road, where they were lost to sight. still kept on my knees, twisting my neck more and more, until they disappeared. then became conscious that my position was peculiar, and I got up. My knees were sore from so much sitting, and I had screwed my head to such an extent that it was somewhat

difficult to keep it straight.

The broad strips of afternoon sunshine the depths of his pockets a small stick of chasing the shadows over the daisy-tops gimted on something at my feet. It was the little silver ball my sailor boy had thrown at me. I picked it up and kept it.

My mother had put me to bed that night, when I called her back, and, putting my

arms round her soft neck, said-

"Mother, derling, I am a girl, am 't I?" "Yes, Dot, of course," I was always called Dot, because I was so small.

"Really and truly?"

"Yes, Dot. Really and truly," she re-

peated.

"Mother !" I said again, when she had got to the door, "you're not cross, are you?" " No. Dot."

"And, mother?"

"Well, Dot?"

"You'll marry me, won't you, when I grow

"Yes, Dot, of course I will! When I remember those line days my hands seem to grot switward strin, and I hear, voice counting One, T

Fr is with a firmly touch I find myself sliting has one of slowe extraordinar costs skittions which, streaming of a matterior of music said a seatingm of sound, are inseparably connected with girls who have just mempiesed their edutation. I am aimest

a woman now. The pile of books on the less where II went, and in an easy-going way piano-stool has gradually diminished until. by degrees, I have descended into the haven of cushioned comfort. The shining face of my friend is no longer dimpled with kicks from my restless toes. My legs no longer clutch convulsively round the atool, but have at length enabled me, to my joy and others' woe, to reach the pedals. The household, having encountered with me, in my journey over the sea of harmony, a great variety of storms and, generally speaking, the dirty weather incidental to the voyage, are beginning to revive in the prospect of an early landing on the shores of concord.

My feet, as in years gone by, bring me down to the mill-stream side. I never come down here without thinking of my darling little sailor boy. I wonder what has become of him and the little girl with the curious name. I have not seen either of them since, and I am beginning to regard the whole occurrence as a species of myth or dream. Things seem to have changed in a very curious way. The mill-wheel goes on just as ever, but its voice does not sing the same song as in days gone by. I do not derive the same satisfaction from lying on the grass, and my knees are not so accommodating as they used to be. The sun shines in quite a different way, and the scene it lights up I am beginning to view in a disparaging, not

to say artistic, sense. I paint a little, or, more properly speaking, a great deal, the paint and the results being in precisely inverse ratios. Nature I regard as a ground-work, poor enough in its way, to be improved and completed by art. Looking across the little foot-bridge, over the fields beyond, with their trees on one side and the spire of the village church in the distance, I grumble to myself that nature might just as well have put a little colour in the foreound and completed a tolerable picture. sh as soon as I had formed it. Right in

from side to side. It was an irregular, imbulsive little brook, that bubbled along care-

turned aside from every obstacle; so that, like all easy-going people, it was a long time in going a very short distance. Its banks were broken down and uneven, as if long ago they had given up all attempt to restrain its wayward course, and now submitted passively to be fretted and wasted away by the turbulence of its eddies. A little before it reached the mill, the task of turning the heavy wheel roused it to a temporary sense of responsibility, and it gathered its waters together in a deep silent pool; but when its duty was done it broke into a thousand bubbles of delight, and went frolicking away on the other side in a madder mood than ever,

The searlet patch did not seem to trouble himself as to what was 🔳 the way; he rode at speed and with a confidence that made me think he knew what was in the way. His hoese's head was directed for that part of the stream where, from being shallow and lively, it suddenly became sober and deep. distance of a yard or so made all the difference between an easy leap and a space that no horse could possibly clear. The sense of danger suddenly coming into my mind, when it was too late to be of the slightest use, I thought I would warn him.

"Oh, do stop!" I screamed, "It's dread-

fully deep. Do ston!"

As is generally the case under such circumstances, my advice took that particular form which, above all others, it was inpossible for him to fullow. Even before I shouted he saw what was in front of him, and for an instant he attempted m check his horse. But as this would only have ended in the helpless tumbling of both into the deep water, he abandoned the effort and altered his plan. He turned the horse's head up stream, and striking his spure into its side, the animal sprang in a sideways direction right into the centre of the current. I could hear a tremendous splash, but I could see nothing, as I had covered my face with my hands. s spot where I had desired it there appeared a patch of brilliant scarfet. Presently had been so far successful that the house had not slipped, and had escaped the deep fact, and I made cit that it was the cost of a sufficient distance to be enabled to secure a foothold on the bottom. The that he had been shriped, and having reached the housels, and was mixing a short cut across by the mill in order to get into the read ever, were almost perpendicular, and the which has by the Vicuses. which ran by the Vicarage, spatial coat was so heavy with the wetting it. To attain his object he would have to done had sustained, that after making a vigorous the stream which flowed through the meations attempt to reach safe ground, he tell back and for an instant disappeared altogether.

I have always read that young ladies be-

longing the species known to heromes, chiefly by the aid of a peculiar fetish called he Spur of the Moment, are supplied with all sorts of handy articles for use in cases of emergency. I always fancied that I should is a good heroine, full of bravery and resource. In practical experience I found either that I was too dull, or the spur of the moment was not sharp enough, and that I was not only doing nothing, but actually not experiencing any sense of deficiency in not being able to do anything. I watched the proceedings with interest rather than with any other feeling, and it was not until the scarlet coat disappeared that I really began he alarmed.

By way of tendering able assistance at this juncture I ran along the bank screaming-"Ah, do take care; you'll be drowned, I

know you will!"

It afterwards struck me that this was not of material advantage in rendering aid. am afraid he thought so at the time, for, when his dripping head again appeared, he used words which another time would have shocked me very much. He styled me an idiot, and ordered me, in a somewhat contemptuous way, to give him my hand. I rushed at him at once, and hauled away as if my life depended on it. My two little hands were hardly large enough a cover his strong fingers, and my strength was so limited, that when he began to pull I shot suddenly forward, and with great difficulty saved myself from plunging in on top of him. However, at length he managed to clamber out, but I was so excited by the sense of the immense services I was rendering, that I continued to pull for some time after there was the least necessity for the exertion. How good deal quenched, and watched him extri- had treated them. into a shallower part. I was not until he had accomplished this that I made another observation, and I venture to think that my previous essays in this direction were completely obscured by the brilliancy which I threw into it.

"You're regularly wet through." I 'said:

"and so's the poor horse."

He was feeling the creature all over to discover whether it was hurt or not. He did not even stop to look me.

of much service me me my present plight. Don't you think you could say something less original and more useful?"

"Yes, I can," said I, somewhat hurt by his want of courtesy. I I had been in his place I should have been humbled to the dust. "Go to the Vicarage and get dried."

"That's an improvement," he remarked, this time stopping to give me a glance of amusement; "and you'll stand improving. won't do to go far in this state. Who lives there?"

"That's our house,"

"Oh!" he replied, now actually laughing at me as he mounted his horse, "It's ours, is it? Then I'll go and see if 'ours' can

lend me some dry clothes."

Off he rode, leaving me ready a cry with vexation at my own stupidity. I was conscious that I had never acted more clumsily in all my life. I hesitated for a long time, undecided whether to follow or not. I determined most firmly that I would not. He had been so rude, so completely wanting in good manners, that I could not without seeming to approve of his impertinence. It was quite true that he had a wonderfully manly air with him, and even the little I saw of him assured me that he had frank, laughing eyes and a handsome face. But I did not want to see him again. I did not want him to know that I lived at the Vicarege. I would stay where I was until I was sure he had gone—and then I started off as fast as I could to the house, in a fright lest he should have gone before I got there.

I was disappointed in more ways than one. I had delayed too long, and he had gone. He had only waited to borrow a change of clothes, and had left in a hurry long I should have gone on tugging at him lest his horse should catch cold. This was I do not know, but he settled the matter by a blow to my curiosity; but what was worse shaking me off in such a way that I sat down was that the whole household could talk of suddenly and with considerable violence on nothing else than the gentleness of his the ground. I got up, with my ardour a manner and the politeness with which he Under these circumcating his horse by leading it up the stream stances I could hope for no simpathy for his treatment of me from any one. It was as much as I could do to keep myself from crying, and indeed I should have betrayed the most aborninable weakness had I not sought refuge in my old friend. At it I pounded away with such violence, that wonderful its strings did not give way more speedily than did my appropriate.

CHAPTER III.

THERE is a pease as my memory unfolds "Your conversation brilliant, but hardly its panorams before me, and, even with my ceed. I can make nothing but a confusion of chords out of the tuneful voice striving to help me. By degrees the sounds assume a more definite shape, resolving into a simple air at last, sweet and timid and pleading, This is joined by-and-by with the same melody in the bass, until both are blended

together in perfect unison.

is only a week ago, and yet I am convinced that in some mysterious way my life changed. I cannot say what course of thinking I have gone through: all I know is that it is a week since I saw him. Him! That the key to the mystery, but to unlock it I am incapable. I have not seen him since that day. The borrowed clothes were returned by a servant's hand with a short note of thanks. | was not addressed to me; nor did allude to me in the remotest way. Yet I was afraid to appropriate at once, and for a couple of days I stalked it, much as a hunter does game, until it was sufficiently forgotten for me to secure it unobserved. I felt as much uncomfortable happiness in having got hold of it as if I had stolen it.

He had done nothing to make me like him: he had mocked me and treated me with indifference. I did not like him, I am sure, yet I thought of him with all my spare thoughts, and a good many which I had not to spare. I went over and over again all that had occurred in our short interview. felt a strong desire to do something which would show him that I was not so foolish as he seemed to believe. I worked myself up to intense pitches of excitement by mental pictures in which, in the risk of my own life. I saved him from foaming torrents, from runaway horses, or from burning houses. But I always made the reservation that I was to be saved myself also. The chief part of the enjoyment would be the praise I should get

afterwards.

was in the middle of one of these imaginary scenes that I walked down to the mill-stream side, as I did every day, to indulge in that thought-feast which cannot be properly enjoyed in the midst of a busy house. I had got half-way across the meadow when, lifting my eyes, I was astonished to see him on the other side of the stream advancing towards the same spot. He and I were at equal distances from it, and he could not help but see me. I intended to have stopped by the stream, and had no object in going beyond the foot-bridge. My first impulse was to turn and run, but I telt that would be cowardly; so I proceeded not?"

dear piano's aid, I am uncertain how to pro- with a heating heart and faltering step. This made matters worse. His quick stride brought him to the bridge while I was yet at a little distance, and stood there looking at me as I came up. Under this terrible ordeal the ground suddenly grew of a strangely uneven character, and my hands and arms stiff and of great weight. I was reduced to a state of helpless idiotcy by the time I had reached him, whereas it had been my hope to have retrieved my previous blunders by the extremely sensible character of my conversation. He was standing quiet and selfpossessed, without even leaning on the handrail for support. I did not know what to do. I wanted to 'speak; and yet speech was a physical impossibility. He did not raise his hat or make any motion of greeting. He spoke as though no lapse of time had occurred since I saw him riding off towards the Vicar-

"How was I that you did not warn me that the water was so wide? You saw what

I was riding for,"

This was a pleasant beginning. aggrieved tone revived all my feelings of shame at the enormity of my conduct. I was completely overwhelmed.

"I am sure I'm very sorry," I stammered out, "but I thought that the home thought-I mean that you thought "-and I stopped helplessly entangled in the complexity of all

these thoughts.

"Thought!" he replied. "There was not much thought in it. I was told the stream could be jumped anywhere, and I took it for granted I was going at the right place or you would have warned me."

To me the idea of warning any man, especially a man on horseback, was so tremendous that I could not make any reply. obvious retort that if I had not been there he would have jumped all the same did not suggest itself.

"Do you often come down here to lend your valuable aid to rescue drowning hunts-

men?"

How could those at home have been charmed with his way of speaking? It was most cold and hard-hearted. My feeling of resentment at it made my courage return.

"I like this better than any other place in the world." I was going to say more, but I remembered that he would care nothing about my little sailor boy or any of my other funcies.

" It's a profitable way of spending time, certainly. But somewhat monotonous, is

ing. always seems to chime in with what

I am thinking of."

"Yes, women's thoughts are like the noisy aylash of the water and the foam bubbles that burst,"

"You forget that there | the wheel that turned and the corn that ground." I felt this remark to be bookish, and therefore worse than stupid.

"The wheel it is that does the work, as man's action puts to use the thoughts which

would be wasted otherwise."

Without another word he lifted his hat a little and strode off along the path by which

he had come.

I also turned and went back, glancing round every now and then to see if he were looking after me. He was less curious and did not. As I walked there came to my mind the idea that, if any one had seen us, they could have come to no other conclusion than that we had met by arrangement. What other construction could be put on our behaviour? Indeed, was it not partly true? I could not say that I had not wanted to see him again. What had he come for? It could not possibly have been for the purpose of seeing me; yet he seemed to have had no other object. His way of speaking had been very oud. Our conversation, brief as it was, had been introduced and concluded in the most abrupt way. He seemed altogether as if he had been trying in find a cause of quarrel was? with me. I was very angry with him, but somehow, notwithstanding, I made all sorts the sort. I'm not inquisitive about other of excuses for him to myself.

It was all so strange that I could not bring myself | say anything to my father or sisters. I knew they would say, "Dot is romancing as usual," and would laugh at me. Besides, it was so delightful to have a secret, even though it was like having one of those things which are only dropped in advertisements. " of no use to any one but the owner."

Should I see him again? No, most certainly not. I would keep carefully from the mill-stream and never go out alone. I persuaded myself I should never think of him any more. The result was that I determinately refrained even from looking at the clock , until wanted but a few minutes to the hour when I saw him on the previous day, then I very curious, and I don't know. dashed to my room in a fever of impatience. about yourself." I snatched up my hat and jacket, which I put on as I went down-stairs; I walked with forced opposed to my notions of etiquette in matters soberness until I was out of sight of the of conversation; still, I felt in a manner windows, and then I can with desperate bound to obey. We I aimply said, "I'm baste until I got into the meadow. There really Polly: but they call me Dot."

"I'm never lonely while the wheel is turn- was no one in sight, and I argued to myself that I was doing no harm in visiting a spot which I seldom passed a day without seeing. Yet I could not help being possessed with a sense of deep disappointment. In my secret heart I had pictured him standing on the bridge, and I had gone over various brilliant conversations in which I had distinguished myself and astonished him. I grew angry with myself for having been so stupid as to imagine that he would be there two days in succession at the same time. His coming yesterday had been of course a coincidence.

How long I stood on the bridge turning these thoughts over in my mind I do not know, but just as I was telling myself for the twentieth time that he had spoken the simple truth when he called me an idiot, I heard a

voice that made me start.

"I knew I should see you here to-day, I suppose as usual you are holding mystic con-

versations with the mill-wheel,"

I looked into his face—such self-reliant face as it was and saw that he was smiling. I know I ought to have felt annoyed at his presumption, but his manner was so different, and there was so little of the mockery I noticed before, that I am afraid I was more pleased than angry.

"The mill-wheel and I are too old friends,"

I said, "to tell each other's secrets."

"I think I could guess one. You were asking if the mill-wheel could tell who I

"No, indeed," I retorted. "Nothing

people's affairs."

This was literally true. It was the last thing I had thought of. I knew his name, and I knew he was staying in the neighbourhood, but beyond that I had not cared to

"Well," said he, " in every way you seem to be an exception, and as you're such an exception, I don't mind being an exception too. I'll let you know without asking what you don't want to know. My name-

"Oh, I know that ! " I interrupted; "and

you're staying with the Squire."

"I thought you were not such a wonderful exception as you pretended. You were not curious, because you knew. Now I am Tell me all

This was an odd question, and directly

"It's not in names alone that people are to petticosis—well, recently I have changed not what they are said to be. I must say, however, in your case it is an improvement. Polly a hideous name. Pollies are always fat and vulgar."

"It's not my fault," I said. "I wish we were not christened until we could pick our

own names.

"It might be awkward to know what to call you in the meantime. Besides, tastes change, and you might even have chosen Polly. Whe knows? I remember being very fond of the name years and years ago, when I was a small boy; but that was chiefly Recating I was fully determined be a sailor. My ship was to be the lively, or the saucy, or the some othery Polly, and was to carry on a commerce suggestive of a mild combination of pirate and life-boat."

"And you had a hat with it on," said I,

breathless with eagerness.

"Yes," he replied; "in nautical language, a regular rig out. But how you know, I really can't see."

"You used to eat chocolate," said I, de-

lighted with his mystification.

"I plead guilty to that degrading and immoral habit, and to all other vices inherent to youth. But I hadn't the faintest idea that my early sins were known and remembered against me in this part of the world."

"Don't you remember meeting me here when you were about so high?" and I indicated a fancy height from the ground of

about two feet.

"I'm not positive that I ever was so low in the world, and I can't say that I do remember, although I seem to have known you for a very much longer time than is really the case.

"Why, you're my little sailor boy," I

burst out, radiant with anticipation.

"I am sure I am only too glad to be your anything you please, so as you don't require

any alteration in my size."

It was very provoking. His interest in the past was of the most languid character. I told him all that had occurred, and how 1 still kept the little silvery ball at home locked up in a drawer, as I had the remembrance of him locked up in my mind. He could recall none of the circumstances. He often visited the Squire when he was a boy, but could recollect little about those times.

"Except," said he, laughing, "that my love for sweets and the sea was only equalled by my contempt for anything in petticoats. to the digestive apparatus, whereas in regard which I had no control. I did not want to

my mind."

" Have you still a contempt for Prozzie?" "She is now Miss Euphrosynie: much too grand a being for anything like a pet name."

I fancied as he said this that his face grew clouded. His manner, which had been pleasent, albeit cynical, changed as though he recollected something which was disagreeable.

"Good-bye," 🔤 said, holding out his

hand. "I shall see you again."

I know it was very shocking, and contrary to all rules and regulations on the subject. but I am afraid I did see him again. I am afraid I saw him again twice. I firmly decided that the mill-stream should know me no more. I am afraid that, having come to this conclusion, I would have gone on seeing him for a dozen times twice. I am afraid it was he, and not I, who put a stop to our meetings.

We met by the little wooden bridge, and he took both my hands in his, and looked

earnestly into my face.

"Dot, I must not see you again."

It was wonderful how he had changed in these few days. He had each time grown less and less satirical, and more and more gentle. He had even showed me such stray glimpses of his inner self as made me know him to be warm-hearted and kindly. This was the first time he had called me by my pet name, and yet it did not sound strange, as it ought to have done. I only blushed: I could say nothing.

"I know that you love me, Dot," he went on, "or you would not have come here as

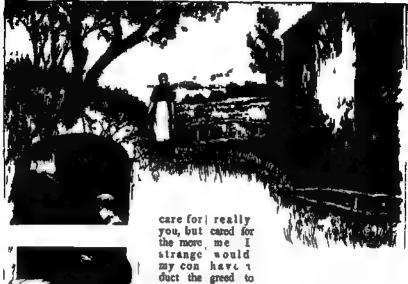
you have done. It is so, is I not?"

Surely this was wonderfully out of the ordinary course of events. The proper thing for him to have done was to have fallen on his knees, swearing that he madly adored me, and that he would kill himself, or me, or both of us, if I did not immediately adore him. He had said nothing about himself, and had transferred all the responsibility of the aituation to me. I suppose I ought to have resented this, but I think I have shown that I was not clever enough. And as I was only stupid I simply answered the truth.

"Yes, I do. I could not help it. You

made me."

"I could not help it either, Dot. I tried to prevent myself from loving you. I was mere weakness. I was more angry with my-Now sweets and the sea are equally repulsive self when I found it was a weakness over



acemed to



"Is # very wrong? "Very, he gravely rephed ' Could not be wome

Then he went on to tell me that he was poor, and entirely dependent on the genefrom any fault of his own, but because he was not allowed in do anything for himself. And poorer still because the Squite had set his heart on making him marry Luphrosyme

"But there m this comfort," be added Frozne and I hate one another desperately and we have sworn to continue to do so until death us do part Up = the present we have managed to postpone the evil day 1

"I hate Prozzie too, said I heartily hated her ever since I knew that she had white stockings and I had not "

"Yours is quite as good a reason, and is based on m great knowledge, as half the hatreds in Christendom But hating Frozence won't help us, Dot "

I felt that it would not, so we discussed the matter rationally That is many, he was thing high and spiritual, which common souls rational and therefore glocary I was too degrade to a pastime I laugh with con estomshed that, ally and shaped as I was, he unearth from my old music a piece which

more you anything At length, by reason of his being rational and my being happy, we arrived in the wise "Why and mighty conclusion that we could con shouldn't clude nothing at all. He was to go away you? said This was not very definite, but it sounded I shyly nice, and there was a smack of mile and a single of m about it that was positively delicious

"Good bye, Dot, he said at lust must not ask you to wait for me I shall only tell you that I shall come back '

He touched my cheek lightly with his rosity of his uncle the Squire Poor not lips and in a moment was gone. Surely this was not a lovers parting, yet my heart danced within me as I kept repeating, " He Aused me, he kissed me, ' and | bieak upon that happy chant there was no thought that we should never meet again

> I know this simple record of a simple event in an uneventful life has nothing but its simplicity to recommend But I know that, commonplace and uninteresting to those who happen to be spectators, to those who are under its influence there is no more mar vellous wonder than the power of love

CHAPLIE IV

My manie has advanced a further stage I do not now practise I play I have be come fastidious, and look on music as somehappy be rational or anything else but tempt what I once thought beautiful once was my pride. It a called "The my little sailor boy. I have not told his Plowers of the Glen," probably because the name, nor do I mean to. For me he was air, as typical of the flowers, I minute and difficult to find on account of the glen, as represented by the embellishments, being so large and so thickly wooded. I wonder how any human being with ears could ever have found delight in listening to it. I scorn the very name of "pieces." I touch nothing under a sonata or a fugue, or something with movements to it. By these indications I perceive that it is twelve months since I saw him. By Him of course I mean

name, nor do I mean to. For me he was and always has been Him, and that must be sufficient for others.

He did not ask me to wait, but I am waiting. He did say he would come back, and know he will keep his promise. I have not pined for him: if I am honest I must confess that for several days at a time I have not even thought of him. I have not considered it wrong to enjoy myself when-ever I could get the chance. I am in these respects in opposition to the average love-



"The most charming picture I had over seen."

have really very little ground for thought. I life than ever.

XXIII—55

stricken maid, but that I cannot help. I is not like my little sailor boy. The most flattering word he ever said to me was " Dot." have a little silvery ball, a polite note not whereas Somebody's leisure time must 🖮 written to me, and the memory of a kiss. mainly consumed in constructing phrases ex-But that is enough, and my love is not dead. pressive of his deep admiration. He also It but sleeps, acquiring new strength by its obsequiously polite, and very much in awe repose, and a touch will waken it to fuller of me. His most daring familiarity is "Miss Dot," and he blushes when he says it. My I know this, because the touch has come little sailor boy told me unpleasant truths, from a clumsy hand. There I nothing so and said there was room for improvement. cruel to love as love itself, and this is the Somehody believes I am far beyond perfechand of love. Somebody else has actually tion, and that when I was manufactured been infatuated by my transcendent charms, all the faulty materials were left out by I shall not tell you who Somebody is, but he accident. He does not make any secret of to come as if glorying in his gluttony. So far from being flattered, I begin to entertain feelings of forgiveness | those who prematurely take on themselves the troubles of another world. But every one else is delighted. I feel conscious that he is aided and abetted by all, and all seem to derive the correct thing I did not do it. I did not rapacions as he becomes weaker. I overhear one of them telling him, when he has else. I got up without explanation, and been more reluctant than usual in submitting to their extortion, "If you don't give me a shilling I'll tell Dot you're awful mean." This threat produces from the victim double the required sum, the extra amount being given with a view to propitiation. My sisters, on being privately requested III furnish my size in gloves, not only give the information required, but supply the fullest details as to their own wants in the same branch, together with an extensive appendix of other articles, which they suggest would be useful to them. It is curious that servants, not hitherto noted for an over-exact virtue, become suddenly afflicted with conscientious scraples, when I hint that I am not at home.

Poor Somebody! I was unhappy with him because I liked him. I should have been very wretched but that in my stupidity I did what was as effective as if it had been an act of the highest diplomacy. Before there could be a mistake I told him the truth, and, good fellow that he was, when he heard me say I liked him very much as a friend, knew precisely what I meant. It was as though a fence had been raised between us. He never attempted to break it you." down or get over : yet he had not the courage

run away altogether.

I grew accustomed to him. In fact, I believe I should rather have missed his quiet devotion after a time. I am even now curious to know whether, in that chapter of accidents which occupies so large a part in the book of our lives, whether, if I turned me that leaf, I should

his condition. He is, so to speak, gorged There was to be a grand wedding at the with love; yet he will persist in continuing Squire's-Euphrosynie the bride, and he, my little sailor boy, the favoured groom.

"They have long been engaged," said Somebody, "and have known each other

from childhood."

When news of this kind comes I believe is customary for people to faint; as ii was much benefit from his case. Certainly our change colour; I continued to speak for family do. My younger brothers plander some time; I do not think that my inflection him continually, and become more and more wavered. But I know that suddenly I forgot Somebody, and the existence of everybody quietly walked to my room. I remember going straight to the looking-glass, and examining my appearance for some little time. I noted that my hair was a little untidy, and I arranged it with the utmost care. I was extremely particular as to the exact sit of my hat. There must have been something strange about me nevertheless, for at the bottom of the stairs Somebody was waiting for me, and looking anxious.

> "Is there anything the matter?" he said, and he raised his hand gently, me though he

would have laid it on my arm.

"Don't touch me. Let me pass." plied, with such passion that I remark myself in an independent way, as though voice had not formed the words.

He drew back alarmed. " Have

fended you?" he said timidly.

" No.

He came after me to the door, and seemed as if he were about to accompany me. I turned on him with a ferocity which was even more astonishing myself than it must have been to him.

"Don't dare to follow me or I'll hate

Mechanically I sought the spot where all my life I had been accustomed to soothe my anger and relieve my sorrows. But at last I had a grief which required something more than change of scenery to soften. I listened in vain for the plash of the mill-wheel. It was silent, and the water ran idly through the open sluice. I leaned upon the railings of the bridge, and looked into the deep pool not find written a "might have been." To beneath. There was a curled and faded leaf me now it seems impossible; but who shall blown about on the surface, and I gazed at say what time and the hour cannot run it intently until I knew by heart all its shades They can soften to me be und markings. And still I looked and memory of the rudest shock that fate ever looked. I did not think of what I had dealt me. a came from him-poor Some-heard; I rather examined myself to see body-in his desire to supply me with news what was its effect on me, or whether it had that he believed would be as interesting to any effect or not. I asked myself I was me as, under the circumstances, it was to him. sorry, and I decided that I could not be, or

else I should have felt inclined to cry. Then I remembered that mad people never shed tears, and I wondered whether I was going mad. There were no symptoms of madness in my unnatural calm. I was so collected that I concealed even from myself the raging torrent that must have warred within. I felt glad of the silence around me, glad that the wheel had stopped. The hours went by, and still I looked into the water.

A step sounded near me; I waited for it to pass and leave me alone again. It came behind me and stopped. I felt two hands placed on my eyes, and heard a man's voice,

Guess."

It was Somebody, who, despite my threat, had thus dared to intrude on any gricf. knew then that my calm was but forced, boiled with rage. I wrenched myself from his grasp and struck at him with all my force. I choked in finding words to crush hlm.

" How dare you!" and I stopped to find

I was mistaken.

It was not Somebody. It was he-my little sailor boy, mine no longer. And this was the meeting which for twelve long months I had dreamt of.

How well I remember that scene i He, quiet as ever, with no expression of amasement, but very grave as he gazed at me; I crimson with passion, leaning back on the hand-mil for support. He, as ever masterful, and assuming the appearance of right; I, with the worst of weaknesses upon me.

"I told you I would come back," said he bitterly, "and I have come. It seems I need not have troubled my conscience to keep my promise. My reception is warmer than I

expected."

His cold, self-assertive tones cut me to the quick. My passion, which needed to find a vent somewhere, turned the flood on him which I had meant to expend on Somebody. I poured out on him all my pent-up feelings, incoherently, violently, unjustly.

He let me run on without interposing until I had completely exhausted myself;

then he said quietly-

"I did not suppose you would speak in a reasonable way. But perhaps you will try and listen to reason, even if you cannot

speak it."

"I will not listen to anything; you have no excuse for what you have done. I see now what your object was when you told me you could not ask me wait. You wished to taunt me with having left me free, so that thise my brother. She has liked him to some I might have no held upon you."

" If you will not listen, that puts an end to the whole matter. I simply tell you that you are mistaken. I might use if I chose a

much harsher expression,

"I have made a mistake that will cost me dearly-2 mistake to believe you serious, to trust in you when I felt that what I was doing was not right; to wait through all these months happy in half a promise to keep me from despair."

"Well," said he, at length somewhat roused, "if you have made up your mind, it

is useless to argue with you.

"Quite," I replied. "Let it end."

There was evidently a conflict of passion in his mind too. He walked hastily away for a dozen steps, then came as hastily back. He came quite close to me and spoke most

earnestly.

"Look here, Dot; I'm not going to let my impulse or your passion make us both unhappy. I assure you there is some mintake. Perhaps it I my fault that I have been silent all this time, but believe me I' thought I was doing right. For the sake of the few happy moments I have spent with you here, let me at least know what this means.

My passion, which had been purely a spasmodic outbreak, was fast giving way to

an inclination to cry.

"I cared little for your silence," said I. "I could have endured that, but I have heard the news."

"Well," said he eagerly, "and don't you see how that alters things? I shall not have to trouble any more about money now. Frozzie and I are able to agree | last."

"So I have heard," I replied, with a feeble attempt at sarcasm, "and I congratulate you

both."

"Both?" he repeated. "Good heavens! you didn't suppose that Frozzie was going to marry me?

"Not you !" I stummered; " but the name. and you've known each other since you were

children ? "

"I told you there was a mistake," he said, and his face grew bright. "You poor little Dot, I don't wonder that you treated me as you have done."

He took hold of both my hands in his, and, though inclined | doubt I would have

withdrawn them, held them tightly.

"Thank goodness, I'm not the only man in our family. Because Frozzie did not like me, there was no reason why she should not purpose, for she has got the Squire to like

him too. So, Dot, the only thing left for us his arms and let me cry, for he knew that is to follow their example."

"Are you sure you have not forgotten me

all this time, and that it's all true? "True, Dot, as I ever hope to be."

"Quite-quite true," said I, just as I would have done to my mother years ago. with childish confidence in her word-

And he answered, as she would have

done-"Yes, Dot, quite-quite true."

I hid my face in his cost and sobbed as if my heart would break. He folded me in in everlasting harmonies.

mine were tears of joy.

The mill-wheel, as if moved with sudden sympathy, began to turn, and sang 🔣 me a happier song than ever I had heard before. I hear that song now as I have heard it for these many years. I hear it as my old friend has sung it to me through all Time's shadows and sunshine. I hope that we shall hear it my sailor my and I-when its earthly music, silenced here, shall rise again for us

CHARLES J. CORKRAN.

HOME LIFE AMONGST THE LANCASHIRE OPERATIVES.

By A LANCASHIRE PARSON.

T was one of the theories of Charles Kings- less sections of the population, common ley, I believe, that the close, confined work the mill was bearing its evil fruit in the reuction of both the height and the physical igour of the men of Lancashire; and it is noticeable to even the most unscientific eye that there is a marked difference in physical development, both for height and strength, between the inhabitants of the manufacturing and the agricultural parts of the county. This, unhappily, is not the only penalty Lancashire pays for its commercial prosperity, and it would excite more remonstrance only that we have all got too reconciled to the ugly fact—that the demands of our modern life are met by the suffering and the pain of our fellow-man. But when we purchase our prosperity by the sacrifice of that home life, proverbially sacred Englishmen, around which our holiest traditions are clustered, and by the demoralization of the men and women of the next generation, it may be fairly questioned if we are not getting our prosperity at too great a cost. To thousands of children this populous county who are growing into the human bone and muscle of our future trade and manufacture the word "home," in its ordinary English sense, a word that is practically meaningless, and all slowly but surely getting elbowed out of their vocabulary altogether. I might be defined as a redbrick house opening off a narrow street and containing four or five little rooms, rented by two persons whom the child seldom sees in daylight, and known respectively as " father " and "mother;" which is locked up in the morning when the mill-bell goes for work, and open again at night when he gets his

every large town, and from which the criminal classes are regularly recruited, but of the honest, well-doing, hard-working mill operatives—the class of people by whom the wealth of Lancashire is made. The writer of this article has no wish to draw a picture in dark colours, and he has no benevolent He will a "round hobbies to ventilate. unvarnished tale deliver," describing without a touch of exaggeration things as they exist in the large town in which his lot is cast, and trying, with a scrupulously faithful hand, to show the social and domestic side of that enormous prosperity, of which big bales of cotton and splendid machinery are the unquestioned symbols. The district in which I perform my pastoral functions may be said to be exclusively inhabited by mill-hands; there is not a house anywhere about bigger than my own, and nothing meets the eye but the monotonous double rows of little radbrick cottages, so fatiguing to the eyes, forming themselves into long narrow streets paved with rough stones, relieved here and there by a tall black chimney shooting up into the sky and remorselessly puffing out its volumes of black smoke, as if it had laid a wager with its rival of the next mill that it could beat it in polluting the atmosphere, utterly regardless of the shower of "blacks" they send down, the distraction of the tidy housewife and the enthusiastic gardener. But our town must not be supposed to be one of the worst of the manufacturing class, for, on the contrary, it is allowed on every hand be one of the best, and you might live in one quarter of without knowing, except for the occasional waves supper and goes to bed. It will be borne in of smoke that darken the atmosphere when mind that I am not writing of the lazy, thrift- the wind is a certain direction, that you

on the operative portion of the community; and if the disease that | cating into the especity of our domestic life has spread to us we have still the comfort, such as it is, that we are not the worst.

Early marriages are nowhere to common as in the prosperous manufacturing districts, a fact which one's observation alone could substantiate were it not so amply proved by the returns of the Registrar-General. Boys and girls not out of their teens, but earning big wages and having their feeling of independence prematurely developed by the absence of home life, get united in holy wed-lock at a time of life when, in the higher ranks of society, they have not left school nor begun to think of a calling. Nineteen and twenty are very usual ages for getting married, not so infrequent as they ought to be. while the pale faces and half-developed looks make it a spectacle painful to look upon; elevated into the dignity of grandparents before they have well entered middle life.

Saturday is the favourite day for getting married because it is a short one, and the caremony can be got through with a minimum of loss—a thing certain be considered by a thrifty operative. The town is paraded useful purpose again; perhaps one of the wife so far as mill work | concerned; she sacrifice their offspring for gain. As soon as worst of the bargain, for when the day's work drafted into the mill as half-timers, and finally, prerogative of the husband to use his leisure ground, legal rights are claimed for them,

were near manufacture all. The natives time comes for the haby to be born, the of the place are very proud of their county mother-expectant withdraws from the mill history and aristocratic traditions, and it was for a few weeks, and when she I well enough a long time before they would condescend to to resume her place at the loom, the baby is notice the encroachments of spinning and placed in the care of some old crone, who is weaving, and allow themselves to declassed past work herself and ckes out sufficient to as a manufacturing town; and as things are live on by taking charge of five or six of we can still boast of a good sprinkling of county these luckless bebies for the consideration of families in our neighbourhood. There can a shilling or two a week, according | the be no doubt that this has acted beneficially age. The stipulations in the bargain are very exact: the child I not to be brought before six in the morning, nor remain after six at night, while the old body is relieved altogother on Sunday of her duties as deputy.

The evils of this mode of life must suggest themselves to every reflective mind, yet it is easier to name them than point out the remedy. The child being deprived of its mother's care, seldom seeing her during its waking hours, there is no chance of that instinctive attachment and bond of affection being formed which insensibly grow up between mother and child, and constitute the very life and strength of a mother's infla-4 ence. Can any one be surprised me the prevalence of infant mortality, where such a state of things exists, to such a degree to be sometimes quite alarming? During a fortand even two and three years younger are night's cemetery duty in the early autumn, and in the absence of any epidemic, out of nineteen funerals only four were over the age of seven, and the large majority were mere the result being that men and women are infants. The proportion in this instance was no doubt above the average; but it points to a very serious condition of affairs. is no place in the three kingdoms where the Crèche would be so serviceable, but in these manufacturing towns it is practically unknown, and is a pitiful sight to see the little toddling things, dirty and neglected-looking, for a few hours in cheap tawdry finery of too young for the notice of the School glaring colours, which can never serve any Board authorities, filling the long narrow streets and catering for their own amusement, watering places is visited if it be fine; and with no open door to run into or mother's on Monday morning by the stroke of six the voice to cheer them, and conveying to a newly married couple may be found at their stranger an impression of belonging to a much looms in defiance of all poetry and romance, lower social grade than is really the case, and the wear and tear of life begin with for they are the children of hardworking, them once more in real earnest. Marriage honest, respectable people, of whom neverthemakes no alteration in the position of the less the plain truth must be told, that they puts in her ten hours a day now as she did the proper time comes they are sent to the before. Indeed she has incomparably the day-school, then in due course they are is over, where privilege to light the fire at at an age cruelly too young for such close home, get the supper ready, and do the confining work, when they should still be necessary household work, while it is the alternately in the school-house and playaccording to his own sweet will. When the and they are doomed to ten hours a day in

restraints of modern legislation.

every appliance exists to force on unnaturally self-dependence from the very cradle onwards; but early marriages are not the only injurious results from a state of things that makes boys and girls men and women too

BOOD.

Married women seldom think of forsaking the mill while their family is increasing, unless indeed the number of little children. who must not be left altogether without some one to take care of them, should be so large as to make it as cheap to stay at home as to pay a substitute, and their only hope of release in from some of the elder children being able to supply their mother's place. I could name more than one case, where the aggregate yearly earnings of the family are nearer three than two hundred pounds. Still the mother trudges off to the mill daily along with her husband and her grown-up sons and daughters. The other day in my pastoral rounds I called on a woman who had lost a daughter from dyspensia—a very common ailment amongst the families of the mill hands—and in the course of conversajion it came out that her age was forty-eight (of which forty had been spent in the mill), and that the death of the girl had disappointed a long-cherished hope of release from her life-long drudgery, which was now indefinitely postponed, until at least a little girl of ten had grown old enough to take her place. The mill is the unfailing resort for employment, and is much preferred by the female section of the community to domestic service, on account of the greater freedom and better pay, for a smart young weaver or spinner soon expert enough to carn 18s. or 218, per week, besides having her evenings and Sundays all to herself. Talk of moneyhunters in the better classes of society,

the mill. The big wages that can be earned | their hard work in sumptious fare, the diet by lads and lassies no doubt form the temp- of the operatives is neither wholesome nor tation this mercenary conduct on the nutritious. In the larger proportion of cases. part of the parents, who, acting in this way a properly cooked dinner is a luxury only with their children, are only following out seen once a week; while tea, being convenient the course that was pursued with themselves, to carry and easy me prepare, is the staple and it would be worse but for the merciful article, with such relish to the bread as a rasher of becon may give. The children at Early marriages are to be expected under school come off no better than their parents the baneful influences of a system where at the mill; and in the home only one meal a day is partaken of by the family together, except on Sunday. If the people of Lancashire are degenerating physically, some of the causes at least will be found in the facts here stated, Yet there is no lack of money, and in no part of the country are excursions and picnics more common, with all the other signs of a rough plenty arising from large earnings. gigantic manufacture is doing something worse than that which Mr. Ruskin deplores -defacing our lovely landscapes by its great chimneys and their black smoke, polluting the rivers and poisoning the fish—it is eating slowly but surely into the home life of the nation, casting the children of the working classes on the street, motherless and fatherless in all respects but the name, setting a task to week-day and Sunday-schools they cannot accomplish; and it is doing all this in the name of trade, and thrift, and industry—a terrible sacrifice, covering our boasted civilisation with shame. An inspection of any minister's visiting list will show how prevalent is this evil of absenteeism on the part of the mother, and a few questions put to the children in any day-school will bring out painfully how few of them see their parents except for an hour or two at night before they go to bed. What can be expected of children, morally or physically, who are thus left to their own devices? No one can be surprised that drupkenness with its companion vices should be so fearfully prevalent, for what comfort is there in the people's homes to counteract the attractions of the public-Besides the cheerlessness of a house? house that has been empty all day, there is a want of the womanly tenderness and sympathy that give brightness to the poorest home, for the wife, as well as her husband, has been the "lass" with the sturdy frame and the out all day fighting her own hard battle, and deft hand to earn big wages, like the boy she has nothing to spare for him, for she is with the cake, will have many friends, anxious as wearied and tired as he is. They are ■ be placed on even a more familiar footing! bread-winners equally with their husbands, There is another phase in the home-life of and, alas! we are almost ashamed to say it, the operatives that breeds bad results. Un- but it is true, in too many cases they are like the puddlers and furnacemen of South men in every respect but the sex. In Staffordshire, who seek compensation for observing the young women going to and

watching their rough ways and mannish you to a remedy; meanwhile it continues its habits has been, "Yes, you have indepen- ravages, and those who notice them most do dence, you have your evenings and Sundays not see how the evil is to be stopped, while

large employer of labour, he acknowledges people.

from the mill, our mental reflection when the existence of the evil, but he cannot help free, but you buy them it too high a price." they see but too plainly what a harrier it When you speak on the subject to any the growth of the best interests of the

POISON IN COMMON THINGS.

By Professor P. A. SIMPSON, M.A., M.D.

IT .- IN OUR FOOD.

THE atmospheric impurities which we have already considered are wholly of accidental origin. They consist mainly of products of animal and vegetable life, and of substances incidental to certain trades and manufactures. But in the case of the food we eat, in addition to impurities from disease, putrefactive change, decay, or the accidental admixture of noxious substances, there are various adulterations practised intentionally for the purposes of gain whereby the food becomes more or less poisonous. Let us briefly glance at a few of these sources of impurity, and see to what extent science enables us to detect them. Mr. John Gamgee expresses his belief that as much as one-fifth part of the common meat of the country-beef, veal, mutton, lamb, and pork -comes from animals which are considerably diseased. His investigations go to show that horned cattle affected with pleuropneumonia are, much oftener than not, blaughtered on account of the disease, and when slaughtered are commonly eaten, even gressed. though the lung-disease has made such progress as notably to taint the carcase; that animals affected with foot-and-mouth disease are not often slaughtered on account of it, but slaughtered, are uniformly caten; that the presence of parasites in the flesh of an animal never influences the owner against selling it for food; that carcases too obviously ill-conditioned for exposure in the butcher's shop are abundantly sent to the sausage-maker, or sometimes pickled and dried; that some sausage-makers will utilise even the most diseased organs which can be furnished to them. Fortunately, the appearance of good fresh meat is known to most of pleuro-pneumonic cattle has not produced people. should be firm and elastic when touched, scarcely moistening the finger; such results have sometimes followed; and should have a marbled appearance from the hence that the flesh animals affected with

ramifications of little layers of fat among the muscles, and no odour beyond that which characterises fresh meat. When allowed to stand for some time the surface becomes dry. Bad meat on the other hand wet and sodden, and continues so; it has moreover a sickly odour. When the flesh has a deep purple tint, it is probable that the animal has not been slaughtered, or else that it has suffered from some fever. We may lay it down in theory at all events that it is only the meat of healthy animals that have been slaughtered which is fit for the food of man, and yet there can be no doubt that the meat obtained from sickly and even diseased animals has sometimes been caten with impunity. It is beyond question that the eating of meat of this description has often been followed by poisonous symptoms, but it a equally certain that these are by no means the invariable result. This apparent anomaly has given rise to much controversy, and a solution of it is only to be arrived at by having regard to the exact nature of the disease, and the stage to which it has pro-

The divergence of opinion as to wholesome meat has been greatest with reference to the pleuro-pneumonia of cattle; an infec-tious disease, in which the poison is carried off by the lungs. Some authorities have held "that the consumption of the flesh of cattle slaughtered in the early stages of pleuropneumonia perfectly harmless, and that the destruction of such meat is a wasteful expenditure of a material which is capable of supplying a perfectly wholesome animal food." But an overwhelming majority of scientific observers are of opinion that there no reliable evidence prove that the flesh injurious effects, but, on the contrary, that

any circumstances, be permitted to be sold such numbers that, when the fiesh which

for human food.

The eruptive fever termed "foot-and-mouth disease," although rarely fatal, has been a source of great loss to this country, amounting in the year 1872, according to evidence given before a select committee of the House of Commons, to not less than twelve millions sterling. We have no proof that the flesh of animals affected with this disease has proved injurious to health, but there is abundant rvidence that serious mouth affections have frequently been produced in children fed upon milk obtained from such sources. The observations made during various outbreaks of cattle plague, or rinderpest, both in Great Britain and on the Continent, are somewhat conflicting, but it II certain that in all of these a large quantity of meat thus diseased was consumed as food. When injurious results did not follow the eating of such food the disease would seem not to have advanced beyond the earliest stage; but in any case the consumption of such food is never safe

except after thorough cooking.

There is a disease called "splenic apoplexy," which cattle are subject, and there has been much controversy as to whether the flesh of such animals is fit for human food. It certainly has been often eaten with impunity, but, on the other hand, the consumption of it has frequently been followed by disastrous consequences. Moreover the blood of animals in this condition, coming in contact with cuts or abrasions of the skin of persons engaged in the process of killing or cutting up of them, has very frequently caused fatal blood - poisoning. On both grounds, therefore, the flesh of animals dying of this disease should be condemned.

What 🔳 termed = Braxy" is a febrile disease which in Scotland wery fatal to sheep. The flesh of sheep dying of this disease is freely eaten by Highland shepherds, and although the custom of steeping it in brine for two months seems to render it comparatively harmless as an article of food, yet such serious consequences have so frequently followed from the use of it, that it must be regarded as a highly dangerous food for man.

There are various forms of animal para-

this disease in any stage should not, under microscope, and sometimes they exist in contains them is cut into, a crackling sound is produced. One of the most remarkable, as well as one of the most deadly of these parasites is the trichina, as found in man. This trichina has its origin in a thread-like worm, varying in length from 1 to 10 of an inch, termed the trichina spiralis (θριξ-a hair), which makes its home in the ficsh of any animal, but which is found most frequently in the pig. Of all situations its most favourite seat | the muscles of the eye, and hence the sausage-makers in Germany profess to have these muscles specially examined by an expert before making use the flesh of the animal. Pork, when infested by the trichina, is generally dark-coloured, owing to the inflammation which this parasite sets up in its immediate neighbourhood; and it is also speckled, owing to the presence of the parasites themselves, which, appearing as small white bodies, are just visible to the naked eye. Although the presence of this parasite is not limited to the flesh of any one animal, its disastrous effects have hitherto been observed only in man. So long as it remains embedded in the muscles of one of the lower animals, it leads a life of idleness and does not seem to produce any serious mischief. But as soon as this meat is used as food for any animal, it finds in the stomach a soil suitable for its development. The slender envelope in which it is encased becomes dissolved by the gastric juice; after a lapse of about a week the development of the germ is complete, and in the course of another month the ova have increased and multiplied a hundredfold. The worms having been thus set free penetrate the stomach, and find their way into every muscle throughout the body. Here they are again encased in slender envelopes, ready as before to propagate themselves in any other animal using this trichinous flesh as food. It is in man, however, that the triching finds the most congenial soil, and it is here, as we have said, that its most terrible results are noticed. In a few days after eating trichinous meat symptoms of irritant poisoning make their appearance. After a week or so intense fever occurs, while the migrations of the parasites through the muscles give rise to sites which occasionally infest the flesh of excruciating pains, or even paralysis from pigs, oxen, and sheep; and when this fiesh destruction of the muscular tissue. These is eaten the parasites find a soil saitable not cases generally end fatally, but sometimes only for life, but even for further develop- nature arrests the progress of the worms by ment. These parasites may be easily seen barricading them in slender coverings, in by examining the flesh of the animal by the which case the patient may partially or

wholly recover. The smoking or salting of come contaminated with lead, and poisoning meat does not destroy the vitality of the by this substance is the result. trichina; the only antidote consists in thorough cooking, whereby, owing to a high temperature, the germs are rendered harmless. But all meat containing animal parasites, which are apt to infest man, should be condemned as unfit for human food.

It may be laid down m a general principle that meat, fish, or poultry in a state of decay cannot be eaten with safety, since symptoms of imitant poisoning have so frequently arisen from this cause. But a little consideration will show us the impossibility of drawing a hard and fast line upon this point. We relish venison which has partially undergone decay, while we at once reject beef or mutton in a similar condition. Again, poultry to be palatable must be fresh, yet we do not scruple to cat game which a far advanced in decomposition. There is no doubt that in many cases we are guided by our palates in determining what food is wholesome for us: for while many of us eat mouldy cheese a Chinaman will swellow bad eggs, and some races enjoy fish which we should consider putrid. Even as regards oysters, which are generally relished in proportion their freshness, it is sometimes a matter of taste. For example, it is recorded of the first monarch of the House of Hanover that he objected to the English native oyster as being deficient in flavour. It was privately suggested by a shrewd courtier that the native oyster should be allowed become somewhat stale before being brought to the royal table. The king at once recognised the flavour which had always pleased him so much at Herrenhausen, and gave orders that in future he should always be supplied from that particular bed. The absence of evil consequences after eating food which has undergone a certain amount of decay is doubtless due in many cases to the completeness of the cooking process; but this does not militate against the general rule that food in any stage of decay is unwholesome and should be avoided. Of late years there have been many cases of poisonous symptoms arising from the use of canned use of meat that was tainted before being children at an age when they are but little canned. An examination of the outside of able to resist any tampering with their nourishthe can is our only available guide as regards ment; but the purity mik has also an this class of article. The head of the can important bearing upon the health of the should be slightly concave, whereas if it be community at large, since in addition to convex I shows that decomposition has com- adulterations which it occasionally contains, menced within the can. Sometimes through it is now known to a ready absorbent of careless soldering the preserved articles be- certain poisonous emmations producing dis-

There is a not infrequent form of accidental poisoning, owing to the action of certain foods upon copper vessels when these are used for culinary purposes. III has been found that metallic copper undergoes no change by contact with water unless air is present, in which case a salt of copper is formed. But I the water contain an acid such as vinegar, or common salt, or if there be oily or fatty matter in contact with the metal, a copper salt | freely formed, and the liquid or fat acquires a more or less green colour. If the copper vessel be kept perfectly clean, and the food prepared in be allowed to cool III vessels not made of copper, there is not much risk of its acquiring a poisonous impregnation; nevertheless, no acid, saline, fatty, or oily liquid should be prepared as an article of food in a copper vessel. When jams and jellies are prepared in copper vessels and allowed to cool in them a green crust of verdigris may be observed to form on the copper vessel, just above where the acid syrup comes in contact with the air. This source of danger has been met by causing the copper vessels to be lined with tin, but the tin m time becomes corroded, and then the copper surface is exposed to the action of any acids contained in the food. Domestic poisoning by means of copper was formerly advocated by the authors of cookery books, who advised that in the cooking of certain vegetables a few halfpence should be boiled with them " to give them a fine green colour." This principle has been too often adopted in the preparation of pickles and preserved green fruits, the bright green colour being found m have a great attraction for consumers, and there have been numerous instances of poisoning in this way. An easy method of detecting copper impregnation in pickles and pre-served fruits consists in the insertion of a clean steel needle, which after a time by galvanic action will become coated with coppet.

Milk is perhaps the most important article The cause appears mainly to have of food entering into daily use, since it been improper methods of canning, or of the forms the entire, or almost entire, food of

ease or death in persons using it as food. The adulterations of milk are few in number, and for the most part easy of detection. It was formerly supposed that calves' brains were added to milk to impart richness and consistency to it. But apart from the fact that the supply of calves' brains would be wholly insufficient for this purpose, the admixture would require very clever manipulation to prevent detection by the purchaser. is equally unlikely that chalk is a frequent adulteration of milk, for the chalk, from its weight and insolubility, would at once sink the bottom of the vessel, where its presence would easily be recognised. Practically the adulteration of milk consists in the addition of water or the abstraction of the cream in whole or in part, and the sale of the residue as new milk. But although by the addition of water milk is rendered less nutritious, it does not become poisonous, and we have therefore only consider under what conditions it may become unsafe as an article of food. Milk sometimes becomes mouldy owing to the presence of a fungus-the Oldium Lactis, or Penicillium—and its use when in that condition has occasionally produced poisonous symptoms of a serious cha-Whether the milk obtained from animals suffering from foot-and-mouth discase gives rise in man to any disorders is still a disputed point; at all events it frequently has been made use of without any effects being induced. It is certain, however, that pigs are almost invariably seized with the same disease in a few hours when fed with the milk of animals thus affected, and its presence in sheep and hares may be accounted for by their having fed upon herbage tainted with the saliva of diseased cattle. Various epidemics which have occurred in England and Scotland make it quite clear that milk is sometimes a means of conveying the poisons of typhoid fever and of scarlet fever. In the former case it has probably most frequently arisen from the watering of the milk or the rinsing of the milk vessels with foul water containing the elements of the disease; but sometimes it has arisen from the typhoid effluvia being absorbed by the milk. scarlet fever poison would appear to get into the milk from the skin or throat discharges of persons affected with the disease who were employed in the dairy while or partly convalescent.

⁶ Some idea of the extent to which this "cow with the iron tail" is recorded to may be gathered from as ingentions calculation, which games show that the number of cows supplying London with milk is not more than sufficient to provide such person with shorts a tablespoontie of pure milk; are day.

HI.-IN THE WATER WE DRINK.

The importance of an abundant supply of good water for domestic purposes is, at the present time, a subject which needs no discussion. In spite of the magnitude of the water-works of the Romans, Greeks, and other ancient peoples, their aqueducts, storage reservoirs, and public baths, and in spite of the lavishness of the supply for public uses and in the houses of the rich, it is probable that there never has been such general and widespread interest as there to-day in the matter of water supply as a sanitary necessity, not only me the community as a whole, but also at the individuals, no matter how poor, who make up the community. Absolutely pure water is never found in Nature's laboratory. The whitest snow, the clearest rain-water, the most transparent ice, all contain gir, small quantities of salts, and a little organic matter. Indeed it is only by special processes, carried out with great care, that chemists can obtain water which chemically pure. Fortunately for us, however, water, which after air, is certainly the most important requirement of our existence, need not be chemically pure. It I sufficient that the impurities in the water we drink, as in the air we breathe, do not exceed certain limits which scientific research enables us pretty accurately to define. Water which exceeds these limits of impurity has long been recognised as one of the most powerful causes of disease, but it is only recently that minute investigation has succeeded in showing the terrible mortality which it inflicts on all classes of the community. There are, moreover, strong grounds for believing that further and more minute research will show impure water to be even a more formidable evil than it is me present known to be. The danger which lurks in foul water varies according to circumstances; it may lead to a fatal result, or it may only produce a general impairment of health without giving rise to any definite disease. The sources of danger cousist ((1 st) an excess of mineral constituents, and (sad) the presence of organic matter, either of vegetable or animal origin.

A good drinking water should possess the following physical characters: it should be entirely free from colour, taste, or odour; it should moreover be cool, well aerated, soft, bright, and entirely free from all deposit. But it should be remembered that a water having all these physical characters may yet be more or less polluted by organic matter owing to the proximity of drains and sewers.

ness of a water depends upon the amount of mineral ingredients which a contains. These mainly consist of carbonate and sulphate of upon lead becomes more complex from the lime, the former giving rise to what is called temporary hardness-it being for the most stituents of the water itself. As a general part removable by continued boiling, whereby it becomes encrusted as chalk upon the lead, whereas hard waters, containing a large inside of the vessel in which the water is boiled; and the latter to permanent hardness, because it is not thus removable. A very hard water injurious for drinking purposes because its power as a solvent for food is impaired, and because it absorbed by the stomach with greater difficulty than a soft water, thus giving rise to indigestion or dyspepsia.

In addition to the long train of distressing symptoms which are included under the term dyspepsia, there is strong evidence to prove that the habitual drinking of very hard water also gives rise to gottre, a disease associated in many places with that fearful form of idiocy known as cretinism. In many parts of Eagland gottre is found to prevail only in those districts where the magnesian limestone formation is abundant. In some districts in Switzerland the use of certain spring waters of unusual hardness has been followed by the production or augmentation of the disease in the course of a few days, and similar results have frequently been observed in India.

In certain cases mineral compounds have been found to exist in water rendering it more or less unsuitable for drinking purposes. For instance, where iron is present in sufficient quantity to impart a chalybeate taste to the water, the continued use of the latter has been followed by headache, dyspepsia, and various other unpleasant symptoms. But a more frequent as well as a more dangerous impurity, is sometimes found in water which has been stored in leaden tanks, or conveyed through pipes made of that metal. It has been found that absolutely pure water, recently boiled to deprive an of air, has no chemical action on lead; but if free access of the air be permitted, this same water will rapidly form a compound with the lead which remains for the most part mechanically suspended in the water. Water disease have been found to be more or less this condition is undoubtedly poisonous, the extent of the danger depending on the amount of the metallic compound which contains. But when water has passed for feetly bright and clear water, where there some time through leaden pipes, the inner was no sediment, and where the animal surfaces of the latter become conted by a organic matter was held in a state of soluhard deposit which protects the metal from tion. This decaying animal matter may find further chemical action, and the water then its way into wells or streams by percolation

Mineral Ingredients.—The hardness or soft- becomes comparatively safe for drinking purposes.

> The question as to the action of water fact that a great deal depends upon the conrule soft and pure waters act freely upon proportion of lime salts, have no such action. But as there are exceptions to this general rule it would be unsafe to rely wholly upon it, and the question as to the action of any particular sample of water upon leaden pipes can only be satisfactorily determined by actual experiment,

> Another source of contamination of water by lead consists in the use of syphons in which setted waters are now so frequently supplied to the public. These syphons are provided with stop-cocks made of pewter, containing a large proportion of lead. The carbonated water thus, especially after long contact, has frequently been found to contain a dangerous quantity of this metal, thus giving rise to chronic lead poisoning. This danger may generally be avoided by having the syphon-taps coated with pure tin before being used.

> It has been pointed out by Wanklyn that the sanitary condition of a locality may be considerably influenced by the metallic constituents in the water supply, and that the beneficial effects which so often result from what is termed "change of air," may in reality be due to the change in the minute metallic impurity in the water of the district selected for residence.

> Organic Matter. - The presence of organic matter in drinking water is of greatur importance from a sanitary point of view than any of the impurities which we have hitherto considered. Water which contains a large amount of vegetable organic matter is decidedly unwholesome, and is liable to produce not only disease of a dysenteric character, but also agne, and other malarious disorders. the presence of animal organic matter, whether in suspension or solution, is attended with still greater danger to health. Many waters which have given rise to turbid, owing to particles of sewage suspended in them. Moreover, disease has frequently been traced to the use of per

and propagated by the water.

of those who engage in the struggle against corpore sano."

through the soil, from cempools or other preventable disease; and let us hope we sewage accumulations, thus rendering the may see the time, ere long, when the supply water a most dangerous poison. The danger of water in purity and plenty shall be looked is greatest when the sewage is associated upon as the business of the State, a measure with certain specific diseases, such as cholera, which would prove a great economy in the or gastric fever, in which case the special end. But pure air and wholesome food are poisons of these diseases is readily conveyed also essential health; in short, pure water, pure air, and good wholesome un-The examination of drinking water thus adulterated food, constitute the pillars of forms a very important portion of the duty the tripod on which rests the "mens sans in

THE VAUDOIS EMIGRANTS IN ALGERIA.

By Mrs. CHARLES GARNETT.

BY the kindness of the Editor of Good time all the inhabitants of this terrible region Words I was permitted at the beginof this year to give its readers an

Last year 31 families, consisting of 150 ning of this year to give its readers an desolate fastness of the French Vaudois-Dormilhause. Having received from Pastor Brunel, and from two travellers who have visited the colony in Oran, letters and deperhaps they may interest other friends of the Vaudois as they have done myself.

that it would be impossible for the inhabijudge than myself, namely, the Pastors and last, but first as the friend of these mountaineers, the Dean of Ripon. A very sad proof of the truth of this idea, and of the depressing influence of the wretchedness of that a whole family living at Minsas has become imbecile. Thirty years ago the memory and schools for the Valleys, and doing all in land which will be secured in the habitable his power to assist, both spiritually and parts of the valley. temporally, the Vaudois of the Hautes-Alpes. more genial clime.

distinct plan has been arranged whereby in thanks to the kind donor.

account of a visit paid last summer to the persons, resided at Dormilheuse, of these persons emigrated to Algeria in November; leaving at families of 119 persons still in Dormilheuse. Of these 21 families, 10 are in a condition to emigrate; the heads of the scriptions of the condition of the emigrants, remaining at are widows, infirm, or imbeciles, leaving 50 or 60 persons whom it would not be well to sand to Africa. For It seemed very clear to me last summer these, plots of land can in time be procured at Les Ribes and Pallons, villages situated tants of Dormilheuse and Minsas much nearer the entrance to the Valley of Fres-There they can support themlonger to exist there. This opinion is sinières. There they can support thom-now shared by others much more able to selves. Thus sooner or later Dormilheuse will be left uninbabited. The church and Comité Evangélique de Lyons, and also Felix Neft's house will be preserved as monuments of a devoted life and heroic courage; all the rest of the plateau will be sold to the Department of Woods and Forests. This Department, although it refuses buy the lives which they lead, is shown by the fact little plots of ground from individual emigrants, is anxious to secure the whole of the land, and to plant it with trees to prevent the of the noble work which Felix Neff had done floods, and stay the avalanches which have in these valleys caused the Dean to take driven, after nearly 300 years, these children upon himself the task-in which he has never of the martyrs from their aerie in the rocks. since faltered-of providing pastors, churches. The money thus realised will pay for the

A reader of Good Words sent me £10 Convinced at last that to gain even a meagre to be spent as I thought most met the adsubsistence at Dormilheuse and Miness was vantage of those now left - Dormilheuse. no longer possible, he endesvouved to raise I consulted Pastor Brunel, and this kind gift a fund to assist the people, in whom he so has given much happiness, for 13 goats have long had been interested, to emigrate to a been purchased and presented to 13 families; so quite a little flock scramble about cropping During a visit paid this August to the the scanty herbage and wild thyme, and the Valleys and to Lyons by Dean Fremantle, a poor people send through me their warmest

The fund raised but autumn in England, and a fund of about a third more given by the Protestants in France, realised altogether the sum of £1,428. Of this £521 is needed for conveying the 10 families to Algeria, building their houses and supplying them with the agricultural implements and seed corn. A further sum of £420 has been promised in order to conform to the regulations of the French Government; but the whole of this £942 \(\text{not given, but lent on mortgage on the "concessions," or grants of land in the new settlement, and \(\text{\text{lens}} \) to be repaid, without interest, in five years' time,

Now for the story of the emigration.

Nothing struck me so much when amongst them as the quainmess, the old-world look and ways of the Vaudois of Fressinières. seemed that the turbulent ocean of life had rolled and broken about the feet of the Alps, amongst whose towering peaks these people, three hundred years ago, took refuge, and that to them had only come the distant echo of the noise and tumult raging far below. To people so simple and so utterly unused to change or progress the comparatively short journey to Algeria was a serious undertaking. Oran is the most westerly province of Algeria, and also the most French. Algeria is inhabited by three races, each with its own language, manners, and customs. First the Arabs (called Moors when dwelling in the towns; but still in the country, especially in the great desert to the south, living in their Bedouin encampments, and with their hands ever fidgeting to grasp their swords). Then come the Kabiles, another race, inhabiting, not the hot deserts and scorched lowlands, but the temperate tableland, and not nomadic by habit, but settled peasantry. The Kabiles are very industrious; even the females, contrary to the customary seclusion of the Arab women, work out-of-doors. Lastly in point of numbers—for they only count as three twenty of the other inhabitants—come the French-the conquering and therefore the dominant race. The spots, marked still by Arabic or Kabyle names, where once their towns stood—as Sidi-bel-Ables, the largest town of the district of Oran, and which numbers 18,000 inhabitants—are entirely French. The old town was completely destroyed, and a new gleaming villalike place built in its stead.

Seventy kilomètres, or about forty miles, from Oran stands the village of Trois-Marabouts.

one day's journey by diligence. day, and Saturday, and the only way of quit- productive is the land that he has realised

ting Oran for Europe is by a steamer which leaves that place but once a fortnight.

On November 16th, last year, our colonists arrived at Trois-Marabouts. They had a very good voyage, and complacently observed. Only a few women had suffered from seasickness; the ver/ were satisfied and pleased." They looked on this removal m great indeed all respects. "The few clothes taken cost a great deal," and they clung to some poor sticks of furniture with desperation, and wrote in much trouble on their first arrival that their "possessions" had to remain for three days out of doors. The value of the whole could not be more than £5! Only three of the houses were finished when they arrived m the "far end;" therefore three families were packed into each till the rest of the hats were completed. The sowing season had commenced, and so the settlers were soon at work on the "concessions" secured for them before their arrival.

On the 26th of November they hald their first service—a pure, unstained worship, which cannot even call itself Protestant, for it has never been corrupted-the first such service that has been held in that village of Ma-

homedans and Romanists.

And here it may be mentioned that the Dean of Ripon has returned from his recent visit to Lyons and the Valleys, delighted with the reports he has received of the conduct of the settlers. He is told on excellent authority that one of their number is never seen in a public-house or wine-shop: and he feels assured they will maintain uncorrupted their ancient faith; and hopes that in time the whole village will join their worship. He speaks of the Vaudois as leading a quiet and consistent Christian life. But alas! in every flock are black sheep. And three of the emigrants have proved failures. One of them, Jean Joseph Arnous, turned faint-hearted, and longing for his anowy Alps, turned over his fruitful "concession" to another settler and went home again. The second, Alexander Michet, behaved ill. He sold his land to a French colonist for \$,000 f. -having received from the "Comité Evangelique " 1,210 f., he repaid them out of the sale of his grant 905 f., so that the loss has been 305£; but the Comité believes that the sale was illegal, and will be set aside by the authorities in Oran, which case it will be given to another emigrant. This will be no hardship either to the Frenchman who bought it, for when he purchased the ground This conveyance runs on Tuesday, Thurs- from Michet it was already sown; and so

2,500 f., leaving a profit of 500 f. above the purchase money. The third case is the worst of all. This man's name is Daniel Surian; he is a stupid, unionergetic fellow, and though he received 900 f. to assist him, he failed to fulfil the Government conditions, and the grant has lapsed altogether, so that there is a double loss of the money advanced and of the land; but the Comité is in hopes that when the case is brought before the French Government the "concession" will be restored. These three bad men took back to the Valleys " an evil report of the land," and the other intending colonists became depressed and discouraged; but this August two young men from the settlement have come over to gather in their little crops not only with renewed courage, but with a desire to emigrate also.

Mr. Réveillaud wrote from Bône on the 74th of last April, sending an interesting account of the visit he had just paid to the Colony, and he gives so vivid a description of the country, I offer no apology for trans-

lating part of it.

"The diligence which carries mails and travellers from Oran to Tlemcen stops in the middle of its twenty-hours' journey a little town built in the form of a chess-board (this is like the greater part of the new Algerine towns), called Am Temouchen. The pleasant, cultivated governor of the town, whom we had already met on the steamboat from Marseilles to Oran, explained the name to us, which half Arabic and half Kabyle, and signifies 'Fountain of the Jackal,' A picturesque designation enough, but which, unhappily for our ears, as ignorant of Kablis as of Arabic, loses much of its value. At about three miles from here is situated Trois-Marabouts. It was nine o'clock, and a bed almost soft, in an hotel almost comfortable, received and rested our limbs, stiffened by ten hours in the diligence. At daybreak next morning we were informed that a car was the huts or houses of the Vaudois; they waiting convey us to Trois-Marabouts. Our friends there had heard of our arrival, and had used the utmost exertion to procure us a vehicle. The attention was touching, but when we saw not only it, but the animal which drew it, and the road over which was to be drawn, we agreed we much preferred our own legs.

of Trois-Marabouts (also called the Three Koribas, or Tombs of the Marabouts) is

which are white-washed, gleamed in the early light. The up-hill road was bordered by cacti, aloes, hawthorn, and asphodels in flower, and the iris and bindweed filled the air with spring scents. Young Baridon had come to meet us, and told us the particulars of the allotments.

"Do you see this field, where the barley stands so thick and green? It belongs to my uncle; he has been able to sow eight hectures, and this is all come from it, he

"The other field you set there not yet completely cultivated belongs to us. have left till next year the work of pulling up these detestable roots of black palms; they are so hard that they break the ploughat Dormilheuse, and have told so different a shares; and being pressed for time we sowed story that they have inspired their friends the cleared places. On the hill you see below there we intend to plant vines next year. Look at the beautiful road the Administration of Bridges and Roads has caused us to make to replace the bad one on which we are walking.

"'You seem to have settled well in your

new country,' we observed.

" Oh, yes, monsieur.'

"And you are not afraid of the Arabs?" "Certainly not. Though it is true they

are great thieves. Three of them tried one night, through a hole in the wall, to get into the house of one of our neighbours, whom they knew was from home. She was certainly away, but a young man-servant was in, and, hearing the noise, got up, and as he was taking down his gun saw the hole in the wall, and the eye of an Arab on the other side. He took aim-the Arab fell dead, uttering awful yells. The thieves received a rough lesson then which will cure them for a long time to come!"

"Talking thus of one thing or another, we arrived at last at the village. What a commotion! Our friends pressed round, wel-

comed us, fêted us,"

M. Réveilland and his friend visited all found them the most unpretending in the place; they are wooden, whereas most of the other French colonists at the very first were able to build stone houses. However, these huts have been good enough I shelter our friends during the past winter, which has been rather severe for Algeria, but it must have seemed mild indeed to the settlers after "The morning was superb. The village the snow, ten feet deep, to which they had been used in the Hautes-Alpes.

He found the emigrants contented, blessbuilt on a hill, its walls and dome-like roofs, ing God who had caused them to find this port of refuge, and ceaseless in their expressattend it, but those of the Roman Catholic their deep distress. In each of the huts M. Réveilland was expected listen to the detheir early difficulties, now successfully overcome—of the hardness of the soil, of how their hearts sank, and then of the purchase of the plough and cattle by the Committee.

Such a one had been able to sow ten hectares, another twelve, a third only eight. They might have done more if they had arrived earlier, and if the rain had not interrupted their work for a time; but then these heavy rains fertilised the land. They hoped for an exceptionally large crop, which would amply repay their labours, and give them courage for the future. (This hope has now been more than realised, the yield having been very large indeed.) The visitors found all the families in good spirits-"only a few old grandmothers are home-sick, and weep when they speak of the Alps; but even these own that the future comfort of their children and grandchildren is more sure by far in their new country than in the poor and cold, though still "beloved valleys."

Two huts belonging to the deserters were closed; but they will not long be uninhabited. for other settlers are now ready to come. It is proposed that all future emigrants from the Hautes-Alpes shall be grouped round Trois-Marabouts, so as to make this a centre of light, and keep the ancient Church compact; so great a feeling of brotherhood and expected were the Vaudois be placed apart in scattered farms, surrounded by Roman Catholic and Mahomedan neighbours. The fraternal attachment has already been touchingly shown in one instance. Baridon, formerly "facteur" of Dormilheuse, has died since his arrival in Africa, and the widow and children were left without a head in this new and strange land. with kindly promises and real effective symorphans, and help her with her little farm.

sions of grateful acknowledgment to those neighbours also. From a religious point of Christian triends who had helped them in view the little colony is truly, and, we trust, will always remain, a good example to the surrounding population, amongst whom it tails of the colonisation. They told him all must exercise a good influence, if it only respains firm to the faith held so long and so

bravely in a far different home.

"Already the faithfulness with which our friends observe the repose of the Sabbath," M. Réveillaud writes, "has been remarked in the country. It is known also that every Sunday they assemble, sometimes at the house of one, sometimes at that of another, to celebuste together the worship of the Lord. and 'speaking' in pealms and hymns and spiritual songs, giving thanks always for all things unto God the Father in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Thus our friends supply the absence of the pastors by instructing each other; they spread around them the perfume of the knowledge of the gospel. Without our mentioning the subject, they summoned the whole village to hear us, and we had one of our best meetings there. 'If you are faithful,' we said to them, 'the whole of your village will be Protestant some day." We sincerely hope that the blessing of God will indeed rest in every way upon this little community of valiant Christians, and that He will bless in the children, to the hundredth and thousandth generation, the fidelity of their fathers, revived by that devoted apostle, Felix Neff. It is not without feeling deeply moved that we took leave of these brave and worthy brothers. attachment to the old religion could not be the same time in praying God to bless and keep them we say au revoir, for we hope to see them again one day, either at this or the other side of eternal life. But far off or near our hearts are with you and our prayers follow you, dear friends. May the Word of God always be your torch, your light, and your guide! 'Love one another!'" Since M. Reveilland's visit M. Elvin, their true and fast friend, the pasteur of Oran, At once all the Vaudois crowded round, has arranged wisit Trois-Marabouts once a month to minister the sacraments and the pathy, and agreed to work for the widow and Word; and now the Consistory of Oran has advertised for a pastor "of the Re-The school-house was finished last May. formed Church of France" for Tlemoen, and There are many children in the village, be- states the terms offered to candidates; and sides the goodly number transplanted from I is probable these will soon secure an excel-Dormilheuse. The colonists selected "one lent minister. For, excepting Algiers itself, of our own" (Vaudoises) for the post of mis- no town in Algeria II more pleasantly situated tress over this mixed school of hoys and than Tlemcen. The climate is temperate girls. She has received a government ficense, and much cooler than at Oran. The whole and already the school is a great success, neighbouring country is studded with olive Not only do all our emigrants' little ones and gigantic turpentine trees, and is very

at Tiemeen itself by a small Reformed Church, amongst the brethren there will find "as many condutors as friends " When the late pastor, M. Duproux, died, the entire population followed his body to the grave, and showed sympathy with the Protestant worship Tross Marabouts can be easily reached from this little town, and in the Vaudois settle Tiemcen would join hands.

I have told all the news we have, up to the date at which I write, of the Vandous emigrants from Dormilheuse, but may I be forgiven for observing, Why cannot we English also take advantage of the facilities

beautiful The pastor would be surrounded for emigration offered to Algiers by the French Government? Algeria is within easy well established in the country, and above all distance from home, and with such a climate very earnest and fervent. We hear that and such a soil surely our national enterprise and pluck might find at least as good a field as in the distant ranches of Colorado or the sheep runs of Australia and New Zealand The Vaudous colonists would be greatly benefited by the higher knowledge and the vigorous push of Englishmen And wyoung men leaving our shores - seek subsistence ment the pastor of Oran and the pastor of or fortune in a foreign country, surely the most unthinking person will confess it is a good thing that at the same time they should not be cut off from the religious influences of our happy island, but in the land of their adoption should find a pure and simple faith awaiting them



(so ng to Marle !

RAMBLES WITH THE ROMANY.

By IRVING MONTAGU, AUTHOR OF "MER WE MEET," ATC. ETC.

N several occusions I revisited my was only to make aketches and take notes, away a little wiser and a little more sympa thetic than when I went.

direct, with Scotland Yard, and that my object by the Gorgies who intermarried with the

friends at Chel-ea, always coming they had only one prevailing idea, that of being made famous through the medium of both They told me that they were sadly ma-They were all pleased to let me into the ligned by the outside world with reference to secret of their vagrant lives, and when they posty largemy, and that if robberies were comfound that I had no connection, direct or manual, they were committed, as a rule, either

selves between the Christian Romany and and endeavours, by its supermatural grimmes, were, if not atheists, at least very negative persent in it, the spirit assumes a more indeous with reference to religion at all. But Lor form, and so goes on increasing in indeous-bless you, sir, a Christian Gapsy said to me ness that you are forced at last to give it up

amongst us don't do it right somehow nine m coses out of ten it's very essy to make friends with a Стрьу, anly you have to do it, give the child ren some coppers, and the old man a screw of bacca, let the wife cross vour hand with a bit of silver (and you admit no WIODg principle. I take it, by doing this), let her tell you that

to West

you were the sea may be, and then"-well, then you after some celebrated burglars or other conhave won your wanderers over and you may victs of whose exploits they have heard of mould them wour will. They are exceed- or read. At Chelsen there was a shaggy ingly susceptible of good if approached through gir (horse) known as "Peace," and they the medium of friendliness, which, once es- were careful to explain that in this they re-tablished, m as sacred on Chelsca Marshes ferred to the housebreaker of that name, or Mitcham Common as in Asia Minor. The one small donkey, being young, was called superstitions of these people are, in their Leftoy, and so on throughout their rather strong way, unique, especially with reference to the contingent of houses, donkeys, and dogs.

Romany, or by camp followers, of whom most beacting sins of poor humanity. Swearthere were not a few, and that the Gapsy ing, for instance, has a special banshee (a proper was as honest as the day. They good but exceedingly ugly spirit), who, when made a strange distinction amongst them- the sm lays hold of you, at once springs up others, inferring by the others that the majority to dissuade you from it, if, however, you one day, "the Scripture gentlemen as comes In like manner drunkenness has its good

grim gob-CICRSING in ugliness till the dread of it makes sobitety an absolute ne cessity , thus, sin being the natural condition of man. it's the purpose of these unprepossessing sprites to frighten the Romany into of virtue, and having done so they are su p posed M ALSUME their ongınal (comparatively pleasing) aspect

born under a lucky star and that the lines on. The fondness of Gipsies for peta is one of their your right hand indicate a long journey across special characteristics, naming them generally

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Not so, however, with their own names, and especially those of the women. The men's were chiefly scriptural ones; perhaps their Eastern origin may account for this. Hope, Charity, Prudence, Honesty, and Patience were common amongst the fairer sex, while heroic names are often taken in some strange way from battles, such as Alma, Magenta, I am to some extent dis-&c, &c. jointed in this rough sketch of Gipsy life and customs, it may be because I prefer giving my readers the jottings of my several visits to indulging in the rounded phrase, " of a well varnished tale." Amongst others I made a pencil note of skewer-sellers going market (i.e. to the butchers' shops), to dispose of their supplies, which struck me at once as being a picturesque and characteristic incident worth recording. Working hard from seven o'clock in the morning till late at night a Gipsy occupied at this work makes—so I was informed—about three shillings a day; which I not bad if there are several in family, each to add their mite, and I the demand knew absolutely nothing, be equal I the supply. I never entered a Thus having known: tent or caravan without a cordial welcome, odd circumstances in many parts of the globe,

and when fortune favoured them, and they were able to indulge in ten or beer, it was always couched in some such greeting as " Mandes (my or our) health to the (no Gipsy equivalent) Tachene (grand) Rye (gentle-

man)."

Nor I their hospitality confined to the "Tachene Rye;" the poorest beggar receives the same welcome, is asked to share their scanty fare, and is often sent on richer by a few coppers than he came. During the hours of daylight honest Gipsies (and dishonest ones are certainly the exception) work hard enough, but when night closes in they give themselves up with a genuine relish to Tambourines, fiddles, flutes, cojoyment. and castanets are brought out, to which accompaniment they dance or sing till such time as they retire to sleep-" perchance to dream" of buily butchers diving into their tills to pay for untold supplies of wooden skewers. It has been my lot to fraternise with the Romany in many parts of the world. The Gitanos of Spain, the Bohemians (from Boem, old French for Sorcerer) of France, the Zieguner of Germany, the Phatach Nepek of Hungary, the Zingari of Italy, and the Turkish and Levantine Tachingenes 1 have seen much of, and though their occupations are necessarily different, and costumes change with the countries in which they reside, their manners and customs, language and features are the same. Unlike the proverbial snowball which gathers as it goes, they seem to retain to a considerable extent all their old prejudices, superstitions, and other peculiari-They are, generally speaking, a peaceloving people, seldom known to fight even amongst themselves. On one occasion, however, I happened to be present (quite unin-tentionally, I need hardly say) at a skirmish near Semlin, in Hungary, between some five or six hundred Gipsies and the local troops. It was on the occasion of a Gipsy fair. I was in their midst sketching, when, for some reason which I took no trouble to inquire into, they were attacked, and resisted most vigorously with staves and long broad-bladed knives. I saw several fall on both sides, and while trying to effect an escape. I was taken by the Hungarian troops, only to be released with many apologies some hours afterwards when it was discovered that I was an artist, a wanderer in quest of the picturesque, who had no party feeling or desire to see his name in large type in connection with affairs of which he

Thus having known the Romany under

on Chelsen Marshes; and if this little sketch of moral or spiritual welfare of the poor, then I their doings serve no other purpose than that can only say that the philanthropist will be of affording a pleasant half-hour to some of amply rewarded, and I shall be more than our readers I shall be satisfied, but if it delighted that my humble pen and pencil should by any chance tend to their good, and have plied = so good an civil.

I was not sorry to renew their acquaintance lead to a visit from any one interested in the

BIBLE TRUTHS AND EASTERN WAYS.

By W. FLEMING STEVENSON, D.D.

IV .- THE WEDDING PRASE.

WE have a striking group of illustrations scarcely see each other, and the tender age familiar w the people, in the allusions to the sharp separation of the sexes would be marriage ceremony. All its incidents were pleaded as a sufficient reason. I is in the common. To refer to it was to refer to one of the most ordinary spectacles in an Oriental town; while to us it can never have the same vividness, since we must first become acquainted with customs that differ so widely from our own. We are arrested by the position of sonship, dependence, and obedience that is claimed for our Lord in the very opening of the parable of the Wedding Garment. A certain king "made a marriage" for his son. People were used to regard marriages as made by the parents for the children. It was Abraham who chose a wife for Isaac, Isaac for Jacob, and Hagar for Ishmael. † It is the universal custom of the unchanging East, and it is easy to feel that by using it in the parable Jesus drew our thoughts to the sovereign grace of God. Communion was to be restored with man, a fellowship or intercourse that was to be based on love: and so close and beautiful, no sacred and tender, that it was like the sacredness and affectionate freedom of married life, and could be represented to us by nothing else so well. But God is the sole author of this. God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son. Yet we must never lose sight of the perfect will-Himself for us.

Marriage in the East is still preceded by betrothal and the ceremonies of betrothal lend it an importance and solemnity almost marriage vows; but the betrothed may is perfected; not as with us the feast in the Mattheward, s. + General and any area and any area.

in the Bible, borrowed from what was at which betrothed may take place and the Old Testament that we read of betrothal, in the New Testament of marriage. The Old Testament is a book of piedges which are ratified in the New. The language of the Old Testament which describes the union between Christ and the Church is as tende and solemn as that of the New, for nothing can be more tender and solemn than the prophecies of Hosea; but the closeness of fellowship which is possible now is there

parded as future. It began when Chust came, and from that time the language is always of marriage and never of betrothal. When Christ came, it was to be united with His people in a closer sense, and in a sense that His people could apprehend. He came as the King's Son to claim His bride. And here there is perhaps a place for those ana logics, which the earlier and mystical writers delight to trace, representing in the service of Jacob for Rachel a shadowing of that mysterious service of our Lord Himself, whose life and death they claim in be His travail for His spiritual bride, the travail of His infinite and marvellous love. Nor can one altogether pass by the suggestion that as the marriage in the East is | the house of the bride, while the marriage feast is at the ingness of Christ. He loved us and gave house of the bridegroom; so this marriage or union of our Lord with those He came to save took place on earth, which is their home, and to which He came from His home in Heaven. | points, certainly, to a disas great as marriage itself; yet there is not timetion, and to customs which underlie the the freedom of intercourse between the wedding parable of our Lord and which we betrothed which a engagement would sanc- must keep in mind when reading similar tion in the West. There is the formation of language elsewhere in the New Testament. a tie so sacred that I it were broken it would For in the New Testament the wedding feast be almost as dishonourable a breach of which is spoken of is the feast when the union house of the bridegroom. The marriage is assumed the having already taken place. Paul higher, and insisted on our occupying the assumes in writing to the Ephesiaus; for the love of Christ, who loved the Church and gave Himself for it, is represented as the love of the husband to the wife, and His nourishing and cherishing the Church as part of that great mystery of spiritual union; and in the book of Revelation it assumed through all the heavenly language of the closing chapters, that the Church is the Lamb's wife.

A certain king, the parable rone, made a marriage for his son. It was celebrated by a royal feast, and the guests were bidden to the palace. God in His infinite mercy sent His Son to unite sinful men to Himself. He sent messengers beforehand proclaim His purpose and to invite men to that union. It was a feast of the love of God, a feast of communion with God, and the bidding runs through all the Old Testament. Then there comes a further invitation, which is represented as a calling. He sent His servants to "call" them that were bidden. And in the Gospel according to Luke we read in another parable, "A certain man made a great supper and bade many, and sent his servant at supper-time to say to them that were bidden. There is a bidding in the Old Testament, a calling in the New; a bidding so long as Christ has not come, a calling when He has come, and suffered, and died, and all things are ready.

And this m in strict accordance with present Eastern customs. When we were in India we were invited to different native entertainments. The invitation was a formal one, and was received some days before; but though it was accepted, we dared not go to the house of our entertainer until he had sent us a second invitation, informing us that all was now ready. It would have been a fatal breach of etiquette. On one of these occasions it was the native Christians who asked us, and we remained in the bouse of our hosts for some time past the appointed hour, because, though bidden, we had not yet been called. Then the elders of the Christian village came as the messengers, and invited us, the very words of the Gospel, "Come, for all things are now ready." As these entertainments are mostly in the evening, they came with torches, and we followed while a trumpeter went before; and as || was a great festival the trees were hung with lamps, and fireworks were discharged incessantly; and when we were about to take a

" Epherican v. 25-27.

out accompanies

* Laka siz. 7, 12.

2 John nov. 2, 3.

t Lake zie. 15--as.

higher, and insisted on our occupying the chief seat that had been prepared for us. On another occasion, when we were asked to the house of one of the chief heathen citizens, the same order was observed, the second messenger came, the servants went before us with their torches, lighting up the broken path and the narrow lanes through which we passed, and the master of the house met us with profuse welcome me the threshold. He was a heathen, yet 📰 asked the Christians, and part of the entertainment he provided was the singing of Christian hymns by boys from the Mission School; and an aged Christian who sat beside me in a place of honour as a guest, mentioned that the last time he had been in this man's house was many years ago when he had gone about some money matters, and that he was ignominiously thrust out into the street because, as a Christian, he had dared to cross the Another feature of these entertainments was the number of people; not only those invited, such as Zacchaeus asked to meet Jesus,* but those who stood around when the guests were scated, coming out of curiosity and not hindered, and reminding us how easy it was for the woman which was a sinner to press forward to Jesus in the house of Simon the leper. But this is by the way, The formal rule of manners which requires the calling as well as the bidding is so strict, that even when the entertainment is next door and the persons well acquainted, I have not found it dispensed with.

In Eastern marriages the bridegroom brings the bride home to the crowning feast; and in India, the bridegroom continues to live with his father, and I to his father's house that the bridegroom brings the bride, "In my father's house are many mansions, I go to prepare a place for you; and when I come again I will receive you unto myself." ‡ When Jesus comes again it will be to take home the bride; and every one remembers the touching words that represent the longing of the bride for that advent of our Lord; "The Spirit and the Bride say come;" Spirit dwelling in the people of God, and kindling their affections until His coming to take them home, stirs in them a longing that they cannot repress, and depart and in it with Christ.

A mission like that of the bridegroom is naturally one of pomp and joy. He sets out accompanied by friends, the friends of

⁴ Luke vii. 37. 2 Revelation sail, 17.

the bridechamber," † as Jesus calls His apostles. He "rejoiceth over the bride" whom he is 🔳 lead home, and Isaiah says, "So shall thy God rejoice over thee," over all the redeemed whom He leads to heaven.1 Isaiah also reminds us that he decketh himself with ornaments, and Solomon that he is redolent with perfume; and apparently some allusion is made to this splendour and adornment when, in the nineteenth Pralm, the sun compared to a bridegroom coming out of his chamber.

Meanwhile the bride has gone with great ceremony to the bath; to which there is a striking allusion in that passage already quoted from the Epistic to the Ephesians, where this washing with water and the consequent purity are referred to the Church, purely prepared for the Lord without spot or wrinkle or any such thing. Then she is clothed in raiment of needlework wrought with gold, by the virgins, her companions; her garments, like the bridegroom's, smell of and twenty thousand pounds. There the myrrh, and aloes, and cassis; she adorneth herself with jewels, and binds them on her as a bride; and thus "prepared as a bride, adorned for her husband," she is ready to "go out of her closet," and the virgins her companions follow her, and join the brilliant escort that has already advanced with the bridegroom, and then together they sweep through the night with torches and lamps on to the wedding feast.

These processions are often of great splendour. In Canton we met two in one day. The first was headed by poles and banners carried by men, over whose common dress scarlet cloaks had been flung; some gift chairs fol-lowed, sedan chairs with open sides, and in some of them the presents of the bride, and other men with scarlet cloaks, brought up the rear. The second was on a scale of great magnificence, quite blocking the street through which it passed and detaining us for nearly twenty minutes. Here there were bands of musicians playing on curious Eastern instruments; the men in scarlet cloaks as before, probably two hundred of them; then there were about fifty bearers of tablets, and banpermen, and a vast number of hoge gilded chairs filled with sweetments and other

" Jahn ill. 29. † Musikuse in. 15. I kaiah kif. 5. † Madamaw v. 26. J Praim 28s. 8, 24; Imiah kif. 20.

the bridegroom,* among whom John the ending the procession, in which I noticed Baptist reckoned himself, or the "children of that the men carried lanterns already lighted; for, although it was only afternoon, the party made a large détour m show themselves in the principal streets, always timing their arrival to be at night. Another day I saw the chairs and the scarlet-mantled men gathered in such abundance round the bride's house that they flowed into all the neighbouring streets, and the crowd was so great it needed two detachments of police | keep order. In this instance the bride was setting out, though it was not twelve o'clock; and the journey made is so long, and the rigour with which the veiled bride, in a dress stiff with gold and jewels, is kept shut in the wooden box is so great, that it has happened, when the so-called chair was opened at the bridegroom's door, the bride was dead,

In India the procession II also timed to arrive at night, and there are musicians, dancing girls, and fireworks; and families, no nighter how parsimonious, will spend upon the show with a lavish hand, even up to ten procession starts from the bride's house in the evening, but the bridegroom's share in it arrives at the house during the day. We sometimes saw three or four processions together; the bridegroom looking little more than a child, and riding; the bride in a polanquin; the presents borne on trays; and sometimes large and curious pasteboard

figures were carried, as at a carnival.

Splendour and joy predominate: and splendour and joy are suggested by the great marriage day of the parable. The bride is clothed in her brilliant robes. "He hath clothed me with garments of salvation; He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness." * These festivals make up so much of the outward show of an Eastern city that the Apocalypse represents the height of desolution as reached when the bravery of such shows has passed from the silent streets, when "the voice of the bridegroom and the bride shall be heard no more in Babylon." † Through the streets of time there sweet one continuous procession up to the "patrix gates of heaven." The ear of faith catches songs of joy and melodies of the everlasting chime, and the music of harpers harping with their presents; the bride in a wonderfully elaborate harps.

is a stately procession winding and gilded chair, that was closed in with among races that have withered up and wood all round so that she was invisible, vanished, and then winding on through the races of to-day, winding down through the centuries with the voice of joy and praise,

t Revelation zvill. 13. 4 featalchti, 10,

holiday. The centuries look long to pair," us, and dark. The night of sin and the blacker night of persecution are on the carth, simple

have all returned to Him-

While some have accompanied the bridebridal party on their return. They wait till evening, and then they pass out with their lamps and torches. The "ten virgins took their lamps and went forth to meet the bridegroom."4 There were then two parties waiting for the home-coming of the bride; those to meet the procession. They were both unto men that wait for their lord, when he will return from the wedding." The women are the virgins in Matthew; and readiness is characteristic of both. Their lamps were to be ready for kindling or lighting the moment the procession appeared; they were to swell the brilliance.

The love of brilliant light seems thoroughly Oriental; it belongs to the East of brilliant sunshine, brilliant moonlight, and brilliant flowers. We have often been at entertainments where the amount of honour to the guest seemed proportionate to the oppressive display of oil and gas, and in rajahs' palaces, where from a hundred to three hundred lights were reflected from mirrors in a room of no large size. The day we left Calcutta, the streets of a whole quarter were illuminated from gas candelabra placed closely together; we drove through several of these streets, and saw others branching off, so that probably they would reach in a line for two or three miles. the expense was all borne by the family; and as we drew near the atreet where the bridegroom lived, the houses were illuminated as if for a royal entry, and the dwelling itself, which faced a large open court, was a mass light, while out of the brilliance, besides the native inscriptions, there shone in

4 Luke sii. 35, 36,

* Mattheware s.

and the multitude of them that keep gas and in English, "Blest be the happy

The lights of the parable were much simpler. In an Arab house a lamp freand the way is long and dreary. But He quently burns all night, so that the absence who looks from heaven sees only the vast pro- of light would mean that the house was uncession of the bridal passing up with its holy inhabited. Job and Jeremiah, the book of pealms and hymns of faith, and not halt- Proverbs, and the book of Revelation speak ing until with songs and everlasting joy upon of the absence of this light as a mark of desotheir heads, the ransoned of the Lord lation. "The candle of the wicked shall be put out;" and one mark of the desolation of Habylon is that "the light of a candle shall groom to swell the train of his bride, if we shine no more in her." On the other hand return to the Luidegroom's house we shall the picture of God's favour is when "His find that others are going forth to meet the candle shined upon my head;" the promise to David is that " he would have a lamp alway before Me:" and it fills up the portrait of the wise woman, that her candle went not out. This was probably the little band-lamp made of earthenware like Gulcon's pitcher. But unless on a still night (and nights in the who had remained in the bridegroom's house, East are more often still than ours) the light and those who had gone out some distance from it would scarcely suit in an open-air procession. The torch which is common in men and women. The men are mentioned India and China would answer better. A in Luke. "Let your loins be girded and knob of clay is fixed on the end of a your lights burning, and we yourselves like wooden stick wrapped round about with rags, and when this is saturated in oil the light burns for a long time, while the man who holds it carries a bottle of oil, from which he feeds the dying flame. Our bearers constantly used these lights, and the trimming was simply the pouring of fresh oil and a slight rebinding of the linen; while the difficulty of procuring oil when it was late sometimes compelled us to dispense with light altogether.

Mr. Ward speaks of a procession that he saw near Scrampore, when the inidegroom came by water; and near midnight it was announced, almost in the words of the parable, "Behold the bridgeroom cometh, ye out to meet him." "All the persons employed now lighted their lamps and ran with them in their hands to fill up their stations in the procession. Some of them had lost their lights, but it was too late to seek them, and they all moved on to the area in front of the house, and here the bridegroom first sat in the midst of the company, then went into was in honour of a native wedding, and the house, the door of which was immediately closed and guarded by Sepoys; and I and others expostulated with the doorkeepers in vain." MacCheyne describes the bridegroom walking, attended by numerous friends; "the torch-bearers went first, and fed their torches with wood. At the entrance of the

Revolution welli, 23.
 Job naix, 34 n Kingo ni, 364 Proporte nagi. 28.

street where the bride resided we heard the in a country where these forms are universal, entered the door was shut, and we were left lavishness of their wantrobe. startling.

The procession having reached the waiting virgins, these join the rest, and the gay crowd moves on, and in India and in Egypt they sing nuptial songs as they enter the house, when the shutting of the door effectually prevents any after-entrance of those

who are not ready.

And now that the doors are shut, there garment. The punctiliousness of dress strikes may therefore mean a gross insult; and the Lamb.

sound of many female voices, and observed the man who ignores them | without excuse. a company of veited bridesmaids waiting in The vast number of dresses at the disposal the balcony to give notice of the coming of the King are also intelligible in this light, the bridegroom. When the bridegroom Men's wealth and state are measured by the standing in the street without, in the outer native princes in India whose stores of darkness." Neither of these instances repro- dresses are incredible; and in China there duces exactly the circumstances that are are vast and lofty houses that tower over woven into the parable, but they show all the other buildings, where only dresses details that in their resemblance are almost are kept; and I remember once when meeting a number of gentlemen in Canton, they put on, as a mark of respect, such splendid clothes that I did not at first recognise them. and many of the suits were borrowed from one of these buildings, where there II an indefinite supply.

The man was thrust out. He had chosen to enter in his own way. And the lesson we are taught is not that such a man could enter is one further scene. The King entered and heaven, to which there is no way but one, found the man who had not on a wedding the way of Christ; but that if a man could be supposed to enter without the righteousa stranger in the Fast. There is a rigour ness of Christ, he could not stay there. His about befitting costume that we with our freer fellow-guests may suspect that he is not a ways and preference for simplicity can scarcely spiritual man, but it is only God who knows; understand. The want of a suitable dress and that man has no place at the supper of

LOCAL MUSEUMS.

Elibat they are, and what they might be-

many of the smaller towns in various parts which she proceeds to transfer into the of the country, more particularly in Scotland, atmosphere of the room a half-inch deposit and being specially interested in all things of dust, which, like an unbroken seal, gives antiquarian and geological, the local museum, proof and warranty that no hand of thief or where such castled, was ever the object of student has touched these treasure cases for our first concern, and alast in far too many some weeks at least. The monochrome of instances, of our greatest disappointment. Isabella colour disappears before the rough Situated in some narrow, unfrequented street, and hurried dusting of the ancient dame, but down some yard or alley, or up some rickety while the natural colours of the objects in back stair, its position is frequently difficult the room begin to make their appearance, a of access, especially to strangers, and often my of sunlight reveals III us a miniature quite unknown to many of the inhabitants sirocco, and a glance our good black who have spent all their days in the town, coat is not calculated to put us in the When found at last, by dint of patient best of humours. No sooner I the dust inquiry, the state of matters is not much nuisance evident to our eyes and throm than improved; an old woman keeps the key, and we are subjected to another infliction, this she is probably a street-length off, engaged in time on our ears, and from the old woman's gossip or shopping, and an urchin must be tongue we have now to endure the stereopaid to go in search of her. The old lady typed guide-book yarn regarding all the found, the key obtained, and the disticulty notables in the museum. Commencing of a rusty old creaking lock surmounted, we like the walk-up-ladies-and-gentlemen showare face to face with the objects of our search. man, she starts by sounding a war-gong from

URING the past five or six years we show. The guardian of the temple hurrically have had occasion to visit a good departs, returning with a dusting cloth, with Not quite so fast though, as the event will the Eatmealivo Islands, and then delivers

chicken with two heads, a model of Kilsome- scarcely worth paying a penny to see. thing Castle, an Eskemo kayak, E Japanese umbrella, the quart (!) bowl in which "Willie subjects too tedious to mention. So she proceeds I full steam, till all at once she remembers that she has forgot to put the potatoes on to boil. Thank goodness! we have now a chance of having a look at what we do want to see—the relics of bygone ages—of which there is no lack either, for a superficial glance at the dusted cases reveals a number of bone ornaments, flint arrowheads, stone battle-axes, fossils, &c., filling all the central cases, with many others stuffed away in the corners of the room. On a closer inspection, however, we find that no proper order or arrangement has been followed, everything being jumbled up without the least propriety or consideration—a " petrified whelk " being side by side with a pair of Chinese ladies' hoots and a shark's teeth necklace from the Sandwich Islands. Some excellent specimens of quartz, calcite, and selenite are grouped together as "crystal spar," and only in the cases of common shells and plants and in those containing some stuffed birds and animals are the titles either, mass of the people. scientific or correct. Fossils are indiscrimi-. nately "petrified shells," or plants or fishes, as the various sciences, the case may be; flint arrow-heads are labelled "fairy darts," and the whole place material as possible savours of a medieval taint, ignorance, and superstition, combined with apsendo-scientific aspect, like the nondescript character of an alchemist's laboratory. We have here a good collection which, if well arranged and rightly used, might do a vast amount of good, but in its present condition it and to contemplate, and with a sigh we murmur to ourselves the poet's words:-

"Oh, for the winard hand of patient skill.
To bring forth heastrons order from this pile.
Of rich but wild continues !"

Our cicerone now returns and introduces to our notice a Visitors' Book, wherein we observe that the last entry has been made just three months previous; and on inquity we are informed that there have been no visitors in the interval, and the total for the bygone year we find without much difficulty, for the number does not exceed thirty. We now inquire the charge for visitor's admission, that most of the members have an elementary and receive the answer that common but knowledge of some (one or more) of the mean subterful of extortioners, "Your sciences, by means of which, and by the aid pleasure, sir." In this nameless little town of a few standard text-books (which if not where every stranger and visitor is marked, obtainable in a local library should be pro-

a series of learned disquisitions on a Zulu we cannot afford to give less than a shilling, assegai, a piece of King Charles's oak, a although the museum in its present state is

The picture we have drawn, although its shadows may be just a little intensified, is by brewed a perk o' maut," and a variety of far too common and too true; and even more numerous are those instances in which the description corresponds not perhaps in every detail, but in some, or possibly most of its prominent features. Such, then, being the present aspect of many of the museums in our smaller towns, and the inhabitants appearing perfectly satisfied that such institutions exist without taking the least trouble, or exhibiting the least desire, make them serve some really useful end, we are confronted by the question, "Should it be so in Britain?" Nay, my friends. But the physician who probes a wound should always have a remedy at hand, and so in exposing the defects and blemishes of local museums, we have not forgotten this medical memo, for we shall now briefly indicate the means to be adopted for placing these institutions in a sound and flourishing condition.

> At the 1880 meeting of the British Association, Dr. Gunther thus summed up the

objects of museums in general:-

1st. To afford rational amusement to the

and. To assist in the elementary study of

ard. To supply the specialist with as much material as possible for original research.

And in the case of local museums we may

ath. To illustrate local inclustries and the scientific features of the district.

In starting a local museum we consider the best plan is to form a Scientific Society, whose first concern should be get a suitable room, well lighted and a good deal larger than there seems to be any actual necessity for, the importance of this step becoming evident anon. The next point should be to obtain as many objects as possible for a start, and from the commencement every member should be required **a** do his best in collecting objects whenever he has an opportunity. It is advisable to have as President some one well up in science, and there are few places indeed, of some thousands inhabitants, where such a person is not to be found. However, in default of such a head, we may assume society) most of the common objects may be named and classified without much difficulty. and to the manifest advantage of the members

thus engaged.

an excellent plan to meet together for an hour or two on certain evenings of the week, and to apportion to each member a certain division of the work for naming and arrangement. A most important thing to be noted here that every object should be neatly and correctly labelled, with a clear explanatory notice of name, locality, &c., for the value of a museum arranged on such a system is enormously enhanced thereby. Having obtained a few central glass cases and a few tables or shelves around the walls of the room, and having got the objects duly ticketed and provisionally arranged, the public may be invited to view the newly formed collection,

Thus far we have proceeded on the assumption that the town in question possesses no museum, but as there are so many places where an excellent collection stready exists, although in a state of chaos or neglect, we must now discuss the best means for putting things right in such a case. Those desirous of reform should meet together and depute some of their number to confer with the present managers, or rather mismanagers, with the view to forming a Scientific Society or Club, which should have the control of the museum. and of which the present managers will probably have to be allowed free membership.

In most cases, where these custodians possess a spark of public spirit, they will readily assent, and a Society may be immediately formed and the museum put in proper order. Here, however, with considerable accumulation of material, there may be a good deal that is rare and not so easily named or classified, but any scientific man in the neighbourhood or a professor in the nearest university, approached in a proper spirit, would at once lend any assistance in the naming of such rare specimens.

ready for the public view, the great consideration is, how are the people to be attracted thither, and induced to come not only once but often ? The problem I not very difficult solve, although in many cases failure has been experienced. In the first place the admission fee must be low, and we would recommend a fixed charge of id. to be

Having at last got things arranged and

dropped into a box at the door of the room, the charge being distinctly marked upon the box as also on a sign above the outside door, the famous old Border Burgh which lately

cured with the first subscriptions of the in a straightforward business-like fashion, with none of "Your pleasure, sir." But even this cheap admission will not be sufficient to attract people frequently; they must have more for their penny, and here we come to the most important feature of our improved museum. People as a rule (exclusive of Macaulay's merest schoolboy class of omniscient mortals) do not know very much about fossils or antiquarian relics, but in every town or neighbourhood there are always individuals who are acquainted with the old-world history of the place, its botany, geology or natural history, or all about the industries of the neighbourhood and the science involved in them. The minister, for example, knows all about the sculptured stones and the old castles, so he must be got if possible to give a simple lecture on prehistoric times, taking as his text a stone are or an old bone or bronze ornament, explaining the nature and uses of these and cognate objects in the moseum. The doctor, again, is up in the botany of the district, so he must be enlisted for an evening to tell the names and the nature of the common wild flowers, and so on with the dominic who knows the geology, and the several worthies who can discourse upon the shells, birds, beetles, butterflies, &c., of the surrounding district, the lecture in every case being illustrated by the specimens in the museum. Occasionally, it will be wise to have a stranger, but as far as possible expense should be avoided, and those in the district who are qualified and willing should always be the mainstay of the system. These lectures should be arranged for once a week throughout the winter months, and they should be preferably not exactly set discourses, but rather familiar explanatory talks with the people, who should be permitted and encouraged to put any pertinent questions to the lecturer 🔳 the close, and all such lectures should be delivered in the museum room, which ought to be large enough for this purpose; admission to lecture and museum being included in the 1d.

> By means of these lectures, the objects in the cases will be shown to have each a story of their own, and the people in their everyday employments will learn to recognise in the wayside weeds and the seaside shells, much more that deserves attention than may he apparent from a mere inspection of them inside the cases, even though duly named and classified. The scheme we have proposed is neither new nor Utopian, for we have pleasant recollections of a small museum in

object in the museum may be used as a text or illustration for an endless variety of such "talks with the people," and in the course of a few evenings these lectures, if well managed. will be found to be highly appreciated and largely attended.

Thus far we have advocated the local character of the museum, the feature which of course should have greatest prominence as best accomplishing the first-mentioned

object of museums.

But we must now touch upon object No. 2. To afford assistance to the elementary student of science, the museum must possess a typical set of specimens illustrating the various departments of science, and as this is seldom to be had in one locality, such specimens as may be wanting must be obtained by purchase or exchange, and preferably the latter. In most museums there are duplicates of many objects common in the district, and if lists of these were drawn up and published, or sent from one museum to another, an exchange might be effected, to the enrichment of each institution and the saving of a good deal of money in purchasing the necessary specimens. These typical series should be properly arranged in separate cases, and local series should in like manner be kept distinct, while the same plan should be adopted with those special collections which not univequently exist, the gift perhaps of some distinguished townsman who has lived abroad and sent home some of his gatherings in foreign lands.

These spoils from far countries and the local specimens which may be characteristic of a special district or formation, afford the material for object No. 3, the specialist's investigations; and in these two classes the member of the scientific society who has mastered the typical specimens and the subject in general will find abundant scope for the exercise of such talent as he may possess

for original research.

We have already touched upon the subject of books for reference, and here we would advise the formation of a good general library a connection with the museum, if there be not one already in the town, and Government will see the advisability of the society should likewise endeavour to lending out small typical collections from our obtain one or two good microscopes for use national treasure-house of art, South Kenin the museum. As opaque objects for the sington Museum.

had a well-deserved word of commendation microscope are extremely easy to mount and bestowed upon it by the Premier, where for more popularly interesting than scientific several years such a series of lectures has preparations, while there everywhere been given on Saturday evenings with great abundance of suitable material, a selection success. It is needless = enumerate the sab-should be mounted, and the microscopes be jects which might thus be treated of, for every made to yield some revenue by the exhibition of these objects before or after the weekly lecture at 1d, a peep for some few minutes. In this connection we may say one word in favour of astronomy, or rather star geography, and suggest the addition of a telescope to the society's instruments, for it is quite remarkable how few people are acquainted with any but the Pole star, the Plough, and perhaps Orion or the Pleiades. Hy affording penny peeps at the moon, the planets, and the stars, the public interest in the orbs of heaven might be pleasantly and profitably increased, and the present lamentable ignorance on the subject

considerably dispelled.

But we have been digressing somewhat and must return to the equipment of the museum proper, and the only point which remains to be touched upon is one included in class 4, the illustration of local industries, In the Edipburgh Industrial Museum, and that in the West End Park, Glasgow, there are some admirable illustrations of various industries. A penmaker exhibits all the stages in the manufacture of his useful goods: so do the makers of needles, pins, candles, matches, rifles, &c.; while accurate models of factories, mines, and other works afford valuable information and instruction in cases where the buildings, appliances, and machinery are of more interest than the articles produced. The same thing might be done in local museums, and where the museum is properly conducted, and well patronised by the public, local manufacturers will seldom be found unwilling to supply such series of exhibits, which then become an excellent advertisement of their goods; but where the museum door is opened only two or three times a year, of course it cannot be expected that they will present their models or patterns to be thus effectually hidden from the light of day and the public view.

We have purposely confined our remarks to things scientific, for an art gallery beyond the means of any small community; yet a corner of the local museum may not unprofitably be reserved for art exhibits, and the time is not far off, we hope, when our

usefulness of such local scientific societies. With the grown-up generation we may have a lively interest in science awakened by means of such a well-ordered museum as we have sketched, but their interest will be to a considerable extent passive, and we must turn to the coming big folks, the present little ones, for our active scientific workers, and it is only of late years that these small but important people have had their true importance recognised as it ought to be. The scientific society should therefore seek to enlist the young folks in the cause of science, and the best way to accomplish such an object is to hold an annual exhibition (admisnion rd.) of collections of flowers, shells, seasort except birds' eggs, all being of course local and of the children's own collection. Prizes should be awarded for the best collections, and here as in every other competition among children, the prizes should be numerous rather than few and valuable, that the many may be rather encouraged than disappointed. In these collections there will often he found some specimens which may be wanting in the museum; for these the society should offer a small sum if the exhibitors are willing to part with them, and on the labels attached to them the name of the finder should be added to the name and locality of the object. In fact, in every case yet appropriate recognition of their gifts.

tions are something more than a mere know- nature anto nature's God."

In conclusion we must add one or two ledge of the objects at sight; and here we see suggestions for still further extending the the importance and value of having in our schools teachers who are zealous in the cause of science, and qualified to explain to the children the nature of the various specimens they may collect for the annual exhibition. In several public schools in Aberdeenshire, we know of much good having been accomplished by the teachers encouraging the children to collect objects for a small school museum, which was housed in a spare cupboard in the school. These specimens have formed illustrations for many an interesting object-lesson alike to the infant classes and to the keener intellects of the sixth standard. and in country schools where there III no museum near, and where one could scarcely be got up, these school collections should be weed, insects, &c., in fact, everything of the encouraged both by teachers and parents, and we feel confident that in a short time the only feeling will be one of regret at not having carlier commenced so interesting and instructive a system of co-operative educa-

The somewhat comprehensive scheme we have here proposed for the furtherance of scientific education is no mere visionary one of unattainables. In one town or other throughout the country the greater portion of it has been successfully adopted, one part here, another part there, but there appears to be no reason why the whole of it should not be tried at once with quite as much success. The cause is worthy of an abler pen than it is well to add the name of the donor or ours, and we shall rejoice if these suggestions finder, for the children will point with delight lead to even one carnest effort to reform to the specimens they found, which are some long-neglected treasure house of worthy of a place there. And even grown-up science, for with scal and judgment such donors will be gratified and encouraged endeavour can but issue in success, and sucto further giving by such an inexpensive cess means the enriching of the people intellectually and morally, ay, and much more Of course the true benefits of such exhibi- than that, even leading them "up through

JOHN GRAY.

THE GOLDEN SHAFT.

BY CHARLES GIBBON, AUTHOR OF "ROBER GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," ETC.

which any serious misunderstanding between passing through the woman's mind. them would entail upon Ellie. But as he watched the changing expression of her ince. he feared that one of the obstinute moods was

coming upon her, and in that case reason HE hoped that she was also conscious of shrewd man as he was, he could but fully that fact—conscious of all the same of all th that fact-conscious of all the sorrow realise all the considerations which mere

She broke the silence with one short word uttered coldly:

« Well ? »

"Well," he rejoined in his quietest way, "I want you try and help me to avoid the misunderstanding."

"If you will be kind enough to explain what you mean, of course I shall do my best

to help you."

This was spoken with that degree of politeness which he knew to be a signal of

((chance.

"The explanation will be easy; the difficulty will be to enable you to see the consequences of your own conduct."

"When you have told me what is in your mind, Richard, perhaps I shall understand it."

There was a ring of anger in that and it pleased him, because the voice and manner were natural.

"Then that is it—your conduct in regard to Ellie is doing her much harm and does not reflect credit upon you or upon me."

At that Mrs. Musgrave pulled up again, and sitting boit upright in her chair she

asked sharply:

"Do you mean to question the propriety of my conduct? No one can say that there has ever been anything in it derogatory to

your dignity or my own."

"I am afraid that any one who understood as well as I do how you have been courting Mr. Fenwick for your daughter would think that you had sacrificed not only dignity, but self-respect."

"I cannot listen to such an accusation as this," she exclaimed, rising and moving to-

wards the door.

He did not stir from his position, but he

said firmly:

"You promised to help me to avoid misunderstanding. I hope you mean it, and if you do, you will sit down again and let us talk this matter over quietly."

How is it possible for me to talk quietly when you insult me in this way?" she said, turning, but unable to yield so far as to re-

nue her seat.

"Our position too grave to admit the frivality of insult," he replied, and his sense of humour rendered him conscious that he had uttered one of those stilted phrases in which Mrs. Musgrave delighted. "There ought not to be any insult in telling you that I do not like the way in which you are acting towards Ellie—and towards me, although that is a minor consideration."

This too ridiculous 1"

She always fell back on this cry whenever the sas unable to answer him. She made a stock movement towards the door, and was again restrained by his voice.

"You must listen to me, Euphemia, and with all the earnestness of which you are capable. If you again show that you wish to leave the room before we are done, I shall not ask you to remain. But, bear in mind, that if you do so, my daughter and I will

leave the house-and you."

This was not uttered as threats usually are: the tone was one of sadness, not passion. She felt that the chord of attachment was strained to the limit of its bearing power, and that it would snap if a fraction more weight were put upon it. She knew that, once resolved, nothing could charm him back to the old easy-going ways of their domestic life in which she had certainly been allowed to have very much of her own way, if not all of it. But the mere fact that she had so long held autocratic sway made surrender the more difficult.

And then she had visions of the terrible scandal there would be about her temper if he should really carry out his threat and leave her, taking their daughter with him. She was again dismayed, although not yet

submissive.

"Do you not think it is somewhat late to begin your lessons on the law of domestic duty?" she asked bitterly, as she sat down, arranging her skirt so that the folds might lie gracefully around her.

"The lesson has only now become necessary- and that is a compliment to us both, as you will see when you come to think over it."

"I cannot pretend to be in a humour for

compliments.

"The not be afraid that I shall offend you with too many of them. There cannot be any compliment in telling you that you have caused me as much surprise as vexation by your endeavours to force Ellie upon Fenwick. My notion is that no man can value a girl who is as it were flung to him."

"Force her upon him!—fing her to him!"
cried the mother indignantly, and yet sufficiently conscious of the truth of the reproach
to feel the sting deeply. "The man is madly

in love with her."

"I think there is only one person with whom he is madly in love—that is himself. We have nothing to do with that, however: what concerns me in that you induced him to follow you to Cannes, and now by the unlucky coincidence of your return in will appear as in you followed him home."

We obeyed your own summons, Richard: you cannot blame us for that." (She was proud of being able to score one point in this

disagrecable conversation).

promptly as you have done if he had not started before the arrival of my letter?"

She would have given a great deal to have been able to answer truthfully that she would certainly have returned the moment she received his emphatic command to do so. But as she was unable to do that, the rebellious spirit, which resents more than anything else being compelled if feel that it is in the wrong, rose again and she would have made another effort we escape from this ordeal. The consequences of such a course, however, were too deeply impressed upon her, and she retained her seat, taking refuge in a reproachful and dignified question.

"Can you doubt it?

"No," he replied emphatically, and he left her to guess what it was he did not doubt. "But let that pass. The important matter is this: Ellie is yielding to you because she does not want to vex you, although the pursuit of the man is most repugnant and distressing her. What she does not see, poor child, I do; and I believe that you will be as much vexed as myself when you see it too."

"What is it?"

"Can you not see?-Ellie by obeying you and not sending Fenwick about his business at once is supposed to be manouvring with you 🥅 catch-I believe that B the word used to catch the new M.P. who happens to be the heir of Cluden Peci."

"Who would dare to imagine such a thing

association with my daughter?"

" Folk will not only imagine it, but believe it and say it if you do not alter your course."

"How can I help Mr. Fenwick being devoted my daughter? I am proud of it and proud to think that she is in every respect

worthy of it,"

"That is very right and proper; but at the same time there is no need for your getting the reputation of being match-hunters. Why, even Miss Dinwuddie cannot help jesting at it."

Mrs. Musgrave's face became crimson, but

she spoke with lofty scorn.

"You will oblige me by not referring to Miss Dinwuddie. I have been much deceived in my estimate of her character."

"Why, I thought the was almost perfec-

tion, according we your last letter."

"I was labouring under a mistake then; now I am glad that she is going home by the afternoon train."

"Oh! . . . I dare say you have good

"Just so; but would you have obeyed as reasons for this sudden change of opinion; but I shall not inquire into them. Should there be any unpleasantness between you, however, I have no doubt that will add spice to the pleasure with which she will describe your little plans to thrust your daughter upon Fenwick."

At that the pride of the mother rose above

her discretion.

"My daughter does not require to be thrust upon any one. She has already refused Mr. Fenwick twice !

"Ah . . . and still 📦 seeks her. Poor bairs, how she must have been worried. I think you should refuse him too, Euphe-

"Me refuse him?—the man has not pro-

posed to me !"

Had the Fiscal been in his ordinary state he would have closed the interview with a sly expression of his regret that Fenwick could not do so. As it was, he proceeded

" No, he has not proposed to you, but he is only following Ellic because you encourage

him and even urge him to do so."

"I have done nothing more to encourage him than if they had both been only friends who trusted me with their confidence.

"Yes, but you know what mischief meddlesome friends always work in these matters -and meddlesome mothers work more evil

than the best of friends."

Mrs. Musgrave would have known how reply if he had been scolding her, but as he was talking to her in a calm, confidential manner, charging her with no greater offence than excess of seal, she could not maintain herself in a sarcastic state, or even in a rage, and so was 📰 a loss how to reply. But her dislike for Armour increased the more conscious she became of the weakness of her position and of the unpleasant interpretations which might be placed upon her conduct by outsiders. She took refuge again in a question.

"What is it you want me to do?" the asked helplessly.

" Nothing."

She looked at him as if he had suddenly set aside his gravity and propounded a conendrum.

"I cannot make out what you mean."

"It is sumple enough: leave Fenwick to his own devices—don't persuade him that Ellie will change her mind-don't have him for ever dawilling about here—and don't worry our bairs with your blethers abous his great position in society and his general fit-

me to be her guidman. In brief, leave them rested on the desk and his chin dropped Mone."

Here the poor mother began to detect a strategical movement to thwart her longcherished plans for her daughter's future, and she called all her cunning to her aid.

"And what will happen then?" she in-

quired with a forced smile.

"What would have happened long ago if you had not interfered—Fenwick will accept his dismissal and Ellie will regain her eyes on his chief monitor, whilst Mrs. Mus-

"You do not wish me III forbid him the

house?"

She fancied that she was leading up cleverly to a climax which would reveal to her husband that he was himself as much at fault in regard to Armour as she was-perhaps-in regard to Fenwick.

"Certainly not," was his answer.

"You do not wish me to lell him that he

is not to dine here to-morrow?"

"By all means let him come if you have asked him: but you must remember it is on condition that there shall be no more games at matchmaking."

Then came the grand climax which she

had so cunningly prepared.

She was really proud of the cleverness with which she had managed it. Smiling superciliously, Mrs. Musgrave with an air of triumph observed:

"And you, Richard-whilst compelling me to give my friend the cold shoulder-you will give Mr. Armour every opportunity to make sure of our daughter. Is that fair?"

"It would not be fair if I did it. But I have no intention of doing it. The neutrality which I ask you to observe, I shall observe. But now that we have settled about Fenwick there as some things in relation . Armour, which I must explain. When he, finding himself in difficulties, said that he was ready to give up all claim to Ellie, I thought it was a very sensible and honest action on his

The Fiscal placed and for the first time moved from his position on the hearth-rng. He went straight to his desk and rested his hand upon it if about to open the secret

drawer.

"Decidedly, a most bonourable action," said the wife, smiling, with feelings of selfgratification that she had been the inspirer of the action so praised and of chagrin that it should have obtained so much favour for the man she disliked.

the Fiscal mechanically, whilst his hand still you compel him to speak."

nearer to his breast; "a most honourable action. That is not what I was going to explain. I was going to tell you something which may startle you. I have always liked this Armour; and some time ago I found out that he was the son of a person for whom in early days I had a great liking."

There he lifted his head and fixed his grave's face grew dark. He continued :

"I am not going to tell you any romantic story of my life before I knew you. There is nothing at all in it that is not quite commonplace. . . . The girl married Armour's father. She was unhappy and died. . . . I am glad to be able to help her son. . . . That is all; and now you understand the reasons for the friendliness with which I regard Armour, you will, if you have any sespect for me, endeavour to overcome your prejudice. . . . I hope you are not much vexed."

She was neither startled nor shocked, but she was not pleased; however resolutely we may shut our eyes to the old loves of those to whom we are united, there is always a certain degree of bitterness in being reminded

that they have existed.

"I do not think that the explanation you have given of your motives for helping him are of a nature to make me think the more kindly of him," she said at length coldly.

"Perhaps I should not have told you," he rejoined, his eyes still fixed upon the white judge above the book-case; "for there is another motive and the reason of it will touch you keenly. If I do not act as a true friend to Armour I shall be a dishonoured man and you and Ellie will share in my disgrace."

At that Mrs. Musgrave sprang to her feet with a cry of dismay. It was not his words

but his manner which alarmed her.

you are saying? You a dishonoured man! -we disgraced ! . . . Oh, you are not well."

He turned towards her a face white almost as the bust on which he had been gazing.

"It is true—I am not well. I need rest and change. A few weeks hence I shall cease to be the Fiscal and then you shall have your fall of travelling, if you like. Meanwhile, make your mind ersy: I am not dishonoured and you are not disgraced. There is only one person who can bear wit-"Yes, a most honourable action," repeated ness against me, and he will be silent until

"You confuse me what does it mean-

who is that person?"

"Myself," he said with gentle gravity, keeping his eyes fixed upon her. "Will you force me to speak?"

"How can I do that if you wish to be

silent ?"

"I have no wish to be silent. I am compelled to be so by the will and for the sake of others. You only can open my lips if you persist in your interference between Ellie and her lover."

"You are trying III frighten me," she said, drawing back and her sympathy disappear-

Well, perhaps it is so. I did not mean to say so much as I have done. Try to forget it all except this: I am bound by a promise to the dead to be Armour's friend in good or M fortune, and you must not interfere between him and Ellie. Leave them to settle the affair for themselves. I will not say a word to one of them until they ask for Will you promise the same?"

"Of course it is easy enough to promise to do the same; but Mr. Fenwick comes to

me and asks for advice."

"Then advise him to go to Ellie and to take her answer us final. That is what I mean 🔳 do with the other. Is it a barus airy

"I will do as you wish-but you must explain to me all these strange things you

have been saying.

"Some day-perhaps. Some day it must be known," he said as his fingers touched the secret drawer, evidently moved by the desire to take out the statement of the incidents at Campbell's farm and to read it to

But he left the drawer unopened and went back to the hearth-rug, resuming much of

his ordinary manner as he did so.

Mrs. Musgrave had risen. She was pale, perplexed, and altogether confused as to what ought be her proper action in the singular position in which she was placed. Here was her daughter whose absurd fancy was to be allowed to have its own way, and shut her out from what would have been a most desirable alliance; and here was her husband, whose honour had been held beyond reproach, telling her that he was metaphorically the mercy of the man she now thoroughly detested. She had suffered more to treat these symptoms of ill health with unhappiness during the last year and a half formal courtesies, bilie could not. She was than she had done in the whole course of her life, and it was all due to this man Miss Dinwuddie's departure permitted her to Armour. Yet she was expected not only to do so.

be kind to him, but to accept him as her son-in-law if her daughter pleased.

"Pil try to do what you want, Richard, she said in a dazed way; "but you have frightened me. Will you let me go now?"

He took her hand and led her kindly to the door.

CHAPTER I .- A RESOLUTION.

THE shock to Mrs. Musgrave was much greater than she had shown to her husband--much greater than she was willing to admit even to herself. The idea that her husband and, through him, his family, should be under obligations a person like Armour was

more than she could bear.

Up till now she had not had any special dislike to the man, although she had never cared for him. She had received him with courteous civility when he came to Torthorl. and she had endured him whenever he had been thrust upon her elsewhere. But the had never lost sight of the fact that he belonged to a lower grade of creation than her daughter, and that he was no fitting match for her.

But she positively and unreasonably hated him now, when she learned that in spite of his bankrupt position he was the master of their respectability. It was of no consequence to her how that mastership came about. She had been told that she was not to inquire and she was obedient-because she did not want to hear the disagreeable "somethings" which the Fiscal thought had

best be kept from her.

She went straight to her room. She would not go down to lunch, excusing hersulf on the round of excessive fatigue. Miss Dinwuddie would pardon her. Miss Dinwuddie was quite willing to do so, and sent a thousand thousand good wishes and hopes that she would be quite well again after a nights rest. At the same time she regretted with much the necessity which compelled to depart without seeing one who had been so kind and good to her. . Highwer, she would be back soon, and then the would be able ... express her gratitude in person. She was, in fact, her debtor for life for the pleasures which she had provided, and for the happiness with which the memory of these pleasures would store her future life, &c., &c.

But although Miss Dinwuddie could afford anxious to see her mother and was glad when

Mrs. Musgrave was really ill this time, and she had gone bed. After a long journey the digestion is apt to be weak, and at this moment the poor lady felt as if the whole world looked on her with frowning face. Her husband had spoken with a sternness which he had never shown before: she knew that Ellie was not pleased with her, and, worst of all, there was the galling revelation to her own conscience, roused by the Fiscal's sharp words, that she had been deficient in self-respect in her eagerness to secure what she considered the best possible settlement for her daughter. She could only take refuge that haven of discontented minds—the thought that she had been greatly misundermtood

And she had been misunderstood, poor lady, although the fault was entirely her own. She had escaped the snares of passion: marriage had been to her little more than an "arrangement" made between two people for their mutual advantage. To be sure there had been a time when a certain halo of romance had gloufied the idea of binding herself to another person for life; but that period had long passed before she became Mrs. Musgrave. She had accepted the suitor who had been approved by her father, and until now she had never had any serious reason to repent.

But Armour, the bankrapt paper-maker, as she mentally dubbed him, had altered everything—altered her husband, altered her daughter, and she could not forgive him.

"Are you better now, mamma?" asked Ellie, bending ever the bed and arranging the pillow.

The mother hid her face and sobbed.

"I did not mean to be tankind, Ellie. . . . I was doing what I thought was best for you,"
"I am sure of that, mamma," was the

gentle answer.

"Bull-your father says I have been cruel and that my conduct has been quite dis-

No, no whe could not say that."

"But he did say it, and it is dreadful. I shall never get over it. Such a thing to be said of me! I always thought that I had been most careful to preserve our dignity!"

"Yes, mamma, but you know people have different notions as to what is dignity."

"Very well, I make no further protest. Marry anybody you please and take the consequences. Only don't blame me afterwards. I will have nothing more to do with it. My heart is broken and I want to rest just now."

Ellie carefully drew the coverlet up to her chin; and then, as she turned away:

"I will try to prevent any noise, mamma," she said with a suppressed sigh m she sat

down by the bedside.

Mrs. Musgrave, wearied by travel and excitement, soon went sleep; and as Ellie watched her, there came the great question which so seldom stares one directly in the face—was she to torture her mother because she wished to please the man whose only claim upon her was her own endowment?

She rose and went to a little writing-table. Paper, pen and ink were ready. Would she write? . . . Yes, and this was what she

wrote:

"Forgine me, if you can—you will do so if you think with me and if you love me. My mather suffers so much on account of my promise to you, that I am compelled to withdraw it.

"I have in some little degree a relief in saying this, as you have yourself declared that you had no wish to insist upon our engagement.

"Whatever you do, and whitever becomes of me. I shall always be interested in knowing that you are happy and successful.

" Belle."

Then with much hesitation she folded up the paper, and, finding that her mother still slept, she crept out of the room and gave it to a servant to carry to Thornichows.

By that time it was growing dark.

CHAPIRE LL .-- A GENERAL SURPRISE.

FRANCE had carried out his resolution as announced to Miss Dinwiddle in the billiard-room at Cannes: he had soen Ellie, and he had seen Mis. Musgrave.

To Ellie he said,

"I have asked for this interview, Miss Missgrave, in order that I may obtain from you a final answer to my question—do you think it worth your while to take me? You have had time enough to consider, goodness knows. I don't want to bother you, but I believe that we could get on together very well, and I know that you would make me very happy. I understand that you are quite at liberty to decide for yourself; and so, you see, I am not going to beat about the bush. I sak you once for all, is there any hope that you will change your mind regarding me?"

There was a great deal of petulance and no degree of dignity in the manner III which he expressed this blunt question. But Ellie pardoned the manner on account of the opportunity II afforded her to dispose of his unappreciated attentions. Indeed, she had

never liked Mr. Fenwick so much as she did expect her to change it. I don't mean to at that moment. He had spoken frankly, if somewhat discourteously.

"Do you remember our interview at Tor-

thotl?" she asked.

"Yes, and your reply."

"Then I have migive you the same reply now. I am sorry, Mr. Fenwick-very sorry -that you force me to repeat this answer. You can have no idea how much you distress me, or I am sure you would not do it."

He drew breath, fumbled with his bat, and walked to the window sulkily. He looked out at the window, and saw nothing. The eich sloping gardens, the pretty villas, the clear blue sky were invisible to his imitated senses. He was obliged to own that for once he had miscalculated his own powers and misjudged a woman. It was not an agreeable admission, and he swallowed it with more difficulty than III would have done a dose of castor oil.

"Yery well, Muss Musgrave," he said, turning to her again; "this is the last time I shall trouble you. When we were speaking about this matter at Torthorl I thought you might change your mind. I see that you cannot. Of course, you will forgive my obstinacy when you know that I have never before urged this question so earnestly. Pardon whatever annoyance I have given you, and, believe me, I shall always be your friend if I may not be your lover."

He bowed and quitted the room, feeling that he had been very much ill-used. He was in fact in a passion when he went to Mrs. Musgrave, and although he managed to control his temper as far as to speak with superficial civility, is could not help some display of the chagrin with which he had

received his final dismissal.

"I have come III say good-bye, Mrs. Musgrave," he said coldly. "It's all nonsense for me atay here any longer. There proposed to me, and I have saidis a mistake somewhere. Your daughter has made up her mind, and-the fact is I feel very much like a fool."

Mrs. Musgrave was very sorry to see him so much agitated, although even she was aware that his agitation was due wounded vanity rather than to the despair of a

"You must make allowances for her, Mr. Fenwick. She does not quite know her own

mind yet."

"Possibly not; but I know mine," he returned with severe politeness. "She knows was possible; but you see it is always the her own mind sufficiently well with give me the least expected thing that occurs. I told you feeling that would be waste of time to that he was worrying Rlie, and that I be-B. XXIII-57

"Now, now, my dear Mr. Fenwick, you are going to act very impetuously. If you care about her as I think you do, you will give her time to get over the disappointment she has experienced. I won't allow you to decide in this off-hand way. You must wait a little."

Fenwick took out his watch and looked at

the time.

" I don't think it I worth while bothering any more; and from what she has said to me, I believe that it would be a mistake to accept her yes now even if she gave it. I am going by the four-o'clock train."

Mrs. Musgrave would not believe that he

was in carnest,

"You have just got into some allly quarrel," she said, smiling pleasantly. "You are not to take the afternoon train, and you are not to go away until you have made it all up."

"I am going by the four-o'clock train,"

repeated Fenwick.

"Do not be ridiculous-If you can help it. You will do nothing of the kind if you have any regard for me.

"I have a great deal of regard for you, Mrs. Musgrave; but I have some also for

myself. Good-bye."

She saw that he was in a passion and made no further attempt to delay him, feeling sure that he would return in the evening. he did not return, and contrary to all her experience of his character, he did take the four-o'clock train.

Previous to that, honover, he had met him Dinwuddie; and this was what she wrote in hot haste an horogener;

"Shut your manile, and open your eyes and all your estewithere never was such fun! What do you think? -- Mr. Fenwick has

"Would you like very much to know what I said? I am not yet quite sure whether it is all a joke or a death, or some densities of that sort. But there is the day, he said, "Will you marry uso?" And I said, 'Yes.

sir, if you please. "I don't know how it came about, and

he has started for home, so that I have no opportunity of reassuring myself; but as near as I can make out I'll write down what he

said and what I said.

"I really never thought that such a thing

lieved he didn't care a bit about her; and fearfully indignant with me. But you can't certainly she didn't care about him. But Mrs. Musgrave held him fast and urged him on. Then after that chat we had in the billiard-room, he was really determined to square matters.

"To-day he did it. He saw Ellie; then he saw her mother and then he came to me. I was in the billiard-room making believe to

have a game by myself.

"'Oh, I am so glad to see you, mys I,
for I have just made such a lovely shot. I am quite sure you would have been proud of

your pupil.'
"I can't stay to talk to you about shots," be said as sulky m possible. "I want to get

away from this insufferable place.'

" Why, what is the matter, Mr. Fenwick?" · was my exclamation as I dropped the cue on the table. 'Are you not well-you are look-

ing very pale.

"I don't know whether I am looking pale or not; but I have just discovered that I have been made a fool of—and I don't You won't make a fool of me, will **700 ?** '

"He said that so piteously that I really could not resent the way in which, whilst he held my hand, he drew me close to him-

just for sympathy of course.

"I could not belo feeling interested. You must keep in spind that the mother has all along led him to believe that Eilie would change her mind and accept him. (I don't think they would have four together at all. However, we have the need to consider that now.)

"I do not know I mid to him; but he Ar best somebody who capalla. L desdiyou can unders: poor fellow w if he was do Cost datation Despiremental sion is that he P 1 that he was moved In some way that be prothat we cannot up posed to her because not help him-

"'Will you take pity - Will yest take me for better or wome ?e it will be the worse, but we need not saind about that

What could I say to each an appeal? "There was only one answer and that

or Yes!

"And so I have accepted him, and so we are going to be married. It will be an awful surprise for Mrs. Musgrave, and she will be

help these sort of things and we must make the best of it.

"In any case I think Hugh and I will get on together. I am quite sure that he and

Ellie never would have done so.

"Now you are not to blame me, I have done what I believe to be a kindly action and before two months have passed Ellie herself will thank me.

Yours, &c.,
"C. D."

Armour had been waiting so long for some sign that she remembered him that the sight of her handwriting was like a glimpse of sunshine in a day of cloud. He tore open the envelope—the sunshine disappeared and the clouds gathered round him, wrapping him up so close that he could not move for a little while.

Then came the burning passion of the man--the indignation, the disbelief, the madness and bitterness of feeling that he had been mistaken in this woman in whom he had recognised all that was lovely, all that was

Of course he had said to himself that if she should change her mind he would not

But now?--

The change had come and where were all the promises of self-samifice he had given to 416

Where now the noble pride which taught him to my ... " If she cares more for another than for me, she could not have been happy with me, and that would have made me miserable? I ought to be grateful-most crateful to her for having the courage to tell me before was too late that she had milite a mistake. Had I discovered afterwards that the only held to her word because she had given it and not because her heart was with it what agony we must both have ruffered !

Mucht I not have been seized with the passion which destroyed my father and cursed the woman I loved? . . . I shall tell her that I thank her. I shall wish her with all my heart the happiness which I would have

striven so hard to give her.

But he could not do that. The most he could do was to be silent and try with all his might to stifle the bitterness within him.

And the days passed and he was allent.

Will make no sign? Did he care so little for her-did he think that she cared so little for him that it was not necessary to send one parting word? How cruel he must be-how thoughtless-how without faith he must be! She would never have believed that he could read those icy words and not desire to say something which might take the chill off them. But men are so different from women! They feel nothing: -Women feel everything !

He did not know what to say to himself. he did not know what to say . Grannie. He knew that she was fretting and he knew the cause. But in the bright sanahine of the summer day he passed out from his room into the garden, and there was Grannie seated in her easy chair, and Elhe kneeling, hands clasping hers.

When he appeared, she sprang to her feet

in confusion.

"I came to speak to Grannie," she said bashfully.

He put his arms round her and drew her

close him.

"You came to speak to me, Ellis-we shall be happy."

She nestled her head upon his beeast with

smiling confidence in his prediction.

"I thought we were never to speak together again, Grannie—do you know what's going on? The princess and the lamp are found again."

"Ou, sy, I ken fine," said Grannie gently, "and I'm rael proud. The Lord is sye guid

to us when we are guid to occreis."

They were happy and the Fiscal should have had nothing more to trouble kim. But oh, that terrible "But" which comes like ed demon "If" into every his—but tentence followed him and conscissoes told thirty years, and the payin' for mair nor that he was doing wrong—wrong to his awa' from ma. The program to let you gang m that he was doing wrong—wrong to his awa' from ma. The program to let you gang to child—wrong to the man who was to ake her his wife.

Should he do this? He a just man in all joying the joke, att down with every appearance of the unmost humality. -oh, that terrible "But" which comes like the demon "If" into every life-but conscience followed him and conscience told him that he was doing wrong-wrong to his own child-wrong to the man who was to make her his wife.

ways - should he become by deliberate

thought a criminal?

If he remained silent they would be happy. If the spoke they would be misemble. Silence or speech then was his course.

He me only a man and he decided upon

silence.

walked about knowing that his agony made others happy and he was silent.

As he passed down the road, riding very alowly, there were the trees making curious shadows across the path; then low down lay the river, glistening in the afternoon sunlight. Before him lay the shadow, and he was going straight into it. Behind him, up on the hill, was the sunlight, and he was passing away from it.

Up the steep hill came a merry ploughboy, whistling at intervals whilst he looked the glad sunlight right in the face, and he passed the man, old in his sorrow, whose head was bowed towards his horse's neck, but whose eyes saw him as he passed.

The boy said to himself:

"Eh, man, but I wish I had your horse."

The man said:

"Eh, my laddie, what life's 📕 you 🕻 What would I give to have your step and your Can I ever find it again? faith, No. The life lies far back that was mine. You, my lad, are walking up into the sunlight, I am walking into the shadow. . But they are happy. I am glad. . . Suffer what I may—thank God."

The minister had a great discussion with Matthey, and this time they were very near quarrelling in earnest. What the minister said was :

"Look here, Matthewed you will not behave yourself I am going to marry Granme Armour. Then there will be none of your допления вром фиропе."

Matthey, drew himself up, and with what can poly be described as a dignifiedly con-

pasons movement of his hand :

"You've both myn', for ever so many years that you were gath, so get married. I disna believe you and what's mair, I'll no

"I'm ready for the samon noos Mat-

Ah-and I dauraay you're thinkin' about next Sabbath. Well maybe it'll be of use to you. What I was gaun to say is just this -do you no ken that you have been inter-But the great gloom hung over him. He fering with Mr. Fenwick, and he was a great friend o' yours, and he and all the Fenwicks of Cluden Peel will be doon upon you. They would never forgive you. Weel,"—(here Matthey possis himself lecturing his master, with foreinger raised towards his nose—a movement very common with the minister, and which Matthey had caught) "do you see what it means is me? I'm just gaun is thrown out o' a comfortable place that Mr. Fenwick meant to gie me."

"And what was that, Matthey?"

"Weel, you're no to be angry, but he said to me that if he married Miss Musgrave I was to ha'e the Hame farm."

"And you would leave me?" cried the

minister.

Matthey's brows contracted, and there was a peculiar movement of the muscles of the checks as if the man were trying to sup-

press some laughter.

"Just that. Did you no say that you were gain to marry Grannie Armour, and do you think it would be possible for me to bide here if you brought a mistress into the house? I just wouldna do it, and if you're thinking about taking a wife there's no reason whatever that I shouldna be thinkin' o' taking a place mysel'. Noo, what do you say?"

The minister oprang up from his seat and placed his hands on Matthey's

shoulders.

"I'm going to write a letter, Matthey, and I'll show it to you when it's done. Stay with me."

Matthey obediently arranged things in the room and waited until in master anished the letter.

This was what the minister wrote:

"MY DEAR ARNOUR.-

"I have just been having a discussion with Matthey, who objects very strongly to my getting married, and if it had not been for his objection it was my intention to ask Grannie to come away and be the mistress of the Manse, simply that you might come home at a clear house.

"However, as that cannot be, and as I have been down in see Grannie, we must just be content to in on as we have been doing all along. Grannie in very happy and much pleased to know that you are happy too.

"For myself I am content to think of you in your great joy with feelings of smeere pleasure; and I believe that all the sins of your forbeam are atoned for by the honour of

your own lue.

"Stick to that—be clean wyourself, and all will be well. I suppose you will think that's a bit from a sermon, but with itm's a bit from a sermon, but in't—it's what I'm really feeling and thinking. I have watched your course from boyhood on through manbood, and when I die I should like to say, as you may do, "I have wronged no man our woman either."

"(Matthey says that that's me speaking to him. Never you head, it's common sense.)

"Tawtie Pate and Gow, the smith, have made up their minds to have a bonfire when you come back, and it's my opinion they'll burn the mill, on account of its unluckness. However that may be, I am your sincere and good friend,

"PATRICK MOPPAT."

And so-good-bye.





Limitaface

IN THE HEROIDES OF PLEMENSON

CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR & WHEN IT COMES IT BRINGS

CHAPTER 1 .- THE TWO SIRLS.

the little town of Plumplington last year, just about this time of the year,—it was in November,—the whom those who knew him used m declare ladies and gentlemen forming the Plump- that it would be found very difficult to turn lington Society were much exercised as him from his purpose. I might not be elderly gentlemen, well known and greatly question that he should give his girl and his respected in Plumplington. All the world money to such a man as Philip Hughes.

may not know that Plumplington is the second town in Barsetshire, and though it sends no member to Parliament, an does Silverlaidge, it has a population wover 20,000 souls, and three separate sanks. Of one of these Mr. Greenmantle in the manager, and is reputed to have shares in the bank. At any rate he known to be a warm man. His daughter Emily is tupposed to be the heiress of all he possesses, and has been regarded as a fitting match by many of the sons of the country gentlemen around. It was rumoured a short time since that young Harry Gresham was likely to ask her hand in marriage, and Mr. Greenmantle was supposed at the time to have been very willing to entertain the idea. Whether Mr. Gresham has ever asked or not, Emily Greenmantle did not incline her ear that way, and I came out while the affair was being discussed in Plumplington circles that the young lady much preferred one Mr. Philip Hughes, Now Philip Hughes was a very promising tung man, but was at the time no more than a cashier in her father's bank. It became known at once that Mr. Greenmantle

Mr. Breckmantle was a was very angry. man who carried himself with a dignified and handsome demeanour, but he was one of the affairs of two young ladies. They possible that he should succeed with Harry were both the only daughters of two Gresham, but it was considered out of the

stood nearly equal in the good graces of old heard the news was Mr. Peppercorn, as Mr. Greenmantle was a good churchman; beyond his grandfather; but Dr. Freeborn also to be one quite able to keep a lover in could talk glibly of his ancestors in the time his place. of Charles I. And it certainly was the fact that Dr. Freeborn would speak of the two young ladies in one and the same breath.

New Mr. Hickory Peppercorn was in truth nearly warm a man as his neighbour, and he was one who was specially proud of being warm. He was a foreman,-or rather more than foreman,—a kind of top sawyer in the brewery establishment of Messrs. Du Boung and Co., a firm which has an establishment also in the town of Silverbridge. His position in the world may be described by declaring that he always wears a darkcoloured tweed cost and trousers, and a chimney-pot hat. Il is almost impossible to say too much that is good of Mr. Peppercorn. His one great fault has been already designated. He was and still is very fond of his. Peppercorn. money. He does not talk much about it; but it is to be feared that it dwells too constantly on his mind. As a servant to the firm he honesty and constancy itself. He is a man of such a nature that by means of hill very presence all the partners can be allowed go to bed if they wish it. And there is not a man in the establishment who does not know him to be good and true. He understands all the systems of brewing, and his very existence in the brewery is a proof that Meaurs. Du Boung and Co. are

He has one daughter, Polly, whom he so thoroughly devoted that all the other

The other of these elderly gentlemen is girls in Phamplington eavy her. If anything Mr. Hickory Peppercorn. ■ cannot be said is to be done Polly is asked to go ■ her that Mr. Hickory Peppercoin had ever been father, and if Polly does go me her father the put on a par with Mr. Greenmantle. No one thing is done. As far as money is concould suppose that Mr. Peppercom had ever cerned it is not known that Mr. Peppercorn sat down to dinner in company with Mr. ever refused Polly anything. It is the pride and Miss Greenmantle. Neither did Mr. or of his heart that Polly shall be, at any rate, Miss Peppercorn expect to be asked on the as well dressed as Emily Greenmantle. In festive occasion of one of Mr. Greenmantle's truth nearly double as much in spent on her dinners. But Miss Peppercorn was not un-clothes, all of which Polly accepts without a frequently made welcome - Miss Green- word to show her pride. Her father does mantle's five o'clock tea-table; and in many not say much, but now and again a sigh does of the affairs of the town the two young escape him. Then I came out, as a blow to ladies were seen associated together. They Pinmplington, that Polly too had a lover. were both very active in the schools, and And the last person in Plumplington who Dr. Freeborn. There was, perhaps, a little seemed from his demeanour, when he first jeslousy on this account in the bosom of heard the tidings, that he had not expected Mr. Greenmantle, who was pervaded perhaps that any such accident would ever happen. by an idea that Dr. Freeborn thought too And yet Polly Pepperco'n was a very pretty, much of himself. There never was a quarrel, bright girl of one-and-twenty of whom the wonder was,-if it was true,-that she had but there was a jealousy. Mr. Greenmantie's never already had a lover. She looked to family sank into insignificance if you looked be the very girl for lovers, and she looked

Emily Greenmantle's lover was a twomonths old story when Poliy's lover became known to the public. There was a young man in Barchester who came over on Thursdays dealing with Mr. Peppercorn for malt. He was a fine stalwart young fellow, six-feetone, with bright eyes and very light hair and whiskers, with a pair of shoulders which would think nothing of a tack of wheat, a hot temper, and a thoroughly good heart. was known to all Plumplington that he had not a shilling in the world, and that he carned forty shillings a week from Messrs. Mealing's catablishment at Barchester. Men said of him that he was likely to do well in the world, but nobody thought that he would have the impudence to make up to Polly

But all the girls saw it and many of the old women, and some even of the men. And at hast Polly told him that if he had anything to say to her must any it her father. "And you mean to have him, then?" said Bessy Rolt in surprise. Her lover was by at the moment, though not exactly within hearing of Bessy's question. But Polly when she was alone with Bessy spoke up her mind freely. "Of course I mean to have him, if he pleases. What else? You don't suppose I would mon with a young man like that and mean nothing. I hate such ways."
"But what will your father say?"

"Why shouldn't he like it? I heard papa

say that he had but 7a. 6d. a week when he first came to Du Boungs. He got poor reference to a change in her dress. All her mamma to marry him, and he never was a good-looking man."

But Polly performed her greatest stroke in reference to a change in her dress. All her new silks, that had been the pride of her father's heart, were made to give way to old

"But he had made some money."

"Jack has made no money as yet, but he a good-looking fellow. So they're quits. I believe that father would do anything for me, and when he knows that I mean it he

won't let me break my heart."

But a week after that a change had come over the scene. Jack had gone to Mr. Hickory Peppercorn, and Mr. Peppercorn had given him a rough word or two. Jack had not borne the rough word well, and old Hickory as he was called, had said in his wrath, "Impudent cub! you've got nothing. Do you know what my girl will have?"

" I've never asked."

"You knew she was to have something."

"I know nothing about it. I'm ready to take the rough and the smooth together. I'll marry the young lady and wait till you give her something." Hickory couldn't turn him out on the spur of the moment because there was business to be done, but warned him not to go into his private house. "If you speak another word to Polly, old as I am, I'll measure you across the back with my stick." But Polly, who knew her father's temper, took care to keep out of her father's aight on that occasion.

Polly after that began the battle in a fushion that had been invented by herself. No one heard the words that were spoken between her and her father,—her father who had so idolised her; but it appeared to the people of l'lumplington that Polly was holding her own. No disrespect was shown to her father, not a word was heard from her mouth that was not affectionate or at least decorous. But she took upon herself at once a certain lowering of her own social standing. She never drank tea with Emily Greenmantle, or accorted her in the street with her old friendly manner. She was terribly humble Dr. Freeborn, who however would not acknowledge her humility on any account, "What's come over you?" said the Doctor. "Let me have none of your stage plays or I shall take you and shake you."

"You can shake me if you like it, Dr. Freeborn," said Polly, "but I know who I

am and what my position is."

"You are a determined young puss," said the Doctor, "but I am not going to help you in opposing your own father." Polly said not a word further, but looked very demure as the Doctor took his departure.

But Polly performed her greatest stroke in new silks, that had been the pride of her father's heart, were made to give way to old stuff gowns. People wondered where the old gowns, which had not been seen for years, had been slowed away. It was the same on Sundays as on Mondays and Tuesdays. But the due gradation was kept between Sundays and week-days. She was quite well enough dressed for a brewer's foreman's daughter on one day as on the other, but neither on one day or on the other was she at all the Polly Peppercorn that Plumplington had known for the last couple of years. And there was not a word said about it. But all Plumplington knew that Polly was fitting herself, as regarded her outside garniture, to be the wife 🔳 Jack Hollycombe with 40s, a week. And all Plumplington said that she would carry her purpose, and that Hickory Peppercorn would break down under stress of the artillery brought to bear against him. He could not put out her clothes for her, or force her into wearing them as her mother might have done, had her mother been living. He could only tear his hair and greet, and swear to himself that under no such artillery as this would he give way. His girl should never marry Jack Hollycombe. He thought he knew his girl well enough to be sure that she would not marry without his consent. She might make him very unhappy by wearing dowdy clothes, but she would not quite break his heart. the meantime Polly took care that her father should have no opportunity of measuring Tack's back.

With the affairs of Miss Greenmantle much more ceremony was observed, though I doubt whether there was more earnestness felt in the matter. Mr. Peppercorn was very much in earnest, as was Polly,—and Jack Hollycombe. But Peppercorn talked about it publicly, and Polly showed her purpose, and Jack exhibited the triumphant lover to all eyes. Mr. Greenmantle was silent as death in respect to the great trouble that had come upon him. He had spoken to no one on the subject except to the peccant lover, and just a word or two old Dr. Freeborn. There was no trouble in the town that did not reach Dr. Freeborn's ears; and Mr. Greenmantle, in spite of his little jealousy, was no exception. To the Doctor had said a word or two as to Emily's bad behaviour. But in the stiffness of his back, and the length of his face, and the continual frown which was gathered on his brows, he was eloquent to

all the town. Peppercorn had no powers of looking as looked. The gloom of the bank was awful. I was felt be so by the two junior clerks, who hardly knew whether to hate or to pity most Mr. Philip Hughes. And if Mr. Greenmantle's demeanour was hard I bear down below, within the bank, what must it have been up-stairs in the family sitting-room? was now, at this time, about the middle of November; and with Emily everything had been black and clouded for the last two months past. Polly's misfortune had only begun about the first of November. The two young ladies had had their own ideas about their own young men from nearly the same date. Philip Hughes and Jack Hollycombe had pushed themselves into prominence about the same time. But Emily's trouble had declared itself six weeks father. The first scene which took place with Emily and Mr. Greenmantle, after young Hughos had declared himself, was very im-

pressive. "What is this, Emily?"
"What is what, papa?" A poor girl when
she is thus cross-questioned hardly knows

what may.

"One of the young men in the bank has been to me." There was in this a great slur intended. It was acknowledged by all Plumplington that Mr. Hughes was the cashier, and was hardly more fairly designated as one of the young men than would have been Mr. Greenmantle himself, unless in

regard to age.

Philip, I suppose," said Emily. Now Mr. Greenmantle had certainly led the way into this difficulty himself. He had been allured by some modesty in the young man's demeanour,-or more probably by something pleasant in his manner which had struck Emily also,—to call him Philip. He had, as it were, shown a parental regard for him, and those who had best known Mr. Greenmantle had been sure that he would not forget his manifest good intentions towards the young man. As coming from Mr. Greenmantle the use of the christian name had been made. But certainly he had not intended that it should be taken up in this manner. There had been an ingratitude in it, which Mr. Greenmantle had felt very keenly.

"I would rather that you should call the

"I thought you called him Philip, papa." "I shall never do so again,—never. What does take three generations to make a 'gen-is this that he has said to me? Can it be tleman." For Mrs. Freeborn's ancestors true?"

"I suppose it li true, papa."

"You mean that you want to marry him?"

" Yes, papa."

"Goodness gracious me!" After this Emily remained silent for a while. "Can you have realised the fact that the young man has nothing; literally nothing!" What is a young lady to say when she ill thus appealed to? She knew that though the young man had nothing, she would have a considerable portion of her own. She was her father's only child. She had not "cared for " young Gresham, whereas she had "cared for "young Hughes. What would be all the world to her if she must marry a man she did not care for? That, she was resolved, she would not do. But what would all the world be to her if she were not allowed marry the man she did love? And what good would before Polly had sent her young man to her it be to her to be the only daughter of a rich man if she were to be baulked in this manner? She had thought it all over, assuming to herself perhaps greater privileges than she was entitled to expect.

But Emily Greenmantle was somewhat differently circumstanced from Polly Pep-percorn. Emily was afraid of her father's sternness, whereas Polly was not in the least afraid of her governor, me she was wont to call him. Old Hickory was, in a goodhumoured way, afraid of Polly. I'olly could order the things, in and about the house, very much after her own fashion. To tell the truth Polly had but slight fear but that she would have her own way, and when she laid by her best silks she did not do it as a person does bid farewell to those treasures which are not to be seen again. They could be made to do very well for the future Mrs. Hollycombe. At any rate, like a Marlborough or a Wellington, she went into the battle thinking of victory and not of defeat. But Wellington was a long time before he had heaten the French, and Polly thought that there might be some trouble also for her. With Emily there was no prospect of ultimate

victory. Mr. Greenmantle was a very stern man, who could look at his daughter as though he never meant to give way. And, without saying a word, he could make all Plumplington understand that such was to be the case. "Poor Emmy," said the old Doctor to his young man Mr. Hughes in anything that you old wife; "I'm afraid there's a bad time may have m say about him." coming for her." "He's a nasty cross old man," said the old woman. "It always

had come from the time of James I.

other," said Mr. Greenmantle, standing up with his back to the fireplace, and looking as though he were all poker from the top of " You his head to the heels of his boots. cannot marry Mr. Philip Hughes." Emily said nothing but turned her eyes down upon the ground. "I don't suppose he thinks of doing so without money."

"He has never thought about money at

"Then what are you to live upon? Can you tell me that? He has Loso from the bank. Can you live upon that? Can you bring up a family?" Emily blushed as she still looked upon the ground. "I tell you fairly that he shall never have the spending of m money. If you mean to desert me in my old age,—go."

" Papa, you shouldn't say that.

"You shouldn't think it." Then Mr. Greenmantle looked as though he had uttered a clenching argument. 4 You shouldn't think it. Now go away, Emily, and turn in your mind what I have said to you."

CHAPTER IL-"DOWN I SHALL GO."

THEN there came about a conversation between the two young ladies which was itself very interesting. They had not met each other for about a fortnight when Emily Greenmantle came to Mr. Peppercorn's house. She had been thoroughly unhappy, and among her causes for sorrow had been the severance which seemed to have taken place between her and her friend. She had discussed all her troubles with Dr. Freeborn, and Dr. Freeborn had advised her to see Polly. "Here's Christmas-time coming on and you are all going to quarrel among yourselves. I won't have any such nonsense. Go and see her.'

"It's not me, Dr. Freeborn," said Emily. "I don't want to quarrel with anybody; and there is nobody I like better than Polly." Thereupon Emily went to Mr. Peppercom's house when Peppercorn would be certainly at the brewery, and there she found Polly at

Polly was dressed very plainly.

was manifest to all eyes that the Polly Peppercorn of to-day was not the same Polly Peppercorn that had been seen about Plumplington for the last twelve months. It was equally manifest that Polly intended that everybody should see the difference. She had not meekly put on her power dress so that people should see that she was no more than her father's child; but it was done the country selling mailt isn't a gentleman,

"You and I had better understand each with some ostentation. "If father says that Jack and I are not to have his money I must begin to reduce myself by times." That was what Polly intended to say to all Plumplington. She was sure that her father would have to give way under such shots as she could fire at him.

"Polly, I have not seen you, oh, for such

a long time."

Polly did not look like quarrelling at all. Nothing could be more pleasant than the tone of her voice. But yet there was something in her mode or address which at once excited Emily Greenmantle's attention. bidding her visitor welcome she called her Miss Greenmantle. Now on that matter there had been some little trouble heretofore. in which the banker's daughter had succeeded in getting the better of the banker, suggested that Miss Peppercorn was safer than Polly; but Emily had replied that Polly was a nice dear girl, very much in Dr. Freeborn's good favours, and in point of fact that Dr. Freeborn wouldn't allow it. Mr. Greenmantle had frowned, but had felt himself unable to stand against Dr. Freeborn in such a matter. "What's the meaning of the Miss Greenmantle?" said Emily sorrowfully.

" It's what I'm come to," said Polly, without any show of sorrow, "and it's what I mean to stick to as being my proper place. You have heard all about Jack Hollycombe. I suppose I ought to call him John as I'm

speaking to you,"

"I don't see what difference it will make." "Not much in the long run; but yet it will make a difference. It isn't that I should not like to be just the same to you as I have been, but father means to put me down in the world, and I don't mean to quarrel with him about that. Down I shall go.

"And therefore I'm to 📉 called Miss

Greenmantle."

"Exactly. Perhaps it ought to have been always so as I'm so poorly minded as to go back to such a one as Jack Hollycombe. Of course II is going back. Of course Jack is as good as father was at his age. But father has put himself up since that and has put me up. I'm such poor stuff that I wouldn't stay up. A girl has to begin where her husband begins; and as I mean to be Jack's wife I have to fit myself for the place,"

"I suppose it's the same with me, Polly." "Not quite. You're a lady bred and born, and Mr. Hughes is a gentleman. Father tells me that a man who goes about I suppose father in right. But Jack is a good enough gentleman to my thinking. If he had a share of father's money he would

break out in quite a new place."

"Mr. Peppercorn won't give it to him?" "Well! That's what I don't know. I do think the governor loves me. He is the best fellow anywhere for downright kindness. I mean to try him. And if he won't help me I shall go down as I say. You may be sure of this,-that J shall not give up Jack."

"You wouldn't many him against your

father's wishes?"

Here Polly wasn't quite ready with her "I don't know that father has a right m destroy all my happiness," she said at last. "I shall wait a long time first at any rate. Then if I find that Jack can remain constant,-I don't know what I shall

"What does he say?"

"Jack? He's all sugar and promises. They always are for a time. It takes a deal of learning to know whether a young man can be true. There is not above one in twenty that do come out true when they are tried.

"I suppose not," said Emily sorrowfully.

"I shall tell Mr. Jack that he's got to go through the ordeal. Of course he wants me to say that I'll marry him right off the reel and that he'll earn money enough for both of us. I told him only this morning-

" Did you see him?"

"I wrote him, -out quite plainly. And I told him that there were other people had hearts in their bodies besides him and me. I'm not going to break father's heart,-not if I can help it. It would wery hard with him if I were to walk out of this house and marry Jack Hollycombe, quite plain like."

"I would never do it," said Emily with

"You are a little different from me, Miss Greenmantle. I suppose my mother didn't think much about such things, and as long as she got herself married decent, didn't trouble herself much what her people said,"

"Didn't she?"

"I fancy not. Those sort of cares and bothers always come with money. Look at the two girls in this house. I take it they only act just like their mothers, and if they're good girls, which they are, they get their mothers' consent. But the marriage goes on as a matter of course. It's where money is wanted that parents become stern and their of mutton wouldn't be very common with children become dutiful. I mean to be us, unless father comes round."

dutiful for a time. But I'd rather have Jack than father's money."

"Dr. Freeborn says that you and I are not to quarrel. I am sure I don't see why we

should."

"What Dr. Freeborn says wery well." was thus that Polly carried on the conversation after thinking over the matter for a moment or two. "Dr. Freeborn III a great man in Plumplington, and has his own way in everything. I'm not saying a word against Dr. Freeborn, and goodness knows I don't want to quarrel with you, Miss Greenmantle,"

"I hope not."

"But I do mean to go down if father makes me, and if Jack proves himself a true man."

"I suppose he'll do that," said Miss Greenmantle. "Of course you think he

"Well, upon the whole I do," said Polly. "And though I think father will have to give up, he won't do it just at present, and I shall have to remain just as I am for a time."

"And wear—" Miss Greenmantle had intended to inquire whether it was Polly's purpose to go about in her second-rate clothes, but had hesitated, not quite liking

to ask the question.

" Just that," said Polly. "I mean to wear such clothes = shall be suitable for Jack's wife. And I mean 🔳 give up all my airs. I've been thinking a deal about it, and they're wrong. Your pape and my father are not the same."

"They are not the same, of course," said

Emily.

"One is a gentleman, and the other isn't. That's the long and the short of it. I oughtn't to have gone to your house drinking tea and the rest of it; and I oughtn't to have called you Emily. That's the long and the short you Emily. of that," said she, repeating herself.

"Dr. Freeborn thinks-

"Dr. Freeborn mustn't quite have 🛮 all his own way. Of course Dr. Freeborn is everything in Plumplington; and when I'm lack's wife I'll do what he tells me again."

"I suppose you'll do what Jack tells you

then."

"Well, yes; not exactly. If Jack were to tell me not to go to church,-which he won't,-I shouldn't do what he told me. If he said he'd like to have a leg of mutton boiled, I should boil it. Only legs

difference between you and me."

"It will have to do so," said Polly with perfect self-assurance. "Father has told me that doesn't mean to find money to buy legs of mutton for Jack Hollycombe. Those were his very words. I'm determined I'll 'never ask him. And he said III wasn't going to find clothes for Jack Hollycombe's brais. I'll never go to him to find a pair of shoes for Jack Hollycombe or one of his brats. I've told Jack as much, and Jack mays that I'm right. But there's no knowing what's inside a young man till you've tried him. Jack may fall off, and if so there's an end of him. I shall come round in time, and wear my fine clothes again when I settle down as an old maid. But father will never make me wear them, and I shall never call you anything but Miss Greenmantle, unless he consents to my marrying Jack."

Such was the eloquence of Polly Peppercorn as spoken on that occasion. And she certainly did fill Miss Greenmentle's mind with a strong idea of her persistency. When Polly's last speech was finished the banker's daughter got up, and kissed her friend, and took her leave. "You shouldn't do that," said Polly with a smile. But on this one occasion she returned the caress; and then Miss Greenmantle went her way thinking

over all that had been said to her.

"I'll do it too, let him persuade me ever so." This was Polly's solitoquy to herself when she was left alone, and the "him" spoken of on this occasion was her father, She had made up her own mind as to the line of action she would follow, and she was quite resolved never again mask her father's permission for her marriage. Her father and Jack might fight that out among themselves, as best they could. There had already been one scene on the subject between herself and her father in which the brewer's foreman had acted the part of stern parent with considerable violence. He had not beaten his girl, nor used bad words to her, nor, - tell the truth, had he threatened her with any deprivation of those luxuries to which she had become accustomed; but he had sworn by all the oaths which which where by heart that if she chose to marry Jack Hollycombe she should go "bare m a tinker's brat." "I don't never care for Harry Gresham, and she did "He'll want something else though," Peppercorn had replied, and had bounced out of about in the country that marry Gresham the room and banged the door.

was perhaps something | the lugulations been closeted together. She did not care to

"I don't see why all that should make a tendencies which her father exhibited, walked away home from Mr. Peppercorn's house with a sad heart. She was very sorry for Polly Peppercorn's grief, and she was very sorry also for her own. But she had not that amount of high spirits which sustained Polly in her troubles. To tell the truth Polly had some hope that she might get the better of her father, and thereby do a good turn both to him and to herself. But Emily Greenmantle had but little hope. Her father had not sworn at her, nor had he banged the door, but he had pressed his lips together till there was no lip really visible. And he had raised his forehead on high till it looked as though one continuous poker descended from the crown of his head passing down through his entire body. "Emily, it is out of the question. You had better leave me." From that day to this not a word had been spoken on the "subject." Young Gresham had been once asked to dine at the bank, but that had been the only effort made by Mr. Greenmantle in the matter.

Emily had felt as she walked home that she had not at her command weapons so powerful as those which Polly intended to use against her father. No change in her dress would be suitable to her, and were she to make any it would be altogether inefficacious. Nor would her father by tempted by his passion is throw in her teeth the lack of either boots or legs of mutton which might be the consequence of her marriage with a poor man. There was something almost vulgar in these allusions which made Emily feel that there had been some reason for her papa's exclusiveness,-but she let that go by. Polly was a dear girl, though she had found herself able to speak of the brats' feet without even a blush. "I suppose there will be brats, and why shouldn't she, -- when she's talking only to me. It must be so I sup-pose. So Emily had argued to herself, making the excuse altogether on behalf of But she was sure that if her her friend. father had heard Polly he would have been

offended. But what was Emily to do on her own behalf? Harry Gresham had come to dinner, but his coming had been altogether without effect. She was quite sure that she could want anything better," Polly had said, not quite believe that Harry Gresham cared very much for her. There was a rumour wanted money, and she knew well that Harry Miss Greenmantle, in whose nature there Greshaur's father and her own papa had truth Philip Hughes was the only young man

for whom she did care.

She had always felt her father be the most impregnable of men, -but now on this subject of her marriage he was more impregnable than ever. He had never yet entirely digested that poker which he had swallowed when he had gone so far as tell his daughter that it was "entirely out of the question." From that hour her home had been terrible to her as a home, and had not been in the least enlivened by the presence of Harry Gresham. And now how was abe to carry on the battle? Polly had her plans all drawn out, and was preparing herself for the combat seriously. But for Emily, there was no means left for fighting.

And she felt that though a battle with her father might be very proper for Polly, it would highly unbecoming for herself. There was a difference in rank between herself and Polly of which Polly clearly understood the strength. Polly would put on her poor clothes, and go into the kitchen, and break her father's heart by preparing for a descent into regions which would be fitting for her were she to marry her young man without a fortune. But to Miss Greenmantle this would be impossible. Any marriage, made now or later, without her father's leave. seemed to her out of the question. She would only rain her "young man" were she to attempt it, and the attempt would be altogether inefficacious. She could only be unhappy, melancholy,—and perhaps morose; but she could not be so unhappy and melancholy,--or morose, as was her father. At such weapons he could certainly beat her. Since that unhappy word had been spoken, the poker within him had not been for a moment lessened in vigour. And she feared even to appeal to Dr. Freebown. Dr. Freeborn could do much,-almost everything in Plumplington,—but there was a point at which her father would turn even against Dr. Freeborn. She did not think that the Doctor would ever dare to take up the cudgels against her father on behalf of Philip Hughes. She felt that it would more becoming for her to abstain and to suffer in silence than to apply to any human being for assistance. But she could be miserable; outwardly miserable as well as inwardly; and very miserable she was determined that she would Her father no doubt would miserbe ! able too; but she was sad at heart as she bethought herself that her father would rather walk before dinner, a walk which he took

be married after such a fashion as that. In poker when he had swallowed it, it never seemed to disagree with him. A state of mistry in which he would speak to no one seemed to be almost | his taste. | this way poor Emily Greenmantle did not see her way to the enjoyment of a happy Christmas.

CHAPTER III.-MR. GREENMANTLE IS MUCH PERPLEXED.

THAT evening Mr. Greenmantle and his daughter sat down to dinner together in a very unhappy hamour. They always dined at half-past seven; not that Mr. Greenmantle liked to have his dinner that hour better than any other, but because it was considered to be fashiousble. Old Mr. Gresham, Harry's father, always dined at half-past seven, and Mr. Greenmantle rather followed the habits of a county gentleman's life. He used to dine at this hour when there was a dinnerparty, but of late he had adopted it for the family meal. To tell the truth there had been a few words between him and Dr. Freeborn while Emily had been talking over matters with Polly Peppercorn. Dr. Freeborn had not ventured to say a word as to Emily's love affairs; but had so discussed those of Jack Hollycombe and Polly as to leave a strong impression on the mind of Mr. Greenmantle. He had quite understood that the Doctor had been talking at himself, and that when Jack's name had been mentioned, or Polly's, the Doctor had intended that the wisdom spoken should be intended to apply to Emily and to Philip Hughes. "It's only because he can give her a lot of money," the Doctor had said. "The young man is a good young man, and steady. What is Peppercorn that a should want anything better for his child? Young Hollycombe has taken her fancy, and why shouldn't she have him?"

"I suppose Mr. Peppercorn may have his own views," Mr. Greenmantle had answered.

"Bother his views," the Doctor had said. "He has no one else | think of but the girl and his views should be confined to making her happy. Of course he'll have to give way at last, and will only make himself ridiculous. I shouldn't say a word about it only that the young man is all that he ought to be."

Now in this there was not a word which did not apply to Mr. Greenmantle himself. And the worst of it was the fact that Mr. Greenmantle felt that the Doctor intended it.

But as he had taken his constitutional like it. Though 🔤 could not easily digest a every day of his life after bank hours, he had



sworn to himself that he would not be guided, be almost, if not altogether, equal to Dior in the least affected, by Dr Freeborns Freeborn. He was much the incher man of opinion in the matter. There bid been an the two, and his money was quite sufficient underlying bitterness in the Doctor's words to outweigh a century or two of blood which had much aggravated the bankers ill spoken of the marriage of one of his own of no matter.

Peppercorn might do as he pleased What humour. The Doctor would not so have became of Peppercorn's money was an affair The Doctor's argument was daughters,—before they had all been married no doubt good as far as Peppercorn was Buth would have been considered by him concerned Reppercorn was not a gentlealmost before anything The Peppercoins man. I was that which Mr Greenmantle and the Greenmantles were looked down felt so acutely. The one great line of spon almost from an equal height. Now demarcation in the world was that which Mr. Greenmantle considered himself to be separated gentlemen from non-gentlemen. infinitely superior to Mr Peppercorn, and to Mr Greenmantle assured himself that he was

hambury, Mr. Gresham's county seat, and Mr. Gresham had been quite willing to forward the match between Emily and his younger son. There could be no doubt that he was on the right side of the line of demarcation. He was therefore quite determined that his daughter should not marry the Cashier in his own bank.

As he sat down M dinner he looked sternly at his daughter, and thought with wonder at the viciousness of her taste. She looked at him almost as sternly as she thought with awe of his crucky. In her eyes Philip Hughes was quite as good a gentleman as her father. He was the son of a clergyman who was now dead, but had been intimate with Dr. Freeborn. And in the natural course of events might succeed her father as manager of the Bank. To be manager of the Bank at Plumplington was not very much in the eyes of the world; but it was the position which her father filled. Emily vowed to herself as she looked across the table into her father's face, that she would be Mrs. Philip Hughes, -- or remain unmarried all her life. "Emily, shall I help you to a mutton cutlet?" said her father with solemnity.

"No thank you, papa," she replied with

equal gravity.

"On what then do you intend to dine?" There had been a sole of which she had also declined to partake. "There is nothing else, unless you will dine off rice pudding."

"I am not hungry, papa." She could not decline to wear her customary clothes as did her friend Polly, but she could at any rate go without her dinner. Even a father so stern as was Mr. Greenmantle could not make alone till it was time for him to go to bed. her est. Then there came a vision across her eyes of a long sickness, produced chiefly by inspition. which she might wear her father's heart out. And then she felt that she might too probably lack the courage. She did not care much for her dinner; but she feared that she could not persevere to the breaking of her father's heart. She and thank you, papa," she had said; and then her father were alone together in the world, and he in other respects had always been he must take her away somewhere at once, good in her. And now a tear trickled from lest she should be starved to death. her eye down her nose as the gazed upon the he went into the bank and sat there signing empty plate. He ate his two cutlets one his name, and meditating the terrible catasafter another solemn silence and so the trophe which was to fall upon him. Hughes, dinner was ended.

a gentleman, acknowledged to be so by all the meal. "What shall I do I she takes to the county. The old Duke of Omnium had starving henself and going to bed, all along customarily asked him to dine at his annual of that young rascal in the outer bank?" It was dinner at Gatherum Castle. He had been thus that he had thought of it, and in too in the habit of staying occasionally at Gres- for a moment had begun to tell himself that were she to be perverse she must win the battle. He knew himself to strong in purpose, but he doubted whether he would be strong enough to stand by and see his daughter starve herself. A week's starvation or a fortnight's he might bear, and it was possible that she might give way before that time had come.

Then he retired to a little room inside the bank, a room that was half private and half official, to which he would betake himself spend his evening whenever some especially gloomy fit would fall upon him. Here, within his own bosom, he turned over all the circumstances of the case. No doubt he had with him all the laws of God and man. He was not bound to give his money to any such interloper as .was Philip Hughes. On that point he was quite clear. But what step had he better take to prevent the evil? Should he resign his position at the bank, and take his daughter away to live in the south of France? It would be a terrible step to which to be driven by his own Cashier. He was as efficacions to do the work of the bank as ever he had been, and he would leave this enemy to occupy his place. The enemy would then be in a condition marry a wife without a fortune; and who could tell whether he might not show his power in such a crisis by marrying Emily! How terrible in such a case would be his defeat! At any rate he might go for three months, on sick leave. He had been for nearly forty years in the bank, and had never yet been absent for a day on sick leave. Thinking of all this he remained

On the next morning he was dumb and stiff as ever, and after breakfast sat dumb and stiff, in his official room behind the bank counter, thinking over his great trouble. He had not spoken a word to Emily since yesterday's dinner beyond asking her whether she would take a bit of fried becon. "No Mr. Greenmantle had made up his mind that the Cashier, had become Mr. Hughes, and if He, too, had felt uneasy qualtus during any young man could be frightened out of his love by the stern look and sterner voice of a parent, Mr. Hughes would have

been so frightened.

Then there came a knock the door, and Mr. Peppercorn having been summoned to come in, entered the room. He had expressed a desire to see Mr. Greenmantle personally, and having proved his cagemen by a double request, had been allowed to have his way. It was quite a common affair for him to visit the bank on matters referring to the brewery; but now it was evident to any one with half an eye that such at present was not Mr. Peppercorn's business. He had on the clothes in which he habitnally went to church instead of the light-coloured pepper and salt tweed jacket in which he was accustomed to go about among the mult and barrels. "What can I do for you, Mr. Peppercorn?" said the banker. But the aspell was the aspect of a man who had a poker still fixed within his head and gullet.

"Tis nothing about the brewery, sar, or I shouldn't have troubled you. Mr. Hughes very good at all that kind of thing." further frown came over Mr. Greenmantie's face, but he said nothing. "You know my

daughter Polly, Mr. Greenmantle?"

"I am aware that there is a Miss Peppercorn," said the other. Peppercorn felt that an offence was intended. Mr. Greenmantle was of course aware, "What can I do on behalf of Miss Peppercorn?"

"She's as good a girl as ever lived."

"I do not in the least doubt it. If it be necessary that you should speak 🖮 me respecting Miss Peppercorn, will it not be well

that you should take a chair?"

Then Mr. Peppercorn sat down, feeling that he had been snubbed. "I may say that my only object life is do every mortal thing to make my girl happy." Here Mr. Greenmantle simply bowed. "We sit close to you in church, where, however, she comes much more regilar than me, and you must have observed her scores of times."

"I am not in the habit of looking about among young ladies at church time, but I have occasionally been aware that Miss

Peppercorn has been there."

"Of course you have. You couldn't help Well, now, you know the sort of appearance she has made."

"I can assure you, Mr. Peppercorn, that I have not observed Miss Peppercorn's dress raiment worn by young ladies even in the daughter of my own----"

"It's her as I'm coming to." Then Mr. Greenmantle frowned more severely than ever. But the brewer did not at the momen. say a word about the banker's daughter, but reverted to his own. "You'll see next Sunday that my gul won't look | | | like herself."

"I really cannot promise---"

"You cannot help yourself, Mr. Greenmantle. I'll go bail that every one in church will see it. Polly is not to be passed over a crowd :-- at least she didn't used to be. Now it all comes of her wanting to get herself married to a young man who is altogether beneath her. Not as I mean to say anything against John Hollycombe as regards his walk of life. He is an industrious young man, as can earn forty shillings a week, and he comes over here from Barchester selling malt and He may rise himself such like. some of these days if he looks sharp about it. But I can give my girl—; well; what is quite unfit that he should think of looking for with a wife. And it's monstrous of Polly wanting to throw herself away in such a fashion. I don't believe in a young man being so covetous.

"But what can I do, Mr. Peppercom?" "I'm coming to that. If you'll see her next Sunday you'll think of what my feelings must be. She's a doing of it | just because she wants to show me that she thinks herself fit for nothing better than to be John Hollycombe's wife. When I tell her that I won't have it,-this sudden changing of her toggery, she cays it's only fitting. It ain't fitting at all. I've got the money to buy things for her, and I'm willing to pay for it. Is she to go poor just to break her father's

heart?"

"But what can I do, Mr. Peppercorn?" "I'm coming to that. The world does say, Mr. Greenmantle, that your young lady means to serve you in the same fashion.

Hercupon Mr. Greenmantle waxed very wroth. It was terrible to his ideas that his daughter's affairs should be talked of at all by the people at Plumplington at large. It was worse again that his daughter and the brewer's girl should be lumped together in the scandal of the town. But it was worse, much worse, that this man Peppercorn should have dared to come to him, and tell him all about it. Did the man really expect that he, Mr. Greenmantle, should talk unreservedly in particular. I do not look much at the as to the love affairs of his Emily? "The world, Mr. Peppercorn, is very impertinent outer world,-much less in church. I have a in its usual scandalous conversations as to its betters. You must forgive me if I do not intend on this occasion to follow the example your money to a young man who happens to of the world. Good morning, Mr. Peppercom."

"It's Dr. Freeborn as has coupled the two girls together."

"I cannot believe it."

"You ask him. It's he who has said that you and I are in a boat together."

"I'm not in a boat with any man."

"Well; in a difficulty. It's the same thing. The Doctor seems to think that young ladies are to have their way in everything. I don't see it. When a man has made a tidy bit of money, as have you and I, he has a right to have a word say as to who shall have the spending of it. A girl hasn't the right to say that she'll give it all to this man or to that. Of course, it's natural that my money should go to Polly. I'm not saying anything against it. But I don't mean that John Hollycombe shall Now we you and I can put our heads together. I think we may be able to see our way out of the wood."

"Mr. Peppercorn, I cannot consent to discuss with you the affairs of Miss Greenmantle."

"But they're both alike. You must admit

"I will admit nothing, Mr. Peppercorn." "I do think, you know, that we oughtn't to

done by our own daughters." "Really, Mr. Peppercorn-

"Dr. Freeborn was saying that you and I

would have to give way at last."

"Dr. Freeborn knows nothing about it. If Dr. Freeborn coupled the two young ladies together he was I must say very impertinent; but I don't think he ever did so. Good morning, Mr. Peppercorn. I am fully engaged at present and cannot spare time for a longer interview." Then he rose up from his chair, and leant upon the table with his hands by way of giving a certain signal that he was to be left alone. Mr. Peppercoun, after pausing a moment, searching for an opportunity for another word, was overcome at last by the rigid erectness of Mr. Greenmantle and withdrew.

CHAPTER IV .--- JACK HOLLYCOMBEL

Mr. Peppercorn's visit to the bank had been no doubt inspired by Dr. Freeborn. The Doctor had not actually sent him to the bank, but had filled his mind with the idea that such a visit might be made with good effect. "There are you two fathers going to make two fools of yourselves," the Doctor to yourself, Mr. Peppercorn." "You have each of you got a

want it."

"Now, Doctor, do you mean to tell me that you would have married your young ladies to the first young man that came and asked for them?"

"I never had much money to give my girls, and the men who came happened to have means of their own."

"But if you'd had it, and if they hadn't, do you mean to tell me you'd never have

asked a question?"

"A man should never boast that in any circumstances of his life he would have done just what he ought 🔳 do,—much less when he has never been tried. But I the lover be what he ought to be in morals and all that kind of thing, the girl's father ought not to refuse to help them. You may be sure of this, -that Polly means to have her own way. Providence has blessed you with a girl that knows her own mind." On receipt of this compliment Mr. Peppercorn scratched his head. "I wish I could say as much for my friend Greenmantle. You two are in a boat together, and ought to make up your mind as to what you should do." Peppercom resolved that he would remember the phrase about the boat, and began to think that might be good that he should see Mr. Green-mantle. "What on earth is it you two want? It is not me though you were dukes, and looking for proper alliances for two ducal spin-

Now there had no doubt been a certain amount of intended venom in this, Dr. Freeborn knew well the weak points in Mr. Greenmantle's character, and was determined to hit him where he was weakest. He did not see the difference between the banker and the brewer nearly so clearly as did Mr. Greenmantle. He would probably have said that the line of demarcation came just below himself. At any rate, he thought that he would be doing best for Emily's interest if he made her father feel that all the world was on her side. Therefore it was that he so contrived that Mr. Peppercorn should pay his visit to the bank.

On his return to the brewery the first person that Peppercorn saw standing in the doorway of his own little sanctum was Jack Hollycombe. "What is you're wanting?" he saked graffly.

"I was just desirous of saying a few words

"Well, here I am!" There were two or daughter as good as gold, and are determined three brewers and porters about the place, to break their hearts because you won't give; and Jack did not feel that he could plead his

cause well in their presence. "What is it you've got to say,-because I'm busy? There ain't no malt wanted for the next week; but you know that, and as we stand = present you can send it in without any more words, as it's needed."

"It ain't about malt or anything of that

"Then I don't know what you've got to any. I'm very busy just at present, as I told you."

"You can spare me five minutes inside."

"No I can't." But then Peppercorn resolved that neither would it suit him to carry on the conversation respecting his daughter in the presence of the workmen, and he thought that he perceived that Jack Hollycombe would be prepared to do so if he were driven. "Come in if you will," he said; "we might as well have it out." Then he led the way into the room, and shut the door as soon as Jack had followed him. "Now what is it you have got to say? I suppose it's about that young woman down at my house."

"It is, Mr. Peppercorn."

"Then let me tell you that the least said will be sponest mended. She's not for you, -with my consent. And to tell you the truth I think that you have a mortal deal of brass coming to ask for her. You've no edication suited to her edication,—and what's wus, no money." Jack had shown symptoms of anger when his deficient education had been thrown in his teeth, but had cheered up somewhat when the lack of money had been insisted upon. "Them two things are so against you that you haven't a leg to stand on. My word! what do you expect that I should say when such a one as you comes a-courting to a girl like that?"
"I did, perhaps, think more of what she

might say.

"I daresay ;-because you knew her to be a fool like yourself. I suppose you think yourself to be a very handsome young man."

"I think she's a very handsome young woman. As to myself I never asked the

question."

"That's all very well. A man can always say as much as that for himself. The fact is you're not going to have her."

"That's just what I want to speak to you

about, Mr. Peppercorn."

"You're not going to have her. Now I've spoken my intentions, and you may as well take one word as a thousand. I'm not a man as was ever known to change my mind when I'd made it up in such a matter as this."

"She's got a mind too, Mr. Peppercorn."

"She have, no doubt. She have a mind and so have you. But you haven't either of you got the money. The money here," and Mr. Peppercorn slapped his breeches pocket. "I've had to do with carning it, and I mean to have to do with giving it away. To me there is no idea of honesty at all in a chap like you coming and asking a girl to marry you just because you know that she's to have a fortune.

"That's not my reason."

"It's uncommon like it. Now you see there's somebody else that's got to be asked. You think I'm a good-natured fellow. So I am, but I'm not soft like that."

"I never thought anything of the kind,

Mr. Peppercorn."

"Polly told you so, I don't doubt. She's right in thinking so, because I'd give Polly anything in reason. Or out of reason for the matter of that, because she is the apple of my eye." This was indiscreet on the part of Mr. Peppercorn, as it taught the young man to think that he himself must be in reason or out of reason, and that in either case Polly ought to be allowed to have him. "But there's one thing I stop at; and that is a young man who hasn't got either edication, or money,-nor yet manners."

"There's nothing against my manner, I

hope, Mr. Peppercorn.

"Yes; there is. You come a-interfering with me in the most delicate affair in the world. You come into my family, and want to take away my girl. That I take it 🖥 the worst of manners.

"How is any young lady to get married unless some young fellow comes after her?"

"There'll be plenty to come after Polly. You leave Polly alone, and you'll find that she'll get a young man suited 🖿 her. It's hke your impudence to suppose that there's no other young man in the world so good as you. Why; dash my wig; who are you? What are you? You're merely acting for them com-factors over at Barsester."

"And you're acting for them brewers here at Plumplington. What's the difference?"

"But I've got the money in my pocket, and you've got none. That's the difference. Put that in your pipe and smoke it. Now you'll please to remember that I'm very busy, you'll walk yourself off. You've had wout with me, which I didn't intend; and I've explained my mind very fully. She's not for you; -at any rate my money's not."

"Look here, Mr. Peppercorn."

" Well ?"

"I don't care a farthing for your money."

"Don't you, now?"

"Not in the way of comparing it with Polly herself. Of course money is a very If Polly's to be my comfortable thing. wife-

"Which she ain't."

"I should like her to have everything that a lady can desire,"

" How kind you are."

"But in regard to money for myself I don't value it that." Here Jack Hollycombe anapped his fingers. "My meaning is to get the girl I love."
"Then you won't."

"And if she's satisfied to come to me without a shilling, I'm satisfied a take her in the same fashion. I don't know how much you've got, Mr. Peppercorn, but you can go and found a Hiram's Hospital with every penny of it." At this moment a discussion was going on respecting a certain charitable institution in Barchester,—and had been going on for the last forty years, -as to which Mr. Hollycombe was here expressing the popular opinion of the day. "That's the kind of thing a man should do who don't choose to leave his mency to his own child." Jack was now angry, having had his deficient education twice thrown in his teeth by one whom he conceived to be so much less educated than himself. "What I've got to say to you, Mr. Peppercorn, is that Polly means to have me, and if she's got to waitwhy, I'm so minded that I'll wait for her as long as over she'll wait for me." So saying lack Hollycombe left the room.

Mr. Peppercorn thrust his hat back upon his head, and stood with his back to the fire. with the tails of his coat appearing over his hands in his breeches pockets, glaring out of his eyes with anger which he did not care to suppress. This man had presented to him a picture of his future life which was most unalluring. There was nothing he desired less than to give his money to such an abommable institution as Hiram's Hospital. Polly, his own dear daughter Polly, was intended to be the recipient of all his savings. As he went about among the beer barrels, he had been a happy man as he thought of Polly bright with the sheen which his money had provided for her. But | was of Polly married to some gentleman that he thought at these moments ;--of Polly surrounded by a large family of little gentlemen and little ladies. They would all call him grandpapa; and in the evenings of his days he would sit by the

guest, because of the means which he had provided; and the little gentlemen and the little ladies would surround him with their prattle and their noises and caresses. He was not a man whom his intimates would have supposed to be gifted with a strong imagination, but there was the picture firmly set before his mind's eye. " Edication," however, in the intended son-in-law was essential. And the son-in-law must be a gentleman. Now Jack Hollycombe was not a gentleman, and was not educated up to that pitch which was necessary for Polly's hus-

But Mr. Peppercorn, as he thought of all, was well aware that Polly had a decided will of her own. And he knew of himself that his own will was less strong than his daughter's. In spite of all the severe things which he had just said | Jack Hollycombe, there was present to him a dreadful weight upon his heart, as he thought that Polly would certainly get the better of him. At this moment he bated Jack Hollycombo with most un-Christian rancour. No misfortune that could happen to Jack, either sudden death, or forgery with hight to the antipodes, or loss of his good looks,—which Mr. Peppercorn most unjustly thought would be equally efficacious with Polly,-would at the present moment of his wrath be received. otherwise than as a special mark of goodfortune. And yet he was well aware that if Polly were to come and tell him that she had by some secret means turned herself into hira Jack Hollycombe, he knew very well that for Polly's sake he would have to take Jack with all his faults, and turn him into the dearest son-in-law that the world could have provided for him. This was a very trying position, and justified him attanding there for a quarter of an hour with his back to the fire, and his coat-tails over his arms, as they were thrust into his trouters pockets.

In the meantime Jack had succeeded in obtaining a few minutes' talk with Polly,or rather the success had been on Polly's side, for she had managed the business. On coming out from the brewery Jack had met her in the street, and had been taken home by her. "You might as well come in, Jack," she had said, "and have a few words with me. You have been talking to father about it, I suppose."

"Well; I have. He says I am not sufficiently educated. I suppose wants to get some young man from the colleges."

"Don't you be stupid, Jack. You want fire in that gentleman's parlour, a welcome to have your own way, I suppose.'

"I don't want him to tell me I'm unedu- Father will be angry when I tell him that cated. Other men that I've heard of sin't you've been here at all." any better off than I am."

"You mean himself,—which isn't respect-

"I'm educated up doing what I've got to do. If you don't want more, I don't see

what he's got 🔳 do with it."

"As the times go of course a man should learn more and more. You are not to compare him to yourself; and it isn't respectful. you want to say sharp things against him, Jack, you had better give it all up ;--for I won't bear it."

"I don't want to say anything sharp."

"Why can't you put up with him? not going I have his own way. And he is older than you. And it is he that has got the money. If you care about it-"

"You know I care."

"Very well. Suppose I do know, and suppose I don't. I hear you say you do, and that's all I've got to act upon. Do you bide your time if you've got the patience, and all will come right. I shan't at all think so much of you if you can't bear a few sharp words from him."

"He may say whatever he pleases." "You ain't educated,-not like Dr. Freeborn, and men of that class."

"What do I want with it?" said be.

"I don't know that you do want it. any rate I don't want it; and that's what you've got to think about at present. just m on, and let things be as they are. You don't want to be married in a week's time."

"Why not?" he asked.

"At any rate I don't; and I don't mean to. This time five years will do very well."

"Five years! You'll be an old woman."

- "The fitter for you, who'll still be three years older. If you've patience to wait leave me."
 - "I haven't over much patience."

"Then go your own way and suit yourself

"Polly, you're enough to break a man's You know that I can't go and suit myself elsewhere. You are all the world to me, Polly."

"Not half m much as a quarter of malt if you could get your own price for it. young woman is all very well just as a plaything; but business business;—isn't it,

"Five years! Fancy telling a fellow that

must wait five years."

"That'll do for the present, Jack. ľm not going to keep you here idle all the day.

"It was you that brought me."

"Yes, I did. But you're not to take advantage of that. Now I say, Jack, hands off. I tell you I won't. I'm not going to be kissed once a week for five years. Mark my words, this is the last time I ever ask you in here. No; I won't have it. Go away." Then she succeeded in turning him out of the room and closing the house door beland his back. "I think he's the beat young man I see about anywhere. Father twits him about his education. It's my belief there's nothing he can't do that he's wanted for. That's the kind of education a man ought to have. Father says it's because he's handsome I like him. It does go a long way, and he is handsome. Father has got ideas of fashion into his head which will send him crazy before he has done with them." Such was the soldoony in which Miss Peppercorn indulged as soon as she had been left by her lover.

"Educated | Of course I'm not educated. I can't talk Latin and Greek as some or those fellows pretend to,—though for the matter of that I never heard it. But two and two make four, and ten and ten make twenty. And if a fellow says that it don't he is trying on some dishonest game. If a fellow understands that, and sticks to it, he has education enough for my business, -or for Peppercorn's either." Then he walked back to the inn yard where he had left his horse and trap.

As he drove back to Barchester he made up his mind that Polly Peppercorn would be worth waiting for. There was the memory of that kiss upon his lips which had not been made less sweet by the severity of the words which had accompanied it. The words indeed had been severe; but there had been an intention and a purpose about the kiss which had altogether redeemed the words. "She is just one in a thousand, that's about the truth. And as for waiting for her ;—I'll wait like grim death, only I hope won't be necessary!" It was thus he spoke of the lady of his love as he drove himself into the town under Barchester Towers.

CHAPTER V .- DR. FREEBORN AND PHILIP HEIGHER.

THINGS went on at Plumplington without any change for a fortnight,—that is without any change for the better. But in truth the ill-humour both of Mr. Greenmantle and of Mr. Peppercorn had increased m such a pitch as to add an additional blackness to end of November, and Dr. Freeborn was beof his parishioners and who would take any amount of personal trouble to insure it; but he was in fault perhaps in this, that he cousidered that everybody ought to be happy just because in told them to be so. He belonged to the Church of England certainly, but he had no dislike Papiats or Presbyterians, or dissenters in general, m long as they would arrange themselves under his banner as "Freebornites." And he had such force of character that III Plumplington, -beyond which he was not ambitious that his influence should extend,-he did in general prevail. But at the present moment he was aware that Mr. Greenmantle was in open mutiny. That Peppercorn would yield he had strong hope. Peppercorn he knew to be a weak, good fellow, whose affection for his daughter would keep him right at last. But until he could extract that poker from Mr. Greenmantle's throat, he knew that

nothing could be done with him. At the end of the fortnight Mr. Greenmantic called at the Rectory about half an hour before dinner time, when he knew that the Doctor would be found in his study before going up to dress for dinner. "I hope I am not intruding, Dr. Freeborn," he said. But the rust of the poker was audible in every syllable as it fell from his mouth.

"Not in the least. I've a quarter of an

hour before I m and wash my hands." "It will be ample. In a quarter of an hour I shall be able sufficiently to explain my plans." Then there was a pause, as though Mr. Greenmantle had expected that the explanation was to begin with the Doctor. " I am thinking," the banker continued after a while, " of taking my family abroad to some foreign residence." Now ■ was well known to Dr. Freeborn that Mr. Greenmantic's family consisted exclusively of Emily.

"Going to take Emily away?" he said. "Such I my purpose,—and myself also." "What are they to do at the bank?"

"That will be the worst of it, Dr. Freeborn. The bank will be the great difficulty."

"But you don't mean that you are going for good ?"

years I have given but very little trouble to morning or evening."

the meral haziness and drizzle and gloom the Directors. For forty years I have been of November weather. was now the at my post and have never suggested any prolonged absence. If the Directors cannot coming solittle unessy because the Christmas bear with me after forty years I shall think attributes for which he was desirous were their unreasonable men." Now in truth Mr. still altogether out of sight. He was a man Greenmantle knew that the Directors would specially anxious for the mundane happiness make no opposition anything that he might propose; but always thought it well to be armed with some premonitory grievance. "In fact my pecuniary matters are so arranged that should the Directors refuse I shall mall the same."

"You mean that you don't care a straw for the Directors,"

"I do not mean 🔲 postpone my comfort to their views, -or my daughter's."

"But why does your daughter's comfort depend on your going away? I should have thought that she would have preferred Plump-

lington at present."

That was true, no doubt. And Mr. Greenmantle felt; -well; that he was not exactly telling the truth in putting the burden of his departure upon Emily's comfort. If Emily, at the present crisis of affairs, were carried away from Plumplington for six months, her comfort would certainly not be increased. She had already been told that she was to go, and she had clearly understood why. "I mean as to her future welfare," said Mr. Greenmantle very solemnly.

Dr. Freeborn did not care to hear about the future welfare of young people. What had to be said as to their eternal welfare he thought himself quite able to say. After all there was something of benevolent paganism in his disposition. He liked better to deal with their present happiness,-so that there was nothing immoral in it. As me the world to come he thought that the fathers and mothers of his younger flock might safely leave that consideration to him. " Emily is a remarkably good girl. That's my idea of

Mr. Greenmantle was offended even at this. Dr. Freeborn had no right, just at present, tell him that his daughter was a good girl. Her goodness had been greatly lessened by the fact that in regard to her marriage she was anxious I run counter to her father. "She is a good girl. At least I hope so."

" Do you doubt it?"

"Well, no; or rather yes. Perhaps I ought to say no as to her life in general."

"I should think so. I don't know what a "Only for a prolonged foreign residence; father may want,-but I should think so. -that is to say for six months. For forty I never knew her miss church yet, -either

" As far as that goes she does not neglect her duties"

"What is the matter with her that she is to be taken off to some foreign climate for prolonged residence?" The Doctor among his other idiosyncrasies entertained an idea that England was the proper place for all Englishmen and Englishwomen who were not driven out of it by stress of pecuniary carcumstances - Has she got a bad throat I am already very near saxty." or a weak chest?"

" It is not on the score of her own health that I propose move her," said Mr. Green-

"You did say her comfort. Of course that may mean that she likes the French way of hving. I did hear that we were to lose your services for a time, because you could not trust your own health '

"It is failing me a little, Dr Freeborn

"Ten years my junior, said the Doctor.



" Now I say, Jack heads off

licalth as you possess.

"I have never frittered it away," said the Doctor, "by prolonged residence in foreign parts." This quotation of his own words was most harassing to Mr Greenmantle, and made him more than once inclined to bounce pose the truth is that Miss Emily is disposed to run counter to your wishes in regard to her marriage, and that she is to be taken

"We cannot all hope have such perfect away not from consumption or a weak throat, but from a dangerous lover" Here Mr. Greenmantle's face became black as thunder. " You see, Greenmantle, there is no good in our talking about this matter unless we understand each other."

"I do not intend I give my girl to the in anger out of the Doctor's study. "I sup- young man upon whom she thinks that her

affections rest."

"I suppose she knows."

"No. Dr. Freeborn. I is often the case

that a young lady does not know; she only fancies, and where that is the case absence is the best remedy. You have said that Emily a god girl.

"A very good girl."

"I am delighted to hear you so express yourself. But obedience to parents is a trait in character which is generally much thought of. I have put by a little money, Dr. Freeborn."

" All Plumplington knows that."

And I shall choose that it shall go somewhat in accordance with my wishes. The young man of whom she | thinking-

"Philip Hughes, an excellent fellow. I've known him all my life. He doesn't come to church quite so regularly as he ought, but that will be mended when he's married."

"Hasn't got a shilling in the world," continued Mr. Greenmantle, finishing his sentence. "Nor II he-just,-just-just what I should choose for the husband of my daughter. I think that when I have said so he should take my word for it."

"That's not the way of the world, you

know."

"It's the way of my world, Dr. Freeborn. isn't often that I speak out, but when I do it's about something that I've a right to speak of, I've heard this affair of my daughter talked about all over the town. There was one Mr. Peppercorn came to

"One Mr. Peppercora? Why, Hickory Peppercorn is as well known in Plumpling-

ton as the church-steeple."

"I beg your pardon, Dr. Freeborn; but I don't find any reason in that for his interfering about my daughter. I must say that I took it as a great piece of impertinence, Goodness gracious me! If a man's own daughter isn't is be considered peculiar to himself I don't know what is. If he'd asked you about your daughters,—before they were martied?" Dr. Freeborn did not answer this, but declared in himself that neither Mr. Peppercoin nor Mr. Greenmantle could have taken such a liberty. Mr. Greenmantle evidently was not aware of it, but in truth Dr. Freeborn and his family belonged altogether to another set. So at least Dr. Free-born told himself. "I've come ■ you now, Dr. Freeborn, because I have not liked to leave Plumplington for a prolonged residence in foreign parts without acquainting you."

" I should have thought that unkind."

given up; - " the emphasis was here placed with much weight on the world entirely ;-"I should take as a great kindness if you would let my feelings on the subject be geneially known. I will own that I should not have cared to have my daughter talked about, only that the mischief has been

"In a little place like this," said the Doctor, "a young lady's marriage will always be talked about."

"But the young lady in this case isn't

going to be married."

"What does she my about it herself?" "I haven't asked her, Dr. Freeborn, I don't mean to ask her. I shan't ask her."

"If I understand her feelings, Green-

mantle, she is very much set upon it."

" I cannot help it."

"You mean to say then that you intend to condemn her to unhappiness merely because this young mun hasn't got as much money III the beginning of his life as you have at the end of yours?"

"He hasn't got a shilling," said Mr.

Greenmantle.

"Then why can't you give him a shilling? What do you mean to do with your money?" Here Mr. Greenmantle again looked offended. "You come and ask me, and I am bound to give you my opinion for what it's worth. What do you mean to do with your money? You're not the man to found | Hiram's Hospital with it. As sure as you are sitting there your girl will have it when you're dead. Don't you know that she will have it?"

"I hope so,"

"And because the's to have it, she's to be made wretched about it all her life. She's to remain an old maid, or else to be married to some well-born pauper, in order that you may talk about your son-in-law. Don't get into a passion, Greenmentle, but only think whether I'm not telling you the truth, Hughes isn't a spendthrift.

"I have made no accusation against

him."

"Nor a gambler, nor a drunkard, nor is he the sort of man to treat a wife badly. He's there at the bank so that you may keep him under your own eye. What more on carth can a man want in a son-in-law?"

Blood, thought Mr. Greenmantle to himself; an old family name; county associations, and a certain something which be "You are very good. And as my daughter felt quite sure that Philip Hughes did not will of course go with me, and as this idea of possess. And he knew well enough that Dr. a marriage on her part must be entirely Freeborn had married his own daughters to

husbands who possessed these gifts; but he could not throw the fact back into the Rector's teeth. He was in some way conscious that the Rector had been entitled to expect so much for his girls, and that he, the banker, was not so entitled. The same idea passed through the Rector's mind. But the Rector knew how far the banker's cour-"Good night, Dr. age would carry him. Freeborn," said Mr. Greenmantle suddenly.

"Good night, Greenmantle, Shan't I see you again before you go?" To this the banker made no direct answer, but at once

took his leave.

"That man the greatest ass in all Plumplington," the Doctor said his wife within five minutes of the time of which the hall door was closed behind the banker's back. "He's got an idea into his head about having some young county swell for his son-

in-law."

"Harry Gresham. Harry is too idle to earn money by a profession, and therefore wants Greenmantle's money to live upon. There's Peppercorn wants something of the same kind for Polly. People are such fools." But Mrs. Freeboin's two daughters had been mairied much after the same fashion. They had taken husbands nearly as old as their father, because Dr. Freeborn and his wife had thought much of "blood."

On the next morning Philip Hughes was summoned by the banker into the more official of the two back parlours. Since he had presumed to signify his love for Emily, he had never been asked to enjoy the " Mr. familiarity of the other chamber. Hughes, you may probably have heard it asserted that I am about to leave Plamplington for a prolonged residence in foreign parts." Mr. Hughes had heard it and so declared. "Yes, Mr. Hughes, I am about to proceed to the south of France. My daughter's health requires attention, -and indeed on my own behalf I am in need of some change as well. I have not as yet officially made known my views me the Directors."

"There will be, I should think, no im-

pediment with them."

"I cannot say. But at any rate I shall go. After forty years of service in the Bank I cannot think of allowing the peculiar views of men who are all younger than myself to interfere with my comfort. I shall go."

"I suppose so, Mr. Greenmantle."

"I shall go. I say it without the alightest disrespect for the Board. But I shall go."

"Will it permanent, Mr. Green-

mantle?"

"That is a question which I am not prepared to answer a moment's notice. I do not propose to move my furniture for six months. It would not, I believe, 🔤 within the legal power of the Directors III take possession of the Bank house for that period."

"I am quite sure they would not wish it." "Perhaps my assurance on that subject may be of more avail. At any rate they will not remove me. I should not have troubled you on this subject were it not that your position in the Bank must be affected more or less."

"I suppose that I could do the work for

six months," said Philip Hughes.

But this was a view of the case which did not at all suit Mr. Greenmantle's mind. His own duties : Plumplington had been, to his thinking, the most important ever confided to a Bank Manager. There was a peculiarity about Plumplington of which no one knew the intricate details but himself. The man did not exist who could do the work as he had done it. But still he had determined to go, and the work must be intrusted to some man of lesser competence. I should think it probable," he said, "that some confidential clerk will be sent over from Barchester. Your youth, Mr. Hughes, is against you. It is not for me to say what line the Directors may determine III take."

"I know the people better than any one

can do in Barchester."

" Just so. But you will excuse me if I say you may for that reason be the less efficient. I have thought it expedient, however, to tell you of my views. If you have any steps that you wish to take you can now take them."

Then Mr. Greenmantle paused, and had apparently brought the meeting to an end. But there was still something which wished to say. He did think that by a word spoken in due season,-by a strong determined word, he might succeed in putting an end to this young man's vain and ambitious hopes, He did not wish | talk to the young man about his daughter; but, if the strong word might avail here was the opportunity. " Mr. Hughes," he began.

"Yes, sir."

"There 🗎 a subject on which perhaps 📗 would be well that I should be silent." Philip, who knew the manager thoroughly, was now aware of what was coming, and thought it wise that is should say nothing in the moment. "I do not know that any good can be done by speaking of it." Philip still held his tongue. "It I a matter no doubt of ex-

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treme delicacy,—of the most extreme delicacy I may say. If I go abroad as I intend, I shall as a matter of course take with me— Miss Greenmantle,"

"I suppose so."

"I shall take with me—Miss Greenmantle. It is not to be supposed that when I go abroad for a prolonged solourn II foreign parts, that I should leave—Miss Greenmantle behind me."

" No doubt she will accompany you."

"Miss Greenmantle will accompany me.

And it not improbable that my prolonged residence may her case be—still further prolonged. It may possible that she should link her lot in life to some gentleman whom she may meet in those realms."

"I hope not," said Philip.

"I do not think that you are justified, Mr. Hughes, in hoping anything in reference to my daughter's fate in life."

"All the same, I do."

"It is very,—very,—1 I do not wish to use strong language, and therefore I will not say impertinent."

" What am I to do when you tell me that

she is to marry a foreigner 🕬

"I never said so. I never thought so. A foreigner! Good heavens! I spoke of a gentleman whom she might chance to meet in those realms. Of course I meant an English gentleman."

"The truth is, Mr. Greenmantle, I don't want your daughter to marry anyone unless

she can marry me."

"A most selfish proposition."

"It's a sort of matter in which a man is apt to be selfish, and it's my belief that if she were asked she'd say the same thing. Of course you can take her abroad and you can keep her there m long as you please."

"I can ;-and I mean to do it."

"I am utterly powerless to prevent you, and so is she. In this contention between us I have only one point in my favour."

"You have no point in your favour, sir."

"The young lady's good wishes. If she be not on my side,—why then I am nowhere. In that case you needn't trouble yourself to take her out of Plumplington. But if——"

"You may withdraw, Mr. Hinghes," said the banker. "The interview is over." Then Philip Hughes withdrew, but me he went he shut the door after him in a very confident manner.

CHAPTER VI.—THE YOUNG LADIES ARE TO BE TAKEN ABROAD.

How should Philip Hughes see Emily before she had been carried away " "foreign parts " by her stern father? As he regarded the matter it was absolutely imperative that he should do so. If she should be made go, in her father's present state of mind, without having reiterated her vows, she might be persuaded by that foreign-living English gentleman whom she would find abroad, to give him her hand. Emily had no doubt confessed her love to Philip, but she had not done so in that bold unshrinking manner which had been natural
Polly Peppercorn. And her lover felt in to be incumbent upon him to receive some renewal of her assurance before she was taken away for a prolonged residence abroad. But there was a difficulty as to this. If he were to knock at the door of the private house and ask for Miss Greenmantle, the servant, though she was 🛄 truth Philip's friend in the matter, would not dare to show him up. The whole household was afraid of Mr. Greenmantle, and would receive any hint that his will was to be set aside with absolute dismay. So Philip at last determined to take the bull by the horns and force his way into the drawing-room, Mr. Greenmantie could not be made more hostile than he was; and then it was quite on the cards, that he might be kept in ignorance of the intrusion. When therefore the banker was sitting in his own more private room, Philip passed through from the bank into the house, and made his way up-stairs with no one to announce him.

With no one to announce him he passed straight through into the drawing-room, and found Emily sitting very melancholy over a half-knitted stocking. It had been commenced with an idea that it might perhaps be given to Philip, but as her father's stern aeverity had been announced, she had given up that fond idea, and had increased the size, so as to I them for the paternal feet. "Good gracious, Philip," she exclaimed, "how on

earth did you get here?"

"I came up-stairs from the bank."

"Oh, yes; of course. But did you not

tell Mary that you were coming?"

"I should never have been let up had I done so. Mary has orders not to let me put my foot within the house."

"You ought not have come; indeed

you ought not.

"And I was to let you abroad without seeing you! Was that what I ought to have done? I might be that I should never see you again. Only think of what my condition must be."

" Is not mine twice worse?"

"I do not know. If it be twice worse

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than mine then I am the happiest man in all the world."

"Oh, Philip, what do you mean?"

you will assure me of your love----

"I have assured you."

"Give me another assurance, Emily," he said, sitting down beside her on the sofa. But she started up quickly to her feet. "When you gave me the assurance before, then—then—"

"One assurance such as that ought to be

quite enough."

"But you are going abroad."
"That can make no difference."

"Your father says, that you will meet there some Englishman who will-

"My father knows nothing about it. I shall meet no Englishman, and no foreigner; at least none that I shall care about. You oughtn't to get such an idea into your head."

"That's all very well, but how am I to keep such ideas out? Of course there will be men over there; and if you come across some idle young fellow who has not his bread to carn I I do, won't it be natural that you should listen to him?"

" No ; it won't be natural."

"It seems to me be so. What have I got that you should continue to care for

me ?"

"You have my word, Philip. In that nothing?" She had now scated herself on a chair away from the sofs, and he, feeling at the time some special anxiety to get her into his arms, threw himself down on his knoes before her, and seized her by both her hands. At that moment the door of the drawing-room was opened, and Mr. Greenmantle appeared within the room. Philip Hughes could not get upon his feet quick enough to return the furious anger of the look which was thrown on him. There was a difficulty even in disembarrassing himself of poor Emily's hands; so that she, to her father, seemed to be almost equally a culprit with the young man. She attered a shight scream, and then wery gradually rose to his legs

"Emily," said the angry father, "retire at

once to your chamber."

"But, papa, I must explain."

"Retire at once to your chamber, miss.
As for this young man, I do not know whether the laws of his country will not punish him for this intrusion."

Emily was terribly frightened by this allusion to her country's laws. "He has done nothing, papa; indeed he has done nothing."

"His very presence here, and on his knees!

Is that nothing? Mr. Hughes, I desire that you will retire. Your presence in the bank is required. I hay upon you my strict order never again to presume to come through that door. Where is the servant who announced you?"

"No acreant announced me."

"And did you dare to force your way into my private house, and into my daughter's presence unannounced? It is indeed time that I should take her abroad to undergo a prolonged residence in some foreign parts. But the laws of the country which you have outraged will punish you. In the meantime why do you not withdraw? Am I to be obeyed?"

"I have just one word which I wish

say to Miss Greenmantle."

"Not a word. Withdraw! I tell you, sir, withdraw to the bank. There your presence is required. Here it will never be needed."

"Good-bye, Emily," he said, putting out his hand in his vain attempt m take hers.

"Withdraw, I tell you." And Mr. Greenmantle, with all the stiffness of the poker apparent about him, backed poor young Philip Hughet through the doorway on to the staircase, and then banged the door behind him. Having done this, he threw himself on to the sofa, and hid his face with his hands. He wished it to be understood that the honour of his family had been altogether disgraced by the lightness of his daughter's conduct.

But his daughter did not see the matter quite in the same light. Though she lacked something of that firmness of manner which. Polly Peppercom was prepared to exhibit, she did not intend to be altogether trodden on. "Papa," she said, "why do you do

that?"

"Good heavens!"

"Why do you cover up your face?"

"That a daughter of mine should have behaved so disgracefully!"

"I haven't behaved disgracefully, pape."
"Admitting a young man surreptitionaly

to my drawing-room !"

"I didn't admit him ; 🖿 walked in."

"And on his knees! I found him on his knees."

"I didn't put him there. Of course he came, because because "

"Because what?" 📓 demanded.

Because he is my lover. I didn't tell him to come; but of course he wanted see me before we went away."

" He shall see you no more."

"Why shouldn't be see me? He's a very

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young man, and I am very fond of him. That's just the truth."

"You shall be taken away for a prolonged residence in foreign parts before another

week has passed over your head."

"Dr. Freeborn quite approves of Mr. Hughes," plended Emily. But the plea at the present moment was of no avail. Mr. Greenmantle in his present frame of mind was almost as angry with Dr. Freeborn with Emily or Philip Hughes. Dr. Freeborn was joined in this frightful conspiracy against him.

"I do not know," said grandiloquently,

"I do not know," said mandloquently,
that Dr. Freeborn has any right to interfere
with the private affairs of my family. Dr.
Freeborn maimply the Rector of Plumpling-

ton,--nothing more.

"Ile wants to see the people around him

all happy," said Emily.

"He won't see me happy," said Mr.

Greenmantle with awful pride.

"He always wishes to have family quarrels

settled before Christmas."

"He shan't settle anything for me." Mr. Greenmantle, as he so expressed himself, determined to maintain his fown independence. "Why is he is the second with my family quarrels because himself, exector of Plumplington? I never him of such a thing. When I shall have taken up my residence in foreign parts he will have no right to interfere with me."

"But, papa, he will be my clergyman all

the same."

"He won't be mine, I can tell him that. And as for settling things by Christmas, it is monsense. Christmas, except for going to church and taking the Sacrament, is no more than any other day."

"Oh, papa!"

"Well, my dear, I don't quite mean that. What I do mean is that Dr. Freeborn has no more right to interfere with my family at this time of the year than at any other. And when you're abroad, which you will be before Christmas, you'll find that Dr. Freeborn will have nothing to say to you there." "You had better begin I pack up at once," he said on the following day.

Pack up?"

"Yes, pack up. I shall take you first to London, where you will stay for a day or two. You will go by the afternoon train to-morrow."

" To-morrow!"

" I will write and order beds to-day."

"But where are we to go?"

"That will be made known to you in due time," said Mr. Greenmantle. "But I've got no clothes," said Emily.

"France a land in which ladies delight

to buy their dresses."

"But I shall want all manner of things,boots and underclothing,-and-and linen, papa."

"They have all those things in France."

"But they won't inc. I always have my things made to inc. And I haven't

ot any boxes."

"Boxes! what boxes? work-boxes?"

"To put my things in. I can't pack up unless I've got something to pack them in. As to going to-morrow, papa, it's quite impossible. Of course there are people I must ay good-bye to. The Freeborns..."

Greenmantle. "Dr. Freehorn will quite understand the reason. As boxes, you won't want the boxes till you've bought the

things to put in them."

"But, papa, I can't go without taking a quantity of things with me. I can't get everything new; and then I must have my dresses made to fit me." She was very lachrymose, very piteous, and full of entreaties; but still she knew what she was about. As the result of the interview, Mr. Greenmantle did almost acknowledge that they could not depart for a prolonged residence abroad on the morrow.

Early on the following morning Polly Peppercorn came to call. For the last month she had stuck to her resolution,—that she and Miss Greenmantle belonged to different sets in society, and could not be brought together, as Polly had determined to wear her second-rate dresses in preparation for a second-rate marriage,—and this visit was supposed to be something altogether out of the way. It was clearly a visit with a cause, as it was made at eleven o'clock in the morning. "Oh, Miss Greenmantle," she

said, "I hear that you're going away to

France,—you and your papa, quite once,"
"Who has told you?"

"Well, I can't quite say; but it has come round through Dr. Freeborn." Dr. Freeborn had in truth told Mr. Peppercorn, with the express view of exercising what influence possessed so as to prevent the rapid emigration of Mr. Greenmantle. And Mr. Peppercorn had told his daughter, threatening her that something of the same kind would have to happen in his own family she proved obstinate about her lover. "It's the best thing going," said Mr. Peppercorn, "when a girl is upsetting and determined have her own way." To this Polly made no reply, but

came away early on the following morning, so as converse with her late friend, Miss Greenmantle.

"Papa says so; but you know his quite

impossible."

"What Mr. Hughes to do?" asked

Polly in whisper.

"I don't know what anybody is to do. It's dreadful, the idea of going away from home in this sudden manner."

"Indeed it is."

"I can't do it. Only think, Polly, when I talk to him about clothes he tells me I'm to buy dresses in some foreign town. He knows nothing about a woman's clothes ;nor yet a man's for the matter of that. Fancy starting to-morrow for six months. It's the sort of thing that Ida Pfeiffer used to do."

" I didn't know her," said Polly.

"She was a great traveller, and went about everywhere almost without anything. I don't know how she managed it, but I'm sure that

I can't."

"Dr. Freeborn says that he thinks it's all nonsense." As Polly said this she shook her head and looked uncommonly wise. Emily, however, made no immediate answer. Could it be true that Dr. Freeborn had thus spoken of her father? Emily did think that it was all nonsense, but she had not yet brought | herself to express her thoughts openly. "To tell the truth, Miss Greenmantle," continued Polly, " Dr. Freeborn thinks that Mr. Hughes " ought be allowed to have his own way." In answer
this Emily could bring herself to may nothing; but she declared to herself that since the beginning of things Dr. Freeborn had always been as near an angel as any old gentleman could be. "And be says that it's quite out of the question that you should be carried off in this way."

" I suppose I must do what papa tells me." "Well; yes. I don't know quite about that. I'm all for doing everything that papa likes, but when he talks of taking me to France, I know I'm not going. Lord love you, he couldn't talk to anybody there." Emily began to remember that her father's proficiency in the French language was not very great. "Neither could I for the matter of that," continued Polly. "Of course, I learned at school, but when one can only read words very slowly one can't talk them at all. I've tried it, and I know it. A precious figure father and I would make finding our

way about France." "Does Mr. Peppercorn think of going?"

asked Emily.

" He says so ;-if I won't drop Jack Holly-

combe. Now I don't mean to drop Jack Hollycombe; not for father nor for anyone. It's only Jack himself can make me do that."

"He won't, I suppose,"

"I don't think he will. Now it's absurd, you know, the idea of our papas both carrying us off to France because we've got lovers in Plumplington. How all the world would laugh at them! You tell your papa what my papa is saying, and Dr. Freeborn thinks that that will prevent him. At any rate, if I were you, I wouldn't m and buy anything in a hurry. Of course, you've got to think of what would do for married life.

"Oh, dear, no !" exclaimed Emily.

"At any rate I should keep my mind fixed upon it. Dr. Freeborn says that there's no knowing how things may turn out." Having finished the purport of her embassy, Polly took her leave without even having offered one kiss to her friend.

Dr. Freeborn had certainly been very sly in instigating Mr. Peppercorn to proclaim his intention of following the example of his neighbour the banker. "Papa," said Emily when her father came in to luncheon, " Mr. Peppercorn is ching to take his daughter to foreign parist.

"What flatter are

"I believe herenesses to reside there for a

"What nonsense! He reside in France! He wouldn't know what to do with himself for an hour. I never heard anything like it. Because I am going to Prance is all Plumplington to follow me? What is Mr. Peppercom's reason for going to France?" Entity besitated; but Mr. Greenmantle pressed the question, "What object can such a man

"I suppose it's about his daughter," said Then the truth flashed upon Mr. Greenmantle's mind, and he became aware that he must any rate for the present abandon the idea. Then, too, there came across him some vague notion that Dr. Freeborn had instigated Mr. Peppercorn and an idea of the object with which be had done so.

"Papa," said Emily that afternoon, "am I

to get the trunks I spoke about?"
" \text{Vhat trunks?"}

"To put my things in, pape. I must have trunks if I am III go abroad for any length III time. And you will want a large portmanteau. You would get 🖩 much better in London than you would at Plumplington." But here Mr. Greenmantle told his daughter that she nced not at present trouble her mind about either his travelling gear or her OWA.

A few days afterwards Dr. Freeborn snuntered into the bank, and spoke a few words the cashier across the counter. "So Mr. Greenmantle, I'm told, and going abroad," said the Rector.

"I've heard nothing more about it," said

Philip Hughes.

"I think he has abandoned the idea. There was Hickory Peppercorn thinking of going, too, but M has abandoned it. What do they want to go travelling about France for?"

"What indeed, Dr. Freeborn; unless the two young ladies have something to say to it." "I don't think they wish it, if you mean

that."

"I think their fathers thought of taking

them out of harm's way.

"No doubt. But when the harm's way consists of a lover it's very hard to tear a young lady away from it." This was said so that Philip only could hear it. The two lads who attended the bank were away at their desks in distant parts of the office. you keep your eyes open, Philip," said the kector, "and things will run smoother yet than you expected."

"He is frightfully angry with me, Dr. Free-I made my way up into the drawing-

room the other day, and he found me there." "What business had you 📰 do that?"

"Well, I was wrong, I suppose. But if Emily was to be taken away suddenly I had to see her before she went. Think, Doctor, what a prolonged residence in a foreign country means. I mighto't see her again for

"And so he found you up in the drawing-It was very improper; that's all I can say. Nevertheless, if you'll behave yourself, I shouldn't be surprised if things were to rup smoother before Christmas." Then the

Doctor took his leave.

"Now, father," said Polly, "you're not going to carry me off in foreign parts."

"Yes, I am. As you're so wilful it's the

only thing for you,"

"What's become of the brewery?"

"The brewery may take care of itself. As you won't want the money for your husband there'll be plenty for me. I'll give it up. I ain't going to slave and slave all my hie and nothing come of it. If you won't oblige me in this the brewery may go and take care of itself."

"If you're like that, father, I must take care of myself. Mr. Greenmantle isn't going

to take his daughter over."

"Yes; he is.

Emily that she's not to get her things ready." Then there was a pause, during which Mr. Peppercorn showed that he was much disturbed. "Now, father, why don't you give way, and show yourself what you always were, the kindest father that ever a girl had."

"There's no kindness in you, Polly. Kind-

ness ought to be reciprocal."

"Ian't it natural that a girl should like her young man?"

"He's not your young man."

"He's going to be. What have you got to say against him? You ask Dr. Freeborn." "Dr. Freeborn, indeed! He isn't your

father!"

"He's not my father, but he's my friend. And he's yours, if you only knew it. You think of it, just for another day, and then say that you'll be good to your girl." Then she kissed him, and as she left him she felt that she was about 🗰 prevail.

CHAPTER VII .- THE YOUNG LADIES ARE TO REMAIN AT HOME.

Miss Emily Greenmantle had always possessed a certain character for delicacy. We do not mean delicacy of sentiment. That of course belonged to her as a young lady, but delicacy of health. She was not strong and robust, as her friend Polly Peppercorn. When we say that she possessed that character, we intend to imply that she perhaps made a little use of it. There had never been much the matter with her, but she had always been a little delicate. It seemed to suit her, and prevented the necessity of overexertion. Whereas Polly, who had never been delicate, feit herself always called uponto "run round," as the Americans say. "Running round" on the part of a young lady implies a readiness and a willingness to do everything that has to be done | donestic life.

a father wants his slippers or a mother her thimble, or the cook a further supply of sauces, the active young lady has to "run round." Polly did run round; but Therefore Emily was delicate and did not. when she did not get up one morning, and complained of a headache, the doctor was "She's not very strong, you sent for. know," the doctor said to her father. "Miss Emily always was delicate."

"I hope it im't much," said Mr. Green-

"There is something I fear disturbing the even tenor of her thoughts," said the doctor, who had probably heard of the hopes enter-"Not a bit of it. He's as much as told tained by Mr. Philip Hughes and favoured



"She should be kept quite quiet. I wouldn't prescribe much medicine, but tell Mixet m send her in a little draught. As for diet she can have pretty nearly what she pleases. She never had a great appetite." And so the doctor went his way. reader is not to suppose that Emily Greenmantle intended to deceive her father, and her father told her that she was to be taken abroad for a prolonged residence, and when it of course followed that her lover was to be lest behind, there came upon her a natural feeling that the best thing for her would be to lie in bed, and so to avoid all the troubles of life for the present moment.

"I am very sorry to hear that Emily is so ill," said Dr. Freeborn, calling on the banker further on in the day.

"I don't think it's much, Dr. Freeborn."

"I hope not; but I just saw Miller, who shook his head. Miller never shakes his

head quite for nothing."

In the evening Mr. Greenmantle got a little note from Mrs. Freeborn. "I am so unhappy to hear about dear Emily. poor child always is delicate. Pray take care of her. She must see Dr. Miller twice every play the old soldier. Such an idea would have day. Changes do take place so frequently, been repugnant to her nature. But when If you think she would be better here, we would be delighted to have her. There is so much in having the attention of a lady."

"Of course I am nervous," said Mr. Philip Hughes next morning to the banker. "I hope you will excuse me, I I venture to ask for one word as to Miss Greenmantle's health."

"I am very sorry to hear that Miss Greenmantle has been taken so poorly," said Mr. Peppercorn, who met Mr. Greenmantle in the street. " It anot very much, I have reason to hope," said the father, with a look of anger.

Why should Mr. Peppercorn be solicitous as

to his daughter?

"I am told that Dr. Miller is rather alarmed." Then Polly called at the front door make special inquiry after Miss Greenmantle's health.

Mr. Greenmantle wrote to Mrs. Freeboth thanking her for the offer, and expressing a hope that it might not be necessary to move Emily from her own bed. And he thanked all his other neighbours for the pertinacity of their inquiries,---feeling however all the while that there was something of a conspiracy being hatched against him. He did not quite think his daughter guilty, but in his answer made to the inquiry of Philip Hughes, he spoke as though he believed that the young man had been the instigator of it. When on the third day his daughter could not get up, and Mr. Miller had ordered a more potent draught, Mr. Greenmantle almost owned to himself that he had been He took a walk by himself and meditated on it. was a cruel case. The money was his money, and the girl was his girl, and the young man was his clerk. He ought according | the rules of justice | the world to have had plenary power over them all. But it had come to pass that his power was nothing. What is a father to do when a young lady goes to bed and remains there? And how is a soft-hearted father to make any use of his own money when all his neighbours turn against him?

"Miss Greenmantle is to have her own way, father," Polly said to Mr. Peppercorn on one of these days. It was now the second week in December, and the whole ground was hard with frost. "Dr. Freebora will be right after all. He never is much wrong. He declared that Emily would be given to Philip Hughes as a Christmas-box."

"I don't believe it a bit," said Mr.

Perpercom.

"It is so all the same. I knew that when she became her father wouldn't be able to stand his ground. There is no knowing what these delicate young ladies can do in that way. I wish I were delicate."

"You don't wish anything of the kind. It would be very wicked to wish yourself to be sickly. What should I do if you were run-

ning up a doctor's bill?"

"Pay it, -as Mr. Greenmantle does. You've never had to pay half-a-crown for a doctor for me, I don't know when."

"And now you want to be poorly."

"I don't think you ought to have it both ways, you know. How am I to frighten you be."

into letting me have my own lover? Do you think that I am not as unhappy about him as Emily Greenmantle? There he is now going down to the brewery. You go after him and tell him that he shall have what he wants."

Mr. Peppercorn turned round and looked

at her. "Not if I know," he said.

"Then I shall m to bed," said Polly, "and send for Dr. Miller to-morrow. don't see why I'm not 🔳 have the same advantage as other girls. Bur, father, I wouldn't make you unhappy, and I wouldn't cost you a shilling I could help, and I wouldn't not wait upon you for anything. I wouldn't pretend to be ill, -not for Jack Hollycombe."

"I should find you out if you did."

"I wouldn't fight my battle except on the square for any earthly consideration. But, father-

"What do you want of me?"

"I am broken-hearted about him. Though I look red in the face, and fat, and all that, I suffer quite as much as Emily Greenmantle. When I tell him to wait perhaps for years, I know I'm unreasonable. When a young man wants a wife, he wants one. He has made up his mind to settle down, and he doesn't expect a girl to bid him remain as he is for another four or five years."

"You've no business to tell him anything

of the kind."

"When he asks me I have a business,—if it's true. Father!"

" Well!"

"It is true. I don't know whether it ought to be so, but it is true. I'm very fond of

"You don't show it."

"Yes, I am. And I think I do show it, for I do whatever you tell me. But I like him the best."

"What has he done for you?"

"Nothing; -not half so much as I have done for him. But I do like him the best. It's human nature. I don't take on to tell him so :-only once. Once I told him that I loved him better than all the rest,-and that if he chose to take my word for it, once spoken, he might have it. He did choose, and I'm not going to repeat it, till I tell him when I can be his own.

" He'll have to take you just as you stand." "May be; but will be worth while for him to wait just a little, till he shall see what you mean to do. What do you mean to do with it, father? We don't want a once."

"He's not edicated as a gentleman should

"Are you?"

"No; but I didn't try to get a young woman with money. I made the money, and I've a right to choose the sort of son-inlow my daughter shall marry."

"No; never 1" she said.

"Then he must take you just as you are; and I'll make ducks and drakes of the money after my own fashion. 🗖 you were married to-morrow what do you mean to live upon?"

"Forty shillings a week. I've got it all

down in black and white."

"And when children come;-one after

another, year by year."

"Do as others do. 1'It go bail my children won't starve; or his. I'd work for them down to my bare bones. But would you look on the while, making ducks and drakes of your money, or spending it at the pothouse, just to break the heart of your own child? It's not in you to do it. You'd have to alter your nature first. You speak of there's something a deal better. You are one of those men, father, who are troubled with a heart."

"You're one of those women," said he, "who trouble the world by their tongues." Then he bounced out of the house and banged

the door.

He had seen Jack Hollycombe through the window going down to the brewery, and he now slowly followed the young man's steps. He went very slowly as he got to the entrance to the brewery yard, and there he paused for a while thinking over the condition of things. "Hang the fellow," he said to himself; "what on earth has he done that he should have it all his own way? I never had it all my way. I had to work for it;—
and precious hard too. My wife had to
cook the dinner with only just a slip of a

"I don't make you the richest;—and you're girl to help her make the bed. If he'd been a gentleman there'd have been something in it. A gentleman expects to have things ready to his hand. But he's walk into all my wife he must support a wife ;-and he shall." knew very well that he was about to lose the bought three winters ago. battle. He had come down the street on didn't know it." purpose to signify to Jack Hollycombe that and he himself in the saidst of all his objur- this Christmas in silks and satins. "Now

gations was picturing in himself the delight with which he would see Polly restored to her former mode of dressing. "Well, Mr. Hollycombe, are you here?"

"Yes, Mr. Peppercoin, I am here."

"So perceive,—as large as life. I don't know what on earth you're doing over here so often. You're wasting your employers' time, I believe."

"I came over to see Messrs. Grist and

Grindali's young man."

"I don't believe you came we see any

young man at all."

" It wasn't any young woman, as I haven't

been to your house, Mr. Peppercorn."

"What's the good of going to my house? There isn't any young woman there can do you any good." Then Mr. Peppercorn looked round and saw that there were others within hearing to whom the conversation might be attractive. "Do you come in here. I've got something to say to you." Then he led the yourself as though you were strong as iron. way into his own little parlour, and shut the There isn't a bit of iron about you;—but door. "Now, Mr. Hollycombe, I've got something to communicate,"

"Out with it, Mr. Peppercorn."

"There's that girl of mine up there is the biggest fool that ever was since the world began."

"It's astonishing," said Jack, " what different opinions different people have about

the same thing."
"I daresay. That's all very well for you; but I say she's a fool. What on earth can she see in you to make her want to give you all my money?"

"She can't do that unless you're so

pleased,"

"And she won't acither. If you like I

take her, there she is."

going to make yourself about the poorest. To marry a wife upon forty shillings a week! I did it myself, however,—upon thirty-five, and I hadn't any stupid old father-in-law to money just because he's good-looking. And help me out. I'm not going me see her break then Polly tells me, that I can't help myself her heart; and so you may and tell her. because I'm good natured. I'll let her know But you needn't tell her as I'm going to whether I'm good-natured! I he wants a make her any regular allowance. Only tell her to put on some decent kind of gown, be-But though Mr. Peppercorn stood in the fore I come home to tea, Since all this came doorway murmuring after this fashion he up the slut has worn the same dress she She thinks I

And so Mr. Peppercorn had given way; he might go up and settle the day with Polly; and Polly was to be allowed to flaunt it again you'll give me a kiss," said Jack when he had told his tale.

"I've only got it on your bare word," she

answered, turning away from him.

"Why; he sent me here himself; and says you're to put on a proper frock me give him his tea in."

" No."

"But he did."

"Then, Jack, you shall have a kiss. I am sure the message about the frock must have come from himself. Jack, are you not the happiest young man in III Plumplington?"

"How about the happiest young woman,"

said Jack.

"Well; I don't mind owning up. I am. But it's for your sake. I could have waited, and not have been a bit impatient. But it's so different with a man. Did he say, Jack, what he meant | do for you?"

"He swore that he would not give us a

penny."

"But that's rubbish. I am not going to let you marry till I know what's fixed. yet will I put on my silk frock."

"You must. He'll be sure to go back if you don't do that. I should risk it all now,

if I were you."

"And so make a beggar of you. My husband shall not be deneadent on any man. -not even on father. I shall keep my clother on as I've got 'em till something is settled."

"I wouldn't anger him if I were you," said

Jack cautiously,

"One has got to anger him sometimes, and all for his own good. There's the frock hanging up-stairs, and I'm as fond of a bit of finery as any girl. Well ;-I'll put it on tonight because he has made something of a promise; but I'll not continue it till I know what he means to do for you. When I'm married my husband will have to pay for my clothes, and not father."

"I guess you'll pay for them yourself."

"No. I shan't. It's not the way of the world in this part of England. One of you must do it, and I won't have it done by father,-not regular. As I begin so I must go on. Let him tell me what he means to do and then we shall know how we're to live. I'm not a bit afraid of you and your forty shillings."

"My girl 1" Here was some little attempt at embracing, which, however, Polly checked,

"There's no good in all that when we're talking business. I look upon it now that we're married as soon as 1 please. Father has given way as that, and I don't him for less,—not live as you propose." want m put you off."

"Why no! You ought not to do that when you think what I have had 🔳 endure."

"If you had known the picture which father drew just now of what we should have to suffer on your forty shillings a week!"

"What did he say, Polly?"

"Never mind what I said. Dry bread would be the best of it. I don't care about the dry bread :-- but if there is III be anything better it must be all fixed. You must have the money for your own."

"I don't suppose he'll do that."

"Then you must take me without the money. I'm not going to have him giving you a five-pound note at the time and your having to ask for it. Nor yet am I going to ask for it. I don't mind it now. And give him his due, I never asked him for a sovereign but what he gave me two. He's very generous."

" Is he now?"

"But he likes to have the opportunity. I won't live in the want of any man's generosity,—only my husband's. If he chooses to do anything extra that'll be as he likes it. But what we have to live upon,-to pay for meat and coals and such like,—that must be your own. I'll put on the dress to-night because I won't vex him. But before he goes to bed he must be made to understand all that. And you must understand it too. Jack. As we mean to go on so must we begin!" The interview ended, however, in an invitation given to Jack to stay in Plumplington and eat his supper. He knew the road so well that he could drive himself home in the dark.

"I suppose I'd better let them have two hundred a year to begin with," said Peppercorn to himself, sitting alone in his little parlour. "But I'll keep it my own hands. I'm not going to trust that fellow further than

I can see him.

But on this point he had to change his mind before he went to bed. He was gracious enough to Jack as they were cating their supper, and insisted on having a hot glass of brandy and water afterwards,-all in honour of Polly's altered dress. But as soon as Jack was gone Polly explained her views of the case, and spoke such undoubted wisdom as she sat on her father's knee, that was forced to yield. "I'll speak to Mr. Scribble about having it all properly settled." Now Mr. Scribble was the Plumplington attorney.

"Two bundred a year, father, which is to be Jack's own,-for ever. I won't marry

"When I say a thing I mean it," said

Peppercorn. Then Polly retired, having

given him a final kiss.

About a fortnight after this Mr. Greenmantle came to the Rectory and desired to see Dr. Freeborn. Since Emily had been taken ill there had not been many aigus of friendship between the Greenmantle and the Freeborn houses. But now there he was in the Rectory hall, and within five minutes had followed the Rectory footman into Dr. Freeborn's study. "Well, Greenmantle, I'm delighted to see you. How's Emily?"

Mr. Greenmantlemight have been delighted to see the Doctor but he didn't look it. "I trust that she is somewhat better. She has

risen from her hed to-day.

"I'm glad to hear that," said the Doctor. "Yes; she got up yesterday, and to-day she seems to be restored to her usual health."

"That's good news. You should be careful with her and not let her trust too much to her strength. Miller said that she was

very weak, you know."
"Yes; Miller has said so all through," said the father; "but I'm not quite sure that

Miller has understood the case.

"He hasn't known all the ins and outs you mean,-about Philip Hughes." Here the Doctor smiled, but Mr. Greenmantle moved about uneasily as though the poker were at work. "I suppose Philip Hughes had something to do with her malady."
"The truth is-," began Mr. Green-

mantle.

"What's the truth?" saked the Doctor. But Mr. Greenmantle looked as though he could not tell his tale without many efforts. 44 You heard what old Peppercorn has done with his daughter?—Settled £250 a year on her for ever, and has come to me asking me whether I can't marry them on Christmas Day. Why if they were to be married by banns there would not be time."

"I don't see why they shouldn't be married by banns," said Mr. Greenmantle, who amidst all these difficulties disliked nothing so much as that he should be put into the category with Mr. Peppercorn, or Emily with Polly

Peppercorn.

"I say nothing about that. I wish everybody was married by banns. Why shouldn't they? But that's not to be. Polly came to me the next day, and said that her father didn't know what he was talking about."

"I suppose she expects a special licence like the rest of them," said Mr. Greenmantle.

least in the world; but she says she can't have her things ready. When a young lady talks about her things a man has m give up. Polly says that February is a very good

month to be married in."

Mr. Greenmantle was again annoyed, and showed why by the knitting of his brow, and the increased stiffness of his hearl and shouldem. The truth may as well be told. Emily's illness had prevailed with him and he too had yielded. When she had absolutely refused to look at her chicken-broth for three consecutive days her father's heart had been stirred. For Mr. Greenmantle's character will not have been adequately described unless it be explained that the stiffness lay rather in the neck and shoulders than in the organism by which his feelings were conducted. He was in truth very like Mr. Peppercorn, though he would have been infuriated had be been told so. When he found himself alone after his defeat,which took place at once when the chickenbroth had gone down untasted for the third time,-he was unguinly and ill-natured to look at. But he went to work at once to make excuses for Philip Hughes, and ended by assuring himself that he was a manly honest sort of fellow, who was sure to do well in his profession; and ended by assuring himself that it would be very comfortable ... have his married daughter and her husband living with him. He at once saw Philip, and explained to him that he had certainly done very wrong in coming up to his drawingroom without leave. "There is an etiquette in those things which no doubt you will learn as you grow older." Philip thought that the etiquette wouldn't much matter as soon as he had married his wife. And he was wise enough to do no more than beg Mr. Greenmantle's pardon for the fault which he had committed. "But as I am informed by my daughter," continued Mr. Greenmantle. "that her affections are irrevocably settled upon you,"-here Philip could only bow,-"I am prepared withdraw my opposition, which has only been entertained as long as I thought it necessary for my daughter's happi-ness. There need be no words now," he continued, seeing that Philip was about to speak, "but when I shall have made up my mind as to what it may be fitting that I shall do in reard to money, then I will see you again. 💹 the meantime you're welcome 🖿 come into my drawing-room when it may the rest of them," said Mr. Greenmantle. suit you to pay your respects to Miss Green"What the girls think mostly of is their mantle." It was speedily settled that the clothes. Polly wouldn't mind the banns the marriage should take place February, and

Mr. Greenmantle was now informed that Polly Peppercorn and Mr. Hollycombe were

to be mairied in the same month !

He had resolved, however, after much consideration, that he would himself inform Dr. Freeborn that he had given way, and had now come for this purpose. There would be less of triumph to the enemy, and less of disgrace himself, if he were to declare the truth. And there no longer existed any possibility of a permanent quarrel with the Doc-The prolonged residence abroad had altogether gone to the winds. "I think I will just step over and tell the Doctor of this alteration in our plans." This he had said to Emily, and Emily had thanked him and kissed him, and once again had called him "her own dear papa." He had suffered greatly during the period of his embittered teelings, and now had his reward. For it is not me be supposed that when a man has avallowed a poker the evil results will fall only upon his companions. The process is painful also to himself. He cannot breathe

in comfort so long as the poker is there.

"And so Emily too is to have her lover. I am delighted to hear it. Believe me she hasn't chosen badly. Philip Hughes is an excellent young fellow. And so we shall have the double marriage coming after all."

Here the poker was very visible. "My wife will go and see her at once, and congratulate her; and so will I as soon as I have heard that she's got herself properly dressed for drawing-room visitors. Of course

I may congratulate Philip."

"Yes, you may do that," said Mr. Green-

mantle very stiffly.

"All the town will know all about it before it goes to bed to-night. It is better so. There should never be a mystery about such matters. Good-bye, Greenmantle, I congratulate you with all my heart."

CHAPTER VIII .- CHRISTMAS-DAY.

"Now I'll tell you what we'll do," said the Doctor to his wife a few days after the two marriages had been arranged the manner thus described. It yet wanted ten days to Christmas, and it was known to all Plumplington that the Doctor intended to be more than ordinarily blithe during the present Christmas holidays. "We'll have these young people to dinner on Christmas-day, and their fathers shall come with them."

"Will that do, Doctor?" said his wife.

"Why should it not do?"

"I don't think that Mr. Greenmentle will care about meeting Mr. Peppercon."

"If Mr. Peppercorn dines at my table," said the Doctor with a certain amount of arrogance, "any gentleman in England may meet him. What I not meet a fellow townsman on Christmas-day and on such an occasion as this!"

"I don't think he'll like it," said Mrs.

Freeborn,

"Then he may lump it. You'st see he'll come. He'll not like to refuse to bring Emily here especially, as she is to meet her betrothed. And the Peppercorns and Jack Hollycombe will be sure to come. Those sort of vagaries as to meeting this man and not that, in sitting next in one woman and objecting another, don't prevail on Christmas-day, thank God. They've met already at the Lord's Supper, or ought in have mot; and they surely can meet afterwards at the parson's table. And we'll have Harry Gresham to show that there is no ill-will. I hear that Harry is already making up in the Dean's daughter at Barchester."

"He won't care whom he meets," said Mrs. Freeborn. "He has got a position of his own and can afford to meet anybody. It isn't quite so with Mr. Greenmantle. But of course you can have it as you please. I shall be delighted to have Polly and her husband

at dinner with us,"

So it was settled and the invitations were sent out. That to the Peppercorns was despatched first, so that Mr. Greenmantle might be informed whom he would have to meet. It was conveyed in a note from Mrs. Freebom to Polly, and came in the shape of an order rather than of a request. "Dr. Freebom hopes that your papa and Mr. Hollycombe will bring you to dine with us on Christmas-day at six o'clock. We'll try and get Emily Greenmantle and her lover to meet you. You that come because the Doctor has set his heart upon it."

"That's very civil," said Mr. Peppercorn.
"Shan't I get any dinner till six o'clock?"

"You can have lunch, father, of course.

You must go."

"A bit of bread and cheese when I come out of church—just when I'm most famished! Of course I'll go. I never dined with the Doctor before."

"Nog did I; but I've drunk tea there. You'll find he'll make himself very pleasant. But what are we to do about Jack."

"He'll come, of course."

"But what are we to do about his clothes?"
said Polly. "I don't think he's got a dress
cost; and I'm sure he hasn't a white tie.
Let him come just as he pleases, they won't

He'd better come over and go to church to use some severe language to his daughter, with us; and then PR see as to making him. But he remembered how recently she had up tidy." Word was sent to say that Polly become engaged to be married, and he and her father and her lover would come, abstained. "As you wish it, we will go," he

spatched | Barchester.

was read to him. "You will meet Polly Peppercorn and her husband as is to be, Mrs. Freehorn had written in her note; "for auspicious occasion. we look on you and Polly as the two heroines of Plumplington for this occasion." Mr. Greenmantle had been struck with dismay as he read the words. Could be bring himself him an order for twenty quarters of oats. to sit down to dinner with Hickory Pepper-

"I don't see it, my dear; indeed I don't."

your objection, paps?"

"There are differences, my dear." "But Dr. Freeborn likes to have them,"

"A clargyman is very peculiar. The rector of a parish can always meet his own flock. But rank is rank you know, and it behoves me to be careful with whom I shall associate. I shall have Mr. Peppercora slapping my back and poking me in the ribs some of these days. And thereover they a heroine in your own way, you are not the two heroines of Plumplington. I do not choose that you shall appear together in that light."

"That is only his joke," said Emily.

It sounds like a vulgar farce."

Then there was a pause, during which Mr. Greenmantle was thinking how to frame the letter of excuse by which he would avoid the difficulty. But at last Emily said a word the best contented young woman in all which settled him. "Oh, papa, they'll say Plumplington. that you were too proud, and then they'll laugh at you." Mr. Greenmantle looked with a bride on each side of him, the place

nried on Christmas-day as long as he's clean. very angry at this, and was preparing himself and the necessary order was at once de- said. "At the present crisis of your life I would not desire to disappoint you in any-"I really do not know what to say about thing." So I happened that the Doctor's it," said Mr. Greenmantle when the invitation proposed guests all accepted; for Harry Gresham too expressed himself as quite delighted to meet Emily Greenmantle on the

"I shall be delighted also ■ meet Jack Hollycombe," Harry had said. "I have known him ever so long and have just given

They were all to be seen at the Parish corn and Jack Hollycombe; and ought the to Church of Plumplington on that Christmas do so? Or could be refuse the Doctor's morning;—except Harry Gresham, who, if he invitation on such an occasion? He sug-did so at all, went to church at Greshamsgested at first that a letter should be pre-bury, and the Plumplington world all pared declaring that he did not like to take looked at them with admiring eyes. As it his Christmas dinner away from his own happened the Peppercorns sat just behind the But withis Emily would by no Greenmantles, and on this occasion Jack means consent. She had plucked up her Hollycombe and Polly were exactly in the apprits greatly since the days of the chicken-rear of Philip Hughes and Emily. Mr. moment to rule both her future husband and that it was so, and his devotions were, we her father. "You must go, pape. I wouldn't fear, disturbed by the fact. He walked up proudly to the altar among the earliest and broth, and was determined at the present Greenmantie as he took his sent observed most anistocratic recipients, and as he did so "The Doctor has been we kind. What's could not keep himself from turning round to see whether Hickory Peppercom was treading on his kibes. But on the present occasion Hickory Peppercum was very modest and remained with his future son-inlaw nearly to the last,

At six o'clock they all met in the Rectory drawing-room. "Our two heroines," said the Doctor as they walked in, one just after the other, each leaning on her lover's arm. Mr. Greenmantle looked as though he did have joined your name with that of the not like it. In truth he was displeased, young lady in a manner that I do not quite but he could not help himself. Of the two approve. Though you each of you may be young ladies Polly was by far the most a heroine in your own way, you are not the two self-possessed. As long as she had got the husband of her choice she did not care whether she were or were not called a heroine. And her father had behaved very "It is a joke to which I do not wish to be well on that morning as to money. "If you a party. The two heroines of Plumplington I come out like that, father," she had said, " I shall have to wear a silk dress every day." "So you ought," he said with true Christmas generosity. But the income then promised had been a solid assurance, and Polly was

They all sat down to dinner, the Doctor

by remembering that the happiness of the ledgment of the toast. world did not depend upon loquacity. She made to sit opposite E Hickory Peppercorn. And in truth the dinner party as a dinner party would have been a failure, had it not middle between Philip and Mr. Peppercorn, felt it incumbent upon him in his present position to keep up the rattle of the conversation. He said a good deal about the "two heroines," and the two heroes, till Polly felt herself bound to quiet him by saying that it was a pity that there was not another heroine also for him.

"I'm an unfortunate fellow," said Harry, "and am always left out in the cold. But perhaps I may be a hero too some of these

days."

Then when the cloth had been removed, -for the Doctor always had the cloth taken off his table,—the jollity of the evening really began. The Doctor delighted to be on his legs on such an occasion and to make a little speech. He said that had on his right and on his left two young ladies both of whom he had known and had loved throughout their entire lives, and now they were to be delivered over by their fathers, whom he delighted to welcome this Christman-day at his modest board, each to the man who for the future was we be her lord and her husband. He did not know any occasion on choice which the young ladies had made, to say on that evening,

of honour to his right having been of course. The bridegrooms were in both instances of accorded Emily Greenmantle; and next such a nature and had made for themselves ach young lady was her lover. Miss such characters in the estimation of their Greenmantle as was her pature was very friends and neighbours in give all assurquiet, but Philip Hughes made an effort and since of the happiness prepared for their carried on, as best he could, a conversation wives. There was much more of it, but this with the Doctor. Jack Hollycombe till after was the gist of the Doctor's eloquence, pudding-time said not a word, and Polly And then he ended by saying that he would tried to console herself through his silence ask the two fathers are a word in acknow-

This he had done out of affection to Polly, herself said a little word now and again, al- whom he did not wish to distress by calling ways with a slight effort to bring Jack into upon Jack Hollycombe to take a share in notice. But the Doctor with his keen power the speech-making of the evening. He felt of observation understood them all, and told that Jack would require a little practice himself that Jack was to be a happy man. before he could achieve comfort during such At the other end of the table Mr. Green- an operation; but the immediate effect was mantle and Mr. Peppercorn sat opposite to to mange Mr. Greenmantle into a cold bath, each other, and they too, till after pudding. What was he say on such an opportunity? time, were very quiet. Mr. Peppercorn felt But he did blunder through, and gave occahimself to be placed a little above his proper—sion to none of that sorrow which Polly would position, and could not at once throw off the have felt had Jack Hollycombe got upon burden. And Mr. Greenmantle would not his lega, and then been reduced to silence. make the attempt. He felt that an injury Mr. Peppercorn in his turn made a better had been done him in that he had been speech than could have been expected from hìm. He said that he was very proud of his position that day, which was due to his girl's manner and education. He was not been for Harry Gresham, who, seated in the catitled to be there by anything that he had done himself. Here the Doctor cried, "Yes, yes, yes, certainly." Bur Peppercorn shook his head. He wasn't specially proud of himself, he said, but he was awfully proud of his girl. And be thought that Jack Hollycombe was about the most fortunate young man of whom he had ever heard. Here Jack declared that he was quite aware of it.

After that the jollity of the evening commenced; and they were very jolly till the Doctor began to feel that it might in difficult to restrain the spirits which he had raised. But they were broken up before a very late hour by the necessity that Harry Gresham should return to Greshamsbury. Here we must bid farewell to the "two heroines of Plumplington," and to their young men, wishing them many joys in their new capaci-One little scene however must be described, which took place as the brides were putting on their bats in the Doctor's study. " Now I can call you Emily again," said Polly, " and now I can kiss you; though I know I ought to do neither the one nor

the other."

"Yes, both, both, always do both," said which he, as a pastor of the church, could take Emily. Then Polly walked home with her greater delight, seeing that in both cases he father, who, however well satisfied he might had ample reason to satisfied with the have been in his heart, had not many words



A clear brown brook rushed downward, under narrow bridges and over moss grown boulders. Below, till cliffs rose up on either hand, with grey fractured aides enlicened by patches of stunted grass and golden colour. The broken receding angles at the foot of the Grif⁴ stood out darkly and sternly against the white flecked sea beyond

A light breeze was blowing, making what sailors call "a lipper" on the surface of the

water, a few ships were passing, gulls were crying shrilly overhead

The highway leading from the neighbouring town of Port St Hilda to the fishingvillages beyond wound down the southernmost slope of the ravine, over the rough stone bridge close to the cottage, round the foot of the opposite cliff, along its rugged

seaward face. The carriers carts had to lingured with you was one of reverence, of pass that way, farmers and their wives went new aspiration after the pure and the good. to and the fir richery gign, that and a with . Even made Statissed new repairs his fish came from the north; in the summer irritation in the presence of this man. carrieges filled with visitors came from the south, and all these vehicles stopped for an unwilling moment at the gate leading to Aaron Rudbeck's cottage. It had not been built for a toll-house, as any non might have seek; indeed the bines had seemed volthy to tumble down when the read wasterede; but, as the toli had only been intraded as a temporary tax, advantage had been taken of a lineness of its occupant to act at toll-keeper, Old Asron liked the post; it added to his importance, and gave him eppermention for self-assertion.

The old man was bent about double-with age and requisitation; but his dask up was an bright ashever, and wall-nigh and keunsighted. The brilliant Maymar-had-thupted him out of doors to amake his phay; but he wis glad of the shelter from the wild afforded him he will all he have the wild afforded. him by an old black boat turned from upward, and resting on portions of the jawbone of a whale. The piace had been partially boarded in, and the boards had been newly tarred, so that altogether this roadside arbour had a very non-rural appearance.

There was a certain air of independence about the old man as he sat there with his arms folded, his legs crossed, and his round brown-grey head thrown back a little. Suddenly he started: his hearing was not so good as it had been, and the beck being full was rather noisy, so that it had not heard the approach of footsteps. He took his pipe from his lips, and looked up, hot and

"Noo, sir, what may be year will?" he asked testily of the man who stood before

him.

"I am afraid I have startled you. I am very sorry," was the reply, given in tones that seemed as if the speaker's voice had

been made for soothing.

His face too was not without its tranquillising influence: was one that touched most people to a new quietness whatever the mood they had been in before. I was not a handsome face; no one ever thought of mere beauty in looking at it. If any one had tried to criticize they might have found III you did but pass Christopher Fane in the the stepping-stones, came up through the street, the thought, or rather the feeling that

irritation in the presence of this man.

"It's all reeght, sir, all reeght," he said, speaking with his usual volubility. "Ak's nether naryous. Ah cums of a fam'ly tat allies gits nervous toward t'latter end o' their But sit ya doon a bit, sit ya tahere. doon. Mebbe t'seat's mucky; but ya can fetch yersen a chasir oot i' t' hoose if ya like."

"Thank you; I mustn't stay," Fane said, drawing an old-fashioned silver watch from the pocket of a rusty threadbare waistcost. "It's nearly school-time . . . I - I was passing this way, so I thought I would just ask after Hagar. She hasn't been at school

lately."

"Naiv: she'll nobbut dell as she liker. She hes a good bit o' wark to del, o' yah soort an' anuther; but she mud cum of an ofthernean if she wanted. She used to be keen aneal o' ganging. Ah delin't knaw what's cumair her."

"Is showindoors?" usked the school-

"Naïy, she's up on t' rigg yonder; she's sone up either t' yowes" . . . That's her, eak ya," said the old man, rising to his feet with difficulty, and pointing with the stem of his pipe to a scarlet speck upon the topmost ridge of the cliff. "That's her; she's cumin' doon. She'll be here i' twee three minutes."

Fane went on talking to the old man, not knowing how little attention he gave to what he said, or to what was spoken in reply. He was watching Hagar's swift and perilous descent. What a picture the girl made as she stepped lightly and rapidly from rock to rock, or came gliding down the slippery shale! She was tall and strong; her smooth shining yellow head was uncovered, she had an old scarlet shawl tied round her, and as she came nearer he saw that she carried in her arms a tiny white lamb, folding it to her breast as a mother folds her infant, and now and then burying her face in its soft warm wool with childish gestures and caresses that were a little startling. Hagar was not as a rule demonstrative.

She was coming round by the bridge, but suddenly she caught sight of the master standing there. Did he fancy that the colour that the lines were sharp, the features unim- on her face changed to a deeper pink as she portant, the colouring wan; but the impres-turned back a step or two, and ran down the sion so gathered would not have remained. opposite bank of the beck? She crossed white cruhard trees, disappearing suddenly the lower end of the cottage.

Fane waited a few minutes, then the old

man said,

"Go an' see if you can find t' lam; she'll be somewheren about it wotchut, shill warrant ya. It's curus she didu't see 'at ya. were here."

The scarlet shawl and the shining yellow hair were not difficult things to find in that sparse orohard. Hagar had placed her siling lamb in a blanket by the cottage fire. She was taking up potatoes now; her foot was on the spade, her face bent downward, she seemed not to see the master until he was quite close to her.

"Well, Hagar, how are you to-day?" he asked, speaking the quiet way, and with

the quiet smile peculiar to himself.

Hagar raised her head, touching the overhanging bough of an apple-tree as she did so. and showering the crimson-tipped blossoms all about her. The most deeply tinted among them was not of a richer colour than her own lips and cheeks. These could be no fitter emblem of herself as she stood there in her freshness, her purity, her springlike beauty, than this sweet pink appleblossom.

She smiled shyly in answer to the master's greeting, and lifted her soft blue eyes for a

moment, but she made no reply.

been to the practisings lately. What have

we done to you, Hagar?"

Hagar had a great root of potatoes in her left hand; with the right she was carefully putting the larger ones into one skep, the smaller ones into another. She waited until she had cleared the root, then she said, slowly,

"Nobody's done nothing, sir. I'm gettin' over old to go to school. There isn't any-

body else there as old as me."

"Those are very poor reasons, child. You are only fifteen, and you haven't had the same chance of coming regularly that the others have had. You have a great deal to learn yet."

There was another brief silence, then

Hagar said gravely,

seventeen come next Lady-day."

Fane smiled. "That's a long way off," said. "But supposing you were twice sixteen you couldn't be too old to learn, nor too old to come to school to learn."

* Options.

Again there was no reply and the time

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one passing.

"I am afraid I must go," the master said, looking at his watch again, and turning slowly away. "Won't you change your mind, Hagar? . . . I should like you to

come to school a little longer."

Could any man in Fane's place have seesed that the girl had been waiting for him for weeks, hoping that he might come, dreaming wishfully that he might urge this very plea? He should not urge it long, she would yield suddenly and gladly. He might know if he chose that for her the only happy place in the world was the bleak school-house on the top of Skerne Dun. She did not quite know what had come to ber. She had been born into some new world where all was strange and sweet, for the very pains of it were sweeter than other pleasures. She went about her daily tasks as the had always done, a marvel to the neighbourhood for thrift, and skill, and cesseless labour. Oft enough since her grandfather had grown so helpless she had had his work to do in addition to her own, hard, rough man's work, but she did it in such an unconscious womenly way that people lost sight of the unfitness of things. She made no change because of the days that passed on, and the knowledge that came with them. It was not only that if she did not work she might not est, but "How is it that you don't come to school there would be nothing for her grandfather now?" he continued. "And you haven't to eat. There had been a time when she had been left dependent upon him, a fatherless and motherless baby; but now things were changed, and he was dependent upon her. The profits of garden and orchard, of cow and pags, of fowls and sheep, were all the living of these two; and a bare living it would be if things were not cared for, and attended to, night and day, early and late. The rent of the cottage was allowed to the old man for his services as toll-keeper, but he had thirty pounds a year to pay for the few acres of land attached to it. It was often a hard matter to make ends meet when rent day came; but it was the pride of old Aaron's life that he had never been "back in arrears."

In Hagar's earlier childhood there had been no school within several miles of Shawn "Please, sir, I'm sixteen; I shall be Grif, and she had learnt nothing save what her grandfather could teach her. But the old man had a housekeeper in those days, and when the new school was built at Skerne Dun, Hagar's name was one of the first on the register, and for a while she made the most of her opportunities. But things went

wrong down in the Grif for two or three human heart with whom he had to do. There potato crop failed, the donkey fell over the faith was the perfect, unquestioning, childlike cliff and had to be abot on the scaur below. his most sanguine dreams. He had never been better off his life than he was in these last years of his.

So it will be seen that Hagar had had neither time nor opportunity for growing prematurely love-sick. She had never read a novel her life, and her knowledge of the outer world and its ways was of the most dimited. There had been a long interim in her school-life when she had first undertaken the management of her grandfather's house, and she had had no thought of going to school any more; but changes had taken place at Skerne Dun, and these had wrought changes in Hagar's wishes and plans.

One day during the preceding summer there had come down to her from the Dun the kindest and most courteous gentleman that Hagar had ever seen. Lancelot did not come more suddenly and strikingly into the life of Elaine than this new village schoolmaster came into the life of Hagar Rudbeck. Some one had told him that she could sing. and he wanted her i join the choir that he was trying to form. There was no church at Skerne Dun, but the vicar of Skerne Yatta had made arrangements for the coming of a curate, and there was to be a service in the schoolroom at Skerne Dun every Sunday afternoon. Of course Hagar consented, and from that day her existence had been another thing altogether. The greatest drawback of all had been her inability to read fluently. She had a beautiful voice, clear, rich, and fresh as a bird's; and it was sad that it should fail sometimes because she beset her when Fane had gone, leaving her could not follow the words of the hymn. The master had discovered this, and Hagar She had seen the change that came over his had felt his discovery through all her nature, face as he turned away. "He was vexed wi' The flush of shame swept over her like elec- me," she said to herself sorrowfully. But tric fire. He saked her stay for a few she had no time wherein to indulge her moments after the practice that evening, and sorrow. Her labour was real and hard and tried to persuade her to attend the school, fatiguing. When night came there was only it were but for half a day twice or thrice a the old pathetic yearning that she might be week, and Hagar had yielded to his wish something more = the master, something with tears that were not entirely of gratitude, that he needed and had not. The great in her blue eyes. She never forgot that dream of her life was to be his servant, to evening. The master had talked to her of work for him, take thought for him, minister other things than her defective education, to him. She would take no wages. If he He had not preached, but he had spoken should find fault with her it would be a satisout of a full, fervid heart that was yearning faction; if he should praise her, her cup of for the peace and gladness of every other happiness would be full.

years consecutively. The cow died, the was no doubt in him, no hesitation. His faith that only men of finer and ligher nature Then it was that old Rudbeck decided that possess. By in he lived himself, and by it his housekeeper must go, and Hagar take came his powerful influence over others, for her place. The plan had succeeded beyond true it is, as Carlyle has written, that "There is in man a quite indestructible reverence for whatsoever holds of heaven, or even plausibly counterfeits such holding. Show the duilest clodpole, show the haughtiest featherhead, that a soul higher than himself a scually here; were his knees stiffened into brass he

must down and worship,"

Hagar's new existence was not entirely pleasurable even from the beginning. She was content to worship in silence, content that there should be no acceptance, no response, these things she had not yet dreamed of; but inevitably her content was shaded by sadness, first sweet and vague and light, then sweet and definite, and of gradually increasing heaviness. In this lay Hagar's inarticulate reason for withdrawing herself from the master's presence. She was little more than a child in years, but the woman's instinct was awakening within her. She had never yet, even in thought, applied the word "love" to her own feeling, for the simple reason that she did not know what love was, and for the same reason it was that she had had no thought of being loved in return. But she was conscious of a passionate desire that this man who seemed so far above her should deign to III interested in her. was all she asked, that he should care whether she went to school or not, that his eye should brighten when he saw her, that he should say her name softly and carefully, and make in seem like sweet music in her ear,

Had Hagar been a girl given to tears she might have wept for the self-reproach that alone and lonely under the orchard trees.

CHAPTER II .- AT THE VILLAGE SCHOOL-

It was nearly two miles from the Shawn Brif toll-house to the hamlet of Skerne Dun. The road wound up the ravine, under tall grey and yellow crags, that looked as if they night have been riven anunder but yester-Farther up the crags sloped backward, and the slopes were covered with oudding trees and rich growths of dark inderwood. Glossy fronds of hart's-tongue were uncurling among the wet stones on either side of the noisy brook; fringes and estoons of hanging greenery were swaying overhead. Somewhere from the heart of the Grif came the sound of a rushing waterfall.

Near the top the road branched off into a fir plantation belonging to Skeldar Grange where Squire Kempthorn lived. You could see the house as you passed; but Hagar, on her way to Skerne Dun, hurried by quickly, never once looking to the white gate on the left. She was soon out of the plantation. Sea-gulls and lapwings were acreaming over the newly-ploughed lands above. Hagar repeated in herself the old couplet-

Set-gull, set-gull, ge to t' send; It's saver good weather when you're on't' lead.".

The day was fine enough so far; but Hagar had lived too long with her grandfather to believe that the gulls could have any other reason for coming landward then a storm, raging or impending.

There are not more than four farm-houses at the Dun, and these stand at respectful distances from each other. The only other buildings are the blacksmith's shop, two

cottages, and the school-house.

This school-house, as it has been said, is nearly a new building. It stands on the top of the Dun, on the site of an ancient chapel, built probably by those De Percies who were Lords of Streonshalh in days gone by. You can trace the plan in nave and chancel still if you note carefully the broken grass-grown slopes below the school. If the scenery is stern and bold, it is also solemn and full of grandeur. The dark woods of Castle Dunswater cover the wide sweep of upland to the north, and stretch away till you lose sight of them in the winding of vale and moor; there is the distant church-crowned hill, the maged coast-line with its majestic cliffs and dark headlands running far out into the sea, and above all there is the see itself, changeful, restless, never silent. On the calmest days the mar- what was passing in the girl's mind, he did

soothing to cars that love it than the song of birds or the music of chanted hymns.

The road by which Hagar came was full insight of the school windows, and a little stir went round the room as she entered the gate. The flush of surprise on the master's pale face was not unnoticed by those four girls of the first class who sat immediately in front of him. There were not more than thirty children in the room. Lessons had begun half an hour before; utter allence reigned.

Every one looked up when the heavy door opened with a loud click. entered, seeming even taller and stronger than she had seemed before, more beautiful too; and, in some indefinable way, more impressive. She was blushing botly, ber eyes were drooping shyly; she was fully con-scious of the stiffness and ungracefulness of her curisey to the master. She passed to her place at the bottom of the front desk. not daring to look into the only face of all the thirty that she cared m see.

Hagar at the village-school, with a clean buff print gown, too tight at the chest and waist, and far too short in the skirt, was not the same Hagar who could bound lightly and surely down the face of a rocky cliff, or carry a pail of milk on her head across the steppingstones of the beck with bearing enough for a crowned queen, and this without so much astouching the pail with her hand. Down in the Grif her large, ill-made shoes and her toil-roughened hands never troubled her; her old red shawl and grey winsey gown never cost her a thought. To say the truth she was not ordinarily dissatisfied with her appearance. She had not reached the age of sixteen without having heard various rustic compliments on the fairness of her complexion and the beauty of her rich yellow hair. But Hagar had not the gift of taking comfort in these things, when comfort was needed. The half-hour she had spent in brushing her hair and arranging it in thick, yellow plaits, that hung low upon her neck, had been half an hour wasted so far as any present satisfaction was concerned. She wasconscious only of her defects, and her consciousness brought a look of shame and pain to her face, that almost destroyed its natural frankness and fearlessness. The master was watching her, though she did not know it; and he was not altogether imperceptive, nor unsympathetic-nsy, perhaps he was a little troubled, too.

Still, though he understood something of mur comes up from the bay below, more not understand all. Hagar left the school

that afternoon, and the next, and the next after that, with a sore feeling of disappointment at her heart. It was not only that she had failed to win that little meed of notice which she so craved, but seemed to her that she received less than the others. She could not put her undefined feeling into thought, but it existed nevertheless. She felt that the word she watched and waited for at the end of a lesson was uttered with a certain guardedness, if not with restraint; while the words that were said to girls like Ellen Vernill and Susan Featherstone were said easily, if not gaily; and what did these care for anything the master might say or leave unsaid? Only once during those days had he made her heart best with any pleasure, and that was when he had spoken to her with words of blame, somewhat emphatic for him, because she had whispered a sentence to little Martha Stangoc, who sat next is her, and did not know her home lessons. Hagar's blue-grey eyes grew brighter: I had roused him at Words of rebuke were better than silence and neglect.

Two or three more days passed on, unmarked and slow. It must be said for Hagur that she did her best, that she was obedient, attentive, and ceaselessly industrious. No temptation moved her: the class was quieter and better to manage because of her presence in it. If any special praise or notice might have been gained by such means as these Hagar must certainly have gained it. She never asked herself why she was not estisfied with the quiet approbation that the master gave; she only knew that satisfaction was not hers; she wanted something that she had not, and could not win.

Why had he asked her me go back to school? He did not care whether she was there or not. She had gone every afternoon now for nearly a week, and where was the good of it? She had to work hard in the morning and harder still at night, only that she might walk those four miles in the afternoon and sit for two hours at a deak with books and slates before her. different if any one cared, I any one saw, or understood.

Hagar was wandering slowly through the fir-copse, her heart within her beating passionately against the cruel, unintelligible bars. was still May, and a chill east wind was the fir-wood. There was only that mystic organ Hagar stopped awhile, leaning against eyed Susan Featherstone.

the lichened bole of a larch-tree. The sun was shining overhead, but she stood in the solemn shadow, watching the quivering of the feathery boughs against the blue beyond; listening to the murmur, yielding to the

spell.

When she went on again she moved like one in a dream—a dream that hushed her spirit into harmony with the things that were. If she might receive nothing she would take deeper satisfaction in giving. She did not say this to herself, but a voice spoke, and she understood. These were progressive days, That beautiful, unconscious, girl-life of Hagar's

was receding rapidly.

It had been a late spring that year; the primroses were only now in full bloom, violeta were plentiful, and the white, fragile wood anemone quivered to the breeze everywhere. Suddenly Hagar's eye was caught by the lovely turquoise-blue of forget-me-nots, the first she had found. There were only a few of them, and she gathered them with an almost impetuous eagerness. She had seen the master's face grow bright over flowers less fair than these. There was no more lingering by the way.

But as Hagar neared the gate of the school two other girls of her class were coming up the hill-side, and to her dismay their hands were full of forget-me-nots as large and blue and beautiful as here. No touch of evilfeeling entered her heart: the girl was too large-natured for any ill-will. She shook her head and laughed. "It's too bad of you," she said, as they all three entered the

porch together.

Certainly it was a pleasure to watch the master's face as the girls walked up in the desk. He had been looking and feeling weary; his pals features had seemed sharper than usual, his soft red-brown hair looked as if it had been less carefully brushed, his shabby black cost had appeared shabbier. Now, all et once, the man was transfigured. Had any one taken a bit of blue sky into that dingy place of maps, ink-pots, blackboards, and copy-books, he could hardly have been taken out of himself more compictely. He was not young, as the girls counted youth, he had passed his thirtieth year; but no child shut a sick chamber could have felt keener and more exquisite joy in these first forget-me-nots of the year blowing up the ravine; but it was calmer in than did this lonely, toil-worn schoolmaster. There was a flush on his face and a strangely soughing in the tops of the trees that falls eager light in his eyes as he took the first upon the soul like the cadence of a soft-toned bunch—it was offered. In him by bold, dark"This is a treat, Susan," he said in low,

glad tones.

Little Martha Stangoe's bunch came next. She was always called "Little" Martha, partly because she bore her mother's name, partly because she was so small for her age. She was almost as old as Hagar, though she hardly stood as high as Hagar's elbow. She was a bright, smiling little creature, loved by everybody. Fane took her forget-me-nots with most careful tenderness

"Why they are almost as blue as your own eyes, Little Marths," he said with one of his

rare amiles,

Then came Hagar, glad because the master was glad. Her eyes were not so blue as Martha's, but she lifted them frankly to the master's face as she offered him her flowers. He took them with that same tenderness, for the flowers' sake, as Hagar saw it; but there was no compliment for her, nor any expression of pleasure.

"Thank you, Hagar," he said, raising his eyes to meet hers for a moment; but even as he did so it seemed to the girl that his smile faded and his grave look came back.

She went to her seat as if she had received a blow. For a time she made no attempt to work. She was sick at heart. The disappointment was a little one, but it was cruel, falling as it did into that gentler mood that had been hers before.

A dictation-lesson was being given. Some-where about the middle of it Hagar took up her slate with an indifference that was, and was meant to be, decidedly provoking. When the lesson was over Fane passed slowly along the desk.

"Susan Featherstone, three mistakes," he

said quietly.
" Elleu Verrill, none." "Martha Stangoe, seven." "Hannah Pennock, one." "Hagar Rudbeck, nineteen."

He made no comment: it was unusual for Hagar to make so many mistakes, but she

was not displeased with herself.

Presently Fane turned to Joe Verrill: Joe was going to be a pupil-teacher one of these

"Give out the new geographies, Joe," he said, "and put the map of Palestine on the

Then, for nearly twenty minutes, the lesson went on; after that the word was given to close the books, and the master began his questioning.

The answers were fairly given. Fanc could interest the children and secure their

attention in a manner that seemed wonderful to any stray visitor who found his way into the school. Hagar answered less readily than some of the others, but her answers were always correct; she had a serviceable memory. The only one who gave much trouble was Little Martha, who seldom shone in anything that required application.

"Now think again, Martha," Fane said, gently and patiently. "Think how many times you have heard of Bethany, and of the things that happened there-surely you can re-

member one of them."

A dozen hands were stretched out: Martha looked hot and shame-faced.

Still no answer came. The master turned to the boys, and Hagar bent forward with her face toward the blushing child who stood next but one.

" Lazarus," she said in an audible whisper. Fane heard the word, and not without pain. Only a few days before he had detected. her in the same infraction of rule, charged her as to the future, and said that he must punish her if she disobeyed him again. was this made him hesitate now; if he noticed the matter all he must keep his word. He considered for a moment; then decided hastily. He could not punish Hagar Rudbeck that day.

He had remained standing in front of the desk where the boys sat, struggling with himself. Presently he turned back to the girls; as he did so, he saw to his distress that Hagar was again bending toward the still unready child beyond—this time she was deliberately passing her an open book.

The master went to his own deak: others had seen the thing as well as he. For one moment that was felt through the whole school he stood there, pale, silent, as unable as he was unwilling to say what he yet knew must be said.

Hagar was pale too: the expression of the master's face seemed to have arrested the beating of her heart. She looked up at him half-unconsciously, and her look touched him: it might not stay him.

When he spoke it was in a changed voice, tremulous, full of emotion, yet irresistible in

its power,

"Hagar come here, You must stand by my desk until lessons are over."

Contrary to the expectation of the whole school, nay, perhaps contrary III that of the master himself, Hagar stepped out from her place, crossed the room, and stood on the exact spot he had indicated.

She had not hesitated: it had never

save obedience. Her nature was one of down the Grif, her hot cheeks hotter for the those peculiarly feminine natures whom it as natural to obey a command as it is to

resist persuasion.

But now that she had obeyed, now that she stood there alone, with the curious eyes of that silent, wondering school fixed upon her, with the very atmosphere about her tense with an emotion of which she was the cause, her consciousness came back. Strong as she was she trembled so that she longed to put out a hand for support. Her face was burning, her eyes were burning, her very hands seemed to burn as she twined them tightly one within the other. No culprit ever shrank from the gaze of a crowd more painfully than Hagar shrank from the gaze of those few simple village children.

Fane had made a mistake, and he already maw that he had. He had meant to punish the girl, but not to torture her. He had not taken into account the torture whimself.

There was still allence. What could be do? He had said that she must stand there till lessons were over, and not more than five minutes had passed; but he could not enforce his word at this expense.

He bent forward a little over the blue forget-me-nots that were rising crisply in the

water where he had placed them.

"Hagar," he said, speaking more firmly than before, yet more kindly, "I have changed my mind. You may go back to your place.

I will speak of this afterward."

The girl did not look up: no one saw the change that came over her face. For a moment she did not move; then, with sudden passionate vehemence she rushed wildly from the school, up the narrow path, and away out of sight before any who watched her had recovered from their surprise. Fane stood for a minute turning the pages of a book, then he bowed his head on his hand; the little ones still sat silent and bewildered.

They were not used to scenes like this: punishment was a rare thing. During all her school-life Hagar had never been "in disgrace " till now, and she felt it with unendurable keenness. She had only herself to blame, this she knew, but there was no comfort in the knowledge. It was not only that the master had punished her, but that she had been punished. She had not expected it; she had had no definite expectation of any kind; she had drifted in the current of a blind perversity, unmanageable, because altogether unprecedented in her mental history; and this was the result. "It was his beset him unswares, less disinterested, more

occurred to her that she had any alternative fault," she said to herself, as she went swiftly cold wind that was blowing. "It was his fault. He shouldn't ha' spoken i' that way. Ah couldn't bear it."

She was thinking of the master's retraction of the sentence he had passed. He had spoken kindly, almost tenderly, and Hagar's eyes had filled with instant tears. Another moment and she would have broken down before them all; this was why she had fled

so suddenly and foolishly.

She had been very foolish, poor child; and the master had not been wise, or, many rate, he had not been considerate. This Macknowledged to himself sadly as he sat alone after the children had gone. If he had said openly that she must remain after lessons, that would have been enough. It was in vain he told himself that he had not had time for consideration. He had waited long enough for # second thought to arise, and it was this second thought that had startled him, made him feel for the moment as if his only error could be on the side of undue leniency.

Yes; he had been startled, though it was perhaps difficult to see why. There had been no sudden transformation of feeling. His interest in Hagar had begun on the day that he first saw her. If it had threatened to become an undue interest he had with unfailing manliness refrained from undue expression of it.

He was not yet sure of what was it ook own heart, and he was further than most in en in his place would have been from understanding what was in Hagar's. He would probably have smiled incredulously had any told him that the girl was stricken with that "passionate kindness" which has been de-

fined as the very essence of love.

He had certainly done nothing to encourage such a feeling; and he had done his best to discourage the awakening of anything more than dispassionate kindness within himself. It was bewildering to find that he was subject to something that seemed outside his own

powers of volition.

He could not blame himself. His admiration had been attracted by the girl's large, unselfish nature, by the unconscious beauty of her life and character. She had faults, but they were the faults of defective training, not of a defective heart or soul. His first longing toward her had been the longing to train those dormant faculties hers that he had seen were only waiting to be called forth.

He knew now that other yearnings had

open to suspicion. This was the point to with in the Grif, always something to do. which he brought himself with so much effort. And this point he stopped for the time being. It were better for him to go back resolutely and at once to that dreary lodging of his on the moor than to sit there inchilging the sweet dreams and visions that stroye to possess his brain. He was a man of warm heart, and true and tender, but of chastened impulse. He had fought many battles with himself, and had fallen in few. When in could not see his way clearly he was accustomed to adopt the sterner and safer plan of choosing the most painful way.

CHAPTER UI.-PRIL KEMPTHORN.

HAGAR was more fortunate than she knew in being compelled to live that outdoor life of hers. All day she was about in the Grif, bare-headed, wildly clad, and as rustic as you please wair and menner; indeed, just the same Hagar to look at and admire as she had been before she ran away from the school, incurred what seemed to her a life's disgrace, and made that poor heart of hers ache more keenly and bitterly and comprehendingly than it had ever ached before.

It must not be supposed that she had forgotten. The pain was there, and the shame, and other things; but they were stilled by the labour and the care of her life: perpetual contact with the stirring breezes from the moorland and the sea delivered her soul from temptations that she did not dream of. There was seldom a week that kind nature did not send something down into Shawn Grif that needed struggle and resistance. One day the beck would be flooded with rain or melting snow. and the torrent would come rouring down from the moorland hills, turbid and foamy, and bearing with it fences, posts, gates, the trunks of uptorn trees, and now and then the dead body of a sheep or pig.

Another time, and the flood would come upward from the sea. On ordinary days the tide | high-water came close to the foot of the cliffs, but before the spring, or after the autumn equinox, the overlapping waves would come rushing up under the apple-trees, over the cabbages, sending long white tongues of foam up to the very steps at the cottage door. Okl Rudbeck could tell how it had once come in at the door and window until the water put out the fire; and how had had to take refuge with his young wife and little children in the "cock-loft," up under the thatch-

Hagar had the cow to milk, and to drive down from its barren pasture twice a day to the beck-side for water. She had the pigs and the fowls to feed, the butter to make; and on Saturdays she had to take the donkeycart and drive herself and her eggs and butter, fruit and vegetables, i the market at Port St. Hilds. She hated Saturdays now: she hated anything that took her away from the cottage in Shawn Grif.

The girl was always working, but that did not preclude much waiting and watching, Had any eyes ever watched the hill-side road that led up the ravine to Skerne Dun as eagerly and longingly as those blue-grey eyes

of Hagar's watched it?

It was quite in vain. People came and went by the high-road, paying their toll to the old man who sat with his pipe under the upturned boat. Now and then a wayfaring man passed up the Grif to his labour in the morning, and came down again at night. Sometimes, too, the Squire walked by, dropping a curt "Good daay" to old Rudbeck, or giving Hagar a long, stern, searching look, if she happened to be in the way. Squire Kempthorn did not concur in the general liking that the girl had won for herself.

Hagar had not seen the master since that fatal day. She had not had courage to go to the schoolroom service at Skerne Dun, much less to attend the choir-practisings. Once or twice on Sunday evenings she had one round to the little church in Skerne Wyke, a fishing village about a mile farther to the north, but it was not the same thing to her. She hardly knew what she missed, but everything was strange and unfamiliar; and Hagar bated changes.

The days were almost at their longest now; the hawthorn hedges were white, for in this cold north country of ours the May-blossom seldom comes till June. The mossy hedgerows were bright with daisies and speedwell and ragged-robin; the trees were clad in their daintiest green; summer was young and sweet; on the warmest days cool sea-scented breezes came up from the blue ocean and the

tangle-strewn sands.

. On one of these summer days Hagar came round from the little shed below the cottage with her grandfather's wheelbarrow before her, and an old reaping-hook lying at the bottom of it. The old man was leaning over the fence near the gate; he had plenty of work now, for visitors were coming to Port St. Hilda deily, and there was a brisk trade in fish Yes; there was often something to struggle going on besides. A carriage had just gone by; old Aaron had had a little altercation with the driver, as was usual with him, and he was still somewhat warm; but the ungenial light faded quickly from his eye as he his last home-coming, but Phil had. spoke to his grandchild.

"Is thee gyne for a bit o' brecken, honey?" he asked, taking his pipe from his

lips and looking up kindly.

"Yis, grandfather. D'ya want anything afore ah go?"

"Nay, honey, nay. Dean't be lang gone; and dean't ower-laide thysel'. We'll hev a

cup o' tea as sean as theo gits back."

There was bracken in abundance a little way up the ravine. I had to be cut and dried and stacked for winter bedding for the donkey and pigs. 🔳 was young and green now, and Hagar's strong arm had soon cut down enough to fill the barrow. She was piling in the last armful when she heard a light, firm step; she stopped, listened a moment, gave a quick short night it was not the step for which she had listened.

The road was above her, and curved a little, so that she saw Philip Kempthorn before he saw her. She checked the exclamation of surprise that rose to her lips. The next instant Phil was almost by her side.

"You there, Hagar?" M said eagerly, letting himself down by the boughs of a young alder-tree that hung over the rough bankside. The girl stood leaning with her round pink arm on the load of bracken, smiling openly, looking up with frank pleasure. She had no shyness nor timidity to contend with now. "Yes; I'm here," she said, speaking rather saucily. "An' how does it happen you're here? When did ya come home?"

"Last night," Phil replied. Then a richer crimson spread over his dark handsome face, "I was coming down to see you this morning," he went on, "but I had to go into the town

with my father."

"What did ya want is see me for ?" asked Hagar, amused at his confusion, and deeply admiring the long black lashes and heavy rounded lids that shaded Phil's dark eyes. "He was allus a bonny lad," she said to herself, "but I think he's grown bonnier."

"Don't I always want to see you, Heger?" he asked, with a shy, grave look that was new

to the girl.

"I never knew 'at ya did," she replied honestly; she was thinking how very little she had seen of him during the past few years. Phil was three years older then Hagar. They had played together as childten whenever Phil could steal down from the Grange. Then is had been sent to the an opening for him that he wanted,

grammer-school over at Ripon. It was a year now since me had been at home before. Hagar had no very distinct remembrance of

When are ya going back to school again?" asked the girl, breaking a brief but

impressive silence.

"I'm not going back any more," mid Phil, Then & gleam of fierceness came into his somewhat aleepy face. And I should think you're not going to school any more either, Hagar-are you?" he asked with some warmth.

"Me! What for not?" she asked with a quick flush of shame, "What for shouldn't go? Who's told you that I'm not going?"

"I know all about it," the boy said, refraining himself with some effort. "And that fellow had been in the neighbourhood now I'd let him know that I knew."

Almost for the first time in her life Hagar turned pale. She stood still and silent, realising the thing she had heard slowly. She felt the full force of it at last, master had gone away; this was why 🖿 had never come. . . . He had gone away.

"Where's be gone?" she asked after a time. "How should I know? I neither know nor care. I've heard plenty about him, and it's well for him that he's gone anywhere. But don't let us waste time in talking about him, Hagar. I wan't you to tell me about yourself.

"I've nothing to tell—tell me about yourself," said the girl, recovering her presence of mind, and with II something of the former gaiety and sauciness. A certain new idea, too was awakening within her. "Tell me what you've been learnin' at school," she

mid. "How much d'ya know?"

Phil laughed. "Oh, lots of things," he said carelessly. "Some Latin and a little Greek."

"An' what clse?"

" Mathematics."

" What's them?"

"Oh, it's well, it's like going on with arithmetic; doing sums with lines and curves and things as well as figures,"

" Is that all?"

"Well, very nearly. I know a little Gorman and French."

"Let's hear ya say some French."

Again Phil gave a short, nervous laugh, showing beautiful white teeth within "crimson-threaded" lips that a girl might have cavied. But his face lighted up with another meaning as he laughed. Hagar had made

know something more than you do? I don't

"I know what you mean," interrupted Hagar. She was speaking gravely enough now. She had heard it all before, only in another and a higher strain. "I should like to know things," she said sailly. "I'm always wanting to know something. I often read mights when I ought to be i' bed. But it's no use now. I shan't try any more."

"Why not?" said the boy again turning wards her impetuously. "Do you think towards her impetuously. because that idiot of a schoolmaster has left the place no one else can help you? I'll help you. That's what I wanted to say to you. He had his reasons for wishing to teach you; I have mine, and they are as good as his. Say the word, Hagar, and I'll come down to your grandfather's twice a week of an evening, or three times, or every evening if I can. People needn't know, if you'd rather they didn't; they will think that I come to hear all those queer old tales that your grandfather can tell so capitally."

The girl shook her head. " No," she said, "I hevn't time, only just a bit at bedtime when everything's done, and then I's often

over-tired.

"Then let me come and help you with your work. I can come early in the morning and do more work in an hour or two

than you can do in half-a-day.

"Mebbe!" said Hagar, with an odd little turn of her head expressive of scornful doubt. She did not like to have her powers of work lightly valued. "But don't talk nonsense," she went on, with an air of superior judgment. "I hevn't time to liseen, Grandfather's waitin' for his tea.

Phil did not let Hagar wheel the harrow back to the cottage. An open carriage filled with smartly dressed people was coming down the hill, but he did not mind that. A faded lady was lying back amongst the cushions, and she sighed as the girl and boy passed by. Had she ever been young, or

beautiful, or in love?

Phil had not gained his point, but he did not dream of saying to himself that he had lost it. All through those brilliant summer days he kept before him persistently; not wearying Hagar with it, being careful indeed not to weary her in any way; more careful happened to pass by the toll-house next day. atili that she should have no cause for pre-

"You see, you wouldn't understand me if mature alarm. It was not so much tact as I did," he said seriously: "and it's very nice instinct that kept him back. The field was for people to be able understand things, free. He could take his own time, or rather Hagar; it's better than being rich, or or Hagar's, and win his way surely, if slowly. anything of that kind. Wouldn't yew like to He did not think the worse of her that she gave him no encouragement, nor did the want of encouragement do aught to cool that warm, strong love of his-his first love, and his last,

CHAPTER IV .-- IN THE PIR-COPSE.

ALL this time the school at Skerne Dun was closed. Hagar knew about the master's sudden departure now. He had received a telegram informing him that his brother was dying; and he had gone away immediately, leaving only a note of explanation for the school committee. They had had a long letter from him afterwards. His brother had died of fever (he had been a doctor's assistant), and a day or two afterwards the same illness had attacked the master himeelf. The crisis was over, but he was still very weak—too weak to be able to make plans for the future. If the committee did not object to keeping the school closed until after the harvest holidays he might be able to return then, but he could not say certainly. Perhaps it would be wiser for them to engage another master if they found one to suit.

The important eight who composed the school committee of Skerne Dun were not all of one mind about it. When were they all of one mind about anything? When were they anything but eight totally distinct and independent and altogether irreconcilable minds? Did any one know what they were going to do in this matter? No, nor did they know themselves. The matter drifted.

The matter went on drifting. The harvest began; the committee was too busy looking after its com-fields now. One day the secretary, who was standing in his shirt sleeves the middle of a field of ripe barley, had a letter brought to him, but he declared himself "ower thrang " to read it.

"You'll read it quicker nor me, Maister Phil," he said to your Kempthorn, who was standing by. " Tell what t' man says noo."

Phil read the letter. The man said that he was stronger, that he should be glad to come back to Skeme Dun if his post there

was still open,

Of course his post was open, and of course he came back, to the suppressed satisfaction of everybody in the neighbourhood save Philip Kempthorn. Hagar heard of the master's return from Little Martha, who

^{*} Thomas, or thenay-busy.

"He looks ever to white an' dowly" yet," the child said sorrowfully. "Mebbe he's frettin' about his brother 'at died, for he has neither father nor mother nor nobody noo. Happen he'll not be sa doon when t' school begins. . . . It begins next Monday. You'll be comin', Hagar, won't you?"

"No," Hagar said sadly, "no, I shall never

come no more."

II was in vain Little Martha urged her wish. "T' school isn't t' same when you're not there, Hagar," she said; but Hagar never wavered. She was less resolute when the child begged her to come to the choir-practisings again. She would think of it: some day she might. In her heart she was longing passionately for those old times—they seemed quite old now-when she had stood among the others in the dim candle-light, singing, listening, drinking in all the poetry and music that had ever come into her life.

She thought of it all day and the next day The girl's life was troubled afresh. Phil Kempthorn came down, but she had no smile for him, no ready response. He offered to help her in her work, but she refused ungraciously without knowing it. Phil went whistling up the Grif with his hands in his pockets, but his sleepy face was alight with very ungentle fires. He knew why Hagar

was changed | him.

That same evening, a late September evening, a waning harvest moon rose over the sea, lurid, mournful-looking. Was that a dull reflection of it that came from the schoolroom windows at Skerne Dun? Hagar could not tell until she came quite near; then she saw that there was a dim light inside, and she heard the sound of the music. She stood to listen; her heart seemed metand still too for awhile, then began beating wildly. She had not meant to go in, but it was hard to stand there, harder far than she had thought it would be. She crept near-nearer; the heavy outer door was open; the inner one was ajar. She could distinguish each voice, each word of the hymn, each chord of the reedy little harmonium that tried the master's musical patience so far. She knew where he sat, and how he sat, and how his white hands moved up and down over the keys, but she could not see him nor hear him; he was not singing with the rest. If he would sing for a little while or speak, then she would go away. She would be satisfied if she might but hear his voice. But the hymn came to an end, and no remark was made ; instead, the master rose from his seat and turned his face toward the . . . I have loved you always, ever since I

door. Hager, rigid and pale herself, saw him quite distinctly. He was thinner and wanner, but at that moment a slight flush was upon his face and a look of expectancy.

Was waiting for some one? Hagar had made no noise, the master had heard none; but that mysterious instinct of approach which, as some one said yesterday, has given rise to proverbs all nations, had stirred him inexplicably. As he came a little nearer to the inner door, Hagar shrank tremblingly behind the outer one. The shadow was deep enough to hide her. There was only the pale candlelight inside; the dull gleam of the hardly risen moon outside.

The master stood a moment looking out. wondering a his own disquiet, listening; he might have heard the girl's breathing if she had dared to breathe. Then slowly, it might almost be said unwillingly, he shut the door and went back to his seat. Hagar fled almost as swiftly as she had fled along the same path once before. The sound of the singing came to her as she flew over the fields; the tones of the harmonium seemed to pursue her. When she reached the fir-wood she sat down and burst into a passion of tears, such tears as some women only shed once in their lifetime. Perhaps she might have sat there until she had wept that love of hers away. Such things have happened before now.

"A little mist and a little rain, And life is never the same agel","

sings the poet. Perhaps so, perhaps it in not the old life that one goes back to, but said it is life that can be lived and loved and ennobled-thank God for the same.

The moon was rising higher, growing brighter, and still the girl sat there, shaken with her tears and her nameless unspoken sorrow. She was sobbing aloud, the wind was wailing in the trees above her. She did not hear the footsteps that were coming quickly over the dry undergrowth; she heard nothing until Phil Kempthorn was there on his knees by her side, clasping her passionately in his arms, trying to kiss the wild hot tears away from her face.

"Hagar! Hagar! what is it?" he demanded. He had a rough voice at the best . it was hourse now. "What has happened? Is it that idiot, Fane? I will be the death of him if he goes on making you miserable like this, if he goes on making me miserable, too. . . . Hagar, don't you know that I love you? that I love you as he never will, never can. can remember. . . Don't struggle so,

Hagar, don't do that. Let me hold you for a man, nor did he pretend to be, but he was minute, . . . Let me kins you once.

But with a strong effort Hagar wrested herself free, and rose to her feet. She was not shocked, nor afraid, nor angry; perhaps she ought to have been all three, but she was only sorry, tenderly sorry, for Phil. She knew now what he meant when he spoke of loving her. She would not pain him more than she could help."

"I must go home," she said quietly, stifling a last sob; "I've been out over long, an' you're mistaken, Philip, about-about t' schoolmaster. He only came home day afore yesterday, an' I haven't seen him to speak to. I haven't been at t' practisin' to-night. . . . No, it is a mistake; he doesn't care nothing about me; he never did; it wasn't likely."

"Why wasn't a likely?" asked Phil, turning to accompany the girl homeward. " It you that mistake, Hagar. I saw him talking to you once, a year ago. I understood him then, if you didn't. He does care for you. He has come back because of you. And—and you care for him. I know that too," the boy

said, half sadly, half savagely.
He was touched a little in spite of himself. Hagar had spoken almost confidingly, her tone had been more confiding than her words. Her heart was very full, and she had no one else to speak to. Phil could not but understand more than she had meant him to understand; he could not but be more sorry for her than he wished to be. It was a satisfaction to him that there was some one else in the world toward whom he could indulge his more emphatic feelings without restraint.

CHAP, V.—" WHAT SO WILD AS WORDS ARE?"

THE social distinctions and indistinctions of the neighbourhood of Skerne were very puzzling to people unacquainted with life in remote districts. It was a thirtly populated neighbourhood, Gideon Kempthorn, Esquire, was the sole representative of the class called "landed gentry " to | found for many miles. He spoke broad Yorkshire with an accent that was only a shade less Becotian than that of old Aaron Rudbeck; 🖿 dined as often in his kitchen as elsewhere; and his social hours were spent, m much perhaps of necessity as by preference, at the blacksmith's shop. Yet he could remind you that the Kempthoins had, with mirthful confidence, presented themselves and their three boars' heads, or, on a field azure, before that Norroy King-at-arms, whose terrible visitation in 161 a had stripped the borrowed plumes from half

well satisfied with his ancient heritage of seven hundred acres which had belonged to his "fore-elders" from immemorial times.

The Squire had been a younger son, the youngest of three; and, 25 was customary in such cases in those days, he had been apprenticed to an apothecary in a neighbouring town. He had not taken kindly to the business, nor had his master taken kindly 📖 him; so that was not surprising that his indentures had been speedily cancelled. He had spent the remainder of his youth in idling about the cliffs and moors, fishing, shooting, rabbit-coursing; playing the violin at meli suppers and Martinmas dances: making love to any pretty mirl who came in his way was not an elevated life, and the youth was dimly conscious of the fact, nay, perhaps not so dimly. The soul in him had not quite "gone to asphyxia." When his father and the younger of his brothers were one day brought home from the hunting-field, the one dead, the other dying, Gideon had been roused to the making of efforts that were great to him, and demanded some self-sacrince. The influence of that time had never wholly faded from the man's character, Yearnings had been awakened in him that he could never still; knowledge had come to him that he could never quite ignore.

Later in his youth, soon after his elder brother had killed himself with drinking, Gideon had married the orphan daughter of an old clergyman in the Dale-district. People said he had married her out of pity. She was a delicate little creature, gentle, loving, helpless as a child. She had lived about two years after her marriage, then, to the young Squire's surprise and dismay, she had died, leaving him alone in the dreary Grange

with a new-born baby.

If the Squire had one cause of satisfaction that was dearer to him than another, it was the thought that so far III had done his best by his son. He laid the failures and shortcomings of his own life at the door of his defective training. Phil should have nothing to reproach him with there. He would have given him a university education if he could have seen the full advantage of so doing, or if Phil had desired I for himself. But Phil did not desire it; and the lad knew more than his father had known—what would any one have?

The Squire had his plans for his son's future. There was to be a time to bide at home, a time to travel, a time 🔳 return. the daws III the Riding. He was not a rich Then there was work III done, land to be

cleared, cottages to be built, timber to be the curved lips, but it did not destroy the cut down. Phil would be a richer man than his father had been; there was hope that he might be stronger, wiser, more energetic.

It was nowhere supposed in the neighhourhood that Source Kempthern cared much for his son. He had a habit of speaking carelessly about the youth; and he could say a contemptuous word on occasion. It was noted, too, that they were seldom seen together. "T' lad comes an gons as he chooses," the tenant-farmers said one to another; "an' he seems to be keener o' potterin' aboot oud Anron's nor o' stayin' up at

t' Grainge wiv his fayther."

Of course the Squire knew all about Phil's visits to the cottage in the Grif-knew quits well, too, what took him there. But he had not disturbed himself much hitherto. Nay, on one occasion, when perhaps he had found the ale at the "Raffled Anchor" over in the Wyke stronger than usual, he had gone so far as to hint in the matter jokingly, winding up with a quotation from the only poem of modern days that he had read from beginning to end.

"Take time; I knows what makes that mad. Warn't I created wiv hiv mysen

when I was a lad?"

Phil blushed like a girl, and went out in silence. The Squire's lip curled scornfully

in spite of himself.

Yes; he could be scornful at times towards the nature he so little understood; but these times were few and far between. More frequently he sat as he sat on the night after Phil had with so little premeditation confessed his love to Hagar-sione, somewhat sad, and with an unacknowledged yearning in him for the lad's presence. He sat in "the house," a large oak-panelled room between the parlour and the kitchen; he had his pipe, his glass of whisky, his dogs, and a blazing fire of pine-knots; more than all, he had Phil's portrait, but he was not content.

The picture was opposite to him; it had been painted by an artist who had spent a summer at Skerne Watts a year or two before. He had been inspired by the boy's dark Italian face, smooth clear complexion, and somewhat inscrutable expression. It was a picture that drew even strangers to look into it, to endeavour to discover the secret of its There was a look of intense colm upon the countenance; but the large hazel eyes seemed as if they might flash fire upon you even from the canvas. There was a fine your objection in a more gentlemanlike, as firmness about the lower part of the face; well as more Christianlike manner. the shadow of a smile seemed to flit about Good evening."

impression of resoluteness.

While the Squire sat in his three-cornered leathern arm-chair that was all studded with beass nails. Phil was walking slowly up the Grif. He was not in the best of tempers. Hagar had given him no opportunity of renewing the plea he had urged the previous night. She had kept aloof from him as much as she could, being duly ashamed of her tears, her sobs, and her half-confidences. The remembrance of the little scene in the fir-copse had crimsoned her face, and held her eyes downcast with shame all day.

Phil was not going homeward by the ordinary path; there was a narrower and less rugged one on the other side of the beck that led into the shrubbery near the house. It was not quite dark yet. The blue ether overhead was deepening to violet, a few pale stars were twinkling, a bird was piping in the dim red-brown shade of a maple-tree; from the distance a dark figure was approaching. With a surprise that was not over-pleasant

Phil recognised the schoolmaster.

He went on a little farther, then 🍱 stopped : and there was an aggressiveness in his very attitude as well as in his look.

"Do you know that you are trespassing?" he demanded, with all the insolence that he

could put into the question.

Fane looked up for half a moment silently, not changing colour, not losing for a second the quiet self-possession that was his.

"I know that the road I not a public one," he answered, with a courteous grace that surprised his interlocutor. "But Mr. Kempthom gave me permission some time ago to walk in his grounds when I wished to do so."

Phil hesitated; then he said sneeringly. "Exceedingly considerate of my father, I must say; but perhaps I may be allowed to suggest more considerate than characteristic."

Do you doubt my word?" "I reserve the privilege of doing so if I

choose."

It was impossible for Fane to shut his eyes to the fact that Phil meant nothing less than quarrelling. He was puzzled, knowing nothing of any pre-existent reason for such a proceeding. He considered a moment.

"If you object to my passing down the Grif by this road I can go by the other," he said with some dignity. "But allow me to add that I think you might have expressed Phil, moving so as to obstruct the path. He I did not know that any one else cared was half a head taller than the older man, and considerably heavier. He would be a formidable opponent; and he looked threatening; still Fane did not flinch. He could defend himself if the need were forced upon

"You shall hear what I've got to eay," Phil went on fiercely. "I know where you're going. You think that because the Rud-becks are poor, because Hagar has neither father nor mother, that therefore there is no one to care whether you triffs with hor, and poison her existence or not. But you mistake, I can tell you. If there is no one else to answer to, you shall see whether you will have to answer to me or not."

Phil could not see the pain on Christopher Fane's face; if he had seen it he would not

have understood it.

There was only a momentary silence. "May I ask by what right you constitute

yourself her protector?" Fane inquired.

"By the right that love gives," the boy answered boldly. "I protect her now because I mean to protect her as long as I live. Interfere with me if you can, if you dare. Permit me to say 'good evening' now. You can go by which way you choose. I've warned you."

Fane was not at any time what would be called a ready man, and just now he was stunned; but yet some instinct of simplicity, of straightforwardness, made him wish to make the matter plain I he could. II was no mere desire for self-exoneration.

" Will you wait a moment?" he said as Phil turned away; and there was something in his tone that the youth obeyed unconsciously.

There was a brief pause: when Fane spoke his voice was husky, and it quivered

elightly.

"I am not quite clear as to what you meant just now when you spoke of my trifling with Hagar Rudbeck. But let it pass: intend it as you may, it will be sufficient simply to deny the charge, which I do un-

hesitatingly. . . ."

His voice was growing more tremulous. Phil could not see the expression of his face through the gathering darkness, nor could be see the quick hot colour, coming, staying, burning on the thin cheek; but he was aware that the man's whole nature was vibrating to the keepness and intensity of his emotion. Fane went on.

on my way to the toll-house. I was going went in he was bending over the table, mak-

"Stop, I haven't done with you yet," said there to-night to ask Hagar to be my wife. for her. . . . I wish I might know now whether Hagar cares for you.'

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"You can put the question to her," Phil said, with a sudden dishonesty of tone and manner, and a smile that was in itself a separate lie. He loathed himself bitterly a

minute afterward.

"I shall not do that," Fane said; and it seemed to him that he had little more to say

that night,

This then was the end. His love had discovered itself to him in pain; he had fought with it in pain, and in pain he had

been overcome of it.

The disparity of years had been a weightier thing in his eyes than II would have been in the eyes of most men. He could think of Hagar as his wife, and the thought was sweet to the last limit | it; but when he considered himself in the light of Hagar's husband there was a sense of inexpediency, of unfitness, that was sufficiently restraining to a man of his temperament. Knowing nothing of Phil, nor of his love, he had thought it possible that he might win Hagar to himself, but feared deeply that in doing so he might be taking an undue advantage of the girl's youth, her innocence, her ignorance.

But he had put his fear saide, or rather love had thrust it aside for him, before he came back to Skerne Dun. There had been no hesitation in him when he had left old Judith Storr's cottage up on the moor that evening. "Whoever lives true life will love true love," and Christopher Fane's love had from the beginning had such roots of truth in it that I had needed none of that accidental aid of juxtaposition which is the be-ginning and the end of meaner affections. The flame within him had burnt itself clear and bright unfanued by any adventitious airs. He had wondered at himself, he was so new, so strong, so capable of hope, of happiness, of wider sympathies, of higher aims. And now suddenly, unexpectedly, he touched the end. He had dreamed : he was awake. He went back slowly, benumbed and stricken as the people are who leave their dead in the graveyard.

It was a Friday evening when all these wild words were said, these sad thoughts en-Down in the bottom of the Grif Hagar was packing her basket of apples, her eggs, and potatoes for the market on the following day. Up at the Grange the Squire "You were right in supposing that I was was still sitting among his dogs. When Phil ing notes in his pocketbook of things to be done and remembered in the morrow.

"Noo, my lad, where's the been?" he asked, relighting his pipe, and throwing himself back in his chair. There was no lamp nor candle. A casement window was half open; a cool breeze was blowing down from the moor. The cheery pinewood fire crackled and blazed, casting a yellow glow over the strip of carpet that covered the middle of the oaken floor, lighting up the old black dresser with its row of shining pewter at the top, and all its treasures of ancient china and silver on the shelves below. By the Squire's chair there was a panel decorated with glittering spurs and bits; a pair of pistols of curious workmanship; and the silver trowel wherewith his great grandfather had laid the foundation stone of the Masonic Hall at Market-Studley. The Squire was proud of that panel.

He was proud of most things that belonged to him, certainly not excluding that boy of his who had just lounged sulkily into the room; but with equal certainty not including his own personal appearance. He was a rugged-looking man, he knew it; and perhaps it might be some innate feeling for harmony that made him choose to wear the roughest worsted stockings, the most strikingly ribbed corduroy knee-breeches, the biggest and ugliest of brass buttons. He had a fine contempt for Phil's hats and neckties. He usually chose a square of green and white checked gingham for the protection of his own brown throat. Yet the lineage of the man betrayed itself in more ways than one. In he stood among a group of the farmers and jobbers of the district, his erect bearing, his fine keen eye, his high features, made you single him out for inquiry at once. He was not as they were.

For a little while he smoked in silence. Phil had made no definite answer to his father's question. The lad was often like this now, silent, gloomy, uncompanionable, and no neglected woman could have been more sensitive to his changes of mood than was that atern uncouth-looking man who tat opposite.

The Squire's pipe failed to soothe him. He laid it down presently, bending forward as he did so, and placing his left hand deliberately on his knee.

"Ah'll tell tha what I is, my lad. Ah sail put a stop to this. Ah's dauled * on't. Thoo's getten a ha'nt o' gyne doon there, an' stoppin' as lang as thoo likes, an' then comin' back here wie a feasce as grou as a

thunner-cloud, an' niver a wod
thraw tiv a dog. . . . Ah'll ha' nea mair on't. Dis tha hear? Ah'll nut ha' that gyne doon there agean."

His voice had risen with his eloquence, but Phil did not appear disturbed.

"Certainly I hear, father," he said with imitating calmness, "but I can't obey you."

"Thoo WHAT?"

"I can't promise you that I won't m down

to the toll-house again,"

The Squire paused in his wrath. He had an hereditary regard for outspokenness. Besides, there was an earnestness in his son's look and tone that awoke a new fear.

"Thoo disn't mean to saky at thoo's daft aneaf to think o' runnin' efther that lass fur owt but a bit o' pastahme?"

"I hope you don't mean to say that you think me base enough for anything of the kind?"

Squire Kempthorn drew himself up with a long breath; then he clenched his hand, and struck the table with an oath.

"Thoo's a bigger ass nor ah thowt thoo was," he burst forth angrily. "But Ah've said my saay, an' Ah'll stick te it. If I hears o' tha dawdlin' aboot that spot agedn, there'll be sike a split atween thoo an me as thoo little thinks on. . . . Nut anuther wod. . . . Ah've dean."

'This comes o' nut keepin' to yan's plans," the Squire muttered to himself as he went out to the fold-yard. He had intended that Phil should have been on the Continent by this time; but he had seen that the lad had no desire to go, and a deeper reason lay in the fact that he himself had had no desire to part with him. Now, however, that this new fear had arisen in his heart, things were changed. "Ah'il hev him oot o' this afore another month's ower his head," said the Squire; and he kept his word.

CHAPTER VI.—" WILL YOU TAKE EGGS FOR MONEY?"

In all the three Ridings you would not find a more primitive " turn out " than Hagar's.

The little brown cart was old and rickety; he uneven bit of board with Aaron's name painted on it in rade letters had been nailed to the panel aslant. The donkey was old and shaggy; his trappings were lill of muchworn hemoen cord. It seemed a mystery how that frail harness managed like the up the connection between the laden cart and the lonkey when the road led up the steep hill-sides. But Hagar had no fear; she walked slowly along, patting the donkey's neck, using



then in the middle of a long hill that the poor old animal might breathe awhile. Other vehicles passed; Northern Farmers she felt that of the "New Style" whitled by in dog- her vision was carts with high-stepping borses; but no touch of envy moved the girl. She might he happier than she was, but her dream of happiness did not be in the direction of horses and carriages.

She was a little sad this Saturday morning; her heart was slowly failing her. All through the summer hope had kept itself alive, she knew not how, she knew not why. The news that Fane was coming back had not startled her; Phil's assertion that he was , coming back because of her had not elated her. She had expected him to come; she had expected to see him as soon as he came; dying, to hear him asking her if she were not sorry for having pained him on that May after- entered the old town of Port St. Hildsnoon; to hear him say that III was sorry be a town that has not its like in England

now already fading from her sight. He had come back; but he had not come back to her.

It was a morning on which it was easy to m sad if you had any chord of sadness in you; white mists were sweeping athwart the hill-tops; heavy dew-drops were hanging III the Iedgerows, lying on the rank grass by the road-side, seeming like tears for the summer that was not dead, but surely

It was about nine o'clock when Hagar cause he had had to give her pain. She for quaintness, for rare and ancient pic-knew just how ill would look, how he would turesqueness. Hagar went slowly down one

of the steep, narrow streets leading to the one bridge that crosses the harbour. The tide was high, the sun was beginning to gleam through the haze, lighting up the red fluted tiles that covered the high-pitched roofs, bringing out into relief the old black wharves that skirt the water's edge all the way up the river. What Hagar liked to see most of all was the swaying of the sails and cordage of the high-masted ships that were anchored in the haven. There was a kind of awe in the girl's pleasure as she lingered for a moment watching the slow movement of the dark shrouds against the silvery sky. Below, the river was lapping the piers and the bridges and the basements of the houses; the bridge was througed with passers by. At one end of III the bell-man was "crying" a strayed horse, at the other end a man was collecting a crowd by repeating in a high sing-song tone some doggeral verses setting forth the advantage of taking a ticket for the purpose of journeying by "The Railway to Heaven." How was any girl to get to the market with her eggs and butter through the midst of such be wildering attractions as these?

Hagar left her apples and vegetables at a small huckster's shop in the Potato-market; and a little lower down the town she put up her donkey and cart at an old-fashioned inn. Abbey Street had already put on its Saturday look when she went up to her place under "The Cross" with her baskets. There is no Cross there now; but the name clings to the site. Instead of the Sign of Faith there is a town-hall with Tuscan pillars, where

people sit at the receipt of custom.

Gradually the streets and market-places became thronged until the whole seemed one busy surging crowd. Women came in from the country on heavy, slow-stepping horses; they carried a butter-basket on either arm they were poke-bonnets of black silk, and over the bonnets were tied white or creamy shawls. The buyers and sellers began to grow more eager, more noisy. There was a chuckling and a cluttering of fowls, a squeaking of pigs. Close to where Hagar sat with her biggest basket on her knee a little, withered, old Italian began slowly grinding out the "Old Hundredth" on a crazy organ. All at once Hagar was carried away from the market; she was in the lonely little schoolhouse on Skerne Dun. When the man ceased for a moment to arrange the tune she put a halfpenny into his hand. Orpheus himself had not charmed more completely.

tomers for these, people who liked the girl's fresh face, her spotless dress, and her simple This morning she looked even dealing. fresher and prettier than usual; she had on her Sunday bat, which was made of white straw and trimmed with blue ribbon, and her print dress was of blue and white too. These things were in childish taste perhaps, but there seemed something almost majestic in the girl's childishness as she rose we from her place and went down the street again. She was a little tired now, and a little hungry, too; she had had slow sale for her eggs, and it was

long past her usual dinner time.

She had still some errands to do for her grandfather, and some for a neighbour; then she would take the donkey-cart and go back to the Grif till Saturday came again. Did the thought of it come m her sadly? She was standing at a shop door, the sun was falling full upon her quiet, beautiful face, upon her shining yellow hair; her blue eyes had a pathetic look; suddenly they drooped, and the ready colour spread over her face again her will. Philip Kempthorn stepped out from the crowd, and was shaking hands with her as if they had not met for years. Hagar looked at him seriously. Was he quite soher? Yes; Hagar, He had only taken too freely of "the new strong wine of love."

"I've been looking for you everywhere," he said with agitated delight. "I feared I was not going to find you."

They did not see the Squire pass; they seemed to him to be too much absorbed in each other to see any thing or person in the world save themselves. It was a shock to the poor man in more ways than one. Philip did not often come into the town on Saturdays: his father liked him = stay at home to look after the men, and pay the labourers their wages. There had been no command given: Phil was free to do as he liked; today he had liked to walk over from the Grange an hour after his father had started in the dogcart. It was the first time he had done The old man stopped suddenly; his mouth quivered as he muttered something to himself. Then he turned back and went to the " Dolphin."

was embarrassing to Hagar to walk up and down the busy street with Phil by her side; but the embarmssment wore off after a time, and a not unpleasant sense of novelty remained. She forgot that the hours were passing. When Phil suggested that they should walk a little way down the pier she The few pounds of butter that she had only heritated for a moment. That was were soon sold; Hagar had her regular cus- a delight she had so seldom tasted that she seemed to have no power to put it the man. There was an almost transcendent sside.

was certainly pleasant down by the har-Boats were crossing; sailors were standing about the quay in groups, jovial, full houses on the east side of the town; the windows of the old grey church on the top of the cliff sparkled with the yellow sun-rays. Hagar was not listening to all the wild things that Phil was saying; yet he went on.

"There never was a time when I didn't love you," he was saying, in a voice so soft and low that it did not seem his own. "When you were quite a little thing with your bair curling all over your head and almost into your eyes I used to be quite miserable when you wouldn't play with me or talk to me. It was the same after; and it's the same now. . Hagar, darling, tell me that you care a little for me. . I would give all I have in the world, or ever shall have, if I might once hear you say that you love me."

They were sauntering back towards the bridge again now. Hagar only lifted her eyes appealingly: there was more of pain than of love in them. If there was any love at all there it was not for him. He might have known it. Had she not spoken only

too plainly the other night?

Hagar was growing tired, bewildered. When they reached the market again the noise seemed louder than ever. The vendors of small sour fruit and homely vegetables made harsh discord in one quarter; the potters behind their piles of ugly stoneware made coarse jokes in another. The medical profession was represented by the Turkeyrhubarb man, whose voice began to sound more like the note of an unhappy landrail than ever. Literature swayed the multitude by means of a panoranic arrangement of dirty songs, pinned a dirtier sheet of canvas. Hagar would have liked to look at the songs, but Phil laid his hand on her arm.

" No. dear," he said, looking into her face with eyes full of the passionate love he had been declaring, "if you would like some songs you shall have them. I will send some to you that you will like far better than these. I have plenty at home; and they are as much

yours as mine, Hagar.

She did not answer, she did not return his glance, and there was a look on her face that startled him. Unconsciously his eyes followed hers, and unexpectedly they rested on Christopher Fane.

Phil was not moved as Hager was; still

look of resignation on it.

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It required no effort on Fane's part to meet them with an open glance, a kindly smile. He uttered a brief word of greeting and of antics. A soft haze was stealing over the passed on. Phil forgot the look that had been on Hagar's face.

" Did you see the start the simpleton gave, Hagar?" he asked lightly. The misapprehended experience of the afternoon had restored his confidence in himself. Things were coming right, as indeed they could

hardly help doing.

Putting the matter at its lowest | was hardly possible that a girl like Hagar should prefer a village school-master with £80 a year to the heir of Skeldar. Phil did not know that in Hagar's eyes 180 seemed a perfectly limitless sum if you had no rent to pay: and, that so far as social standing was concerned, if there was much difference between old Gideon Kempthorn's son and the master, well, the master had the advantage.

She was silent awhile after Fano had passed, then she seemed to awaken all at once as from a dream. What had she been doing? Of what had she been thinking? The afternoon was gone; there was a grey

twilight over the housetops already.

"Oh, I must go! I must get my erran's done," she said entreatingly. Phil insisted on going with her, but his insistance only added to her distress. "I can get done as quick again by myself," she pleaded; and Phil was constrained to yield. What a child she was still-afraid of a scolding from her grandfather! Ah, life had not begun to unfold itself for Hagar yet.

CHAPTER VII.--- MAGAR'S LAST DRIVE IN THE DONKEY-CART,

Ir was late, nearly dark, when Hagar Rudbeck left behind her the sombre-looking houses, the twinkling lights, the noisy hum of Saturday night in the town. She got into the cart as she was accustomed to do going home; the donkey knew his destination, and went quite briskly. Still Hager was uneasy in her mind; her grandfather would be "fretting," she said to herself as she watched the clouds coming quickly up from the sea. There was an autumn wildness about the inconstant, purple masses that swept overhead, shutting out the keen silver stars, making the gloomy hedgerows on either side of the road look more gloomy still. The way seemed longer than usual in the darkness. Hagar was more tired, life was more he was struck by the pallid wounded face of wearisome and perplexing. Her conscience

was troubling her with a vagne sense of master's pale, sad face, charged with an define, haunted her as the face of an accusing angel might have done. Had she done any wrong to him save the wrong of loving him? Was that so grievous? That he did not care for her was plain; how then could there be any truth in Philip's suggestion that Fane was annoyed by the idea of her caring for any one else? Not that she did care for any one else; if there was anything quite clear to her mind was that. Philip was kind, and his kindness might have been a pleasant and desirable thing if he had not been so foolish; but he was strenuously, inexplicably never misunderstand any more; and she would do it at once, she said to herself. After that her conscience was less troublesome; the future that lay before her so perplexed and obscure seemed less burdensome.

About a mile from the Grif there was a tiny cottage standing close by the roadside. Hagar had to stop there for a moment or two, to leave the parcel of groceries that her neighbour had asked her to bring. She got down from the cart; the woman came out with her candle, and her loud shrill tongue.

"Why, whativer's 'appened ya?" she began on her topmost note, "Ah leuked for ya by three o'clock, Hagar. Ah thowt Ah heerd ya comin' once, an' when Ah com oot it was Stangoe fra t' Dun wi' t' Squire in his gig as drunk as a lord. Stangoe said he'd picked him up at Oud Market-plenace. Ha' ya getten ma my things?"

"Yes," said Hagar, from behind her baskets; "but I can't find 'em. Lend us your candle, Sarah. I don't know what I can ha'. . .

Hagar never finished her sentence, instead she found herself standing on the other side of the road with a great dazzling light in her eyes, and a sudden terror at her heart. There had been a bottle of benzoline in one of the hampers, the candle had passed too near it, and before the girl could collect herself to realise what had happened the little old vehicle was one mass of greedy triumphant flame.

She could not see the woman, who had wrong-doing that was very grievous to her, run to the door of her house, and stood there very full of a sharp, yet only half-understood shrieking, shrieking vainly, for there was no pain. She hardly knew where she had erred, one to hear, no one m help. But Hagar was yet surely she had erred somewhere. The not accustomed to wait for help in cases of emergency: she took from her pocket the expression that she could neither forget nor clasp-knife that was always there; with quick strong fingers she cut the donkey's hempen harness, and the poor beast scampered homeward through the darkness unburt, but sorely terrified. I was not possible to save anything else out of that blinding, drifting blaze. Hagar made one rapid attempt, her grandfather's tobacco was in the corner of the cart, but a blistered hand, smoke-blinded eyes, and a sense of suffocation compelled her to retreat with her purpose unaccomplished.

A moment after she had found a bucket: there was water in a pond in the nearest foolish, and the girl thought of his folly-of field, but it was of no use; the flame seemed her own, too-with some uncasiness. There determined to burn until it had spent itself. should be a change; she would speak to There was a kind of contest between the him plainly, decidedly, so that he could fierceness of the fire and the shrillness of the shricking woman. Phil, coming along the lane in the dog-cart, caught sight of the one, heard the other, and drove down upon them furiously. For a time he made no effort to understand clearly what had happened. Hagar was there, her terror-stricken face looking up to him out of the lurid light; and he could perceive nothing more. She was not hurt: that was all he cared to know.

> When he did understand he only smiled and began talking with the quickness and lightness of relief. He would take care that Hagar did not want for groceries, or for anything else. He would drive her back me the town now if she cared to go; but Hagar thought of her grandfather and declined. She would like to go home at once, she said in a subdued, agitated way.

> The fire was dying out now; the dense smoke was curling sullenly over the red embers; the woman's shricks had given place to groans and laments. Phil brought a few more buckets of water, and poured them over the smouldering heap. When the last spark had flickered out he turned to Hagar, and, taking her hand tenderly, he helped her to get into the dog-cart. She made no resistance; she was still trembling; her strength had all gone from her. | was a relief to sit quietly beside some one who could afford her a sense of protection.

> Phil was glad and proud to protect Hagar. Was II a sudden and happy foretaste of the future to have ber sitting there close by his side? It was like a poem of Browning's;

only that was about " A Last Ride Together." This was a first, and therefore full of sweetness and hope, instead of sadness and regret. Yet still the poem pressed itself on his memory; some of the lines seemed to repeat themselves over and over in his brain without any effort of his will; they went on like a tune that could neither if forgotten, ignored, nor driven away.

"I and my misteres, side by saids Shall be together, breaths and ride, Se, one day more and I defled. Who knows but the world may end to-sighs?"

CHAP, VIII.-THE SQUIRE MISSES HIS AIM.

SQUIRE KEMPTHORN was a little sobered by his drive homeward; but he was not himself. He walked into the Grange with slow. unsteady steps, singing, laughing at the sound of his own tuncless voice. Then he sat for awhile on the leathern sofa with his hat slouched over his face, his head drooping forward on his chest. Presently he called for his housekeeper.

"Nanny, Nanny, oud lass, where is tha?" Mrs. Shimmings appeared after a time, a tidy, brisk, capable-looking woman of sixty, with keen black eyes, silver-rimmed spectacles, and an air of authority that had been won by constant and conscious exercise of a power " unto which she was not born."

"Nanny, fetch us a sup o' yal," the Squire said, looking up at her with a general ex-"Come, my lass, pression of imbecility. leuk sharp. Ah's as dhry as a read-herrin'."

" Nut a dhrop, if ya were dyin' for't," said Mrs. Shimmings, folding her arms over her broad white apron.

"Then Ah'll fetch't mysel'," the Squire said, staggering to his feet. "Give us 't key." " I hevn't it."

"Then where is't?"

"It's where you'll nut find it."

Mrs. Shimmings was used to the Squire's curses-used, too, to the coaxing, entreating mood that followed; but not even the mandlin tears that fell over his face could move her from her resolve.

Unfortunately her power was limited. She might keep the key of the beer-barrel, but the key of the sideboard was in its place in the Squire's pocket. He had lost his strength, but he had not lost his cunning. He waited patiently until Mrs. Shimmings had turned away, uttering her last contemptuous rebuke as she went; then he poured out half-atumbler of whisky, which he drank with a his impotence, but the Squire never heals smile of triumph and a nod I the direction the grown. He was lying not a dozen yards of the kitchen-door that might have been away, his grey hair wet with the dew, his face irritating if the door had been made of glass. still downwards in the long grass. He did

He remained standing by the sideboard for a short time. His face began to flush, his eyes to flash irefully. The events of the day were passing rapidly through his half-delirious brain. Not once nor twice, but thrice had he seen his son walking openly, proudly by the side of Hagar Rudbeck in the marketplace of Port St. Hilda. The remembrance of it was maddening. He dashed the glass from his hand, shivering it into a thousand pieces. The sound seemed III send the blood flying through his veins even more furious than before. Did he know what he was doing when he rushed across the room, and took down from its place the loaded pistol that hung by the fire? Was m capable of forming an intention as III put it into the outer pocket of his coat and left the house?

He walked hurriedly, and more and more unsteadily; but he had no doubt about his He went down the Grif, under the branching alders, by the cool beck that ran on rippling, singing, making soothing music, In the world overhead, up above the trees and the crags, there was the golden light of the sitting sun; but down in the ravine the blue-grey shadows were already gathering

about the paths. Presently he came in sight of the toll-

house: if he could reach it his task would soon be done. The bridge was there on his right hand, half-hidden by the foliage of a reddening beech-tree; beyond there was the little gate, the old black boat, the cottage-The sight was like a fresh stimulant. Squire Kempthorn quickened his pace and went on hecclessly, regardless of the rough stones and the slippery ways. Suddenly his foot struck the corner of a huge moss-grown boulder that lay half across the path; he lost his balance, swayed in the air for a moment with outstretched arms, then fell forward, helpless as a mass of lead.

He had fallen on his face, and he lay there, stirless as the atone beside him. The light faded out of the heavens; the darkness gathered all things into a mystic, restful harmony; the murmur of the sea was distant and subdued. The stars came out one by one, silent, holy, shining with equal calmness on the seeming evil and the seeming good.

Once old Aaron Rudbeck came peering out into the darkness-it was after the donkey had returned. He came creeping as far as the bridge, grouning aloud in his anxiety and not raise his head till long after Asron had

gone back to his fireside.

He awoke very slowly from his heavy sleep. There was a time of semi-consciousness, then a fuller awakening to the discomfort of his position. Remembrance came back gradually. He put his hand into his pocket; the pistol was there. In had not then been a dream that wild intent of his. His perception was not yet sufficiently clear for any active feeling either of relief or regret. He rose to his feet, and stood for awhile stupefied, bewildered, yet awake to the necessity of making some effort if he would not remain there all night.

He knew that it was not late; the light in Asron's cottage window was still flickering, and he could hear the sound of wheels on the cliff-top road to the right. Presently a dog-cart with lighted lamps turned the corner, and began to descend carefully. Squire Kempthom became aware that it was his own dog-cart. What was it doing there? There was no carriage-road up the Grif to Skeldar

Grange.

He waited, the blood mounting once more to his heated brain, running like fire through his veins. It could not be true, this thing that he saw with his own eyes—Hagar Rudbeck sitting composedly in his carriage by the side of his son. They came nearer—quite near: the lamplight was in Hagar's face, on her straw-hat, on her blue-and-white cotton gown. Phil was close to her; but the Squire never saw him, never thought of him; he thought of nothing in the fury of his blind, his hand was raised, and the sound of the shot that he fired went ringing through the Grif before any power of reflection came to him.

The dog-cart was drawn up suddenly in

the middle of the bridge.

"Hagar, darling, are you hurt?" Phil asked in a voice hourse with emotion.

"No," the girl said quietly. "There was a wind passed over my neck; that's all."

Phil gave her the reins as he leapt out; then he stood face to face with his father. The old man was calmer than he had been. He was the first to speak.

"Ah've missed my sim, then?"

"So I seems," said the boy, looking into his father's face, seeing there the signs of his mood—of the day's degradation. He knew himself to be the cause of it; he had learnt that before leaving the town. He would try to atone, if atonement could be made. His love and tenderness for Hagar had enalted his power of being loving and tender to all

the world beside. He was in a better mind to-night then he had been for many a day.

"I will explain things to you when I come home, father," he said in a manner as conciliatory as was possible to him under the circumstances. His nerves were yet quivering under the effects of the shock, and his voice was tremulous, but he was doing his best to master himself.

"When thoo comes heame!" said the Squire with flashing eyes and raised voice. "What if thoo hesn't a heame te come tea?"

Phil made no reply; he was looking at Hagar with concern and entreaty on his face. The girl was beginning to comprehend. With a pained, bewildered look she passed the reins to him, and jumped down on the opposite side. Phil was hurrying round to assist her but she had gone.

The old man laughed a coarse, hard laugh,

and shouted after her,

"Ah wad ha' helped tha doon my sen if thoo'd stayed a minnit langer, thoo brazzenfeaced nowt. Thoo hean't seen it end o' this day's wark, thoo schemin', mischief-makkin' pauper."

"Hush, father," said Phil, stepping forward, speaking entreatingly. "She has had trouble enough for one day. But come home

with me. I'll tell you about it."

If the boy had had more tact his desire is soothe the old man would have been less obvious.

The Squire took the reins into his own hand, and also the whip, holding the latter

somewhat menacingly.

"Thoo thinks Ah's drunk, my lad, dis tha?" he asked with considerable scorn. "It's a mistak', and it's nut t' fost thoo's meade ti-daily. Hes tha forgotten what Ah said last neeght? Didn't Ah warn tha? Did tha iver know ma breik my word?"

"Don't let us stand quarrelling here," said Phil, still speaking quietly. "If I am ■ go home with you, let us go. I will hear all you

have to say there."

"Thoo sall hear what I hev to saky here fost. T' rest'll depend. Thoo sall sweär on thy bended knees 'at thoo's spokken thy last wo'd te that lass, or else thoo sall hear me sweär 'at thoo's stepped for t' last tahme ower man deärstan."

"I cannot do what you ask, father."

That was all the reply Phil made. There was a peculiar gentleness in his tone, an affectionate regretfulness, as if he would have been obedient had obedience been possible to him. The word, the tone came back upon

Dougland, threshold.

his father afterwards. Now the Squire only heard the refusal. He did not wait for more; he swore his oath, solemnly, circumstantially; then he turned his horse's head and went homeward.

Phil stood by the parapet of the bridge awhile, watching the recoding lights and the dark figure. He was concerned and sorry, but that was all. His father was angry; he had expected that he would be. He had known all along that sooner or later he would have a battle to fight, and now he was in the thick of it. He only hoped for Hagar's sake that the thing would not get noised abroad. It was for her sake that he had so striven to control himself; for her sake he would make yet another effort. He would wait an hour or two; it was hardly yet nine o'clock. By ten or eleven his father would have recovered his temper and his senses. No fear for the future beset him as he turned toward the ling-thatched cottage.

CHAPTER IX.-NO ANSWER.

AARON RUDBECK was hardly so glad as usual to see the Squire's son. The old man was not angry, but he was in a state of intense nervous irritability. His brown eyes glittered excitedly; a dark red spot burned on either cheek; his voice was broken, almost tearful.

"Ah've knoan all t' daily summat was goin' te 'appen," he said. "Ah've been all of a trimmle iver sen Ah gat up. Nut 'at Ah's grum'lin'—I isn't. Ah's thenkful anuff 'at bairn's life's spared; but Ah's despert raffled i' my mahnd. Jenny com heame all of a lather meast of an hoor afoore Hagar com. . . . But Ah's tellin' ya t' road ya knaw; ya knaw mair nor me. Ah heard that shot fired, and Ah can guess whea fired Mebbe 'twas nobbut dean to frighten yn; but Ah deant like sike gangin's on. There'll ha' ■ be an end on't, Maister Phil, Ah doobted it wad come te this."

"Where is Hagar?" asked Philip. He had seated himself in an old wooden rockingchair by the cottage fire; a tallow candle smoked and flickered on the table, lighting up the cheap coloured prints on the walls, the gaudy glass and china ornaments on the mantel-sheld. Hagar should have a different home to care for, and be proud of, one of these days.

In answer in his question the old man

told him that the girl was milking.

"But doan't you go tiv her," he added.

"She's all of a flutter, poor bairn. Leave it yit, Hagar, nut well Ah've seen Zacky her aloan, an' deant be botherin' either her mysel. Thoo cas keep secrets. Ah find,"

nea mair. Sike foalks as you thinks o' nowt but their oan amusement."

Phil could not answer as would have but for that oath of his father's. What if he were homeless and penniless!

He was not quite penniless yet; and the

fact helped him in his reply :

"You mustn't think that I come here for the sake of amusement," he said in rather a stately fashion. " Hagar will be my wife, if ever I have a wife at all. It won't be a bad arrangement for you. I shall take care that you want for nothing. I came in to-night partly to insist on paying for the cart and the things that were in it. I shall take no refusal. The thing wouldn't have happened if Hagar had come home at her usual time, and it was my fault that she was late . . . Here, take this, and don't may anything to her about it. She wouldn't like

The old man's hand closed quickly and greedily over the money, and from that moment his tone toward Phil changed completely; there was a new deference in it, a new and uncharacteristic display of obsequiousness that Phil might have found a little ackening if Hagar had not been there.

Hagar did not do so much to make the hour pleasant as she might have done. She came in with her milk-pail, looking in some strange way older, more womanly, than Phil had ever seen her look before. not shun his glance, as she had often done; her eyes met his steadfastly more than once as she moved vigorously about, setting up her milk in the wide yellow pans, and laying the cloth for supper. She was hoping that he might take the appearance of the egg-and-bacon pie as a sign of dismissal; but her grandfather asked him to stay with warmth that surprised her, and Phil did not take much pressing. They all three sat down, old Asron taking upon himself the burden of conversation with as much willingness as ease. Hagar was puzzled; he seemed to treat the burning of the cart as a stroke of good fortune rather than otherwise, should not buy another, he said; he would sell the donkey, and arrange with old Zacky Searth from the Wyke to take the things to market; and Hagar could go with him when it was necessary to do so. He had discovered all monce that going market with a donkey-cart was not a seemly proceeding

"But dean't seay nowt to neabody about

he added, with a laugh and a knowing little love means; that you don't know | from

nod intended only for Philip.

They were not mindful how the time was passing. Hagar put away the supper things, wound up the clock, set her grandfather's Then she waited awhile, candle ready. standing near the door with her round, pink arms lightly folded, as if she had nothing more to do but to draw the bolts, and would be glad to do that as soon as possible. She had made no ado about the blistered hand that was paining her so sorely.

"Hagar, you're wanting to turn me out," Phil said, as the clock gave a great jerk in token that was intending to strike eleven. "But it's not so late as that, you know," he added, looking m his watch. "Why, you're

half an hour before railway-time !"

"It's an hour and a half after grandfather's

bed-time," the girl said significantly.

"Well, that is a broad hint," he said, rising and shaking hands with old Aaron, to whom he apologised for the length of his stay.

The old man chuckled. "It'll not be t' last time you'll be singing that song, ah that word." reckon, Maister Phil." "I can so

"No, I hope not," replied the boy; adding courteously, "But don't let me be a nuisance to you; send me off when you've had enough of me. Perhaps if you don't

Hogar will,"

The latter part of this speech was uttered with a shy glance and a smile at the girl who stood with the open door in her hand. She gave no smile in response. Her beautiful mouth was firmly set; her blue-grey eyes seemed deeper and brighter for the seriousness that was in them.

She went outside with Phil without being asked, partially closing the door after her, and accompanying him to the little gate. He was not unprepared for the thing she

had I say.

"Philip," she began, and the awkwardness of effort was in both tone and phrase, "Philip, I want to tell you at you mustn't come down here no more. I've been thinkin' about it iver since I left t' town-afore t' row wi' your father. I'm iver so sorry at I let you bring me home. Don't vex him no more. What's t' use o' vexin' him so for nothing?"

far from its being for nothing, it's for every- in his mind that the less she saw of the this world has or will have for me. . . better. The remembrance of Fane's avowal Hagar, I too have been thinking; I have on the previous evening, of his own crooked discovered that you don't yet know what reply to a straight and simple question, smote

liking, or fancy, or any other weak thing. . . . I shall have to teach you, darling," he said, taking her hand tenderly in his, attempting to draw her nearer to him,

But Hagar evaded the attempt, and withdrew her hand. She had little more than instinct to guide her, but her instinct was altogether womanly, and pure, and true.

"You wast take me at my word," she said. speaking even more decidedly than before. "I spoke plain anuff the other night, an' I'm speaking plain anuff now. I can't care for you not that way; an' I don't want you to care for me. . . Let us be friends as we were before. Your father wouldn't be vexed wi' that, an' it wouldn't-it wouldn't make me so miscrable as all this does."

"You wouldn't be miserable if you loved me, Hagar; and you will love me-it is impossible that you shouldn't when I have such love for you. You will care nothing then what others may think or say, . . . I shall not take you at your word to-night-not at

"I can say nothing else-neither to-night, nor no other night," the girl said with all the emphasis she could put into her tone.

"Don't say that, Hagar, or wait before you say it; give me another chance," said the boy, pleading more despondingly than before. "I can wait; I will wait. I have tried to make you love me-I will go on trying. You will let me do that?"

"That's just what I don't went you to do," she replied, with no more relenting in her voice than came from sympathy with evident

There was a few minutes' pause; neither could see the face of the other. The beck was leaping and rippling by; the waves were coming up over the sands, rolling, murmuring, breaking, falling back with faint plashes; far out over the sea there was the

light of a passing ship.

Phil turned aside, and leaned on the little gate. Was it possible after all that Hagar could have any real, any deep feeling for the man who was so much older, so much poorer, who was so far inferior to himself? The more he looked at this idea the more incredible it seemed. Yet 🔣 could not "What do you mean by vexing him for bring himself to mention Fane's name to nothing? I'm sorry he's displeased; but so Hagur again. There was an under-thought thing, everything I care for, everything that schoolmaster, the less she heard of him, the



sharply

through all his na

ture as he was, he yet could not be

beheve a little as treat me in this way Anyhow, you might try it "

"No, I couldn't even try it, an' I can t stand here no longer," the said, moving away as she spoke Was she going wart from him without shaking hands, without even saying "Good night"? Phil rused himself, as he stood there, but and his eyes followed her into the darkness the thing was done, and shamed with as much surprise as prin

There was a silence, a separation of about a minute, then Hagar came back, holding out her hand, speaking as tenderly as she

dared to speak.

"Good night, Philip," she suid, "an' don't be vened wi' me I can't bear to anger nobody, it huits me worse nor it huits Sey 'good night !!"

But Philip never spoke any word took the hand held out to him, clasped . with a warm, strong clasp, and then raised it-to his lips. Did Hagar imagine that a hor "It would hat been a good deal crueller if tear had fallen upon it? Was it in fincy I'd made you believe 'at I cared for you that she heard a sob mingling with the stir of the autumn leaves?

> was nearly undught Hagai went indoors slowly and sadly, Phil went up the

said wish it undone "All m fair in love and war," he said, quoting to himself an aphonsm that has helped many a man before hun to cover his falsebood from his own sight

"I didn't think you could have been so hard, so cruel, Hagar," he said presently. Hagar was puned, but she would not

when I didn't, ' she said, in tones more sooth ing than the words were

"I don't know about that." Phil replied "I think I would just as soon you did make. Grif more slowly and sailly still. He hardly

cared what might happen to him now. Hagar's words, her tones, her manner came to him more clearly than when she had confused his senses by the spell of her presence; there was honesty in them, there was truth, there were gleams of womanly tenderness, but there was no love. He would not acknowledge, even in thought, that he had no hope of winning her love eventually; but there are emotions not reducible thought; slow sickening despairs, sudden foretastes of ill, longings for escape, for rest, for deep draughts of nepenthe.

There was a light burning in the diningroom window at the Grange. Phil was not surprised, nor pleased, nor roused in any way. He walked listlessly up to the door, tried it-it was locked; he hesitated a moment, then raised the heavy knocker.

It resounded through the house; the dogs set up a furious barking, which a command from their master stayed. Phil heard his father's voice—it came along the hall quite distinctly-"Lie doon, Nell, will tha? . . . Casar, lie doon!" Then there was utter allence.

Phil stood there one pregnant moment, his heart within him beating slowly and heavily with the weight of it; then he turned away, sullen, unsubmissive, and altogether careless as to consequence. He did not go down the Grif again; the very thought of doing so was a new pain to him. could be go where there would not be pain? Hagar's voice came to him with the sough of the firs as he went through the copse; her clear, sweet laugh swept by him in the wind that was on the hill-top; her face was before him in the darkness of the moor, pitying, tender, as he had felt it must be when she uttered that last word, "Say good night, Philip. . . . Don't be vexed with me.

Did the Squire hear any sound in the rising breeze? Phil had not been gone from the Grange more than a few minutes when his father came the door, unlocked it, and stood there looking out into the silent night. Where had the lad gone? Squire Kerapthorn's heart softened in spite of himself.

"Philip!" he said sharply.

But no answer came. There was a little peuse, a little sinking of spirit; then the same voice said in softer tone

" Phil come, my lad !" And again no answer came.

There was another silence, longer, more painful, more deeply touched with repentance;

gave a long, low whistle that was like the cooing of a cushat.

But still there was no answer.

CHAPTER X.—"OH, THE LITTLE MORE AND HOW MUCH IT IS!"

BEFORE the end of the following week it was known throughout the length and breadth of the district that Squire Kempthorn's son was missing. Other things were known too, other eyes than the Squire's had watched Phil and Hagar as they went up and down the market and the quay, and now other tongues were busy whispering, hinting, chuckling, grinning over the shame and the pain. No one was surprised that the end had come so quickly and so sadly. "What could the girl expect?" people asked, the self-same people who would have said a week before that she had a right to any expectation she was likely to entertain. But the catastrophe had changed all that. Things had gone wrong; some one was to blame, and it only seemed natural to the majority that that someone should be Hagar.

The girl was quick to feel the change, vague though it might be. His love and her sorrow had roused her to a new susceptibility, the safe comfortable defence of unconscious indifference had been withdrawn, and unfortunately for her she was seeing more of the little world about her than she had been in the babit of seeing. Her grandfather was ill, unable to move from his chair by the fireside, so that Hagar had to take his place as toll-keeper. It was her duty, and she did it, but no one guessed at what cost. Only a few of the passers-by were affected to silence by the change they saw on the girl's face; fewer still were moved to any pity of compassion,

On one of these October afternoons Fane came round from the Wyke. He was walking along listlessly, the sea was coming slowly in, murmuring monotonously as it came; the white wavelets broke on the sand, and then went back to the great green waters that stretched away as far as the eye could see. It was a rare sweet afternoon, soothing, softening, healing. The little white cot-tage, with its brown overhanging thatch, looked very peaceful between the sloping hills, the dropping ripple of the beck seemed far away. There were some fowls chicking about the bit of green rugged common by the roadside, Suddenly a door opened in the black paling; a darkblue figure came out and began scattering com from a white apron. Was this Hagar? then the old man went out to the gate, and It was only the other day that Fane had seen

her, but in had only passed her in the street. He had not noted the strange change in her, the sadness, the womanliness that seemed to have come over her. Perhaps it had come since. Fane knew all that had happened, it was because of what he knew that he was His own sorrow had been put aside, or so the man honestlythought; but he could not put away another's sorrow so easily; he had never tried to do this. Hagar's trouble, her loneliness, her utter uncomfortedness had haunted him and weighed upon his heart all the week. Perhaps he could not do much, or say much; the remnant of chivalrous feeling that lingers in these modern days must often find its field of action both narrow and prosaic, but we are bound to believe that such a remnant does still exist, in spite of sad evidence as to its rarity. Fane would probably have been puzzled to account for the yearning that beset him, but he made no effort to account for it. Hagar was not his; he had no hope now that she ever could be his, and his life seemed straitened and maimed in consequence. But his pain had thrown down no root of bitterness, rather had it risen, sublimated to a chivalrous, unselfish tenderness.

He was not prepared for the emotion that swept over him like a strong tide at the sight of Hagar. He had to fight with himself, with feelings that were stronger than himself. He lingered in the road a little, the hot colour died down from his face, leaving a troubled look about his eyes. Then he went forward, and Hagar, scattering the last handful of corn, turned and saw him suddenly. Her face lighted up, apparently as much with gladness as surprise, but it was only for a moment. She remembered; the gleam went out. Doubtless the master was coming to talk to her about the wrong she had done, the minery she had caused.

Fane had meant to find his way gradually to utterance of the desire that was in him. but no gradation was possible. He stood looking sitently out over the darkening sea, watching a pair of grey gulls that were flapping heavily over the edge of the cliff. Then he looked at Hagar and saw that her bisegrey eyes were fixed on his face with a wistful, hopeless, bewildering look that was accepperplexing than his own thoughts had buth. It had the effect of a cry upon him. How could make answer? How could he overstep that formidable barrier that rises between soul and soul when each is unknown, or halfknown, and yet wholly, tormentingly precious to the other?

It was done unskilfully at last. Fane moved a little, laid his hand on the garden paling, and raised his eyes once more to the sad beautiful face before him.

"I wanted to say something," he said hurriedly. "You are in trouble, Hagar . . . I know what has happened about—about Philip Kempthom. . . . Can I help you in any way? Could I take any message to him? or—or would you like me see his father, to try to make peace between them?"

Fane stopped. He might-have said more, but the burning blushes on Hagar's face seemed born of pain or perplexity, rather than of mere girlish copness or shamefacedness. She did not speak, though once her lips moved, and she clasped her hands together as if she would quiet a little the tremulous agitation that she could neither control nor hide.

One sentence, if she could have formed it, would have put an end for ever to the pain of unsatisfied affection that these two people were enduring. One little question asked, one brief word of repudiation, and this time of passionate hopelessness would have touched its utmost limit. But it might not be. The desire to speak was there in its fullest intensity, and the strength and the opportunity, but not the skill.

Fane waited for an answer of some kind: he could not understand the timid appealing look, the perplexity that drew Hagar's broad pink forehead into lines. Perhaps he had erred; it was possible that his interference might only be a new trouble to her.

"If you know about it," she cried at last, looking away as if she were making a confession, and speaking with a new refinement of accent that Fane attributed to her intercourse with the Squire's son. "If you know all that's happened, then I suppose you know that he's gone to sea."

"Who? Philip Kempthorn?" Fane asked in some surprise. A slanting ray of relief shot athwart his horizon. Was it possible that Hagar was not fully informed as to Philip's movements? A moment later the light died out. The boy might have sailed since yesterday,

"When did you hear from him? When did you get to know that he had gone to sea?" he asked rather breathlessly.

"I haven't heard from him at all," Hagar said, putting all the meaning into the words they would hold. "But some one told me more than a week since that they had seen him on board a brig."

There was another pause, charged like the she was gone. She had fled indoors, leaving it was so. iii little good had come into being slow to perceive the nearness of the sublimest earthly good of all. His ideas never entered the right track samply because that track seemed altogether too fair and felicitous for a man who had so lately bent his soul to life-long negation.

The result of his thought was that Hagar and Philip must have quarrelled. This made other matters plainer than they had been. In spite of what was known of the Squire's quarrel with his son there was still something mysterious in the lad's conduct; it was accounted for now, at least to Fane's mind.

"Philip may have been seen on board a ship," he said, speaking more slowly and decisively than before, "but there is nothing convincing about that. He has not gone to sea. Reuben Featherstone was over at Helabeck only two days ago, and he saw some of the men that Philip is working with. He is getting jet from the cliff at Helabeck

"Getting jet?" Hagar said, in surprise. Then her colour deepened a little, and her eyes drooped, but she made no other reply. She stood there a very picture of suffering

repentance.

"What is to be done?" Fane asked "Surely something can be pleadingly. tried! Let me help you make matters the reply was not assuring. smoother."

And again Hagar lifted those wide sad eyes of hers to Fane's face; again he saw that they were charged with a look that was more wistful, more despairing, more beseeching than before. He started visibly, as he might have done if she had moved nearer to him, and had spoken actual but incredible words. No bewilderment gave that of the sudden light of revelation was possible to him now. It was as if she had said plainly, "I care nothing for Philip Kempthorn; can you not, will you not see that in all the world I care only for you?" This was in her soul, and on her face, and she knew it, but she had not yet arrived at utter selfabandonment. When she saw by the sudden | furiously; a man with a lantern came slouchchange on Fane's face that munderstood, that he seemed startled by what he understood, she burst into tears, passionate tears of humiliating self-reproach, and before he could utter one word of soothing or pleading

last with possibilities of widely different re- him there without the gate, wondering, agisults. Had Hagar been a little too emphatic? tated, moved utterly beyond himself by the Was Fane somewhat over-blinded by his own unexpected burst of light and joy that had hopelessness and self-distrust? Excuse him all at once come into ha life. It was difficult to him to collect his thoughts sufficiently his life that he might well pardoned for to enable him to decide what he had better do. It was enough for him stand there in the soft twilight, feeling that he had entered within the gate of a very Paradise of hope and happiness and warm human love. The idea of moving from the spot where is stood was painful and seemed to hold the possibility of risk. In another mood, or under other circumstances, Hagar's tears would have touched him to a pity akin to distress; but he did not distress himself now. They had not seemed to him as tears of sorrow, but as natural, almost inevitable tears of emotion and womanly susceptibility.

He hesitated to enter the cottage, to be compelled at that moment to reduce to the comprehension of old Aaron Rudbeck all this solemn burden of new and exquisite tenderness which was hardly yet comprehended by himself; he hesitated still more to turn away without one word to satisfy his heart, to linger on his cur, to make music that he would live his life to until its full measure and meaning should be infused into his own soul. Fortunately for him he was saved from further indecision. The stillness was broken by the clatter of a horse's hoofs, a dark figure came riding down the hill; and by and by the doctor came up to the gate. "Is the old man so ill?" Fane asked; and

CHAPTER MI .-- A NIGHT WATCH BY THE SEA.

LATER that same evening two men were walking up the high road that led from Port St. Hilda to Skerne Dun. They were not navvies, though they were earth-stained fustion trousers, and heavy-nailed boots; nor seafaring men, though they had jackets of dark blue pilot-cloth. They went on silently for the most part, perhaps they were tired or sad. Once they asked the way to Skeldar Grange; and they seemed surprised to find that they had still me for me go.

It must have been seven o'clock by the time they reach the Squire's wide fold-yard. Kris, the grim old sheep dog, began barking ing heavily over the stones; presently the Squire himself came out. Anything that promised a little distraction was welcome to him now.

"Noo, my lads, what's yer wills?" he

asked, putting his hands into the pockets of a longer journs than the Squire thinks on. his corduroy knee-breeches, throwing his An' as for fetchin' him back, well, that would head back, and assuming an attitude of he kind o' waste labour." complacent attention.

The younger of the two men, a blond-baired youth of three-and-twenty, stepped forward a

little.

"Are you Squire Kempthom?" he asked with a gravity of tone that seemed to introduce a new element into the atmosphere.

"Yis. I is," said the Squire curtly. " Hes

onybody owt agein't?"

"No, I don't know at they her," said the young man, still speaking quite gravely.

The heavy man with the lantern had slouched away; but a crescent moon was rising over the com-pikes and gramaries, throwing pale gleams of light along the yard, glittering on the Squire's brass buttons. and making visible the subdued inquiry that was in his eyes.

There was a slight pause, during which the Squire adjusted a somewhat rakish-looking grey cloth cap that he wore. The fair-haired young man moved unessity, and turned so that only his shoulders and profile were

offered to the Squire's observation.

" Better come to the point," said the shorter

and darker man.

"Yis; if you've any business wi' me. sad like to be knawin' what it is," said the Squire, with just a touch of the irritability that belongs to emotive dread.

" All right ! " said the younger man, turning again 160 as to face his interlocutors. "I'm sorry it happens not to be pleasant business, . . . It concerns a son o' yours."

"Then it's no concern o' mine," said

Squire Kempthorn emphatically.

"Well, that's just as you take it. . . We rockoned there'd been some sort o' quarrel,

"There's no but in the case. He's gone, an' Ah wadn't gan **m** t' end o' t' lane to fetch him back,"

There was another pause. It was broken by the young man who had undertaken to "break the news."

"I doubt you've spoken a traer word nor you meant o' doin'," he said with an intentness of meaning that did not escape the Squire.

" Lots o' folks dis that," was the studiously

"Yis, they do," said the young man, "an' mebbe they don't like to think on it after."

"Better speak out plain," said the elder man encouragingly.

"Better tell the Squire how it happened," said the encouraging voice, speaking with a

shade more freedom than before.

"There isn't much to tell," said the young man, who was beginning to suffer from a sense of wasted sympathy. "You knew he was getting jet, dessing in Helabeck Bight yonder. . . There was four on us.

Here the young man's narrative power failed him suddenly. His voice indicated an unusual tendency to lowness of spirits.

"You were going to say that there was four on us, now there's three," said the elder man, feeling imperatively called upon to say whatever remained to III said. "There was four on us up to five o'clock this afternoon, was gettin' dusk-like then, an' we knocked off; and when we'd comed a bit o' way on t' ledge o' rock where t' hole II at we're workin', Kempthorn said all of a sudden 'at he'd left his watch. I'd seen her laid on some dry weed up in t' shale. So he went back, an' we sauntered a bit for him, an' all at once we heard a heavy thud, an' then we shouted, but he never answered. So we all three turned back together, an' we saw what had kept him silent. He was lyin, there, just at t' mouth o' t' hole, wiv a matter o' two ton o' rock upon him. There weren't no chance on him speaking, you see. It had struck me once afore as a likely bit to gi way, but Ah didn't think it would ha comed yet. . . . He was lyin' there quite still, just as if he was asleep. . . . T' rock had fallen upon his body; it had niver touched his head, an' he was beautiful to look at, finer like nor he was when he was livin'. We stayed a bit, but we couldn't do nothin', an it was gettin' dark. . . . There'll ha' to be a strong force on i't' mornin'; our gaffer 'Il see to that. . . . You mightn't think it now, but he was a good deal cut up, was the gaffer."

The little man turned his eye upon the Squire with a glance that was perhaps rather inquisitive than reproachful, but there was nothing to be ascertained. Gideon Kempthorn stood leaning against the door-post, with his hands in his pockets, his eyes looking out into the still shadow that was over

the lower part of the yard.

"Can we take any message, or do anything for you in the town, Squire? " asked the elder man presently.

That's just what I was goin' to do. The Squire said his son had gone, well, so he has,

"No," mid Squire Kempthom, not lifting

his eyes from the dark shadow.

"Well then we'll say good night," said the little man, turning away slowly, if disappointed in something. The younger man followed him. Kris ran close behind as far the gate, wagging his tail in demonstration of relief. The Squire stood there by the kitchen door, and for more than an hour he never raised his eyes from that dark unbroken shadow that was creeping over his homestead.

When he moved he went straight on, not turning to the right nor to the left. He was like a man walking in his sleep. His shoulders were bent forward, his head drooped, his hands were clasped one within the other, He went up the hill-side, over his own broad fields where the moonlight lay so peacefully, silvering the ridges of the lands and the yellowing hedgerows, streaming through the well-nigh leafless trees. But the Squire saw none of these things: he was looking into the far distance, away beyond the wide expanse of pasture lands and farmsteads, beyond the old town over which stood a faint line of mist that was half smoke, half haze from the river, beyond the old church on the hill, and the full churchyard; beyond the ancient abbey that stood alone and solemn on the upland plain. All these things were between him and the rugged cliff-top line that stood out in bold relief against the moonlit sea; but Squire Kempthorn saw none of them, his eyes were fixed on that stern dark line, and though the distance measured five long miles, he never stopped nor faltered till he stood on the top of the cliff somewhat more than a mile in the south of Port St. Hilda.

On the top of a wild, houseless, treeless cliff, well-nigh four hundred feet above the level of the sea: he stood close to the edge of it, a dark lone figure against the slowly darkening sea and sky; a silent stirless figure, not rending his clothes for the Joseph who was dead, not putting sackcloth on his loins, not refusing to be comforted, for he had neither sons nor daughters to rise up to comfort him.

Time passed on, still he stood silently there. His arms were folded, his grey hair stirred in the night wind that came mouning and wailing up from the north. The moon dropped slowly over the moorland behind him, leaving a lurid and troubled light in the heavens where it went down, the few faint stars quivered tremulously, the heavy black clouds hung lower and yet lower over land and sea.

Only a few hours before Gideon Kempthom had said that he would not go to the end of the lane to bring back this boy in his, and he had thought that he meant it. Now it would have been a relief to him to know that he should no more go back himself, that he might in down where he was and pass into the silent land whither the loy had gone, and from whence they should neither of them return. But there was no shadow of death in his cyclids, nor was in face marred with weeping. He made no cry, for it seemed to him that no cry of his could have any place, or any hearing, or any answer.

Still he stood there in the deepening night, with his eyes fixed on the dark wild waters

that gave back no response nor sign.

Once memory came to him, holding in her lap a dark-haired laughing child of three summers, a perfect child with loving eyes, with curved crimson lips, with round dimpling arms that seemed to have been made for no other purpose save that of winding lovingly round his father's rugged neck. The Squire could feel them there, the soft touch of them, the tender thrill they woke. Yet he stood firm, and bore it, uttering no cry nor groun or the strong pain that was upon him.

He lived over the past, and again for the last time he was drawn to look into that future that was not to be; a future wherein he saw and felt himself growing older, more helpless, yet watching the days pass by without pain or regret, for had he not had his day? and was it not time that this son who had come to man's estate should begin III have his dayalso? All the noontime of the Squire's life had been passed in a solitude that was not congenial to him, but me eventide there should be light and joy. He would hold his son's son on his knee, would feel baby arms on his neck again, and baby lips on his mouth. His old age should be m his youth had been, softened and sweetened by a woman's tenderness, gladdened and cheered by children's mirth and winsomeness. All these things passed through his mind with detail and circumstance. He lingered over them of set purpose. While he was dreaming the dark reality was compelled to relax its grasp a little. The visions were as wine to him, and the waking moment was the bitter dregs.

It was long past midnight when that waking moment came, when me realised to the full the fact that he had been stripped of his life's glory, that the crown of his pride had been taken from his head, that the hope of his heart, his first-born and his last-born, had been

yet green. It was a terrible moment. The him. strong man was stricken down in his strength. He knelt there on the ground, wrestling not with any man or angel, but with his own anguish, and he knew well that he might not

prevail.

So he knelt, and so wrestled, till the breaking of the day in the eastern aky. The darkness and roughness of the sea begame visible, the pitiless rain began to fall, the wind went round to the east and came more and more hitingly up from the troubled waters. Gideon Kempthorn felt the blast keenly, but it went through him more for the boy who lay in the rocks below then for himself.

He had been kneeling by the edge of the cliff, waiting for the ascending day for an hour or more before he saw the thing he wanted to see-the dead white face that was upturned to the cruel rains, the dark boyish curls that were wet with the drops of the night . . . He saw it at last, lying in the distance below him, wan, spirit-like, shrouded in the pale misty light of the dawn. . . . Then he drew back, and for a time he saw

no more. It was only a short time. The terrible silence was broken by the sound of footsteps and subdued voices. The old man fied, hardly knowing whither he went in that first moment. Phil's mates, who had come on their sad errand, found no trace of any watcher. They had been speaking of the Squire's indifference and hardness of heart as they came, and they learnt nothing that could modify their opinion. Gideon Kempthorn was already to them and theirs as a type of monstrous insensibility, and if he had known of it he would hardly have wished that it should by otherwise. He had nothing left but his sorrow, and surely he might keep that m himself. Sympathy and pity would have been worse to him than scorn. All that he desired on that first day and on the days that followed was that he might be laft alone, and he took pains secure what he desired. There was dole in Astolat far and wide, but he knew not of it. Fathers who had never seen the lad were stricken with sorrowful pity when they heard of his strange sad death, and mothers wept when they thought of him lying alone on the rocks in all this Squire Kempthorn heard nothing.

removed like a tree whose branch was not clods of the valley would be sweet to

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EPILOGUIL

IMAGINE a real winter's day down at the bottom of Shawn Grif; a day to stir the pulse with the sense of change that some personal event produces. All the morning the snow had come flying in white clouds across the hills from east to west, lying lightly on the brown leafless trees, lending to every separate bough and twig a new and striking effect of its own; lying crisp and untrodden upon the bridge and the roads; lying gently upon the tiny blades of grass that quivered and struggled tintil at last they bowed their heads in sad submission. As the morning were on to noon, the thick white flakes began to fall faster and more wildly, shutting out the tall cliff, the laden indigo sky, the dark, stormy-looking sea. There was nothing to be seen save the snow. It was lying heavily against the stems of the wind-driven trees in the hedgerow; heavily upon the thatched roof of the cottage, heavily upon the sheds and the gates, upon the railings and the old boat : heavily upon Hagar's beart too, for she was intending to leave the Grif that night. It was not her home now, por her grandfather's, for the old man had been taken to a home that was narrower and more peaceful.

She was standing by the window, pale with yesterday's tears; pale with last night's want of sleep; paler too for the black dress and white muslin collar that she wore. There was an air of desolation about the girl; and the little cottage looked desolate too. prints and ornaments had been taken down: Hagar's boxes stood nearly ready for removal. It was one of those sad last days that are amongst the saddest passages of human

Not much more than a week had elapsed since that afternoon when she had betrayed herself to her sore distress. She had not seen Fane again. He had come the door of the cottage to ask how her grandfather was, but she had sent another answer him. During all those dark days there had been neighbours coming and going; gossiping over the old man who was dying; gossiping over the young man who was dead. Hagar had listened and suffered until it had seemed the night when the storm came down, but of to her that she could suffer no more. They might whisper and hint their blame as they He sat spart by night, and he walked spart would. She could not tell them the truth. by day, and if his lips framed any word it What was the truth? She hardly knew herwas an assurance to his own soul that the self; her remembrance of the things that had

sorrow and loss and coming loneliness. She could only on from hour to hour in damb amaze, molder and wiser people have to do when the storms of life break and burst

wildly upon them.

In one sense the worst was over now. Hagar was going I stay for awhile with a cousin who was married and lived at a farm over the moor. Nothing was settled beyond that; and perhaps the girl did not quite appreciate the offer that had been made and accepted as shouthould have done. She was still inexperienced enough to have the feeling that somehow food and shelter were her due. And there was nothing attractive in the prospect before her. She was leaving all behind that she had ever cared for or ever could care for-so she said to herself that snowy afternoon as she stood by the windows packing away the silk handkerchief that she had once bought for her grandfather with her own money; and the two silver teampoons that had been put axide years before, being too much worn for daily use. She would take them with her for old sake's sake; but where was the good? Where was the good of anything? The springs of life were all broken and motionless. The snow might fall as it would: it did not matter whether she went or stayed. Nothing mattered. She did not want to die-this she said to herself with an honest ingeniousness that might have been suggestive to a more introspective mind. But if death was not inviting neither was the life that lay before her, seeming most like a long journey that she must take alone and in the dark, with no particular motive for travelling, and no particular place to travel to. But the end seemed a long way off yet, and the only definite shape it took was that of a grave beside her grandfather's. She could see that vision quite plainly: two graves in a hill-top churchyard, and both covered with the snows of some far-off winter.

Suddenly, as she stood thinking, she heard the little gate click. Was old Scarth coming for her boxes already? No; it was not Zachy's bent figure that passed rapidly by the window, all white with the noft flakes that were drifting by. The window-panes were halfcovered, but Hagar saw distinctly that | was the schoolmaster. Did she know quite what she was doing when she flew to open the door, and then stood back, her face suffused with the quick crimson of surprise, and her

been seemed confused by the weight of Coming? may, it had come, and without word or sign, as the truest and best joy is apt to do. Fane threw his overcost aside. clasped Hagar in his arms, drew her warm lips to his, and the girl made no resistance. She had no strength left wherewith to resist. no will, no desire. Had she not all the while, under her sad dreams, under her hopeless resignations, been cherishing in secret this great, wild, passionate hope that was at once so perfectly fulfilled? What could she do but take the fulfilment in her own sweet and quiet way?

Nor did the lift an ope not speak a word, Rant or the fact and in the weather of it."

Christopher Fane and his wife live | the new school-house at Skerne Dun now: a tiny semi-Gothic building with a new porch and a new garden. Yesterday as I passed by I stopped to look at the tall white lilies and the drooping tendrilled sweet-peas that hung over the paling; and while I stood I saw Hagar going out to the hill-top with a troop of little school-children clinging round her. holding her hands and her dress, struggling for the nearest place. I knew that she was happy; and when I saw the face of the schoolmaster watching his wife from the window. I knew that he was happy too.

And so when I turned away I was happier for having seen them. The wide, blue sea looked bluer, and the herring-boats, with their red and yellow ochrey sails, looked more picturesque, and the linnet that sang in one of the whin bushes by the stony wayside seemed to sing with quite new accent and emphasis. All the way home I heard the echo of that bird's song, warbling, thrilling with its own passionately cadenced emotion.

"The winter is over and gone-be glad !" he sang. "The sunshine is warm and the flowers of the field are sweet-be glad ! be glad | The fruit is ripening on the trees, and the harvest is whitening for the resper-

be glad! be glad i 🛍 glad 🖫

"But winter comes again, and quickly," says some weary soul; and I, who know, acknowledge it. Yet take heart, and look out for the best. Human life were a poor thing but for its hidden sorrows, its unnoted martyrdoms, its unpraised self-sacrifices. The brighter hours, with all their richness and rapture, have deep roots in the sadder ones; they grow out of these as the alderarea grows out of the depths of the valley, drawing from the dark waters the strength eyes rapturously alight with the coming joy? and the beauty it yields me the summer sun.

तिस्य नेक्कर

Simil Poss de de desta